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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL;

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

VOLUME EIGHTH.

CONTAINING THE WORKS OF

POPE,	PATTISON,	BROOME,
GAY,	HAMMOND,	PITT,
TICKELL,	SAVAGE,	AND
SOMERVILE,	HILL,	BLAIR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH, No 23. GRACE-CHURCH-STREET;
AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTE, AND J. MUNDELL & Co. EDINBURGH.

1794.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

Containing

PASTORALS,	DUNCIAD,
ESSAY ON CRITICISM,	ODES,
ELEGY ON AN UNFORTUNATE LADY,	EPISTLES,
RAPE OF THE LOCK,	EPITAPHS,
ELOISA TO ABELARD,	IMITATIONS,
ESSAY ON MAN,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Yet peace—new muſic floats on Æther's wings;
Say, is it Harmony herſelf who ſings?
No! while enraptur'd Sylphs the ſong inſpire,
'Tis POPE who ſweetly wakes the ſilver lyre,
To melting notes, more muſically clear
Than Ariel whiſper'd in Belinda's ear.
Too ſoon he quits them for a ſharper tone;
See him, though form'd to fill the epic throne
Decline the ſceptre of that wide domain,
To bear a lictor's rod in ſatire's train,
And, ſhrouded in a miſt of moral ſpleen,
Behold him cloſe the viſionary ſcene.

HAYLEY'S ESSAY ON EPIC POETRY, EPISTLE III.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF POPE.

THE life and writings of POPE, "the great Poet of Reaſon," and "the Prince of Rhyme," have exhauſted the copiouſneſs of Ruffhead, and received every poſſible illuſtration from the candid and well informed criticiſm of Spence, the elegant and claſſical taſte of Dr. Warton, and the acute preciſion of Dr. Johnſon.

The facts ſtated, in the preſent account, are chiefly taken from the narratives of Ruffhead, and Dr. Johnſon, whoſe copiouſneſs and accuracy leave little to be corrected or ſupplied.

Ruffhead's information was collected from original manuſcripts, communicated by Warburton, and Dr. Johnſon's intelligence from Spence's MS. collections, communicated by the Duke of Newcaſtle.

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 22, 1688. His father, Alexander Pope, was a linen-draper in the Strand, of a good family in Oxfordſhire, and a diſtant relation of the Earl of Downe. His mother, Editha Turner, was the daughter of William Turner, Eſq. of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the ſervice of Charles I. and the eldeſt, on the diſcomfiture of the royaliſts, going abroad, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what remained of the family eſtate, after ſequeſtrations and forfeiture. Both parents were Papiſts.

About the time of the Revolution, his father quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windſor Foreſt, worth about 20,000l. which he put into a cheſt, and ſpent as he wanted it; for, being a Papiſt, he could not purchaſe land, and he made a point of conſcience not to lend it to the new government; ſo that when Pope came to the inheritance, great part of the money was expended.

He was, from his birth, of a very delicate conſtitution, but is ſaid to have ſhown remarkable gentleneſs and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition. His voice, when he was young, was ſo pleaſing, that he was called in fondneſs "the little nightingale."

He was taught to read very early by an aunt, and when he was ſeven or eight years old, diſcovered an eager deſire for information and improvement. He firſt learned to write by copying printed books, which he executed with great neatneſs and accuracy; though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

At eight years old he was placed in Hampſhire, under Taverner, a Romiſh prieſt, who taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He met with "Ogilby's Homer," and "Sandys's Ovid," which he read with a delight that ſhowed the bent of his genius. Ogilby's aſſiſtance he never repaid with any praiſe; but of Sandys he declared in his notes to the *Iliad*, that Engliſh poetry owed much of its beauty to his tranſlations.

He was ſent from Taverner, under whom his proficiency was conſiderable, to a private ſchool at Twyford near Wincheſter, where he continued a year; from this ſchool he was ſent to another at Hyde Park Corner, being then about ten years of age.

In the two laſt ſchools he conſidered himſelf as having made very little progreſs, of which he was ſo ſenſible, that among his earlieſt pieces, there is a ſatire on his maſter at Twyford; yet, under thoſe maſters, he tranſlated more than a fourth part of "Ovid's Metamorphoſes."

While he was at the ſchool at Hyde Park Corner, he was frequently carried to the play houſe, and was ſo captivated with the drama, that he turned the chief tranſactions of the "Iliad" into a kind of play, compoſed of a number of ſpeeches from Ogilby's tranſlation, connected with verſes of his own.

He prevailed upon his ſchool-fellows to take part in this play, and upon his maſter's gardener, to act the part of *Ajax*.

At twelve years old, he was called by his father to Binfield, and there he had for a few months the aſſiſtance of one Deane, another prieſt, of whom he learned only to conſtrue a little of "Tully's Offices," which, after having tranſlated "Ovid," he might certainly do without great advances in learning.

Hitherto, then, he muſt have known little more than what he learned during one year under Taverner; and from this time, till twenty, he became his own preceptor; and gained what other knowledge he had by reading the claſſics, eſpecially the poets, to whom he applied with great aſſiduity and delight.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performance, by many revisals, after which, when he was satisfied, he would say, " These are good rhymes."

In perusing the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded a friend to conduct him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

" Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer ?"

The earliest of his productions is the *Ode on Solitude*, written when he was twelve, in which there is nothing remarkable.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. He soon learned to read *Homer* in the original, as he himself records in one of his imitations of *Horace*.

> Bred up at home, full early I begun
> To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

As he read the classics, he amused himself with translating them ; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the *Thebaid* of Statius, which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He translated likewise the *Epistle of Sappho to Phaon*, and *Dryope and Pomona*, from Ovid, which he afterwards printed.

He was also tempted, by " Dryden's Fables," to try his skill in reviving and imitating Chaucer's *January* and *May*, and the *Prologue of the Wife of Bath*, which he put into modern English.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written about this time, the poem upon *Silence*, in imitation of Rochester's " Nothing." He had now formed his versification, assisted by the rich melody of Dryden ; and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original.

When he was fifteen, having made a considerable progress in the learned languages, he went to London to learn the French and Italian, which, by diligent application, he soon acquired.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, *Alcander* an epic poem in four books, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, " thought himself the greatest genius that ever was."

The subject of the comedy is not known, but the tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Most of his puerile productions were afterwards destroyed. The epic poem was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. Some of its extravagancies are produced in the *Art of Sinking in poetry*, signed *Anonymous*.

About this time, it is related, that he translated *Tully on Old Age ;* and that, besides his books of poetry and criticism, he read " Temple's Essays," and " Locke on Human Understanding."

Books were not the only means through which he acquired information. He early procured the acquaintance of men of talents and literature, and improved himself by conversation.

At sixteen, he acquired the friendship of Sir William Trumball, a statesman of sixty, who had been in the highest offices at home and abroad.

From that age, the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his *Pastorals*, which were for some time handed about among poets, and critics, and at last printed in Tonson's " Miscellany," 1709, in the same volume with the " Pastorals" of Philips.

He had by this time become acquainted with Garth, Steele, Gay, Addison, Congreve, Granville, Halifax, Somers, Walsh, Wycherly, Cromwell, and other wits. He lost the friendship of Wycherly, by correcting his bad poetry, and of Cromwell, by correcting his bad taste.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers; for his letters were given by Cromwell to Mrs. Thomas, and she, many years afterwards, sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his miscellanies.

Walsh was one of his first encouragers. He received an advice from him, which seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, hitherto neglected by the English poets, and therefore an untrodden path to fame.

He had now declared himself a poet, and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's Coffee-house, where the wits of that time used to assemble.

Soon after the *Pastorals*, appeared the *Essay on Criticism*, which procured him, as it deserved, a

very high character. It was praiſed by Addiſon, attacked by Dennis, and commented by Warburton, who has diſcovered in it ſuch order and connection as was not perceived by Addiſon, nor, as is ſaid, intended by the author. It has been tranſlated into French by Hamilton, by Robotham, and by Reſnel. It has alſo been tranſlated into Latin verſe by ſeveral writers; particularly by Smart, and Dr. Kirkpatrick, the author of a poem called "The Sea-Piece," which, though it is little known, has many very fine paſſages.

About the ſame time, he wrote the *Ode for St. Cæcilia's Day*, which he undertook at the deſire of Steele.

In the "Spectator" was publiſhed the *Meſſiah*, which he firſt ſubmitted to the peruſal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticiſm.

The *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, was probably written about the time when his *Eſſay on Criticiſm* was publiſhed. Who the lady was, has not been aſcertained. According to Ruffhead, ſhe was a woman of high rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle; ſhe was in love with a young gentleman of an inferior condition. The uncle diſapproved of her attachment, and propoſed another perſon as a match. Finding ſhe was determined to abide by her own choice, he ſent her abroad. Deprived of every opportunity of converſing or correſponding with her lover, ſhe became deſperate, and procured a ſword, which ſhe directed to her heart.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. li. p. 314, it is aſſerted, that the lady's name was *Withinbury*; that ſhe was in love with Pope, and would have married him; that her guardian, though ſhe was deformed in her perſon, looked upon ſuch a match as beneath her, and ſent her to a convent, where ſhe put an end to her life. How far this account is true, cannot be known. Pope certainly, from the *Elegy*, and the concluding lines of the *Eloiſa*, appears to have been very deeply affected by her fate. Dr. Johnſon has cenſured her conduct with unreaſonable ſeverity. Haſty and culpable ſhe was undoubtedly; but it ought to be conſidered, that no perſon ever has, or can be happy againſt violent inclinations, with conſtancy to a forced partner for life. To thoſe on whom love has made a deep impreſſion, nothing but its object can give happineſs or peace of mind; conſiderations, indeed, that weigh little with the family pride of parents. It is evident that an indulgence of paſſion may be attended with happineſs, but that the diſappointment of it cannot.

In 1712, he produced *The Dying Chriſtian to his Soul*, in imitation of the verſes of *Adrian*, and the fragment of *Sappho*, by the advice of Steele. It ſtrongly reſembles an ode of Flatman, of whom he was probably a reader, as he certainly was of Craſhaw, Carew, Quarles, and Herbert.

He contributed to the *Spectator*, Nos. 404, 408, and 409, and ſome other papers.

In 1712, he publiſhed *The Rape of the Lock*, in its preſent form. It was occaſioned by a frolic of gallantry, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This trifling cauſe produced a ſerious quarrel between the two families. Mr. Caryll, Secretary to King James's Queen, and author of the comedy of "Sir Solomon Single," and of ſeveral tranſlations in "Dryden's Miſcellanies," ſolicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation, by a ludicrous poem. The firſt ſketch was written in leſs than a fortnight, and publiſhed in 1711, in two cantos, without his name. It was received ſo well, that he enlarged it by the addition of the machinery of the *Sylphs*, and extended it into five cantos. At its firſt appearance, Addiſon declared it was "*merum ſal*," a delicious little thing, and gave him no encouragement to retouch it. This was imputed to jealouſy in Addiſon, but contains no proof that he was actuated by any bad paſſion. Pope fortunately did not follow Addiſon's advice; his attempt was juſtified by ſucceſs.

When the *Guardian* was begun, he contributed the paper concerning the little club, under the name of *Dick Diſtich*, a letter ſigned *Gnatho*, a deſcription of the *Gardens of Alcinous*, and a very ſevere ironical criticiſm on "Philips's Paſtorals," in which he pretends to praiſe Philips, but with great art takes the ſuperiority to himſelf.

About this time, he publiſhed *The Temple of Fame*, written two years before; which, as Steele obſerves, has a thouſand beauties.

In 1713, he publiſhed *Windſor Foreſt*, of which part was written at ſixteen, and the latter was added afterwards. It is dedicated to Lanſdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories.

When the tragedy of "Cato" made its appearance, he introduced it by a ſolemn and ſublime *prologue*; and when Dennis publiſhed his "Remarks," undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to

revenge Addiſon by *A Narrative of the Madneſs of John Dennis*. Addiſon expreſſed no approbation of the ridicule of Pope againſt Dennis, and perhaps did not think he deſerved much by his officiouſneſs.

Two other pamphlets, publiſhed about this time againſt *Edmund Curll*, a bookſeller, who lived by the publication and ſale of productions on which reſpectable men of the profeſſion would have no intereſt, are aſcribed to Pope, and printed in "Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies." Curll was concerned in many libellous pieces, both againſt individuals and the ſtate; but it cannot be denied that Engliſh literature owes him conſiderable obligations.

About this time, he wrote the *Epiſtle from Eloiſa to Abelard*; in conſequence, as Savage told Dr. Johnſon, of his peruſal of Prior's "Nutbrown Maid," which it not only excells, but every compoſition of the ſame kind.

He had a ſtrong inclination to unite the Art of Painting with that of Poetry, and put himſelf under the tuition of Jervas, to whom, about this time, he addreſſed an encomiaſtic *Epiſtle*, with "Dryden's tranſlation of Freſnoy."

A picture of Betterton, copied by Pope from Kneller, was in the poſſeſſion of the late Earl of Mansfield, and is ſaid to be ſtill at Caenwood.

After Betterton's death, he publiſhed, under his name, a verſion into modern Engliſh, of Chaucer's prologues, and one of his tales, which were believed by Fenton to have been the performance of Pope himſelf.

In 1713, when he was in his twenty-fifth year, he circulated propoſals for publiſhing his tranſlation of the *Iliad*, with notes, by ſubſcription, in 6 vols. 4to, for ſix guineas.

The propoſals were very favourably received; and the leading men, political and literary, of both parties, were buſy to recommend his undertaking, and to promote his intereſt; but the Tories, in general, encouraged the ſubſcription much more than the Whigs.

To him the hands of jarring faction join,
To heap their tribute on his *Homer's* ſhrine. HAYLEY.

His contract with Lintot the bookſeller was very advantageous. It was agreed that he ſhould receive 200 l. for the copy-right of each volume, and that Lintot ſhould ſupply the copies to be delivered to ſubſcribers, or preſented to friends, at his own expence.

The ſubſcribers were five hundred and ſeventy-five. The copies for which ſubſcriptions were given, were ſix hundred and fifty-four; but only ſix hundred and ſixty were printed. For thoſe copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thouſand three hundred and twenty pounds four ſhillings, without deduction.

At firſt he found himſelf embarraſſed with difficulties, which retarded his progreſs; but practice increaſed his facility of verſification, and in a ſhort time he repreſents himſelf as diſpatching regularly fifty lines a-day.

It is not very likely, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that he overflowed with Greek; but Latin tranſlations were always at hand, and from them he could obtain his author's ſenſe with ſufficient certainty. He had the poetical tranſlation of Eobanus Heſſus, the French Homers of La Valterie, and Dacier, and the Engliſh of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman he had very frequent conſultations; and perhaps never tranſlated any paſſage till he had read his verſion, which, indeed, he has been ſometimes ſuſpected of uſing inſtead of the original.

Broome, in the preface to his "Poems," declares himſelf the commentator, "in part upon the Iliad;" and it appears from Fenton's letter, preſerved in the Muſeum, that Broome was at firſt engaged in conſulting *Euſtathius*, of whoſe work there was then no Latin verſion; but that after a time, he deſiſted. Another Cambridge man was then employed, who ſoon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby, is now diſcovered to have been Jortin, a man ſince well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope having accepted and approved his performance, never teſtified any curioſity to ſee him. Broome then offered his ſervice a ſecond time, and was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a cloſer correſpondence.

Parnell contributed the *Life of Homer*, which Pope found ſo harſh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence, with ſuch help as kindneſs or money could procure him, in ſomewhat more than five years, he completed the Engliſh *Iliad*, with notes, which is allowed to be the beſt verſion of poetry that ever was written; and its publication muſt, therefore, be conſidered as one of the great events in the annals of learning. Halifax expected the dedication of his

verſion; but he paſſed over peers and ſtateſmen to inſcribe it to Congreve. While the tranſlation was in its progreſs, Mr. Craggs, Secretary of State, nobly offered to procure him a penſion, which he thought proper to decline.

Proud of the frank reward his talents find,
And nobly conſcious of no venal mind;
With the juſt world his fair account he clears,
And owns no debt to princes or to peers. HAYLEY.

The original manuſcript of the *Iliad*, written upon envelopes of letters, and accidental fragments of paper, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curioſity, deſcended from him to Mallet, and is now, by the ſolicitation of the late Dr. Mary, repoſited in the Muſeum.

The firſt volume of the *Iliad* was publiſhed in 1715, and a verſion of the firſt book by Tickell, was publiſhed the ſame year, which Pope ſuſpected was really written by Addiſon, with an intention to injure his character and intereſt.

In an advertiſement prefixed by Tickell, he profeſſes to have no "other view in publiſhing this ſmall ſpecimen of Homer's *Iliad*, than to beſpeak, if poſſible, the favour of the public to a tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*, wherein he had already made ſome progreſs."

Whether that was, or was not his motive, there is no evidence that Addiſon cauſed it to be publiſhed from envy and malice, as has been aſſerted, to injure Pope. Addiſon's oppoſition to Pope, at that time, could do him no particular injury; for his ſubſcription was full, and his contract with his bookſeller completed; and if he had been actuated by jealouſy, it is not probable he would have ſpoken ſo highly of Pope's *Iliad* in the "Freeholder" of May 7, 1716.

Pope, whoſe diſpoſition is acknowledged to have been irritable, was hurt beyond meaſure at this tranſlation; and it is probable that the character of *Atticus* was written in the heat of his reſentment on this occaſion, as he expreſſed the very ſame ſentiments to Mr. Craggs, in his letter of July 15, 1715. But it does not appear, as Ruffhead aſſerts, that there was any open breach between Addiſon and Pope upon this occaſion, and Pope expreſsly tells Craggs there was none.

Addiſon, therefore, unleſs better proof can be given, muſt be acquitted of this odious charge, which ſeems to have been founded on ſome miſapprehenſion in Pope; who, however excuſeable he may be thought in writing the character of *Atticus* in the firſt tranſports of poetical indignation, cannot be juſtified in ſuppreſſing it till after the death of Addiſon, and then permitting its publication; and at length, at the diſtance of eighteen years, tranſmitting it to poſterity ingrafted in his *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

The inferior tribe of writers endeavoured to depreciate the *Iliad*. Dennis attacked it with his uſual bitterneſs and ſcurrility; and among others, Ducket and Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, cenſured it in a piece called "Homerides;"

In 1715, he prevailed on his father, it is ſaid, to ſell the eſtate at Binfield, and purchaſed the leaſe of the houſe at Twickenham, ſo much celebrated for his reſidence in it. How his father could have ſaleable property in land, being a Papiſt, does not appear.

Here he planted the vines, and the quincunx, which he has celebrated in his poems; and being under the neceſſity of making a ſubterraneous paſſage to a garden on the other ſide of the road, he dignified it with the title of a grotto; the decoration of which was the favourite amuſement of his declining years.

In 1717, he collected his former works into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a preface, written with great ſpritelineſs and elegance.

In this year his father died ſuddenly, in his 75th year, having paſſed twenty-nine years in retirement. He is not known but by the character which his ſon has given him in the *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

In 1720, he was infected with the general contagion; but on the firſt fall of the South Sea Stock, was cured. He ſold out juſt in time to ſave himſelf from loſs.

The next year, he publiſhed the ſelect poems of his friend Parnell, with an elegant poetical dedication to the Earl of Oxford.

In 1721, he gave to the world his edition of *Shakſpeare*, in 6 vols. 4to.; for which Tonſon demanded a ſubſcription of ſix guineas, and was ſucceſsful in diſpoſing of moſt of the copies. This undertaking, to which he was induced by a reward of two hundred and ſeventeen pounds twelve

ſhillings, is not reckoned to have contributed much to his reputation. Dr. Johnſon obſerves, he did many things wrong, and left many things undone.

Theobald, firſt in his "Shakſpeare Reſtored," and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the inſolence of victory; from which time he became an enemy to editors, commentators, and verbal critics.

About this time, he publiſhed propoſals for a tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*, in 5 vols. 4to. for five guineas, and was aſſiſted by Fenton, and Broome; who, as Ruffhead relates, had already begun the work. He tranſlated only twelve books himſelf, his aſſociates the reſt. The account of the ſeveral ſhares, ſubjoined at the concluſion, is now known not to be true. The firſt, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth books were tranſlated by Fenton; the ſecond, ſixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, ſixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third books, by Broome; but he reviſed their verſions. Broome wrote the notes, for which he was not over liberally rewarded. The agreement with Lintot was the ſame as for the *Iliad*, except that he was to receive but one hundred pounds for each volume.

The ſubſcribers were five hundred and ſeventy-four, and the copies eight hundred and nineteen; ſo that his profit, when he had paid Fenton 300 l. and Broome 600 l. was ſtill very conſiderable.

Spence wrote a criticiſm on the Engliſh *Odyſſey*, which was eſteemed impartial, judicious, and candid. Pope was pleaſed with it, and ſought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, compiled memorials of his converſation, and obtained, by his influence, very valuable preferments in the church.

In 1723, he appeared before the Lords at the trial of Biſhop Atterbury, to give an account of his domeſtic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. He had but few words to utter, and in thoſe few he made ſeveral blunders.

His letters to Atterbury, both before and after his misfortune, are full of eſteem, gratitude, and tenderneſs. He often viſited him in the Tower. At their laſt interview, Atterbury preſented him with a Bible. Whatever might be Atterbury's political principles and views, he certainly poſſeſſed a highly cultivated underſtanding, an elegant taſte, and a feeling heart.

In 1726, Voltaire having viſited England, was introduced to Pope, and wrote him a letter of conſolation, on his being overturned in paſſing a river, in the night, in Bolingbroke's coach, with the windows cloſed, from which the poſtillion ſnatched him, when he was in danger of being drowned, by breaking the glaſs; the fragments of which cut two of his fingers, in ſuch a manner that he loſt their uſe.

In 1727, Swift viſited England, and joined with Pope in publiſhing three volumes of *Miſcellanies*. Pope contributed the *Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk*, *Stradling verſus Styles*, *Virgilius Reſtauratus*, the *Baſſet Table*, and the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, deſigned as a part of the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, a ſatire projected in conjunction with Arbuthnot and Swift, *On the Abuſes of Human Learning*, in the manner of Cervantes.

The year following, he publiſhed the *Dunciad*, one of his greateſt and moſt elaborate performances; the hiſtory of which is very minutely related by himſelf, in a dedication which he wrote to Lord Middleſex, in the name of Savage.

Pope appears by this narrative to have been the aggreſſor; for nobody can believe that the letters in the *Art of Sinking in Poetry* were placed at random. If his intention had been to expoſe to ridicule and contempt, calumniators either of himſelf or of others, he ought to have confined himſelf to ſuch libellers. If his deſign was to diſcourage bad writers from giving their productions to the world, he ſhould have ſatirized perſons of that deſcription only. Theobald, Euſden, Blackmore, Philips, De Foe, Bentley, Hill, Welſted, and Cibber, were not ſuch writers as deſerved to be ridiculed; they were not generally ſlanderous, and had not calumniated him in particular. There is much reaſon to believe that he compoſed the *Dunciad*, partly to be revenged on thoſe who had abuſed him, and partly to diſplay his own ſuperiority. He degraded himſelf by beſtowing on ſcribbling calumniators, even the notice of reſentment; to diſplay ſuperiority was totally unneceſſary, where there could be no competition.

In the ſubſequent editions, he thought fit to omit the name of HIM, who expoſtulated with him in a manner ſuperior to all mean ſolicitation, and obliged him to ſneak and ſhuffle, ſometimes to deny, and ſometimes to apologiſe. He alſo omitted the name of Burnet, and ſubſtituted *cordial friendſhip*

in the room of *pious paſſion*, which was underſtood by Ducket to convey a ſcandalous aſperſion, and added a ſolemn diſavowal of his malignant meaning.

The *Dunciad* is addreſſed to Swift; of the notes, part were written by Arbuthnot; and an apologetical letter was prefixed by Cleland, but ſuppoſed to have been written by Pope.

In 1731, he publiſhed an *Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington, on Taſte*, in which he ſeverely criticiſes the houſe, furniture, garden, and entertainments of *Timon*, who was ſuppoſed to mean the Duke of Chandos, to whom he had been obliged. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, who accepted of his excuſe, without believing his profeſſions.

The next year he loſt his friend Gay; who was a moſt amiable man, and loved by Pope with great tenderneſs.

The following year deprived him of his mother, who lived to the age of ninety-three; and did not die unlamented. His filial piety, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, was, in the higheſt degree, amiable, and exemplary; his parents had the happineſs of living till he was at the ſummit of his poetical reputation, till he was at eaſe in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame; and found no diminution of his reſpect or tenderneſs. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has among its ſoothing and quiet comforts few things better to beſtow than ſuch a ſon.

About this time, Curll publiſhed the ſurreptitious copy of *Letters between Pope and his Friends*; which were clandeſtinely conveyed to him for publication, as is believed, by Pope's direction, that he might decently and defenſively publiſh them himſelf. The meſſenger was Worſdale the painter.

From the peruſal of his *Letters*, Mr. Allen conceived the deſire of being acquainted with him. When Pope told him his purpoſe of aſſerting his property, by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the coſt. This, however, Pope did not accept; but, in time, with ſucceſs, ſolicited a ſubſcription for a quarto volume, which appeared in 1737.

In 1733, he publiſhed the firſt epiſtle of his *Eſſay on Man*, without his name, which, being favourably received, the *ſecond* and *third Epiſtles* were publiſhed; and being now generally ſuſpected of writing them, at laſt, in 1734, he avowed the *fourth*, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the concluſion, it is acknowledged, that the doctrine of the *Eſſay* was received from Bolingbroke, to whom it is inſcribed, who is ſaid to have ridiculed Pope, as having advanced principles contrary to his own; and of which he did not perceive the conſequences. However that may be, it is manifeſt that the pleaſure of the taſte and fancy, from the peruſal of the *Eſſay*, is much greater than the information or conviction of the underſtanding.

The fame of the *Eſſay on Man* was very great; it was tranſlated into French proſe, and afterwards, by Reſnel, into verſe. The tranſlations were read by Crouſaz, a profeſſor in Switzerland. He believed that the poſitions of Pope were intended to repreſent the whole courſe of things as a chain of fatality, and made remarks on the *Eſſay*, tending to eſtabliſh the free agency of man.

The celebrated Warburton undertook the defence of Pope, againſt the imputation of fataliſm in "the Republic of Letters." Warburton, in his exculpatory comment, ſhowed very great ingenuity, but is not generally reckoned to have completely removed the objections.

From this time, Pope lived in the cloſeſt intimacy with his commentator, who had before favoured his adverſaries, and amply rewarded his kindneſs and zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, by whoſe intereſt he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his eſtate.

He was now received with attention, not only by the nobility, but by the Prince of Wales, who honoured him with his friendſhip, and dined at his houſe. It is ſaid that Queen Caroline expreſſed an intention of viſiting him at Twickenham, but it was never accompliſhed.

In 1733, he publiſhed the *Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt, on the Uſe of Riches*; in which he draws the celebrated character of Kyrl the *Man of Roſs*.

In 1734, he inſcribed to Lord Cobham his *Characters of Men*, in which he endeavours to eſtabliſh and exemplify his favourite theory of the *Ruling Paſſion*; but with ſo little ſkill, that in the examples by which he illuſtrates and confirms it, he has confounded paſſions, appetites, and habits.

He added, ſoon after, an *Epiſtle on the Characters of Women*; ſuppoſed to have been addreſſed to

Martha Blount, to whom, during the greateſt part of his life, he had been very much attached. The character of the Ducheſs of Marlborough, under the name of *Atoſſa*, was afterwards inſerted, with no great honour to his gratitude.

Between 1730 and 1740, he publiſhed, from time to time, his *Imitations of Horace*, generally with his name, which modernize ancient ideas and characters, more ſucceſsfully than any which had before appeared.

His *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, was publiſhed in January 1735, about a month before the death of his friend. It is to be regretted, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that either honour or pleaſure ſhould have been miſſed by Arbuthnot; a man eſtimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehenſion, ſkilful in his profeſſion, verſed in the ſciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his maſs of knowledge, by a bright and active imagination; a ſcholar, with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who in the crowd of life retained and diſcovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this epiſtle, Pope vindicates himſelf from cenſures, and, with dignity rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindneſs and reſpect. In the character of *Sporus* he ridicules Lord Hervey, who had written an invective againſt him. Whether he or Pope made the firſt attack, perhaps cannot now be eaſily known.

In 1738, he publiſhed too ſatirical dialogues, named from the year of their appearance. In the firſt he degraded himſelf, by deſcending to party politics. In the ſecond he attacked ſeveral private characters, which had nearly expoſed him to the reſentment of the legiſlature.

The *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus* were publiſhed about this time, extending to the firſt book of a work, projected by the *Scriblerus Club*; the production, probably of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope. Beſides its general reſemblance to "Don Quixote," there will be found in it particular imitations of "The Hiſtory of Mr. Ouffle."

In 1740, he publiſhed a collection of Latin poems, written by Italians, in 2 vols. 12mo. including the former collection made by Atterbury, but injuriouſly omitting his preface.

He publiſhed likewiſe about this time, a revival in ſmoother numbers, of *Donne's Satires*, which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewſbury, and the Earl of Oxford.

In 1742, he added, at Warburton's requeſt, another book to the *Dunciad*.

In the *Epiſtle to Arbuthnot*, as in the *Dunciad*, he had attacked Cibber with great ſeverity. Cibber, who well knew the irritability of Pope, and confident that he could give him pain, wrote a ſpirited pamphlet, containing ſeveral ſtories, tending to make him ridiculous. The inceſſant and unappeaſeable malignity of Pope, he imputes to his ridicule of the exploded ſcene of the mummy and the crocodile in *The Three Hours after Marriage*, ſuppoſed to be the joint production of Gay, Pope, and Arbuthnot. Pope enraged, publiſhed a new edition of the *Dunciad*, in which he degraded Theobald, and enthroned Cibber in his ſtead. By transferring the ſame ridicule from one to another, he deſtroyed its efficacy. Unhappily the two heroes were of oppoſite characters, and Pope was unwilling to loſe what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem, by giving to Cibber the old books, the cold pedantry, and ſluggiſh pertinacity of Theobald. Cibber repaid the Dunciad with another pamphlet, which, though he pretended to diſregard, really gave him great uneaſineſs.

From this time, finding his diſeaſes more oppreſſive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he wrote nothing new, but ſatisfied himſelf with reviſing his former works, in which he received advice and aſſiſtance from Warburton, whoſe hints, in the warmth of gratitude, he followed with all the blindneſs of infatuated affection.

He laid aſide his epic poem, on the ridiculous fiction of the arrival of *Brutus*, the Trojan, in Britain; which he had begun in blank verſe. The plan is exhibited by Ruffhead; but though the MS. was before him, he has given no ſpecimen.

In 1743, he began to conſider himſelf as approaching to his end. He had for at leaſt five years been afflicted with an aſthma, and other diſorders, which his phyſicians were unable to relieve. While he was yet capable of amuſement and converſation, his literary friends were almoſt continually with him, and endeavoured to alleviate his pain. His favourite, Martha Blount, is ſaid to have neglected him, with ſhameful unkindneſs, in the latter time of his decay. Of this, however, he does not ſeem to have been ſenſible, as he left her the greater part of his property.

In May 1744, his death was approaching; on the 6th he was all day delirious. He afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think. He received the Sacrament from a Romish priest; and expressed undoubted confidence of a future state. He died on the evening of the 30th day of May, 1744, in perfect tranquillity; having, a few days before, entered the 57th year of his age. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him, by his friend Warburton.

By his will, made in the end of 1743, he appointed Lord Bathurst, Lord Marchmont, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Arbuthnot, his executors, and left the care of his papers to Lord Bolingbroke; and failing him, to Lord Marchmont; and to Warburton, the property of all his works, on which he had written, or should write commentaries, except those of which the property had been sold. To his noble friends he left his pictures, and statues, with some of his favourite books; with other legacies to his other friends, and to his favourite domestics; and the residue of his fortune, to Martha Blount, for her life, and then to be divided among his relations.

The contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions with 150l., brought some reproach on his memory. Martha Blount had been invited with Pope to Mr. Allen's house at Prior Park. Having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, he left her behind him. In his absence, she signified an inclination to go to the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot; but he, being at that time Mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a place of worship, to which, as a magistrate, he was at least restrained from giving a sanction, and might be required to suppress; and therefore desired to be excused.

Mrs. Blount resented this refusal, and told Pope of it at his return; and so infected him with her rage, that they both left the house abruptly. She parted from Mr. Allen in a state of irreconcileable dislike, and refused any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to him. Pope complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Mr. Allen accepted the legacy which he gave to the hospital at Bath.

He lost the favour of Bolingbroke, by a kind of posthumous offence. He had been desired by Bolingbroke to procure the impression of a very few copies of the "Patriot King;" and he assured him that no more copies had been printed than were allowed; but after his death the printer resigned a complete edition of 1500 copies, to the right owner, which Pope had ordered him to print, and to retain in secret. Bolingbroke delivered the whole impression to the flames, and employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to expose the breach of trust to the public, with all its aggravations. Warburton undertook not indeed to vindicate the action, but to extenuate it by an apology. To this apology an answer was written, in "A letter to the most impudent man living."

His works were published in 9 vols. 8vo. 1751, with a commentary and notes by Warburton. Another edition appeared in 5 vols. 4to. 1769, with an account of his life, and observations on his writings, by Owen Ruffhead, Esq. An edition with notes, has been lately announced by Mr. Wakefield, the learned author of the "Silva Critica" and another by Dr. Warton, the elegant author of the "Essays on the Genius and writings of Pope," in 2 vols. 8vo. 1762, and 1782: A work abounding with information, learning and just principles of taste.

The person of Pope was diminutive and misshapen. In the "Guardian," he compares himself to a spider, and is said to have been protuberant behind and before. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was sweet and animated, and his eye remarkably intelligent and piercing. One side was contracted. He wore a fur doublet under a shirt of coarse linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvas, being scarce able to hold himself erect till they were laced. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean. The feebleness of his frame made him sickly and impatient. Both these causes made him a troublesome guest in the families which he visited. He was perpetually sending the servants on frivolous errands, but took care to compensate their trouble by pecuniary rewards. He expected that every thing should give way to

his eaſe or humour. When he wanted to ſleep, he nodded in company, and once ſlumbered at his own table, while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. In familiar or convivial converſation he was not diſtinguiſhed by vivacity. In his eating, he was both dainty and voracious; and when he had eaten too much, if a dram had been offered to him, he pretended to be angry, but did not forbear to drink it. It does not appear that he was addicted to wine. His impatience and irritability often led him into little quarrels, that would make him leave the houſes of his friends abruptly. At Lord Oxford's he frequently met Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who knowing his peeviſhneſs, could by no entreaties be reſtrained from contradicting him, till their diſputes were ſharpened to ſuch aſperity, that one or other quitted the houſe. At home he was chiefly diſtinguiſhed for his frugality. It is ſaid that when he had two gueſts in his houſe, he would only ſet a ſingle pint of wine on the table. He ſometimes gave a ſplendid entertainment; and on thoſe occaſions ſhowed taſte, and magnificence. Of his fortune, which was very honourably obtained, he was proud. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty. He was accuſed of loving money; but his love was eagerneſs to gain, not ſolicitude to keep it. He aſſiſted Dodſley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a ſhop, and contributed twenty pounds a-year to the ſubſcription for Savage; and beſtowed conſiderable ſums on charity. He was a faithful and conſtant friend; and notwithſtanding the little defects of his conſtitutional temper, was beloved by them during his life, and remembered with the moſt tender affection after his death. His reſentment was too eaſily excited, and his revenge carried to too great a length. The provocation he received by no means juſtified, in many caſes, the ſevere ſatire of the *Dunciad*. His malignity to Philips, whom he had at firſt made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain deſire to make Bentley contemptible, no good reaſon can be given. He was ſometimes wanton in his attacks, before Chandos, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Hill, mean in his retreat. Though, on the whole, a man of integrity, he frequently uſed artifices that bordered on diſingenuity. Thoſe, however, ſeem to have reſulted more from the idea of ſuperiority, than of impoſing upon others. Even that gratification was a weakneſs in the character of Pope. Artifice and cunning require very little ability. A man of ſuch exalted ſuperiority, and ſo little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies obſerved; thoſe who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Of his intellectual character, the conſtituent and fundamental principle was good ſenſe, a prompt and intuitive perception of conſonance and propriety. He had likewiſe genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always inveſtigating, always aſpiring. He was endowed with a fertile invention, and brilliant wit. To aſſiſt theſe powers, he had great ſtrength and exactneſs of memory, which readily ſupplied the underſtanding with abundance of materials. Thoſe gifts he improved by indefatigable induſtry, and acquired a great compaſs of knowledge, completely digeſted.

Thus endowed with the means of acquiſition, he ſuperadded the moſt effectual and agreeable modes of communication. His language is clear, forcible and elegant, enriched with figures, that at once illuſtrate, adorn, and impreſs. He conſidered poetry as the buſineſs of his life, and however he might ſeem to lament his occupation, he followed it with conſtancy; to make verſes was his firſt labour, and to mend them was his laſt. He uſed always the ſame fabric of verſe. Of this uniformity the certain conſequence was readineſs and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had in his mind a ſyſtematical arrangement; having always the ſame uſe for words, he had words ſo ſelected and combined as to be ready at his call.

On the general character and effect of his poems, it is the leſs neceſſary to enlarge, as little remains to be added to the diſtinct examination of his excellent biographer, Dr. Johnſon, and the maſterly criticiſm of Dr. Warton.

In his *Paſtorals*, Dr. Warton obſerves, there is not to be found a ſingle inſtance of a rural image that is new. The ideas of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenſer, are indeed exhibited in language equally melliſluous and pure, but the deſcriptions and ſentiments are trite, and common. A mixture of Britiſh and Grecian ideas may juſtly be deemed a blemiſh. An Engliſhman ſpeaks of "celeſtial Venus, and Idalia's Groves, of Diana and Cynthius." They exhibit, however, a ſeries of verſification, which had in Engliſh poetry no precedent, nor has ſince had an imitation.

The deſign of *Windſor Foreſt* is evidently derived from Denham's "Cooper's Hill," with ſome at-

tention to Waller's poem on " The Park ;" but Pope cannot be denied to excel his maſters in variety, and elegance, and the art of interchanging deſcription, narrative, and morality.

Of the *Temple of Fame*, every part is ſplendid; there is great luxuriance of ornaments. The original viſion of Chaucer is much improved; the imagery is properly ſelected, and learnedly diſplayed; yet, with all this comprehenſion of excellence, it never obtained much notice, and is ſeldom quoted or mentioned, with either praiſe or blame.

That the *Meſſiah* excells the " Pollio" of Virgil, is no great praiſe, if it is conſidered from what ſublime original the improvements are derived. Sometimes indeed the ſimple grandeur of *Iſaiah* is diminiſhed by florid epithets, and injudicious prettineſſes.

The *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, as it came from the heart, is very tender and pathetic; nor has Pope produced any poem in which the ſenſe predominates more over the diction.

Of the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, it is ſufficient praiſe, that it is only inferior to the inimitable " Alexander's Feaſt" of Dryden. The general effect is very pleaſing, and often ſtriking.

Of the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that if he had written nothing elſe, it would have placed him among the firſt critics and the firſt poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embelliſh or dignify didactic compoſition, ſelection of matter, novelty of arrangement, juſtneſs of precept, ſplendour of illuſtration, and propriety of digreſſion.

The *Rape of the Lock* is univerſally allowed to be the moſt attractive of all ludicrous compoſitions. The means employed are, vigorous thought, brilliant fancy, poignant wit, forcible ſatire, and refined humour, moſt agreeably interwoven and diverſified. The machinery is an ingenious expanſion of that in Shakſpeare's " Tempeſt," and the Roſicrucian dialogue of the Comte de Gabalis.

The epiſtle of *Eloiſa to Abelard* is replete with poetical fire, paſſionate language, picturesque imagery, and pathetic exclamation, which ſtrike the imagination with a captivating horror.

" Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe."

It has certainly a charm hardly to be equalled; for who can read it without experiencing the alternate impulſe of deſire, pity, or rage; and laſtly, the freezing languor of irrecoverable deſpair.

" This epiſtle," ſays Dr. Warton, " is one of the moſt highly finiſhed, and certainly the moſt intereſting of the pieces of Pope; and, together with the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, is the only inſtance of the pathetic he has given us."

The tranſlation of *Homer* is a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. Such a verſion, the moſt perfect knowledge of the Greek and Engliſh languages could not have produced. It is not the work of a ſcholar or verſifier merely; it is the performance of a poet. The diction and verſification muſt vindicate to themſelves a very conſiderable ſhare of the merit of this maſterly work. " Pope ſearched the pages of Dryden," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " for happy combinations of poetic diction; but it will not be denied that he added much to what he found. He cultivated the language with ſo much diligence and art, that he has left in his *Homer* a treaſure of poetical elegances to poſterity. His verſion may be ſaid to have tuned the Engliſh tongue; for ſince its appearance, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a ſeries of lines, ſo elaborately corrected, and ſo ſweetly modulated, took poſſeſſion of the public ear; the vulgar was enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the tranſlation."

It has been objected by ſome, that it is not Homerical; that it exhibits no reſemblance of the original and characteriſtic manner of the Father of Poetry, as it wants his awful ſimplicity, his artleſs grandeur, his unaffected majeſty. This cannot be totally denied. Homer doubtleſs owes to his tranſlator many Ovidian graces, not ſtrictly ſuitable to his character; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is ſurely to be deſired, if it be not gained at the expence of dignity. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation; he knew that it was neceſſary to colour the images, and paint the ſentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but loſt ſome of his ſublimity.

As a work of wit and ingenious ſatire, the *Dunciad* has few equals. The hint is confeſſedly taken from Dryden's " Mac Flecknoe;" but the plan is ſo enlarged and diverſified, as juſtly to claim the praiſe of an original, and affords, perhaps, the beſt ſpecimen that has yet appeared of perſonal ſatire, ludicrouſly pompous. Without approving of the petulance and malignity of the deſign, the vigour of intellect, and the fertility of fancy which it diſplays, are equally admirable.

" The beauties of this poem," says Dr. Johnson, " are well known; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages; such as the formation and dissolution of *Moore*, the account of the *Traveller*, the misfortune of the *Florist*, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph."

The *Essay on Man*, is a didactic poem written on metaphysical ideas, which he did not perfectly comprehend. His intentions were evidently good, to show men that the existence of imperfection and evil is not inconsistent with the wisdom and goodness of God. Many of the facts are true, many of the observations are just, but do not tend to establish the truth of the proposed system. The adaptation of human senses, passions, and reason, to their ends, the co-operation of the principles of self-love and benevolence, in producing happiness, the uncertainty of physical good, that man's supreme felicity consists in moral good, that we are very weak in comparison to our Creator, are all positions which are undoubtedly true, but do not prove that *partial evil is universal good; that whatever is, is right.* Pope, like Addison, had considered man chiefly in active life. When he exhibits him in action, his exhibition is natural, beautiful, and just; but when he analyses his principles of thought, and of action, he is not always so successful. Voltaire ridiculed Pope's favourite position in his *Candide*. The consequences which *Candide's* application of the principle to various cases produces, are certainly such as Pope never intended, yet it must be acknowledged he did not sufficiently guard against his interpretation.

" This essay," says Dr. Johnson, " is certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. It affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never were penury of knowledge, and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised, or recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity, sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment, by overpowering pleasure."

" This is true of many paragraphs; yet if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of composition before a rigid critic, I should not select the *Essay on Man:* for it contains more lines unsuccessfully laboured, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other works."

The *Characters of Men and Women*, are the product of diligent speculation upon life and manners, and show a thorough knowledge of the human mind, engaged in action, and modified by the manners of the times.

" I recommend," says Dr. Johnson, " a comparison of his *Characters of Women*, with Boileau's satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicacity female nature is investigated, and female excellence selected. The *Characters of Men*, however, are written with more, if not with deeper thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The *Gem*, and the *Flower*, will not easily be equalled. In the women's part are some defects; the character of *Atossa*, is not so neatly finished as that of *Clodio;* and some of the female characters may be found, perhaps, more frequently among men."

Of his *Epistle to Lord Bathurst*, the most valuable passage is, perhaps, the eulogy on *Good Sense;* and of the *Epistle to Lord Burlington*, the *end of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.* Of the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the vindication of his own character. The meanest passage is the satire upon *Sporus.* The allusion to his mother is exquisitely beautiful and interesting. His *translations from Ovid* are rendered with faithfulness and elegance. The epistle from *Sappho to Phaon* breathe such passionate and pathetic sentiments as are worthy of the exquisite sensibility of the amorous *Sappho;* and the versification is in point of melody next to that of the *Pastorals.*

On his *Epitaphs*, the minute criticism of Dr. Johnson, printed in the " Visitor," is acute, and well enforced; but his examination is too rigorous, and the general opinion is much more favourable.

His *Imitations of Horace*, display a great portion of wit, as well as argument. He has the humour, and almost the ease of Horace, with more wit, and falls little short of the severity of Juvenal. In his *Letters* he is seen as connected with the other contemporary wits, and suffers no disgrace in the comparison. Those of Arbuthnot are written with ease and a beautiful simplicity. Swift's

alſo are unaffected. Several of Bolingbroke's and Atterbury's are maſterly. There is ſomething more ſtudied and artificial in Pope's productions than the reſt. His letters to ladies are full of affectation.

" Pope may be ſaid," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift perhaps like a man who remembered that he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen, as they riſe into his mind."

The compoſitions of Pope are perhaps a greater acceſſion to Engliſh literature, than thoſe of any other poet of our nation, except Spenſer, Shakſpeare, and Milton. Of thoſe poets who rank in the higheſt claſs after them, Dryden is generally allowed to be the firſt; but his claim to that diſtinction is at leaſt rendered doubtful by the pretenſions of Pope, who learned his poetry from Dryden, and whoſe character perhaps may receive ſome illuſtration, if he be compared with his maſter.

To regulate the ſcale, by which the comparative merit of poetical pretenſions is to be eſtimated, is one of the moſt difficult undertakings of criticiſm. Something of this kind, however, is attempted by Dr. Johnſon in his parallel between Dryden and Pope, of which it is ſcarcely hyperbolical to affirm, that it is every way worthy of its ſubject, and ſuch as perhaps the pen of Dr. Johnſon only could have written.

" Integrity of underſtanding, and nicety of diſcernment, were not allotted in a leſs proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was ſufficiently ſhown by the diſmiſſion of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts, and rugged numbers. But Dryden never deſired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and profeſſed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleaſed others, he contented himſelf. Pope was not content to ſatisfy; he deſired to excel; and therefore always endeavoured to do his beſt. He did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader; and expecting no indulgence from others, he ſhowed none to himſelf. For this reaſon, he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he conſidered, and reconſidered them. It will ſeldom be found that he altered, without adding clearneſs, elegance and vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

" In acquired knowledge, the ſuperiority muſt be allowed to Dryden, whoſe education was more ſcholaſtic. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illuſtrations from a more extenſive circumference of ſcience. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by a comprehenſive ſpeculation, and thoſe of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

" Poetry was not the ſole praiſe of either, for both excelled likewiſe in proſe; but Pope did not borrow his proſe from his predeceſſors. The ſtyle of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obſerves the motions of his own mind; Pope conſtrains his mind to his own rules of compoſition. Dryden is ſometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always ſmooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, riſing into inequalities, and diverſified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, ſhaven by the ſcythe, and levelled by the roller.

" Of genius, that power which conſtitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the ſuperiority muſt, with ſome heſitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, becauſe Dryden had more, for every other writer ſince Milton muſt give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it muſt be ſaid, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always haſty, either excited by ſome external occaſion, or extorted by ſome domeſtic neceſſity; he compoſed without conſideration, and publiſhed without correction. What his mind could ſupply at call, or gather in one excurſion, was all that he ſought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condenſe his ſentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that ſtudy might produce, or chance might ſupply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and conſtant. Dryden often ſurpaſſes expectation, and Pope never falls below it; Dryden is read with frequent aſtoniſhment, and Pope with perpetual delight."

The ſubject of this truly excellent parallel has been controverted by Mr. Weſton and Miſs Seward, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1790. Both parties have ſhown much critical ingenuity in maintaining the pretenſions of their favourite poet. To give any adequate idea of the controverſy, would much exceed the limits of this preface. Mr. Weſton, with juſtice, cenſures the poetry of Pope, as too exquiſitely poliſhed, too uniformly muſical, and as glutting the ear with unvaried ſweetneſs. Judging perhaps by principles, rather than perception, he ſeems to think ſtudied diſcords, varied pauſes, triplets, expletives, and Alexandrines, eſſential to rhyme, becauſe they have been uſed by Dryden. But the poetry of Pope, though perhaps leſs impregnated with enthuſiaſm, leſs enriched with claſſical knowledge, leſs illumined by vivid imagination, and leſs diverſified by variety of cadence, is certainly more elaborately correct, more regularly harmonious, more delicately poliſhed, and more ſyſtematically dignified, than that of Dryden.

He has even ventured to aſſert, that Pope was not a poet, but only an elegant verſifier. When he affirms that the author of the *Rape of the Lock*, of the *Dunciad*, of *Eloiſa to Abelard*, and of the Engliſh *Iliad*, was not a poet, he muſt mean ſomething by the term different from the general acceptation.

"If Pope be not a poet," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "where is poetry to be found? To circumſcribe poetry by a definition, will only ſhow the narrowneſs of the definer, though a definition which ſhall exclude Pope, will not eaſily be made. Let us look round upon the preſent time, and back upon the paſt; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims ſtated, and the pretenſions of Pope will no more be diſputed. Had he given the world only his verſion, the name of poet muſt have been allowed him; if the writer of the *Iliad* were to claſs his ſucceſſors, he would aſſign a very high place to his tranſlator, without requiring any other evidence of genius."

A parallel, upon a more extenſive ſcale, is given by Dr. Warton, in which the poetical qualifications of Pope are as candidly examined, as they are judiciouſly diſcriminated.

"Of Pope's works, the largeſt portion is of the didactic, moral, and ſatyric kind; and conſequently not of the moſt poetic ſpecies of poetry: whence it is manifeſt, that good ſenſe and judgment were his characteriſtical excellencies, rather than fancy and invention; not that the author of the *Rape of the Lock* and *Eloiſa* can be thought to want imagination, but becauſe his imagination was not his predominant talent; becauſe he indulged it not, and becauſe he gave not ſo many proofs of this talent as of the other. This turn of mind led him to admire French models; he ſtudied Boileau attentively, formed himſelf upon him, as Milton formed himſelf upon the Grecian and Italian ſons of Fancy. He gradually became one of the moſt correct, even, and exact poets that ever wrote, poliſhing his pieces with a care and aſſiduity that no buſineſs or avocation ever interrupted; ſo that if he does not frequently raviſh and tranſport his reader, yet he does not diſguſt him with unexpected inequalities and abſurd improprieties. Whatever poetical enthuſiaſm he actually poſſeſſed, he withheld and ſtifled. The peruſal of him affects not our minds with ſuch ſtrong emotions as we feel from Homer and Milton; ſo that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads them. Hence he is a writer fit for univerſal peruſal, adapted to all ages and ſtations, for the old and for the young, the man of buſineſs and the ſcholar. He who would think "Palamon and Arcite," "The Tempeſt," or "Comus," childiſh and romantic, might reliſh Pope. Surely it is no narrow and niggardly encomium to ſay, that he is the great poet of reaſon, the firſt of ethical authors in verſe.

Where then ſhall we, with juſtice, be authoriſed to place our admired Pope? Not aſſuredly in the ſame rank with Spenſer, Shakſpeare, and Milton; however juſtly we may applaud the *Eloiſa* and *Rape of the Lock*; but, conſidering the correctneſs, elegance, and utility of his works, the weight of ſentiment, and the knowledge of man they contain, we may venture to aſſign him a place next to Milton, and juſt above Dryden. Yet, to bring our minds ſteadily to make this deciſion, we muſt forget for a moment the divine "Muſic Ode" of Dryden, and may perhaps then be compelled to confeſs, that though Dryden be the greater genius, yet Pope is the better artiſt.

"The preference here given to Pope above other Modern Engliſh Poets, it muſt be remembered, is founded on the excellencies of his works in general, and taken all together; for there are parts and paſſages in other modern authors, in Young and in Thomſon for inſtance, equal to any of Pope; and he has written nothing in a ſtrain ſo truly ſublime as the "Bard of Gray."

WORKS OF POPE.

EXTRACT FROM DR. WARBURTON'S ADVERTISEMENT

To the Octavo Edition of MR. POPE'S *Works*, 1751.

MR. POPE, in his laſt illneſs, amuſed himſelf, amidſt the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete edition of his writings; and, with his uſual delicacy, was even ſolicitous to prevent any ſhare of the offence they might occaſion, from falling on the friend whom he had engaged to give them to the public.

In diſcharge of this truſt, the public has here a complete edition of his works, executed in ſuch a manner, as, I am perſuaded, would have been to his ſatisfaction.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the ſuperiority of this edition above all the preceding; ſo far as Mr. Pope himſelf was concerned. What the editor hath done, the reader muſt collect for himſelf.

The firſt volume, and the original poems in the ſecond, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the author himſelf, even to the very preface; which, with ſeveral additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the editor a little before his death. The Juvenile Tranſlations, in the other part of the ſecond volume, it was never his intention to bring into this edition of his works, on account of the levity of ſome, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any: but theſe being the property of other men, the editor had it not in his power to follow the author's intention.

The third volume, all but the Eſſay on Man (which, together with the Eſſay on Criticiſm, the author, a little before his death, had corrected and publiſhed in quarto, as a ſpecimen of his projected edition), was printed by him in his laſt illneſs (but never publiſhed) in the manner it is now given. The diſpoſition of the Epiſtle on the Characters of Men is quite altered; that on the Characters of Women, much enlarged; and the Epiſtles on Riches and Taſte, corrected and improved. To theſe advantages of the third volume, muſt be added a great number of fine Verſes, taken from the author's manuſcript copies of theſe poems, communicated by him for this purpoſe to the editor. Theſe, when he firſt publiſhed the poems to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reaſons, to omit. Some from the manuſcript copy of the Eſſay on Man, which tended to diſcredit fate, and to recommend the moral government of God, had, by the editor's advice, been reſtored to their places in the laſt edition of that poem. The reſt, together with others of the like ſort, from his manuſcript copy of the other Ethic Epiſtles, are here inſerted at the bottom of the page, under the title of Variations

The fourth volume contains the Satires, with their prologue, the epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, and epilogue, the two poems, intitled M DCC XXXVIII. The prologue and epilogue are here given with the like advantages as the Ethic Epiſtles in the foregoing volume; that is to ſay, with the variations, or additional verſes, from the author's manuſcripts. The epilogue to the ſatires is likewiſe enriched with many and large notes, now firſt printed from the author's own manuſcript.

The fifth volume contains a corrector and completer edition of the Dunciad than hath been hitherto publiſhed; of which, at preſent, I have only this farther to add, that it was at my requeſt he laid the plan of a fourth book. I often told him, it was a pity ſo fine a poem ſhould remain diſgraced by the meanneſs of its ſubject, the moſt inſignificant of all dunces, bad rhymers, and malevolent cavillers; that he ought to raiſe and enoble it, by pointing his ſatire againſt the moſt pernicious of all, minute philoſophers and freethinkers. I imagined too, it was for the intereſt of religion, to have it known that ſo great a genius had a due abhorrence of theſe peſts of virtue and ſociety. He came readily into my opinion; but, at the ſame time, told me it would create him many enemies: he was not miſtaken; for though the terror of his

pen kept them for ſome time in reſpect, yet on his death they roſe with unreſtrained fury, in numerous coffee-houſe tales, and Grub-ſtreet libels. The plan of this admirable ſatire was artfully contrived to ſhew, that the follies and defects of a faſhionable education naturally led to, and neceſſarily ended in, freethinking; with deſign to point out the only remedy adequate to ſo fatal an evil. It was to advance the ſame ends of virtue and religion, that the editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his moral writings that might be ſuſpected of having the leaſt glance towards fate, or naturaliſm; and to add what was proper to convince the world that he was warmly on the ſide of moral government, and a revealed will: and it would be injuſtice to his memory, not to declare that he embraced theſe occaſions with the moſt unfeigned pleaſure.

The ſixth volume conſiſts of Mr. Pope's Miſcellaneous Pieces, in verſe and proſe†. Among the verſe ſeveral fine poems make now their firſt appearance in his works: and of the proſe, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquiſitely ſo, will be found in this edition.

† The proſe is not within the plan of this edition.

The ſeventh, eighth, and ninth volumes, conſiſt entirely of his Letters; the more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of familiar epiſtles. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of ſeveral new pieces. Yet excepting a ſhort explanatory letter to Col. M. and the letters to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to ſhew the editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this edition), excepting theſe, I ſay, the reſt are all publiſhed from the author's own printed, though not publiſhed, copies, delivered to the editor.

On the whole, the advantages of this edition, above the preceding, are theſe: That it is the firſt complete collection which has ever been made of his original writings; that all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the public with his laſt corrections and improvements; that a great number of his verſes are here firſt printed from the manuſcript copies of his principal poems of later date; that many new notes of the author's are here added to his poems; and, laſtly, that ſeveral pieces, both in proſe and verſe, make now their firſt appearance before the public.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

In thoſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A muſe ſincere, that never flattery knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found,
Art ſtrengthening nature, ſenſe improv'd by ſound.
Unlike thoſe wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful ſound,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound.
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected caſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images;
Such as by nature to the ancients ſhewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Although diſgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some, in a poliſh'd ſtyle, write paſtoral:
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall.
Like ſome fair ſhepherdeſs, the Sylvan muſe
Should wear thoſe flowers her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought;
So, with becoming art, the players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural muſe appears to juſtify
The long-loſt graces of ſimplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms, and native excellence:
Yet long her modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
Live, and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whoſe muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight:
So larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

Hail! ſacred bard! a muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhewn,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the eaſt can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were:
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhews
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her watery plains;
The juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the muſe's glaſs.
Nor ſweeter notes the echoing foreſts cheer,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and opening glades,
And give us harmony as well as ſhades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove; but you
Can paint the grove, and add the muſic too.

With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in every line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom;
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren to my rhyme,
Here on the weſtern beach attempt to chime,
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Snatch me, ye gods! from theſe Atlantic ſhores,
And ſhelter me in Windſor's fragrant bowers;
Or to my much-lov'd Iſis' walk convey,
And on her flowery banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green,
Where ſacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the muſes to the ſylvan ſeat;
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the claſſic ſtore,
And made that muſic which was noiſe before.
There, with illuſtrious bards, I ſpent my days,
Not free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe:
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd Windſor in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd,
That Maro taught, or Addiſon inſpir'd.
Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rous'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe and wander through the field or plain;
Led by thy muſe, from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thundering gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the fluttering pheaſant lie!
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the generous courſer by;
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly
O'er hills and dales; and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh, could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe Lodona's melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The tale be told when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The nymph be ſung when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall the ſong, old Thames! forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n Britons more
Than all their ſhouts for victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name;
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In different colours roll a different tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the iſle;
A while diſtinct through many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long-diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAP.

TO MR. POPE,

By the Right Honourable

ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

The muſe, of every heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is public, though not proud.
Widely extenſive is the poet's aim,
And in each verſe he draws a bill on fame.
For none have wit (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raiſe a patron or a friend;
But whatſoe'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themſelves foreſee.
Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating poems of the age;
Nor by injurious ſcruples think it fit,
To hide their judgments who applaud your wit:
But let their pens to yours the heralds prove,
Who ſtrive for you, as Greece for Homer ſtrove;
Whilſt he who beſt your poetry aſſerts,
Aſſerts his own, by ſympathy of parts.
Me panegyric verſe does not inſpire,
Who never well can praiſe what I admire,
Nor in thoſe lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counſel in your ear:
Go on, to gain applauſes by deſert;
Inform the head, whilſt you diſſolve the heart;
Inflame the ſoldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the ſage:
Allure, with tender verſe, the female race;
And give their darling paſſion, courtly grace:
Deſcribe the foreſt ſtill in rural ſtrains,
With vernal ſweets freſh-breathing from the plains:
Your tales be eaſy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the poet in that part diſplay;
Nor let the critic there his ſkill unfold,
For Boccace thus and Chaucer tales have told:
Soothe, as you only can, each different taſte,
And for the future charm us in the paſt.
Then, ſhould the verſe of every artful hand
Before your numbers eminently ſtand;
In you no vanity could thence be ſhewn,
Unleſs, ſince ſhort in beauty of your own,
Some envious ſcribbler might in ſpite declare,
That for compariſon you plac'd them there.
But envy could not againſt you ſucceed:
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Cenſure or praiſe muſt from ourſelves proceed.

TO MR. POPE,

BY MISS JUD. COWPER, AFTERWARDS MRS. MADAN.

O Pope! by what commanding wondrous art
Doſt thou each paſſion to each breaſt impart?
Our beating hearts with ſprightly meaſures move,
Or melt us with a tale of hapleſs love!
Th' elated mind's impetuous ſtarts control,
Or gently ſooth to peace the troubled ſoul!
Graces till now that ſingly met our view,
And ſingly charm'd, unite at once in you:
A ſtyle polite, from affectation free,
Virgil's correctneſs, Homer's majeſty!
Soft Waller's eaſe, with Milton's vigour wrought,
And Spenſer's bold luxuriancy of thought.
In each bright page, ſtrength, beauty, genius ſhine,
While nervous judgment guides each flowing line.
No borrow'd tinſel glitters o'er theſe lays,
And to the mind a falſe delight conveys:
Throughout the whole with blended power is found,
The weight of ſenſe, and elegance of ſound:
A laviſh fancy, wit, and force, and fire,
Graces each motion of th' immortal lyre.
The matchleſs ſtrains our raviſh'd ſenſes charm:
How great the thought! the images how warm!
How beautifully juſt the turns appear!
The language how majeſtically clear!
With energy divine each period ſwells,
And all the bard th' inſpiring God reveals.
Loſt in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn,
Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn;
Where his rich waves fair Windſor's towers ſurround,
And bounteous ruſh amid poetic ground.
O Windſor! ſacred to thy bliſsful ſeats,
Thy ſylvan ſhades, the muſes' lov'd retreats;
Thy riſing hills, low vales, and waving woods,
Thy ſunny glades, and celebrated floods!
But chief Lodona's ſilver tides, that flow
Cold and unſullied as the mountain ſnow;
Whoſe virgin name no time nor change can hide,
Though ev'n her ſpotleſs waves ſhould ceaſe to glide:
In mighty Pope's immortalizing ſtrains,
Still ſhall ſhe grace and range the verdant plains;
By him ſelected for the muſes' theme, [ſtream.
Still ſhine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid
Go on, and, with thy rare reſiſtleſs art,
Rule each emotion of the various heart;
The ſpring and teſt of verſe unrival'd reign,
And the full honours of thy youth maintain;
Soothe, with thy wonted eaſe and power divine,
Our ſouls, and our degenerate taſtes refine;
In judgment o'er our favourite follies ſit,
And ſoften Wiſdom's harſh reproofs to wit.
Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand;
His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
In thee riſe worthy of their ſacred ſource;
His ſpirit heighten'd, yet his ſenſe entire,
As gold runs purer from the trying fire.
O, for a muſe like thine, while I rehearſe
Th' immortal beauties of thy various verſe!
Now light as air th' enlivening numbers move,
Soft as the downy plumes of fabled love,
Gay as the ſtreaks that ſtain the gaudy bow,
Smooth as Meander's cryſtal mirrors flow.
But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
Joins the fleet courſers to the whirling car;
When the warm hero, with celeſtial might,
Augments the terror of the raging fight,
From his fierce eyes refulgent lightnings ſtream
(As Sol emerging darts a golden gleam);
In rough hoarſe verſe we ſee th' embattled foes;
In each loud ſtrain the fiery onſet glows;
With ſtrength redoubled here Achilles ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in thy lines.
So the bright magic of the painter's hand
Can cities, ſtreams, tall towers, and far-ſtretch'd plains, command;
Here ſpreading woods embrown the beauteous ſcene,
There the wide landſcape ſmiles with livelier green;
The floating glaſs reflects the diſtant ſky,
And o'er the whole the glancing ſun-beams fly;
Buds open, and diſcloſe the inmoſt ſhade;
The ripen'd harveſt crowns the level glade.
But when the artiſt does a work deſign,
Where bolder rage informs each breathing line;
When the ſtretch'd cloth a rougher ſtroke receives,
And Cæſar awful in the canvas lives;
When art like laviſh nature's ſelf ſupplies,
Grace to the limbs, and ſpirit to the eyes;
When ev'n the paſſions of the mind are ſeen,
And the ſoul ſpeaks in the exalted mien;
When all is juſt, and regular, and great,
We own the mighty Maſter's ſkill, as boundleſs as complete.

LORD MIDDLESEX TO MR. POPE,

On reading Mr. Addiſon's Account of the Engliſh Poets.

If all who e'er invok'd the tuneful Nine,
In Addiſon's majeſtic numbers ſhine,
Why then ſhould Pope, ye bards, ye critics, tell,
Remain unſung, who ſings himſelf ſo well?
Hear then, great bard, who can alike inſpire
With Waller's ſoftneſs, or with Milton's fire;
Whilſt I, the meaneſt of the muſes throng,
To thy juſt praiſes tune th' adventurous ſong.
How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
When gods and mortals, mix'd, ſuſtain the fight!
Like Milton then, though in more poliſh'd ſtrains,
Thy chariots rattle o'er the ſmoking plains.
What though archangel 'gainſt archangel arms,
And higheſt Heaven reſounds with dire alarms!
Doth not the reader with like dread ſurvey
The wounded gods repuls'd with foul diſmay?
But when ſome fair one guides your ſofter verſe,
Her charms, her godlike features, to rehearſe;
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in ſmoother numbers charm!
When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
Give o'er, great bard, your fruitleſs toil give o'er,
For ſtill king Tibbald ſcribbles as before;

Poor Shakſpeare ſuffers by his pen each day,
While Grub-ſtreet alleys own his lawful ſway.
Now turn, my muſe, thy quick, poetic eyes,
And view gay ſcenes and opening proſpects riſe.
Hark! how his ruſtic numbers charm around,
While groves to groves, and hills to hills reſound!
The liſtening beaſts ſtand fearleſs as he ſings,
And birds attentive cloſe their uſeleſs wings.
The ſwains and ſatyrs trip it o'er the plain,
And think old Spenſer is reviv'd again.
But when once more the godlike man begun
In words ſmooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,
Raviſh'd they gaze, and ſtruck with wonder ſay,
Sure Spenſer's ſelf ne'er ſung ſo ſweet a lay:
Sure once again Eliza glads the iſle,
That the kind muſes thus propitious ſmile—
Why gaze ye thus? Why all this wonder, ſwains?—
'Tis Pope that ſings, and Carolina reigns.
But hold, my muſe! whoſe awkward verſe betrays
Thy want of ſkill, nor ſhews the poet's praiſe;
Ceaſe then, and leave ſome fitter bard to tell
How Pope in every ſtrain can write, in every ſtrain excel.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

He comes, he comes! bid every bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads;
Firſt gives the palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a God.
But hark! what ſhouts, what gathering crowds rejoice!
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venial voice,
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When proſtitutes, or needy flatterers ſue.
And ſee the chief! before him laurels borne;
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn:
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves; and there
Pale Envy dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,
Prone to the earth ſhe bends her lothing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of majeſty.
But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The Graces theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend.
The chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends,
The Pæans ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chooſe,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muſe?
Though each great ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid)
Go to the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE,

BY MR. HARTE.

To move the ſprings of nature as we pleaſe;
To think with ſpirit, but to write with eaſe;
With living words to warm the conſcious heart,
Or pleaſe the ſoul with nicer charms of art;
For this the Grecian ſoar'd in epic ſtrains,
And ſofter Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenſer felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton ſtrung his heavenly lyre.
'Tis yours, like theſe, with curious toil to trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's ſelf with living luſtre ſhines,
How judgment ſtrengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conſcious ſenſe of fame,
And force a pleaſure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the ſtrains:
Led by ſome law, whoſe powerful impulſe guides
Each happy ſtroke, and in the ſoul preſides;
Some fairer image of perfection given
T' inſpire mankind, itſelf deriv'd from heaven.
O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe,
Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays!
Add that the Siſters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line;
Yet Envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
Obſcures the virtue, and defames the muſe.
A ſoul like thine, in pains, in grief reſign'd,
Views with vain ſcorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjuſt;
And are they blam'd who ſin becauſe they muſt?
Yet ſure not ſo muſt all peruſe thy lays:
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praiſe.
A thouſand charms at once my thoughts engage;
Sappho's ſoft ſweetneſs, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's ſtudious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's eaſier air.
So ſeems ſome picture, where exact deſign,
And curious pains, and ſtrength, and ſweetneſs join;
Where the free thought its pleaſing grace beſtows,
And each warm ſtroke with living colour glows;
Soft without weakneſs, without labour fair,
Wrought up at once with happineſs and care!
How bleſt the man that from the world removes,
To joys that Merdaunt*, or his Pope, approves;
Whoſe taſte exact each author can explore,
And live the preſent and paſt ages o'er;
Who, free from pride, from penitence, or ſtrife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life:

* *Earl of Peterborough.*

Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!
Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace:
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The muse, who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbiass'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE TRIUMVIRATE OF POETS,

BY MRS. TOLLET.

Britain with Greece and Rome contended long
For lofty genius and poetic song,
Till this Augustan age with Three was blest,
To fix the prize, and finish the contest.
In Addison, immortal Virgil reigns;
So pure his numbers, so refin'd his strains:
Of nature full, with more impetuous heat,
In Prior Horace shines, sublimely great.
Thy country, Homer! we dispute no more;
For Pope has fix'd it to his native shore.

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreaſonable in their expectations. The firſt ſeem to fancy that the world muſt approve of whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to pleaſe them at any rate. Methinks, as, on the one hand, no ſingle man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the reſt; ſo, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular perſon ſhould be ſacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore, I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleaſure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly paſſed upon poems. A critic ſuppoſes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expreſſion, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets, in general, ſeem reſolved not to own themſelves in any error? For, as long as one ſide will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticiſm being by no means the univerſal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet ſure, upon the whole, a bad author deſerves better uſage than a bad critic: for a writer's endeavour, for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but ſuch a critic's is to put them out of humour; a deſign he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be diſtinguiſhed, by a man himſelf, from a ſtrong inclination: and if his genius be ever ſo great, he cannot at firſt diſcover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worſt authors might, in their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumſtances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or inſincere; and the reſt of the world in general is too well bred to ſhock them with a truth, which generally their bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of. This happens not till they have ſpent too much of their time, to apply to any profeſſion which might better fit their talents; and till ſuch talents as they have are ſo far diſcredited as to be but of ſmall ſervice to them. For (what is the hardeſt caſe imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the firſt ſteps he makes in the world; and people will eſtabliſh their opinion of us, from what we do at that ſeaſon, when we have leaſt judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no ſooner communicates his works with the ſame deſire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may pleaſe the world he falls under very unlucky circumſtances: for, from the moment he prints, he muſt expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a prince, or a beauty. If he has not very good ſenſe (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of ſenſe), his living thus in a courſe of flattery may put him in no ſmall danger of becoming a coxcomb: if he

* *In the former editions it was thus*——"*For as* "*long as one ſide deſpiſes a well-meant endeavour, the* "*other will not be ſatisfied with a moderate approba-*"*tion.*"—*But the Author altered it, as theſe words were rather a conſequence from the concluſion he would draw, than the concluſion itſelf, which he has now inſerted.*

ſias, he will conſequently have ſo much diffidence as not to reap any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince, if it be given to his face, it can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery, and if in his abſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius, as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good, as ill-will does him harm Then there is a third claſs of people who make the largeſt part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and theſe (to a man) will hate or ſuſpect him: a hundred honeſt gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a ſatiriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome advantages accruing from a genius to poetry. and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it (any way) one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its ſake. I could wiſh people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs concerned about fame than I durſt declare till this occaſion, when methinks I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore, ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe trifles by prefaces, biaſſed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author: I writ becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected becauſe it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write; and I publiſhed becauſe I was told I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge of them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt But I have reaſon to think they can h ve no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo; for they have always fallen ſhort not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I deſire him to reflect that the Ancients (to ſay the leaſt of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains. and employ more time. cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They conſtantly applied themſelves not only to that art, but to that ſingle branch of an art, to which their talent was moſt powerfully bent; and it was the buſineſs of their lives to correct and finiſh their works for poſterity. If we can pretend to have uſed the ſame induſtry, let us expect the ſame immortality: Though, if we took the ſame care, we ſhould ſtill lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became univerſal and everlaſting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration: A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmoſt we can hope is but to be read in one iſland, and to be thrown aſide at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients; and it will be found true, that. in every age, the higheſt character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by thoſe who have been moſt indebted to them. For, to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our predeceſſors. Therefore they who ſay our thoughts are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the Ancients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, becauſe they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreaſonable, that people ſhould expect us to be ſcholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.

I fairly confeſs that I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading; that I made uſe of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reaſon theſe pieces are not more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they and I have to live: One may be aſhamed to conſume half one's days in bringing ſenſe and rhyme together; and what critic can be ſo unreaſonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more ſerious employment, or more agreeable amuſement?

The only plea I ſhall uſe for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a reſpect for it, as moſt authors have for themſelves; and that I have ſacrificed much of my own ſelf-love for its ſake, in preventing not only many mean things from ſeeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like thoſe authors, who forgive themſelves ſome particular lines for the ſake of a whole poem, and *vice verſa* a whole poem for the ſake of ſome particular lines. I believe, no one qualification is ſo likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it muſt be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publiſhed, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deſerve to be praiſed. On this account the world is under ſome obligation to me, and owes me the juſtice in return, to look upon no verſes as mine that are not inſerted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really ſo, but to avoid the imputation of ſo many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt further acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to re-

commend any miſcellanies, or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myſelf as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time ſhall make it the former, may theſe poems (as long as they laſt) remain as a teſtimony that their author never made his talents ſubſervient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or ſelf-intereſt; the gratification of public prejudices or private paſſions; the flattery of the undeſerving, or the inſult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be conſidered that it is what no man can do without good ſenſe; a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquiſition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more ſolemn funeral of my remains, I deſire it to be known that I die in charity, and in my ſenſes; without any murmurs againſt the juſtice of this age, or any mad appeals to poſterity. I declare I ſhall think the world in the right, and quietly ſubmit to every truth which time ſhall diſcover to the prejudice of theſe writings; not ſo much as wiſhing ſo irrational a thing, as that every body ſhould be deceived merely for my credit. However, I deſire it may be then conſidered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; ſo that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a caſe of compaſſion: That I was never ſo concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended: That I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports againſt his morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die of themſelves; and a *memento mori* to ſome of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10. 1716.

VARIATIONS *in the Author's Manuſcript Preface.*

AFTER page 9. c. 1. l. 27. it followed thus: For my part, I confeſs, had I ſeen things in this view, at firſt, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of one's ſelf with decency: but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf, as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: "Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædet)." It is a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the pleaſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are "amicæ omnium horarum;" and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world, as long as one expects no real ſervice from them. I confeſs there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt productions were the children of ſelf-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I cannot but regret thoſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever. Many trials, and ſad experience, have ſo undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loſs at what rate to value myſelf. As for fame, I ſhall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miſs; and, as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myſelf, or even from wiſhing thoſe hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The ſenſe of my faults made me correct; beſides, that it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 9 c. 2. l. 26. In the firſt place, I own that I have uſed my beſt endeavours to the finiſhing theſe pieces: That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies: And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, buſineſs, want of health, or any ſuch idle excuſes. But the true reaſon they are not yet more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but ſixty years, may be aſhamed to employ thirty in meaſuring ſyllables, and bringing ſenſe and rhyme together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that ſome wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleaſing the critics.

PASTORALS

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, inglorius.

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.*

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any ſort of verſes than thoſe which are called Paſtorals; nor a ſmaller, than thoſe which are truly ſo. It therefore ſeems neceſſary to give ſome account of this kind of Poem; and it is my deſign to compriſe in this ſhort paper the ſubſtance of thoſe numerous diſſertations the Critics have made on the ſubject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will alſo find ſome points reconciled, about which they ſeem to differ; and a few remarks, which, I think, have eſcaped their obſervation.

The original of Poetry is aſcribed to that Age which ſucceeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks ſeems to have been the firſt employment of mankind, the moſt ancient ſort of Poetry was probably Paſtoral †. It is natural to imagine, that the leiſure of thoſe ancient ſhepherds admitting and inviting ſome diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary and ſedantary life as ſinging; and that in their ſongs they took occaſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the preſent. And ſince the life of ſhepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets choſe to introduce their perſons, from whom it received the name of Paſtoral.

A paſtoral is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd, or one conſidered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both ‡; the fable ſimple, the manners not too polite nor too ruſtic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickneſs and paſſion, but that ſhort and flowing: the expreſſion humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; eaſy, and yet lively. In ſhort, the fable, manners thoughts, and expreſſions, are full of the greateſt ſimplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem conſiſts in ſimplicity §, brevity, and delicacy; the two firſt of which render an eclogue natural, and the laſt delightful.

If we could copy nature, it may be uſeful to take this idea along with us, that paſtoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to deſcribe our ſhepherds as ſhepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the beſt of men followed the employment. To carry this reſemblance yet further, it would not be amiſs to give theſe ſhepherds ſome ſkill in aſtronomy, as

* *Written at ſixteen years of age.*
† *Fontenelle's Diſcourſe on Paſtorals.*
‡ *Heinſius in Theocr.*
§ *Rapin, de Carm. Paſt. p. 2.*

far as it may be useful to that sort of life And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short *, and the periods concise: yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours . . . .

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these compositures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered †. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: for what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries ‡. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety §. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excells all others in nature and simplicity, The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers ‖ and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective; for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to *. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his Aminta has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as his piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil †: not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful;

* *Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d' Arist. p. 2. Reflex.* xxvii.

† *Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.*

‡ *Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.*

§ *See the forementioned Preface*

‖ ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ. *Idyl.* x. *and* ΑΜΙΕΙΣ, *Idyl.* xxi.

* *Rapin, Refl. on Arist. part* ii. *Refl.* xxvi.—— *Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.*

† *Dedication to Virg. Ecl.*

ſince by this, beſides the general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human life to the ſeveral ſeaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his paſtorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for paſtoral: That they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as Spenſer's: That, in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerved, the rural employments in each ſeaſon or time of day, and the rural ſcenes or places proper to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of man, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to ſome good old authors, whoſe works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

PASTORALS.

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL, OR DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
Youth at, too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow,
I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 34. The first reading was,
And his own image from the bank surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS,

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer, and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

STREPHON.

O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield;
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves.
If Windſor ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor ſhade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhowers,
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flowers;
If Delia ſmile, the flowers begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The ſun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 61. It ſtood thus at firſt:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boaſt,
Her purple wool the proud Aſſyrian coaſt,
Bleſt Thames's ſhores, &c.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flowery wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties ſhew:
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid
How ſoon the brighteſt beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods ſo long,
Of Amaryllis learn a ſweeter ſong:
To heaven ariſing then her notes convey,
For heav'n alone is worthy ſuch a lay.

Ver. 69. Theſe verſes were thus at firſt:

All nature mourns, the birds their ſongs deny,
Nor waſted brooks the thirſty flowers ſupply;
If Delia ſmile, the flowers begin to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.

If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But, bleſs'd with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
A wondrous tree that ſacred monarch bears;
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The thiſtle ſprings, to which the lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia ſhall be thine.

DAMON.

Ceaſe to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bleſt ſwains, whoſe nymphs in every grace excel;
Bleſt nymphs, whoſe ſwains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bowers,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhowers;
The turf with rular dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee! the gathering flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the pleiads fruitful ſhowers deſcend.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 99 was originally,

The turf with country dainties ſhall be ſpread,
And trees with twining branches ſhade your head.

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL, OR ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering ſhade.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the firſt edition.

A faithful ſwain, whom love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his fate beſide a ſilver ſpring;

Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhew,

VARIATIONS.

Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Through verdant foreſts, and through flowery meads.

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapleſs love,
And Amyrillis fill'd the vocal grove.

The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept, O Garth, the muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death?
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
O! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again,
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love!
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equall'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
I shun, &c.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heaven shall bear,
And listening wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written; but the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity, which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

Ver. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL, OR HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLY.

Beneath the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent love;
And Delia's name and Dori's fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of ſwains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey,
As ſome ſad turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong;
For her, the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay;
Fade every bloſſom, wither ever tree,
Die every flower, and periſh all, but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flowers ariſe!
Let opening roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their evening ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not ſhowers to larks, or ſunſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleaſing frenzy ſoothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away! [mir'd;
Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves ad-
Rehearſe, ye muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain;
Here where the mountains, leſſening as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While labouring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat;
While curling ſmokes from village tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſs'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love?
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep?
Pan came, and aſk'd, what magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?

VARIATION.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.
With him through Libya's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal ſnow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldneſs but in Thirſis' heart.

What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlinds, and in thunder born!

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliffs ſhall end my pains;
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd every ſhade.

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL, OR DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the muſic of that murmuring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſtening Dyrades to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring;
Ye weeping loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obſcure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie!
With her they flouriſh'd and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood;
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from evening ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and ſweetneſs is no more!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. Originally thus in the MS.
'Tis done, and nature's chang'd ſince you are gone;
Behold, the clouds have "put their mourning on."

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall, liſtening in mid air, ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or, huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays;
No more the ſtreams their wonder ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more!
Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood:
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But ſee! where Daphne wondering mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!
Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene,
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green!
There while you reſt in amaranthine bowers,
Or from thoſe meads ſelect unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddeſs, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,
In ſome ſtill evening, when the whiſpering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees
To thee bright goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we muſt time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams, and groves,
Adieu, ye ſhepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye Sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours riſe, and driving ſnows deſcend,
Thy honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall never end.

NOTE.

Ver. 89, &c.] Theſe four laſt lines allude to the ſeveral ſubjects of the four Paſtorals, and to the ſeveral ſcenes of them particulariſed before in each.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading ſeveral paſſages of the prophet Iſaiah, which foretel the coming of Chriſt, and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurpriſing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the ſame ſubject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line for line; but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of Paſtoral Poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ſame in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts, might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun!
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From * Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flower with fragrance fills the ſkies:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin ſhall conceive—All crimes ſhall ceaſe, &c.]

Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, ſi qua maneant ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,

* *Iſai.* xi. *ver.* 1.

Th' Æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye † Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhower!
The ‡ ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.

IMITATIONS.

Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras,—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of "Saturn returns, now a new progeny is ſent down "from high heaven. By means of thee, whate- "ver relics of our crimes remain, ſhall be wiped "away, and free the world from perpetual fears. "He ſhall govern the earth in peace, with the vir- "tues of his Father."

† *Ch.* xiv. *ver.* 8.
‡ *Ch.* xxv. *ver.* 4.

All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient frauds ſhall fail,
Returning * Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious babe, be born!
See, nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See † lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the ‡ way! a God, a God appears!

IMITATIONS.

Iſaiah, Ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold a Virgin "ſhall conceive and bear a Son—Chap. ix. ver. "6, 7. Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son "is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increaſe "of his government, and of his peace, there ſhall "be no end: Upon the throne of David, and up-"on his kingdom, to order and to eſtabliſh it, "with judgment and with juſtice, for ever and "ever."

Ver. 23. See nature haſtes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho—
Ipſa tibi blandè fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, O Child, ſhall the earth, without "being tilled, produce her early offerings; wind-"ing ivy, mixed with Baccar, and Colocaſſia with "ſmiling Acanthus. Thy cradle ſhall pour forth "pleaſing flowers about thee."

Iſaiah, Ch. xxxi. ver. 1. "The wilderneſs and "the ſolitary place ſhall be glad, and the deſert "ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as the roſe." Ch. lx. ver. 13. "The glory of Lebanon ſhall come un-"to thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box "together, to beautify the place of thy ſanctu-"ary."

Ver. 29. Hark! a glad voice, &c.
Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere, ô magnos, (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara deûm ſoboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—

Ecl. ver. 62.

Ipſi lætitiâ voces ad ſidera jactant
Intonſi montes, ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

"O come and receive the mighty honours: the "time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the "Gods! O great increaſe of Jove! The unculti-"vated mountains ſends ſhouts of joy to the ſtars;

* *Cb.* ix. *ver.* 7. † *Cb.* xxxv. *ver.* 2.
‡ *Cb.* xl. *ver.* 3, 4.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye vallies, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks: ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The * dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In † adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ‡ ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture, and the pureſt air;
Explores the loſt, the wandering ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd § father of the future age.
No more ſhall ‖ nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ¶ Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the fame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field:
The ſwain in barren †† deſerts with ſurpriſe
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;

IMITATIONS.

"the very rocks ſing in verſe; the very ſhrubs "cry out, A God, a God!".

Iſaiah, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him "that crieth in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye the "way of the Lord! make ſtraight in the deſert "a high-way for our God! Every valley ſhall be "exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall be "made low, and the crooked ſhall be made "ſtraight, and the rough places plain." Ch. iv, ver. 23. "Break forth into ſinging, ye mountains; "O foreſt, and every tree therein, for the Lord "hath redeemed Iſrael."

Ver. 67. The ſwain in barren deſerts] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſtâ,
Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva:
Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.

* *Cb.* xliii. *ver.* 18. *Cb.* xxxv. *ver.* 5, 6.
† *Cb.* xxv. *ver.* 8. ‡ *Cb.* xl. *ver.* 11.
§ *Cb.* ix. *ver.* 6. ‖ *Cb.* ii. *ver.* 4.
¶ *Cb.* lxv. *ver.* 21, 22.
†† *Cb.* xxxv. *ver.* 1. 7.

And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy * valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flowery palms ſucceed,
And odorous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The † lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ‡ ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

IMITATIONS.

"The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripen'd "ears, and the red grape ſhall hang upon the wild "brambles, and the hard oaks ſhall diſtil honey "like dew."

Iſaiah, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground "ſhall become a pool, and the thirſty land ſprings "of water: In the habitations where dragons "lay, ſhall be graſs, and reeds and ruſhes." Ch. lv. ver. 13. "Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come up "the fir-tree, and inſtead of the brier ſhall come "up the myrtle-tree."

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.—

"The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders "diſtended with milk; nor ſhall the herds be "afraid of the greateſt lions. The ſerpent ſhall "die, and the herb that conceals poiſon ſhall die."

Iſaiah, Ch. xi. ver. 6, &c. "The wolf ſhall "dwell with the lamb, and the leopard ſhall lie "down with the kid, and the calf and the young "lion and the fatling together; and a little child "ſhall lead them. And the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like "the ox. And the ſucking child ſhall play on "the hole of the aſp, and the weaned child ſhall "put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."

* *Cb.* xli. *ver.* 19. *Cb.* lv. *ver.* 13.
† *Cb.* xi. *ver.* 6, 7, 8. ‡ *Cb.* lxv. *ver.* 25.

The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long † race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barbarous ‡ nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of § Sabean ſprings,
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ‖ ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ¶ feas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving power remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own Meſſiah reigns!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 85. Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!] The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt part of his Pollio.

Magnis ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo!
—toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menſes!
Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah, here cited.

* *Cb.* lx. *ver.* 1. † *Cb.* lx. *ver.* 4.
‡ *Cb.* lx. *ver.* 3. § *Cb.* lx. *ver.* 6.
‖ *Cb.* lx. *ver.* 19. 20.
¶ *Cb.* li. *ver.* 6. *Cb.* liv. *ver.* 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

" Non injuſſa cano: Te noſtræ, Vare, myricæ,
" Te Nemus omne canet: Nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
" Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen."

VIRG.

THIS poem was written at two different times: the firſt part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the ſame time with the paſtorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was publiſhed.

THY foreſts, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, Sylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
Granville commands; your aid, O muſes, bring!
What muſe for Granville can refuſe to ſing?
The groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong;
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not chaos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd;
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluiſh hills aſcend.
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dies,
And 'midſt the deſert, fruitful fields ariſe,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Nor proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Though gods aſſembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe gods appear.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 3, &c. Originally thus:

Chaſte goddeſs of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me through arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your ſprings——

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 25. Originally thus:

Why ſhould I ſing our better ſuns or air,
Whoſe vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While through freſh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or ſpread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled,
But, while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!

Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure the trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near and more near, the closing lines invest,
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy varying dies,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
(For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man).

Ver. 57, &c.

No wonder savages or subjects slain—
But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus; but the word Savages is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

Ver. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.

The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
Still spread, fair liberty: thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.

Ver. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasure yields.

Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first edition:

Pleas'd, in the general's sight, the host lie down
Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo):
With slaughtering guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feels the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed,
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the Sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like her's, protects the Sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).

Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy "train,
"Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
"My native shades!—there weep and murmur "there!"
She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landskip of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush unto the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 126.

O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

Ver. 129.

The fowler lifts his level'd tube on high.

Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His ſovereign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muſe inſpires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields;
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic ſouls of flowers:
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
Or wandering thoughtful on the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wiſe and good.
T' obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus and Trumbull thus retir'd.
Ye ſacred nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bowery mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where the muſes ſport on Cooper's Hill
(On Coopers Hill eternal wreaths ſhall grow,
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow):
I ſeem through conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove:
Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By god-like poets venerable made:
Here his firſt lays majeſtic Denham ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping ſwans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each muſe's lyre.
Since fate relentleſs ſtopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades, where Cowley ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty Denham ſung
But hark! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it Granville ſings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the muſes to their ancient ſeats;
To paint anew the flowery Sylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſt with immortal greens,
Make Windſor hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.
Here noble Surrey felt the ſacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh wouldſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor bore,
What king firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.
Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, faſt behind him, once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 233. It ſtood thus in the MS.
And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover ſtill,
To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235.
Happy the man, who to the ſhades retires,
But doubly happy, if the muſe inſpires!
Bleſt whom the ſweets of home-felt quiet pleaſe;
But far more bleſt, whoſe ſtudy joins with eaſe.

Ver. 267. It ſtood thus in the MS.
Methinks around your holy ſcenes I rove,
And hear your muſic echoing through the grove;
With tranſport viſit each inſpiring ſhade,
By godlike poets venerable made.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 275.
What ſighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal ſhore!
His tuneful ſwans were heard to ſing no more.

Ver. 290. her ſilver ſtar.] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the concluſion, were theſe:

My humble muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flowery plains;
Where I obſcurely paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe,
Enough for me that to the liſtening ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the Sylvan ſtrains.

Ver. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When braſs decays, when trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mouldering into duſt drops the proud ſtone,

Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obſcure the place, and uninſcrib'd the ſtone);
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion ſhed!
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She ſaw her ſons with purple deaths expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſcries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great Anna ſaid, "Let diſcord ceaſe!"
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.
His treſſes dropp'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on their banks Auguſta roſe in gold;
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood!
Firſt the fam'd authors of this ancient name,
The winding Iſis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Loddon ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flowery iſlands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.
High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd, and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
Hail, ſacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Though Tiber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heaven itſelf the ſeven-fold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the muſes' themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a ſervile train:
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall die with Britiſh blood,
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the Sylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending villas on my ſide,
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide.
Behold! Auguſta's glittering ſpires increaſe,
And temples riſe, the beauteous works of peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty nations ſhall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant ſtates be ſeen
Once more to bend before a Britiſh queen.
Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into thy floods;
Bear Britain's thunder, and her croſs diſplay,
To the bright regions of the riſing day:
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 321. Originally thus in the MS.
Oh fact accurs'd! oh ſacrilegious brood,
Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn, what tears has Albion ſhed:
Gods what new wounds, &c.

Ver. 327. Thus in the MS.
Till Anna roſe, and bade the furies ceaſe;
Let there be peace—ſhe ſaid, and all was peace.

Between verſe 330 and 331, originally ſtood theſe lines:

From ſhore to ſhore exulting ſhouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambient light appear'd;
With ſparkling flames heaven's glowing concave ſhone,
Fictitious ſtars, and glories not her own.
He ſaw, and gently roſe above the ſtream;
His ſhining horns diffuſe a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his towery front was dreſt,
The tributes of the diſtant eaſt and weſt.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 363. Originally thus in the MS.
Let Venice boaſt her towers amidſt the main,
Where the rough Adrian ſwells and roars in vain:
Here not a town, but ſpacious realm ſhall have
A ſure foundation on the rolling wave.

Ver. 385, &c. were originally thus in the MS.
Now ſhall our fleets the bloody croſs diſplay
To the rich regions of the riſing day,
Or thoſe green iſles, where headlong Titan ſteeps
His hiſſing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy ſeas, &c.

Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy ſide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire,
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh, ſtretch thy reign, fair peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till conqueſt ceaſe, and ſlavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds ſhall barbarous diſcord dwell:
Gigantic pride, pale terror, gloomy care,
And mad ambition, ſhall attend her there:
There purple vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping furies thirſt for blood in vain.

Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of opening fate to light:
My humble muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flowery plains,
Where peace deſcending bids her olive ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſtening ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the Sylvan ſtrains.

ODES.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye nine! descend, and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow,
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poets led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire.
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes, uncurl'd, hang listening round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders
Rolling in mæanders
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah, ſee, he dies!
Yet, ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung;
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heaven.

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Altered from Shakſpeare by the Duke of Buckingham; at whoſe deſire theſe two Choruſes were compoſed, to ſupply as many, wanting in his play. They were ſet many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal ſages taught;
Where heavenly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the muſes ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh, heaven-born ſiſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Mortal truth and myſtic ſong!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſtore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore;
See arts her ſavage ſons controul,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
Till ſome new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods, what juſtice rules the ball!
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh, curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in every ſtate!

Still, when the luſt of tyrant power ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, tyrant love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt!
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But entering learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which nature has impreſt?
Why, nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and generous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Porcia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt;
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wandering, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the ſun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, ſource of every ſocial tie,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend!
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmiſes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurpriſes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure;
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about Twelve Years old.

Happy the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire;
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.
Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation,
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

Vital ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.

Si quid neriſti rectius iſtis
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

HORACE.

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ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, leſs dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heaven derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimmering light; [right,
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rivals, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpite,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.

Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation 's ſo equivocal:
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you, who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid power of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings, we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſeveral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
Firſt follow nature; and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring NATURE, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art,
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhew, and without pomp preſides,
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been proſuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Though meant each others aid, like man and wife.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were theſe lines, ſince omitted by the Author:

Many are ſpoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reaſon wrong:
Tutors, like virtuoſos, oft inclin'd
By ſtrange tranſfuſion to improve the mind,
Draw off the ſenſe we have, to pour in new:
Which yet, with all their ſkill, they ne'er could do.

Ver. 30, 31. In the firſt edition thus:

Thoſe hate as rivals all that write; and others
But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.

Ver. 32. "All fools," in the firſt edition: "All "ſuch," in edition, 1717; ſince reſtored.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 63. Ed. 1. But ev'n in thoſe, &c.

Ver. 74.

That art is beſt, which moſt reſembles her;
Which ſtill preſides, yet never does appear.

Ver. 76.——the ſecret ſoul.

Ver. 80.

There are whom Heaven has bleſt with ſtore of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature still, but nature methodis'd:
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules endites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she shew'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great example given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heaven.
The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries taught the art
By doctors bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character:
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight
Read them by day, and meditate by night;

Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring;
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.
When first young Maro, in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature, is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),
Some lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made);
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end:
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse.
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 90. Ed. 1. Nature, like monarchy, &c.

Ver. 92.

First learned Greece just precepts did endite,
When to repress, and when indulge our flight.

Ver. 97.

From great examples useful rules were given.

After ver. 104, this line is omitted:

Set up themselves, and drove a separate trade.

Ver. 116. Ed. 1. These lost, &c.

Ver. 117. And these explain'd, &c.

Ver. 123. Ed. 1. You may confound, but, &c.

Ver. 123. Cavil you may, but never criticise.

The Author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame:
The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
And sacred Homer yet been unprofan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 126

Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring.

Ver 130.

When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

Ver. 130. Ed. 1. When first great Maro, &c.

Ver. 136.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, he check'd the bold design;
And did his work to rules as strict confine.

Ver. 145. Ed. 1. And which a master's hand, &c.

After ver. 158. the first edition reads,

But care in poetry must still be had,
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad;
And though the ancients, &c.

And what are now ver. 159, 160, followed ver. 151.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults
Some figures monstrous and misshap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay sometimes seem to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Paeans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own:
Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing voice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,

While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 178. Ed. 1.
Oft hide his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.

Ver. 184. Ed. 1.
Destructive war, and all-devouring age.

Ver. 186. Ed. 1.
Hear, in all tongues applauding Paeans ring!

Ver. 197. Ed. 1. That with weak wings, &c.

Ver. 219.
Fir'd with the charms fair science does impart,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of art.

Ver. 223. But more advanc'd, survey, &c.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 225.
So pleas'd at first the towering alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
The lessening vales, and seems to tread the skies;

Ver. 259.
As men of breeding, oft the men of wit.

Ver. 265.
They talk of principles, but parts they prize.

Ver. 270.
As e'er could Dennis of the laws o' th' stage.

Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice:
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so, by heaven! (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, 'squires, and steeds, must enter on the "stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress't.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 272. Ed 1. That durst, &c.

Ver. 298 Ed. 1.
What oft was thought, but ne'er before express'd.

Ver. 320. Ed. 1.
A vile conceit in pompous style express'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver 338. Ed. 1.
And smooth or rough, with such, &c.

Ver. 363. 364. These lines are added.

Ver. 368. But when loud billows, &c.

Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdued by ſound!
The power of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhows great pride, or little ſenſe;
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which naüſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we through miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize:
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Though each may feel increaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality;
A conſtant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my lord,
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney-ſonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo,
Once ſchool divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read:
Faith, goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itſelf has different dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some, valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of parſons, critics, beaux:
But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay, ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But, like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too powerful beams diſplays.
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt, true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years;
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 394. Ed. 1. Some the French writers, &c.
Ver. 413. Ed. 1. Nor praiſe nor damn, &c.
Ver. 428. So Schiſmatics the dull, &c.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 448.
The rhyming clowns that gladded Shakſpear's age,
No more with crambo entertain the ſtage.
Who now in anagrams their patron praiſe,
Or ſing their miſtreſs in acroſtic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are baniſh'd to th' Hibernian ſhore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation ſafe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.
Ver. 485. Ed. 1. Some fair idea, &c

When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings;
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flower the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
The moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit ſo much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards, who could excel,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah, ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the critic let the man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obſcenity ſhould find,
Though wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the ſat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all in eaſy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The fair ſat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licenſe of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where heaven's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
Learn then what morals critics ought to ſhow;
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine;
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow, but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, though ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting ſops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure, own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critic on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſehoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 490. Ed. 1. When mellowing time does, &c.
Ver. 492. The treacherous colours in few years decay.
Ver. 495. Repays not half that envy, &c.
Ver. 498. Like ſome fair flower that in the ſpring does riſe.
Ver. 500. What is this wit that does our cares employ?
Ver. 502. The more his trouble as the more admir'd;
Where wanted, ſcorn'd; and envy'd where acquir'd;
Maintain'd with pains but forfeited with eaſe, &c.
Ver. 508. Ed 1. Too much does wit, &c.
Ver 514 Now thoſe that reach, &c.
Ver 519. And each, &c.
Ver. 521. Are mortals urg'd by ſacred, &c.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 547. The Author has here omitted the two following lines; as containing a national reflection, which in his ſtricter judgment he could not but diſapprove on any people whatever.:
Then firſt the Belgians morals were extoll'd;
We their religion had, and they our gold.
Ver. 562. 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join.
Ver. 564. That not alone what to your judgment's due.
Ver. 569. That if once wrong, &c.
Ver. 575. And things ne'er know, &c.
Ver. 576. Without good-breeding truth is not approv'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might critics ſtill this freedom take:
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull!
Such, without wit, are poets when they pleaſe.
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowſy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull dropping of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such ſhameleſs bards we have: and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſtening to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales:
With him, moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 586. And ſtares tremendous, &c.] This picture was taken to himſelf by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profeſſion, who, upon no other provocation, wrote againſt this eſſay, and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and ſaid it was treacherouſly meant to cauſe him to overlook this abuſe of his perſon.

Ver. 597. And charitably let dull fools be vain.

Ver. 600.

Still humming on, their old dull courſe they keep.

NOTE.

Ver. 619. Garth did not write, &c.] A common ſlander at that time in prejudice of that deſerving author. Our poet did him this juſtice, when that ſlander moſt prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the ſooner for this very verſe) dead and forgotten.

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's churchyard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools ruſh in where angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes:
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And, never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thundering tide.
But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right; [ſincere;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred,
Modeſtly bold, and humanely ſevere:
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were critics; ſuch the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew:
The mighty Stagyrite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, ſhould preſide o'er wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you ſhrug and ſweat, and ſtrive to fly;
Theſe know no manners but of poetry:
They'll ſtop a hungry chaplain in his grace,
To treat of unities of time and place.

Ver. 624. Nay run to altars, &c.

Ver. 634. Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, or blindly right.

Between ver. 646 and 649, I found the following lines, ſince ſuppreſſed by the author:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whoſe firſt diſcovery 's not exceeded yet,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar,
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far.
He, when all nature was ſubdued before,
Like his great pupil, ſigh'd, and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquiſh'd lay.
A boundleſs empire, and that own'd no ſway.
Poets, &c.

After ver. 648. the firſt edition reads,

Not only nature did his laws obey,
But fancy's boundleſs empire own'd his ſway.

Ver. 655. Does, like a friend, &c.

Ver. 655, 656. Theſe lines are not in Ed. 1.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.
At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon, by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give:
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 668.

The scholar's learning, and the courtier's ease.

Ver. 673, &c.

Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.
The muses sure Longinus did inspire,
And bless'd their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, that zealous, &c.

Ver. 689. All was believ'd, but nothing understood.

Between ver. 690 and 691. the Author omitted these two:

Vain wits and critics were no more allow'd,
When none but saints had license to be proud.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 723, 724. These lines are not in Ed. 1.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROIC-COMICAL POEM,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.

" Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
" Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis."

MART.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this piece, ſince I dedicate it to you; yet you may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a ſecret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookſeller, you had the good nature, for my ſake, to conſent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my deſign, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to ſignify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem: For the ancient poets are in one reſpect like many modern ladies; let an action be never ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt importance. Theſe machines I determined to raiſe on a very new and odd foundation, the Roſicruſian doctrine of ſpirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard words before a lady; but it is ſo much the concern of a poet to have his works underſtood, and particularly by your ſex, that you muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Roſicruſians are a people I muſt bring you acquainted with. The beſt account I know of them is in a French book called Le Comte de Gabalis, which, both in its title and ſize, is ſo like a novel, that many of the fair ſex have read it for one by miſtake. According to theſe gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by ſpirits, which they call ſylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and ſalamanders. The gnomes, or dæmons of earth, delight in miſchief; but the ſylphs, whoſe habitation is in the air, are the beſt-conditioned creatures imaginable; for they ſay, any mortals may enjoy the moſt intimate familiarities with theſe gentle ſpirits, upon a condition very eaſy to all true adepts, an inviolate preſervation of chaſtity.

As to the following cantos, all the paſſages of them are as fabulous as the viſion at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loſs of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human perſons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, reſembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your perſon, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs through the world half ſo uncenſured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

Madam,
Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,
A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from amorous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—this verſe to Caryl, muſe! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If ſhe inſpire, and he approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred lord t' aſſault a gentle belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In taſks ſo bold, can little men engage?
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains ſhot a timorous ray,
And ope'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouzing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian ſylph prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the nurſe and all the prieſt have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below,
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd ſpirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, though unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in air.
And view with ſcorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when women's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead.
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And though ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death ſurvive,
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt elements their ſouls retire:
The ſprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a ſalamander's name,
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And ſip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude ſinks downward to a gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in ſylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome ſylph embrac'd:
For, ſpirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhape they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friends, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their ſylph, the wiſe celeſtials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. It was in the firſt editions:
And dwells ſuch rage in ſofteſt boſoms then,
And lodge ſuch daring ſouls in little men?

Ver. 13, &c. ſtood thus in the firſt edition:
Sol through white curtains did his beams diſplay,
And ope'd thoſe eyes which brighter ſhone than they;
Shock juſt had given himſelf the rouzing ſhake,
And nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought ſlipper knock'd againſt the ground,
And ſtriking watches the tenth hour reſound.

Ver. 19. Belinda ſtill, &c.] All the verſes from hence to the end of this canto were added afterwards.

Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the gnomes embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And garters, ſtars, and coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, your Grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women ſtray,
The ſylphs through myſtic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new,
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They ſhift the moving toy-ſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the ſylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling ſtar
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the ſylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can;
Beware of all, but moſt beware of man!
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue,
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no ſooner read,
But all the viſion vaniſh'd from thy head,
And now, unveil'd, the toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the coſmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior prieſteſs, at her altar ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddeſs with the glittering ſpoil.
This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoiſe here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy ſylphs ſurround their darling care;
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair;
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dreſs'd youths around her ſhone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth ivory neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſprings we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair ſurpriſe the finny prey;
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.
Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a lovers toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and every power ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 4. Launch'd on the boſom] From hence the poem continues, in the firſt edition to ver. 46.

The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air;
all after, to the end of this canto, being additional.

With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephers gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the ſylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending wo ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair;
Soft o'er the ſhroud aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect wings unfold,
Waſt on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richeſt tinctures of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand and thus begun:

Ye ſylphs and ſylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the courſe of wondering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundleſs ſky;
Some, leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintery main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the Britiſh throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, though leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flowers;
To ſteal from rainbows, ere they drop in ſhowers,
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brighteſt fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirits's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has deem'd that Shock muſt fall.

Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty choſen ſylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Though ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or tranſfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clogg'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or alum ſtyptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing towers,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes tea.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. Cloſe by thoſe meads,] The firſt edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past.
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine,
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore:
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-coloured troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head.
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'ewhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's face forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,

In various talk the cheerful hours they past,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

Ver. 24. And the long labours of the toilet cease.] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till ver. 105, which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 103. Sudden the board, &c.] From hence the first edition continues to ver. 134.

At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee through all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injured hair!
But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill!
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So ladies, in romance, aſſiſt their knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand ſprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel fought
The cloſe receſſes of the virgin's thought;
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.
The Peer now ſpreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched ſylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the ſylph in twain
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heaven are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their laſt!
Or when rich China veſſels, fall'n from high,
In glittering duſt and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine!

While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall live!
What time would ſpare, from ſteel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial powers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel
The conquering force of unreſiſted ſteel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad virgin! for thy raviſh'd hair.
For, that ſad moment, when the ſylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy cave of ſpleen.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No cheerful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 134. In the firſt edition it was thus:
As o'er the fragrant ſtream ſhe bends her head,
Firſt he expands the glittering forfex wide
T' encloſe the Lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever. Ver. 154. All that is between was added afterwards.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. For, that ſad moment, &c.] All the lines from hence to the 94th verſe, deſcribe the houſe of Spleen, and are not in the firſt edition; inſtead of them followed only theſe:
While her rack'd ſoul repoſe and peace requires,
The fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fires;
and continued at the 94th verſe of this Canto.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside.
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the power—Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or chang'd complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
The goddess with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wonderous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow?
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs!
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prythee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honour shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:
For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.

Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home! 160
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend, what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.
Say, why are not beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small pox, or chac'd old age away; 20
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing to use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose? 30
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail,
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack; [crack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
Heroes and heroines shouts confus'dly rise, 41
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapon in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way, 51
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear," 60
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again. 70
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the mens wits against the lady's hair
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued: 80

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 7. Then grave Clarissa, &c.] A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 37. To arms, to arms!] From hence the first edition goes to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the poem.

Ver. 53. Triumphant Umbriel] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great-great-grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd), inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah! let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Reſtore the Lock, ſhe cries; and all around,
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can conteſt?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There heroes wits are kept in ponderous vaſes,
And beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer caſes:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound;
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's prayers,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.

But truſt the muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A ſudden ſtar, it ſhot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heaven beſpangling with diſhevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs through the ſkies.

This the Beau-monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then ceaſe, bright nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 131. The Sylphs behold] Theſe two lines added for the ſame reaſon, to keep in view the machinery of the poem.

POEMS.

ELEGY

To the memory of an Unfortunate Lady.

What beckoning ghoſt, along the moonlight ſhade,
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Powers! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like eaſtern kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
And curſt with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh, ever injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtranger's mourn'd!
What though no friends in ſable weeds appear;
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What though no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſs'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground now ſacred by thy relics made.
So, peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure heaven itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's reverend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from every eye;
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdued;
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

Prodigious this! the frail-one of our play
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore'—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy ſoft nights, and ſolid dinners:
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living,
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the ſtoic chief our ſtage may ring,
The ſtoic huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye.
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the city:
There many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith let the modeſt matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Say, lovely youth, that doſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chooſe,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muſe;
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are horne.
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds.
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I 'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurpriſe,
Thoſe heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
The muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with older rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame:
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd!
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centr'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn:
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep:
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At least to feign was never hard to you!)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:

A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give, and take:
Then fiercer joys; I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet, while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I;
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the ſilent grove;
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below;
A flowery Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the Sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a watery virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main.
"There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep
"Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
"There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd:
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
"Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!
On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
"Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
"Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her lyre;
"What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with thee;
"The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
By why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah, why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a god to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me tó the rocks and ſea,
O, far more faithleſs, and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſs'd;
This breaſt, which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the loves play'd, and where the muſes dwell?
Alas! the muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Leſbian virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
Gods! can no prayers, no ſighs, no numbers, move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?
If you return—ah, why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O, launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain!
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O, launch thy bark, ſecure of proſperous gales!
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon, I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah, let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas!
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live, or ceaſe to love!

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Argument.

ABELARD and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortunes, fell into the hands

of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers, nor fasts, its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere'er from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,

Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah, no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſouls quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care!
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited heaven;
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter, move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-founding aiſles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe;
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, heaven! but whence aroſe that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine!
E'er ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain—do all things but forget!
But let heaven ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not weaken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh, come! oh, teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you!
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs veſtal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heaven.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſpering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of ſeraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals ſing:
To ſounds of heavenly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O, curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within the every ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the seas, e'er winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies; [tears;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O, grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
"Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
"Ev'n superstition loses every fear;
"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O, death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance ecstatic may the pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O, may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannahs rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene of some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his youth; for the moſt part indeed but a ſort of exerciſes, while he was improving himſelf in the languages, and carried by his early bent to poetry to perform them rather in verſe than proſe. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occaſioned the Tranſlations from Chaucer. They were firſt ſeparately printed in Miſcellanies, by J. Tonſon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The Imitations of Engliſh Authors, which follow, were done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's Houſe of Fame. The deſign is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the paſſage itſelf is ſet down in the marginal notes.

The poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whoſe works were for the moſt part viſions, or pieces of imagination, and conſtantly deſcriptive. From theſe, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the Trionſi of the former, and the Dream, Flower, and the Leaf, &c. of the latter.

The Author of this therefore choſe the ſame ſort of exordium.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhowers
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flowers;
When opening buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And, join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies,
The whole creation open to my eyes:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 11, &c.] Theſe verſes are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

Though beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow,
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen;
There towery cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd,
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
The wonderous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past;
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;

IMITATIONS.

Now valeis, and now forestes,
And now unneth great bestes;
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the see.

Ver. 27. High on a rock of ice, &c.] Chaucer's third book of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock,
Higher standeth none in Spayne—
What manner stone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glass,
But that it shone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I nist redily;
But at the last espied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of ice, and not of stele.

Ver. 31. Inscriptions here, &c.]

Though saw I all the hill y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Their names by, for out of drede
They weren almost off-thawen so,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men said what may ever last?

Ver. 41. Nor was the work impair'd, &c.]

Though gan I in myne harte cast,

For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy, than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the rougheu'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!

IMITATIONS.

That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with stormes beate.

Ver. 45. Yet part no injuries, &c.]

For on that other side I sey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As fresh as men had written hem there
That self day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure;
But well I wiste what it made;
It was conserved with the shade
(All the writing that I sye)
Of the castle that stoode on high,
And stood eke in so cold a place,
That heat might it not deface.

Cythæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the lengthening ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand:
The ſage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience to be good.
But on the ſouth, a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in chains of gold.
Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge Coloſſus roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood.
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by poets ſung.
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name.
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which, o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 132. The walls in luſtre, &c.]
It ſhone lighter than a glaſs,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

As heaven with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of time was found.
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound
Within ſtood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields purſued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd I view'd
The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in every ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much ſuffering heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the ſhell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hollow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fame command.
High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne,
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Though blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. Six pompous columns, &c.]
From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that ſhone not full clere, &c.
Upon a pillere ſaw I ſtonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the ſect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Joſephus the old, &c.
Upon an iron pillere ſtrong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholoſan that hight Stace,
That bear of Thebes up the name, &c.
Ver. 182.
Full wonder high on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus, &c.

The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph ronnd the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd.
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the man in golden cyphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings,
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
Kleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 196. &c.

There saw I stand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Larin poet Virgilye,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pious Æneas:
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
That hath sowen wondrous wide
The great god of love's fame—
Tho saw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full sternly,
The great poet Dan Lucan,
That on his shoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might see,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere stode
Of sulphure, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, so the for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.
Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
State fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificiently great;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her statue of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.
With her, the Temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet unfold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string,
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays.
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 259. Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.
Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than she seemed be;
But thus soone in a while she,
Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
That with her feet she the earth right,
And with her head she touchyd heaven—

Ver. 270. Beneath, in order rang'd, &c.]
I heard about her throne y-sung
That all the palays walls rung,
So sung the mighty muse, she
That cleped is Calliope,
And her seven sisters eke—

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer.
Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.
The goddess heard, and bade the muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 276. Around these wonders, &c.]
I heard a noise approachen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out-flying,
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me,
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entering into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, &c.—

Ver. 294. Some she disgrac'd, &c.]
And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warned well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair—
Right as her sister dame Fortune
Is wont to serve in commune.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 318. The good and just, &c.]
Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden: We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.
I grant, quoth she, for now we list
That your good works shall be wist.
And yet ye shall have better loos,
Right in despite of all, your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a basket full of roses.—

Ver. 328, 338. Behold another crowd, &c.—
From the black trumpet's rusty, &c.]
Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye
Of good folke—
What did this Eolus, but he
Took out his trump of brass,
That fouler than the devil was:
And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's soune
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende—&c.

For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood.
And ſwam to empire through the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own;
What virtue ſeem'd was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.
Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame!
But, ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard-of, as we liv'd unſeen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride,
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe! muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath;
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid! in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, though high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſtening angels lean from heaven to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd every maid;
Of unknown ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies. [preſt
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What you (ſhe cry'd), unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and even fatigued with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run through all the crowd.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On ſovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome power unknown [the throne,
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 356. Then came the ſmalleſt, &c.]
I ſaw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they beſoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And ſaid, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne ſuch renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth ſhe, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye deſpite to have my name?
Nay ye ſhall lien everichone:
Blow thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth ſhe) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring theſe folks works by rote,
That all the world may of it heare;
And he gan blow their loos ſo cleare,

IMITATIONS.

In his golden clarioune,
Through the world went the ſonne,
All ſo kindly, and eke ſo ſoft,
That ther fame was blown aloft.
Ver. 406. Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty, &c.]
Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, &c.
Ver. 418. This having heard and ſeen. &c.]
The ſcene here changes from the Temple of Fame, to that of Rumour, which is almoſt entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.
Tho ſaw I ſtonde in a valey,
Under the caſtle faſt by
A houſe, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made ſo wonderly I wis,
Ne half ſo queintly y-wrought!
And evermo as ſwift as thought,
This queint houſe about went,
That never more it ſtill ſtent—
And eke this houſe hath of entrees,
As many as leaves are on trees

Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound:
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace, is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighbouring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.

IMITATIONS.

In ſummer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may ſene
A thouſand hoels and well mo
To letten the ſoune out-go;
And by day in every tide,
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unſhet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never reſt is in that place.

Ver. 448. There various news I heard, &c.]
Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of reſt, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and ſtrife,
Of loſs, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of ſickneſs, and leſſings,
Of divers tranſmutations,
Of eſtates and eke of regions,
Of truſt, of dred, of jealouſy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands:
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it ſpread, on every tongue it grew,
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And towers and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below,
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd through the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
A lie and truth contending for the way;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 458. Above, below, without, within, &c.]
But ſuch a grete congregation
Of folke as I ſaw roame about,
Some within, and ſome without,
Was never ſeen, ne ſhall be eft—
And every wight that I ſaw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or elſe he told it openly
Right thus, and ſaid, Knowſt not thou
That is betide to-night now?
No, quoth he, tell me what?
And then he told him this and that, &c.
——Thus north and ſouth
Went every tyding from mouth to mouth.
And that encreaſing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a ſparkle ſprong amiſs,
Till all the citee brent up is.

Ver. 489. There, at one paſſage, &c.]
And ſometime I ſaw there at once,
A leiſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace—
And no man, be he ever ſo wrothe,
Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe, &c.

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise? 500
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame!
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor; 510
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice:
Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the sall'n ruins of another's fame; 520
Then, teach me, heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
Whether pure holiness inspir'd him forth to wed,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still;
(For none want reasons to confirm their will).
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heaven to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day: [mains,
Though fortune change, his constant spouse re-
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in paradise unbless'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews shew,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;

But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he;
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be).
My friends, he cry'd (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke);
Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And worn with cares, and haſtening to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious heaven has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe.
But, ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chooſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire's approv'd by your conſent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold ſeaſon love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for bachelors to wed;
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs:
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt, for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the powers above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaſter life;
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by heaven's conſent and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in every part.
Think not my virtue loſt, though time has ſhed
Theſe reverend honours on my head;
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below:
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.
He ſaid; the reſt in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd;
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous poſitive, and wondrous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.

Firſt to the knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone):
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wiſe man's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt
As ſtill I hold your own advice the beſt.
Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' aſſuming wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould he ſo to man!
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe,
With reverend dulneſs, and grave impotence.
Juſtin, who ſilent ſat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philoſophic frown, began.
A heathen author of the firſt degree,
(Who, though not faith, had ſenſe as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of generous principles and juſt.
The venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away;
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in womankind;
But if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And, ſpite of all his praiſes, muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heaven knows, I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear!
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaſte as any veſtal nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what ye liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in age:
But at theſe years, to venture on the fair;
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vigorous of us all

And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chooſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the knight replies,
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools, and muſt reſign the cauſe
To heatheniſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by heaven the man's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full conſent, that, all diſputes appeas'd,
The knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his ſoul employ;
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;
While fancy pict'ur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in ſome public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror ſhews the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs.
This lady's charms the niceſt could not blame.
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;
That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue bleſt;
And one had grace that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But every charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd every friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heaven, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;
Chaſte, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven ſo pleaſe,
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe;
And thank the powers, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heaven above, and earth below.
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill-exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.
This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it paſt your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers ſo far conſent,
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair.
One that may do your buſineſs to a hair;
Not ev'n in wiſh, your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!
Provided ſtill you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ,
Let reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve thoſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply,
The old have intereſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, ſtill the fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide,
And plac'd in ſtate the bridegroom and the bride,
The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring,
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on every knight,
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong;

Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day:
The joys are ſuch, as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſat ſmiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian king:
Bright as the riſing ſun in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night
Reſtleſs he ſat, invoking every power
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.
With odorous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in every face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious Squire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſs'd;
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loth'd the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
The weary ſun, as learned poets write,
Forſook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glittering ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts; and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our knight prepar'd t' undreſs'd,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringos ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſued beſeems me not to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſat upright.
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundely:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For every labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſs'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt:
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell;
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the ſun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride:
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy lord.
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſat the gentle May:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the powers divine,
With ſecret vows, to favour his deſign.
Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heaven or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed;
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelected influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impreſſions of the love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your ſex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some ſages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſovereign bliſs of human kind:
Our knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe:
For, like a prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp, and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay;
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place;
A place to tire the rumbling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed romance;
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.
Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if ancient fame ſay true)
The dapper elves their moon-light ſports purſue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled through the ſhade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear. and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and business to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
" Solus cum sola," with his sprightly May:
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But, ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
How short a space our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this amorous venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For, oh, 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain:
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what could thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes;
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend knight was urg'd to amorous play;
He rais'd his spouse ere Matin bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasure let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came;
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and e'er to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd):
Heaven knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear.

First, may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race:
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I lothe a whore, and startle at the name.

But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy!
This chime ſtill rings in every lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.

Thus while ſhe ſpoke, a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where Damian, kneeling, worſhipp'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the ſummit took his place;
The knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale purſue.

'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heavenly progreſs through the twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies ſported on the garden ſide,
And in the midſt their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the greenſward bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flowery plain;
While, on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
Thus, with a frown, the king beſpoke his queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heaven reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun;
All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid: Of all mankind,
One only juſt and righteous hope to find:
But ſhouldſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus ſays the king, who knew your wickedneſs:
The ſon of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all.
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you ſee:
But ſince he's blind and old (a helpleſs caſe),
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now, by my own dread majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my preſence offers ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the knight,
And in the very act reſtore his ſight;
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe ladies, and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex, for ever to be true.

And will you ſo, reply'd the queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's ſoul it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age!
Art ſhall be theirs, to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wiſe huſbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.

What though this ſlanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiſer wits of later times declare,
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous, women are:
Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witneſs next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But, ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhould not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſovereign goodneſs dwells in him alone
Who only is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By every word, that Solomon has ſaid?
What though this king (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater;
Whoſe reign, indulgent God, ſays holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous ſake permit;
David, the monarch after heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By heaven, thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt and will oppoſe.

Nay (quoth the king) dear madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd knight again ſhould ſee,
It muſt be done—I am a king, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe faith has ever ſacred been.
And ſo has mine (ſhe ſaid)—I am a queen:
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make.
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic ſtrain,
And to the knight our ſtory turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:
This was his ſong; "Oh kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſy ſteps, to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.

She ſtopp'd, and ſighing: Oh good gods! ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots, diſtend my ſide!
Of for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of heaven's immortal Queen!
Help, deareſt lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was and void of eye-ſight too,
What could, alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain.
With that, his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſeiz'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phraſe refin'd;
Though blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd;
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there?
What ails my lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!
If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance (quoth the knight):
So Heaven preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd;
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well!
Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimmering of a doubtful light.
What I have ſaid (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal powers it ſeem'd too plain—
By all thoſe powers, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind
(Reply'd the dame): are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!
She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they liſt, can cry).
The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he cheer'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw,
By heaven, I ſwore but what I thought I ſaw.
Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But, till your ſight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And duſky vapours riſe, and intercept the day.
So, juſt recovering from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light, [your ſight:
Strange phantoms dance around, and ſkim before
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heaven knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that ſhe leap'd into her lord's embrace,
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our tale; whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH,

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have borne a part,
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive huſbands from the church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the ſcripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;

Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
"Increase and multiply," was heaven's command,
And that 's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I 've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in heaven, I may have many yet,
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I 'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There 's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man 's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.

Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a-God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul 's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with showers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she 's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that 's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic;
Freakish when well, and fretful when she 's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take;
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil 's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If, by strange chance, a modest blush he rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and favourite maid;
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies.
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I 'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I 'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, and locks and spies.
If you had wit, you 'd say, "Go where you will,
"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?

Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There 's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To shew her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable fires.
I told them, thus you say, and thus you do,
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours.
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need:
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But sulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold,
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die.
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
"Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
"Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
"Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek!
"Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
"Well should you practise, who so well can teach,
"'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
"But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
"Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
"Who puts a period to domestic strife.
"One of us two must rule, and one obey;
"And since in man right reason bears the sway,
"Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
"The wives of all my family have rul'd
"Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
"Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
"What! would you have me to yourself alone?
"Why take me, love! take all and every part!
"Here 's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
"Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
"You little think what custom I could have,
"But see! I 'm all your own—nay hold—for shame;
"What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my first three lords I past my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd the best that now I can,
Is e'n to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only heaven could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind heaven afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can show
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains;

Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Allison.
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town);
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade,
The stations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moths ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields,
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown.
All this I said; but dreams, firs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wonderous gift to quench a flame.
A conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my soverign will:
Nay once, by heaven, he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands;
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's cap, and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And so do numbers more, I boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies), were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole: and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's loves;
And many more than sure the church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and saints lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man.
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wicked-nes,
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets e'er Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now).
It chanc'd my husband, on a winters night,
Read in his book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse, and all his race, to woe.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And husband-bull—oh, monstrous! fie for shame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;

How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head:
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.
He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh, where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be. [prove,
Then how two wives their lords' destruction
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd:
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd),
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, my mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life;
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now heaven on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.

THE ARGUMENT.

Oedipus King of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laïus, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laïus, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

[The translator hopes he need not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood; but, finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.]

Fraternal rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the muse inspires.
O, goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Angenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
The fire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O, muse! the barrier of thy song
At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;

Or long before, with early valour, ſtrove
In youthful arms t' aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increaſe of glory to the Latin name!
O, bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the ſtars contract their heavenly ſpace,
And crowd their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Though Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne, and ſhare his heaven with thee;
Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chooſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wandering ghoſts
Of kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Iſmenos' ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of ſlain on every ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But, while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul;
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying ſkies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whoſe wounds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents broke:
Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, fable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Through dreary coaſts, which I, though blind, behold:
Tiſiphone, that oft has heard my prayer,
Aſſiſt, if Oedipus deſerve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
Then ſelf-condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight:
O, hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou mighteſt inſpire!
My ſons their old unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
Theſe ſons, ye gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Inſult my darkneſs, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove?
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou fury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their children's children ſhall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which thoſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curſes bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee,
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'ſt thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father from whoſe loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her ſnakes unty'd ſulphureous waters drink;
But at the ſummons roll'd her eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air
The gliding lightning, or deſcending ſtar.
Through crowds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd, the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and, ſickening at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.
A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, labouring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.

From every blaſt of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by fates and furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Cithæron's top ſalutes the ſky,
A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round;
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palæmon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their furies wake within their breaſt.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſovereign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided power.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay;
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate ſway:
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſhort monarch of a haſty year
Foreſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.
Yet then, no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with poliſh'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold.
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou couldſt around ſurvey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar ſpite
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign!
Muſt we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty maſters yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear?
Theſe now controul a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide, and theſe reverſe the ſtate:
Ev'n fortune rules no more:—O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!
Thou ſire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring haſt thou fix'd this fate,
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate;
When baniſh'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For loſt Europa ſearch'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Bœotion fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,
Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his ſcornful brow?
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and ſlaves in every reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering ſails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw:
Thus, on each ſide, alas! our tottering ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate;
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that prince threatens, and while this com-
And now th' almighty father of the gods [mands.
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:
Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a manſion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace of earth, and air, and [ſea.

Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry throne,
The majeſty of heaven ſuperior ſhone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the God.
At Jove's aſſent, the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bowers;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow;
And thoſe that give the wandering winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;
Heaven ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſtened while he ſpoke;
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight.
And each irrevocable word is fate.
How long ſhall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his taſk retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhauſted of its fires,
For this I ſuffer'd Phœbus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad ruler to miſguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heaven itſelf the wandering chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main:
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend:
To puniſh theſe, ſee Jove himſelf deſcend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perſeus thoſe of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe?
How oft the furies, from the deeps of night,
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, ſtain'd with filial blood;
The ſavage hunter, and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the ſins of theſe profane,
The ſun would ſink into the weſtern main,
And riſing gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the blood of Laius ſhed)
The murderiug ſon aſcend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And ſtain the ſacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkneſs and deſpair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His ſons with ſcorn their eyeleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curſe, oh! Oedipus, juſt heaven alarms,
And ſets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.
Adraſtus ſoon, with gods averſe, ſhall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus ſhall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt.
He ſaid; and thus the queen of heaven return'd
(With ſudden grief her labouring boſom burn'd):
Muſt I, whoſe cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Muſt I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus ſlept, and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was ſtorm'd of old,
When Jove deſcended in almighty gold.
Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;
But Thebes, where, ſhining in celeſtial charms,
Thou cam'ſt triumphant to a mortal's arms,
Where all my glories o'er her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deſerves may prove—
Ah, why ſhould Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet, ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter queen controul,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,
Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the duſt the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your Iſis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel ſound.
But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove deſign'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from whence, where firſt Alpheus hides
His wandering ſtream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whoſe impious rites diſgrace the mighty name;
Who raiſe thy temples where the chariot ſtood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his ſteeds their ſavage banquet found
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can thoſe honours pleaſe? and canſt thou love
Preſumptuous Crete, that boaſts the tomb of Jove!
And ſhall not Tantalus's kingdom ſhare
Thy wife and ſiſter's tutelary care?
Reverſe, O Jove, thy too ſevere decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barbarous kings impoſe
Thy plagues, and curſe them with ſuch ſons as thoſe.
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen expreſs'd
The rage and grief contending in her breaſt;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the ſky,
And from his throne return'd this ſtern reply:

'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will.
For, by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the thunderer),
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate.
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers th' etherial height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound.
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:
Passes the straight that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd: sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the roaring skies with rushing sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground.
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky;
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily showers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erisinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban bears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept, herds and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet, with fears.
So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Not trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;

With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickeſt woods, and rous'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Leriſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's poiſonous water lies,
On that Proſymna's grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, ſpent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumber ſeal his eyes.

Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his delining days.
By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heaven had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung—"Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion, and a briſtly boar"
This long reſolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Though ſkill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo hapleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,
And feiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Through the thick deſerts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempeſt driven,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from th' inclement heaven,
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands reſort
T' Adraſtus' realms, and hoſpitable court;
The king ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurpriſe.
A lion's yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such one employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly ſhoulders overſpread:
Oblique his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood;
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king th' accompliſh'd oracle ſurveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guided godhead, and his future ſons.
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots through every vein.
To heaven he lifts his hands, erect his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent queen of night:

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign,
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train;
You who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day;
O thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay.
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confeſs the gods!

Thus, feiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd:
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former ſacrifice.
The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt;
Around at awful diſtance wait the reſt.

And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd;
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When, from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face:
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's reverend features reſt.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chaſe Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in th' etherial height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.

This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celeſtial power they call;
With Phœbus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the king: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts
To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe; our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But, ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of day.
When by a thouſand darts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſs'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, e'er ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offspring of the God was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah, how unworthy thoſe of race divine!
On flowery herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleeting lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries,
To call ſoft ſlumber on his infant eyes.
Yet even in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſts, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguiſh to her ſire ſhe flies,
Demands the ſentence, and contented dies.
But, touch'd with ſorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He ſends a monſter, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The peſt a virgin's face and boſom bears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front, and hiſſes in her hairs:
About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round,
When night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miſeries.
But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.
Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide,
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws;
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword;
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurpriſe,
Her twiſting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poiſon, and our children's blood.
The crowd in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corpſe engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage,
The birds obſcene, that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hollow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves ran howling to the wood.
But, fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnaſſus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
Bleſt be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preſerve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave:
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus beſpoke:
With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, Phœbus, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here, for whom, ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in heaven can dwell,
Yet why muſt unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all:
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,
Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;

For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering god th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the king)
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes;
Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies:—Ah why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day.
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.
Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or, pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by labouring gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending wo;
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair,
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegya's doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields, to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book IX.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies:
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a watery Lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son;
And I myself the same rash act had done,
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight,
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And thoſe offended ſylvan powers ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And, as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſs'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate.
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy ſire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire;
A ſpringing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind;
Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf diſtils a trickling tear,
And ſtrait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in ſighs complains:
If to the wretched any faith be given,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying powers of heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let founding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey!
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed;
Teach him, when firſt his infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and ſay, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies:
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh, let him fly the cryſtal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddeſs ſhrin'd in every tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe, farewell!
If in your breaſts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browſing cattle, or the piercing ſteel.
Farewell! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades:
Remove your hands; the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was loſt within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

From Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book IV.

The fair Pomona flouriſh'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the ſylvan train,
None taught the trees a noble race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flowery field,
The ſtreams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And ſee the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook ſhe bore inſtead of Cynthia's ſpear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawleſs ſhoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to ſpring.
Now the cleft rind inſerted graffs receives,
And yields an offſpring more than nature gives;
Now ſliding ſtreams the thirſty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
Theſe cares alone her virgin breaſt employ,
Averſe from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every ſide,
To lawleſs ſylvans all acceſs deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the foreſts, or frequent the lawns,
The god whoſe enſign ſcares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To paſs the fences, and ſurpriſe the fair!
Like theſe, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like theſe, rejected by the ſcornful dame.
To gain her ſight a thouſand forms he wears:
And firſt a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the ſhoulders of the ſeeming ſwain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked ſcythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his ſun-burnt temples ſhade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoak'd the ſweating ſteers,
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the looſe ſtragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous years allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A ſoldier now, he with his ſword appears;
A fiſher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.
A female form at laſt Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs;
Propp'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes;
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd,
And "Happy you!" (he this addreſs'd the maid)

" Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
" As other gardens are excell'd by thine !"
Then kiss'd the fair : (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow ;)
Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread ;
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
Yet his tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah, beauteous maid ! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue !
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you ?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
A thousand sylvan demigods and gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love.
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ;
Like you, contented with his native groves ;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruit are due,
(A pleasant offering when 'tis made by you)
He values these ; but yet (alas !) complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;
You, only you, can move the god's desire :
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire !
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind :
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!
This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He strait assum'd his native form again,
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design ;
For when, appearing in a form divine.
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face !
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

I.—CHAUCER.

Women ben full of ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of ladies gent.
" But ho! our nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſilly clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs."
But, as he glozeth with ſpeeches ſoote,
The ducke ſore tickleth his erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke cryeth quake.
" O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter
" Be thilke ſame thing maids longen a'ter?
" Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

II.—SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

In every town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow paſs there is, with houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the ſtream is ey'd,
And many a boat, ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick ſob, loud ſcream, and ſhriller ſquall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry,
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eſt between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her, full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies:
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a ſty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billingſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice, before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by every collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull dog's at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twickenham ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch.
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;

Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandering ſtreams, and Windſor's
towery pride.

III.—WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR charmer, ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe enchanting lays,
Which muſt be heavenly when an angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heavenly muſic ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he:
A poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

On a FAN *of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with the motto,* AURA VENI.

COME, gentle air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſacred ſhade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo, the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound;
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives, [gives;
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.—COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my muſe the flowery treaſure ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful ſpring:
Where opening roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft carnations ſhower their balmy dews;
Where lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undreſs of ſuperficial light,
And vary'd tulips ſhow ſo dazzling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transform'd, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compoſe,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here orange trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in their ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal fountains play,
By laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the ſtream;
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where ſummer's beauty midſt of winter ſtays,
And winter's coolneſs ſpite of ſummer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes:
The ſun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus through miſts we ſee the ſun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud ſoft ſhowers we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The ſtars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our doom is drawing nigh.

The baby in that ſunny ſphere
So like a phaeton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Elſe might th' ambitious nymph aſpire,
To ſet, like him, Heaven too on fire.

V.—E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity,
Thou wert, ere nature's ſelf began to be;
'T'was one vaſt nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, ere heaven was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd, [kind
And fram'd the clamorous race of buſy human.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
Till wrangling ſcience taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel wit deſerts thee oft in vain;
Loſt in the maze of words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted ſenſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of fools, and cheat of all the wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſs'd;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame; [fame.
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of

X.

But couldſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How church and ſtate ſhould be oblig'd to thee!
At ſenate and at bar, how welcome wouldſt thou be!

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there; ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe: [laws.
Then pompous ſilence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt, all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI.—E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

Though Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

Phryne had talents for mankind,
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign ſtate
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging ſhe'd appear:
'Twas Si Signior, 'twas Yaw Mynheer,
'Twas S' il vous plaiſt, Monſieur.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
At length ſhe turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.—DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

Parson, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing,
Are better than the biſhop's bleſſing.
A wife that makes conſerves; a ſteed
That carries double when there's need:
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea:
Gazettes ſent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt, when prince:
A chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewiſe—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To ſum the whole,—the cloſe of all.
He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'ſquire, and kiſs his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays——if he will;
Toaſt church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church wardens about pews;
Pray heartily for ſome new gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor Swift.

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on human life and manners, ſuch as (to uſe my Lord Bacon's expreſſion) "come home to men's buſineſs and boſoms," I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering man in the abſtract, his nature, and his ſtate; ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpoſe of its being.

The ſcience of human nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a few clear points: There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The diſputes are all upon theſe laſt; and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the wits than the hearts of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconſiſtent, and a ſhort, yet not imperfect, ſyſtem of ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but it is true; I found I could expreſs them more ſhortly this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their conciſeneſs. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or, more poetically, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently theſe epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs), will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

EPISTLE I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

Of man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131. &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfection of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c. to the end.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die),
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan: [shoot;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd, though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples every star,
May tell why heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long),
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principle alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 64.

Now wears a garland an Egyptian god.

After ver. 68, the following lines in the first edition.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?

Then say not man's imperfect, heaven in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingross not heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' eternal cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind nature wakes her genial power;
"Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
"Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
"For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
"Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
"My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty cause
"Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
"Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
"And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more;

VARIATIONS.

The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began ten thousand years ago.

After ver. 88, in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.

Ver. 93, in the first folio and quarto.

What bliss above he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bliss below.

After ver. 108, in the first edition.

But does he say the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd;
Himself alone high heaven's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find),
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burstling into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—ah, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equalls all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *whatever is, is right.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 238, Ed. 1st.
Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

After ver. 282, in the MS.
Reason, to think of God, when she pretends,
Begins a censor, an adorer ends.

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself, as an Individual.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties, ver. 1. to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19. &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53. &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67. &c. Their end the same, ver. 81. &c. III. The passions, and their use, ver. 93. to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132. to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165. &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason, ver. 202. to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273. &c.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. Ed. 1st.
The only science of mankind is man.

After ver. 18, in the MS.
For more perfection than this state can bear
In vain we sigh, heaven made us as we are.

VARIATIONS.

As wisely sure a modest ape might aim
To be like man, whose faculties and frame
He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
An angel thing we neither knew nor see.
Observe now near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how risible of face!
It must be so—why else have I the sense
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So pug might plead, and call his gods unkind
Till set on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reasoning thing! assume the doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyself, &c.

Ver. 21. Edit. 4th and 5th.
Show by what rules the wandering planets stray,
Correct old time, and teach the sun his way.

Ver. 35, Ed. 1st.
Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
Who mark'd their points, to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs through the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies.
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and adviſe.
Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of ſelf-love the paſſions we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, though ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let ſtoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul;
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes man, can man deſtroy?
Suffice that reaſon keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bonnds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different ſenſes, different objects ſtrike;
Hence different paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, which muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its ruling paſſion came;
Each vital humour, which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and power;
As heaven's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſour.

We, wretched ſubjects though to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome favourite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe;
A mightier power the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſeveral men impels to ſeveral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.

Th' eternal art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one intereſt body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted learn to bear;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86, in the MS.

Of good and evil gods what frighted fools,
Of good and evil reaſon puzzled ſchools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

After ver. 108, in the MS.

A tedious voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no powerful guſts ariſe!

After ver. 112, in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite:
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

The fureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, through ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd;
Reaſon the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd.
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice,
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the north; at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious every man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſeveral goal;
But heaven's great view, is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of every vice:
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief;
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no intereſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common intereſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe intereſts, to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views,
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.
See ſome ſtrange comfort every ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion every age ſupply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194, in the MS.

How oft with paſſion, virtue points her charms!
Then ſhines the hero, then the patriot warms.
Peleus' great ſon, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none?
But virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, reaſon! is thy taſk, and worthy thee,
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marquiſs, or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to reaſon, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong, have mortals ſuffer'd more?
B—— for his prince, or * * for his whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials nature moſt controul?
His, who would ſave a ſixpence, or his ſoul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his ſin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What we reſolve, we can: but here 's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.
After ver. 220, in the firſt edition followed theſe:
A cheat! a whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
In all the inns of court or Drury-lane?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 226, in the MS.

The colonel ſwears the agent is a dog;
The ſcrivener vows th' attorney is a rogue.
Againſt the thief th' attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pounds the country twenty pays.
The thief damns judges, and the knaves of ſtate;
And dying, mourns ſmall villains hang'd by great

Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
Those ale to measure others wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet *God is wise.*

EPISTLE III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

I. The whole universe one system of society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far society carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, ver. 166. and in the forms of society, ver. 176. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 196. Origin of monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal government, ver. 212.—VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, ver. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

Here then we rest; "the universal cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. In several edit. in 4to.
Learn, dulness, learn! "The universal cause," &c.
After ver. 46, in the former editions,
What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to man, mistook the matter quite.

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.
Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below, and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegatate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings!
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insects gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride,
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feaſt of life before ;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er !
To each unthinking being, heaven a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end :
To man imparts it ; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle ! that heaven aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that power which ſuits them beſt ;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beſide ?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit ;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit ;
Sure by quick nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, reaſon never long :
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are now in ours !
And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chooſe their food ?
Prefcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand ?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day ?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets it proper bounds :
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs :
So from the firſt, ETERNAL ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps,
Or breathes through air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds,
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.

Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace ;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend ;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care ;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands :
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the intereſt, and the love :
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn ;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn ;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe natural love maintain'd, habitual thoſe :
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began :
Memory and forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the intereſt, and preſerve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's ſtate they blindly trod ;
The ſtate of nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and ſocial at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade ;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed ;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſs'd,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt :
Heaven's attribute was univerſal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer ſavage, man.
See him from nature riſing ſlow to art !
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part :
Thus then to man the voice of nature ſpake—
" Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take :
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field ;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind :
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee ;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
" The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 84. in the MS.

While man, with opening views of various ways,
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays ;
Too weak to chooſe, yet chooſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, though a monarch reign,
" Their ſeparate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
" In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle juſtice in her net of law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey:
" And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant man obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near [fear.
Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What war could raviſh, commerce could beſtow;
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus ſtates were form'd; the name of king unknown,
Till common intereſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch ſat,
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate:
On him, their ſecond providence, they hung;
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or ſetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
Till dropping, ſickening, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great Firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteady light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſovereign being, but a ſovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cauſe?
Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt, law;
Till ſuperſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, ſlaves of ſubjects made:
She 'midſt the lightning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heaven on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives ſelf-love, through juſt, and through unjuſt,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame ſelf-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the ſtudious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The faith and moral, nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197, in the firſt editions,
Who for thoſe arts they learn'd of brutes before,
As kings ſhall crown them, or as gods adore.

Ver. 201. Here roſe one little ſtate, &c.] In the MS. thus:
The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common ſpot;
And love was nature's dictate; murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No treaſure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run.
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two passions of hope and fear. ver. 70.—III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: Instanced in riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men, possessed of them all. ver. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 307. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed; if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less,
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws,"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. Oh happiness, &c.] in the MS. thus:
Oh happiness, to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour, and we die.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with temperance alone;
And Peace, oh virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, [right?
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martia strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impress,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not, A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 52, in the MS.

Say not, "Heaven's here profuse, there poorly saves,
"And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves."
You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heaven has made that one.

After ver. 66, in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
The rest mad fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliss by accident's debarr'd;
But virtue's, in the instant, a reward;
In hardest trials operates the best,
And more is reliss'd as the more distrest.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 92, in the MS.

Let sober moralists correct their speech,
No bad man's happy; he is great, or rich.

After ver. 116, in the MS.

Of every evil, since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but man.

If Calvin feel heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd.
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards [lies:
Look next on greatness; say where greatness
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise:
All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142, in some editions,

Give each a system, all must be at strife;
What different systems for a man and wife!

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore struck out of the text.

After ver. 172, in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. Boast the pure blood, &c.] In the MS. thus:

The richest blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
Without one dash of usher or of priest:
Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
As Christ Church once all colleges beside.

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known!
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ridbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife,
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray,
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find),
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316, in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raise his base on that one solid joy,
Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

Graſp the whole worlds of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heaven beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come, then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh, maſter of the poet, and the ſong!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 373. Come then, my friend! &c.] In the MS. thus:

And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,
While heaven-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury, and aſſiſt her flight?
And while the muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer,
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with caſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's falſe mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, *Whatever is, is right*;
That reaſon, paſſion, anſwer one great aim;
That true ſelf-love and ſocial are the ſame;
That virtue only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, *Ourſelves to know.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver 397. That virtue only, &c] In the MS. thus:

That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the ſtudy of mankind is man.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

It may be proper to obſerve, that ſome paſſages, in the preceding Eſſay, having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency towards fate and naturaliſm, the author compoſed this Prayer as the ſum of all, to ſhow that his ſyſtem was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety: That the Firſt Cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor of the Univerſe as the Creator of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Eſſay) was not meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the reſting in a religious acquieſcence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet choſe for his model the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, beſt deſerves the title prefixed to this Paraphraſe.

DR. WARBURTON.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood;
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And, binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will:

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heaven purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O, lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

" Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
" Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
" Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
" Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
" Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
" Extenuantis eas conſultò." HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Eſſay on Man was intended to have been compriſed in four books.

The firſt of which, the author has given us under that title, in four epiſtles.

The ſecond was to have conſiſted of the ſame number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reaſon. 2. Of thoſe arts and ſciences, and of the parts of them, which are uſeful, and therefore attainable, together with thoſe which are unuſeful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, uſe, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the uſe of learning, of the ſcience of the world, and of wit; concluding with a ſatire againſt a miſapplication of them, illuſtrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The third book regarded civil regimen, or the ſcience of politics, in which the ſeveral forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the ſeveral modes of religious worſhip, as far forth as they affect ſociety; between which the author always ſuppoſed there was the moſt intereſting relation, and cloſeſt connection; ſo that this part would have treated of civil and religious ſociety in their full extent.

The fourth and laſt book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, conſidered in all the circumſtances, orders, profeſſions, and ſtations of human life.

The ſcheme of all this had been maturely digeſted, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through diſcouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other conſiderations, interrupted, poſtponed, and, laſtly, in a manner laid aſide.

But as this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his ſtrong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the "diſjecta membra Poetæ," that now remain, it may not be amiſs to be a little more particular concerning each of theſe projected books.

The firſt, as it treats of man in the abſtract, and conſiders him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furniſhes out the ſubjects, of the three following; ſo that

The ſecond book was to take up again the firſt and ſecond epiſtles of the firſt book, and treats of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a ſmall part of the concluſion (which, as we ſaid, was to have contained a ſatire againſt the miſapplication of wit and learning), may be found in the fourth book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occaſionally, in the other three.

The third book, in like manner, was to re-aſſume the ſubject of the third epiſtle of the firſt, which treats of man in his ſocial, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be beſt executed in an Epic Poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable leſs invidious; in which all the great principles of true and falſe governments and religions ſhould be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The fourth and laſt book was to purſue the ſubject of the fourth epiſtle of the firſt, and treats of ethics, or practical morality; and would have conſiſted of many members; of which the four following epiſtles were detached portions: the two firſt, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.

DR. WARBURTON.

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will but be notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70. &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 158. to ver. 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

Yes, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less.
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others, so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light),
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find:
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves, for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,

Save juſt at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with veniſon to a ſaint without.
Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all intereſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in picquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bett.
What made (ſay, Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs regent tremble at a ſtar?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithleſs through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and nature only are the ſame:
In man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and ſhow,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold if fortune or a miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in buſineſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a ſtate:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions ſhow the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs is not therefore kind:
Perhaps proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the wind juſt ſhifted from the eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in reaſoning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Aſk why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper, he was beat.
Why riſk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A ſaint in crape is twice a ſaint in lawn;
A judge is juſt, a chancellor juſter ſtill;
A gownman, learn'd; a biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a miniſter; but, if a king,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more every thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where heaven's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonder ſtrike.
Though the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his power,
And juſtly ſet the gem above the flower.
'Tis education forms the common mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'ſquire;
The next a tradeſman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom ſtruts a ſoldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a ſcrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
A Quaker? ſly: A Preſbyterian? ſour:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk men's opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid, ſilent dunce?
Some god, or ſpirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by nature? Habit can efface,
Intereſt o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? thoſe uncertainty divides!
By paſſions? theſe diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling paſſion: There, alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known;
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, princes, women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands conſeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling paſſion was the luſt of praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and fools muſt like him, or he dies:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former editions.

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a people, and now ſave a groat.

Ver. 129, in the former editions:

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar himſelf would tell you he was beat.

VARIATIONS.

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk

Altered as above, becauſe Cæſar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does not tell you he was beat. As Cæſar too afforded an inſtance of both caſes, it was thought better to make him the ſingle example.

Though wondering ſenates hung on all he ſpoke,
The club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His paſſion ſtill, to covet general praiſe;
His life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wiſe his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad outcaſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves ſhould call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the luſt, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by chaſtity, at praiſe.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in buſineſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.
Behold a reverend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudley preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming chintz, and Bruſſels lace,
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir!"
"I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir! what all?
"Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The manor, Sir?—"The manor! hold, he cry'd.
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you! brave Cobham, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
"Oh, ſave my country, Heaven!" ſhall be your laſt.

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 208.
Nature well known, no miracles remain.
Altered, as above, for very obvious reaſons.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the Characters of Women.

THERE is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finiſhed than this epiſtle: Yet its ſucceſs was in no proportion to the pains he took in compoſing it. Something he chanced to drop in a ſhort advertiſement prefixed to it, on its firſt publication, may perhaps account for the ſmall attention given to it. He ſaid that no one character in it was drawn from the life. The public believed him on his word, and expreſſed little curioſity about a ſatire, in which there was nothing perſonal.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt women have no characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Paſtora by a fountain ſide.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a ſwan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's looſe hair, and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimpering angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.
Come then, the colours, and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;

Chooſe a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Ruſa, whoſe eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a ſpark,
Agrees as ill with Ruſa's ſudying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greaſy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening maſk:
So morning inſects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her Califta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a pimple on her noſe.
Papilla, wedded to her amorous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"
Ladies, like variegated tulips, ſhew,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy ſpots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Leſs wit than mimic, more a wit than wiſe;
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim;
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres;
Now conſcience chills her, and now paſſion burns;
And atheiſm and religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad good Chriſtian at her heart.
See ſin in ſtate, majeſtically drunk,
Proud as a peereſs, prouder as a punk;
Chaſte to her huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming miſtreſs, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble ſeat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine——in another fit
She ſins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.

As Helluo, late dictator of the feaſt,
The noſe of Haut-gout, and the tip of taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedè, lecturing all mankind
On the ſoft paſſion, and the taſte refin'd,
Th' addreſs, the delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her ſtars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live,"
Then all for death, that opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A ſpark too fickle, or a ſpouſe too kind.
Wiſe wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchaſe pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
No aſs ſo meek, no aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of friends.
Or her, whoſe life the church and ſcandal ſhare,
For ever in a paſſion, or a prayer,
Or her, who laughs at hell, (but like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill thoſe foes to fair ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in expoſing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the world has been her trade,
The wiſeſt fool much time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No paſſion gratify'd, except her rage,
So much the fury ſtill out-ran the wit,
The pleaſure miſs'd her, and the ſcandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence purſued,
Nor more a ſtorm her hate than gratitude:
To that each paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curſe!
But an inferior not dependant? worſe.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. What has not fir'd, &c.] In the MS.
In whoſe mad brain the mix'd ideas roll,
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæſar's ſoul.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 122, in the MS.
Oppreſs'd with wealth and wit, abundance ſad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never, reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, heaven, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen:
The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.

If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail),
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens:
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 148, in the MS.

This death decides; nor lets the blessing fall
On any one she hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 198, in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife;
I cannot prove it on her for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
Thus while immortal Cibber only sings [kings,
(As Clarke and Hoadly preach) for queens and
The nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if she love and merit verse, have mine.

Ver. 207, in the first edition:

In several men we several passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing;
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though China fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.
Be this a woman's fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

Of the Use of Riches.

THE ARGUMENT.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

This epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have "learnt that there are some who would rather "be wicked than ridiculous: and therefore it "may be safer to attack vices than follies. I "will therefore leave my betters in the quiet "possession of their idols, their groves, and their "high-places; and change my subject from their "pride to their meanness, from their vanities "to their miseries; and as the only certain way "to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and "not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may "probably in my next, make use of real names "instead of fictitious ones."

P. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven:
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival too, its fire, the sun,
Then careful Heaven supply'd two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of th' elect;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve:
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:
What nature wants (a phraſe I muſt diſtruſt)
Extends to luxury, extends to luſt:
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark aſſaſſin hires.
B. Trade it may help, ſociety extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raiſes armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a ſenate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If ſecret gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea ſpoke,
And jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket ſtates, can fetch or carry kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an army o'er,
Or ſhip off ſenates to ſome diſtant ſhore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent fells a king, or buys a queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'ſquires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door:
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet:
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom, with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd as to ancient games,
Fair courſers, vaſes, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear him ſix whores, and make he lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a world we fall,
What ſay you? *B.* Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire?
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, noſe and ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax-elf the bleſſing of a friend;
Or find ſome doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a baſtard, or a ſon they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it, and the ſlave that hides.
B. Who ſuffer thus, mere charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives powerful, though unknown.
P. Some war, ſome plague, or famine, they foreſee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found;
He thinks a loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-Sea year?
To live on veniſon when it ſold dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the world's reſpect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be ſold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.
But nobler ſcenes, Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 50, in the MS.

To break a truſt were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould poſe as wiſe a head as thine.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. Since then, &c.] In the former Ed.

Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it, as we find it, gold and all.

Congenial souls; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Austrian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
" At length corruption, like a general flood,
" (So long by watchful ministers withstood)
" Shall deluge all; and avarice, creeping on,
" Spread like a low-borne mist, and blot the sun;
" Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
" Peeresses and butler there alike the box.
" And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
" And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!"
'Twas no court badge, great scrivener, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
" All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
" The ruling passion, be it what it will,
" The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heaven each pas-
" sion sends,
" And different men directs to different ends.
" Extremes in nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in man concur to general use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids feed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and sallads bless'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need:
But what to follow, is a task indeed),
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with œconomy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.
B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty given,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218, in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
In lavish Curio blaz'd a while and dy'd;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And shewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226, in the MS.

The secret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still miss'd by vice, and scarce by virtue hit,
By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit,

Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet a while may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should lords engross!
Rise, honest muse; and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise!
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity!

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;

Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.
His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me!"
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, reason, which of these are worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! even deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—*B.* Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church, and Change, his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250, in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.

The register inrolls him with his poor,
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 337. In the former editions.

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a tale?—A tale—it follows thus.

But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full againſt his C rniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The tempter ſaw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and ſubſcriptions pour on every ſide,
Till all the dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a bleſſing now is wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-houſe employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the devil ordain'd) one Chriſtmas tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his ſon a gay commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p--x for life.
In Britain's ſenate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him, Coningſby harangues;
The C urt forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown;
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Of the Uſe of Riches.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuſe of the word taſte, ver. 15. That the firſt principle and foundation in this, as in every thing elſe, is good ſenſe, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Inſtanced in architecture and gardening, where all muſt be adapted to the genius and uſe of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it, ver. 50. How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe long, if at all; and the beſt examples and rules will be perverted into ſomething burdenſome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A deſcription of the falſe taſte of magnificence; the firſt grand error of which is, to imagine that greatneſs conſiſts in the ſize and dimenſion, inſtead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97. and the ſecond, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely reſembling, or in the repetition of the ſame too frequently, ver. 105. &c. A word or two of falſe taſte in books, in muſic, in painting, even in preaching and prayer; and, laſtly, in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is juſtified in giving wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169, &c. [recurring to what is laid down in the firſt Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epiſtle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of great men, ver. 177, &c. and finally the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191, to the end.

The extremes of avarice and profuſion being treated of in the foregoing epiſtle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, juſt as the Epiſtle on the Characters of Women is to that of the Knowledge and Characters of Men. It is equally remarkable for exactneſs of method with the reſt. But the nature of the ſubject, which is leſs philoſophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compaſs.

'Tis ſtrange, the miſer ſhould his cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chooſe his pictures, muſic, meats;
He buys for Topham drawings and deſigns;
For Pembroke ſtatues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkiſh manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted:
Only to ſhow, how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a taſte."
Heaven viſits with a taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

See! ſportive fate, to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!
You ſhow us Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of uſe.
Yet ſhall (my lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn arts of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to taſte—'tis ſenſe:
Good ſenſe, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no ſcience, fairly worth the ſeven:
A light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terrace, or to ſink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Conſult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to riſe or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.
Still follow ſenſe, of every art the ſoul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, ſtrike from chance;
Nature ſhall join you; time ſhall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His quincunx darkens, his eſpaliers meet;
The wood ſupports the plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quivering rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a field.
Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thickening ſhade,
With annual joy the reddening ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His ſon's fine taſte an opener viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
One boundleſs green, or flouriſh'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews:
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but muſt laugh, the maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground,
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every ſide you look, behold the wall!
No pleaſing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuffering eye inverted nature ſees,
Trees cut to ſtatues, ſtatues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a ſummer-houſe that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails through myrtle bowers;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty urn.
My lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt through the length of yon hot terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Juſt at his ſtudy-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His ſtudy! with what authors is it ſtor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Sueil has bound.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22, in the MS.

Muſt biſhops, lawyers, ſtateſmen have the ſkill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the goſpel, Gibbs the law?

Lo some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer;
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-coloured serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room!
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill.
Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears: What his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone but sanctifies expence,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind.
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the god ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And old obedient rivers through the land;
These honours, peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of avarice and profusion; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead;
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, [toil'd:
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found in vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.

This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine:
Her gods and godlike heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh, when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the patriot's honeſt face;
There, warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurel'd bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine:
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muſe he lov'd."

EPISTLE TO DR: ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Advertiſement to the firſt Publication of this Epiſtle.

THIS paper is a ſort of bill of complaint, begun many years ſince, and drawn up by ſnatches, as the ſeveral occaſions offered. I had no thoughts of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome perſons of rank and fortune [the authors of verſes to the imitator of Horace, and of an epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my perſon, morals, and family, whereof, to thoſe who know me not, a truer information may be requiſite. Being divided between the neceſſity to ſay ſomething of myſelf, and my own lazineſs to undertake ſo aukward a taſk, I thought it the ſhorteſt way to put the laſt hand to this epiſtle. If it have any thing pleaſing, it will be that by which I am moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the truth and the ſentiment; and if any thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe I am leaſt ſorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumſtance but what is true: but I have, for the moſt part, ſpared their names; and they may eſcape being laughed at, if they pleaſe.

I would have ſome of them to know, it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inſcribed, that I make not as free uſe of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage and honour on my ſide, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury can poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeneſs.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tie up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath day to me;
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at dinner-time.
Is there a parſon, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poeteſs, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a ſtanza, when he ſhould engroſs?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20, in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his ſempſtreſs' praiſe—

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song),
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30
A dire dilemma? either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I?
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes e'er he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
"I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace;
"I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
"He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
"A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, "furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath! I'll
print it,
"And shame the fools—your interest, Sir, with
Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a king), 70
His very minister, who spy'd them first,
Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his Free-masons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius still admit? 99
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit? [fend,
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold; for God's sake—you'll of-
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.
But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye!"—
Go on, obliging creature, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me. 120
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29, in the 1st Ed.
Dear doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?
Ver. 53, in the MS.
If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.
Ver. 60, in the former Ed.
Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111, in the MS.
For song, for silence some expect a bribe:
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.
After ver. 124, in the MS.
But, friend, this shape, which you and Curll * admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire †;

* *Curll set up his head for a sign.*
† *His father was crooked.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before),
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with bedlam or the mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;
He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bad translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight;
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long) [long.
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.

VARIATIONS.

And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my mother *, not the muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* *His mother was much afflicted with headachs.*

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 208, in the MS.
Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. Pope's and Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad.

His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head),
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise.
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay:
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh, let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift—indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
"'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the Dean and silver Bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express't,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 234, in the MS.

To bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
And snuff'd their incense like a gracious God.

After ver. 270, in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flattery liv'd no fool.

After ver. 282, in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus great and good?
A. You did so lately, was it understood?

VARIATIONS.

Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling Dennis or a Norfolk hound;
With George and Frederic roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and Caroline rehearse.
P. No—the high task to lift up kings to gods,
Leave to court sermons, and to birth-day odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurel'd Cibber and great Arnal shine.
Why write at all?—*A.* Yes, silence if you keep,
The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

Not proud, nor ſervile; be one poet's praiſe.
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a lie in verſe or proſe the ſame;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whiſper, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his ſovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the paſt:
For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the laſt!

A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail.
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
A hireling ſcribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or loſe his own.

Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded ſat'riſt Dennis will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moor.
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on Welſted's lie.
To pleaſe his miſtreſs one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-ſtreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, James Moore!
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in ſong.

Of gentle blood (part ſhed in honour's cauſe,
While yet in Britain honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung—*A.* What, fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,
And better got, than Beſtia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no ſtrife,
Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie,
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolmen's ſubtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honeſt, by experience wiſe;
Healthy by temperance, and by exerciſe;
His life, though long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.

O friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage.
To rock the cradle of repoſing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, cheerful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a queen!
A. Whether that bleſſings be deny'd or given,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heaven.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 368, in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit,
And lik'd that dangerous thing, a female wit;
Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
He writ no libels, but my lady did:
Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
Where woman's is the ſin, and man's the ſhame.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 405, in the MS.

And of myſelf, too, ſomething muſt I ſay!
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day.
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an author; critic, yet polite,
And friend to learning, yet too wiſe to write.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF HORACE IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The occaſion of publiſhing theſe Imitations was the clamour raiſed on ſome of my epiſtles. An anſwer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own perſon; and the example of much greater freedom in ſo eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, ſeemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat vice or folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a ſtation. Both theſe authors were acceptable to the Princes and Miniſters under whom they lived. The ſatires of Dr. Donne I verſified, at the deſire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of Shrewſbury, who had been Secretary of State: neither of whom looked upon a ſatire on vicious courts as any reflection on thoſe they ſerved in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are ſo apt to fall into, and knaves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a ſatiriſt for a libeller; whereas to a true ſatiriſt nothing is ſo odious as a libeller, for the ſame reaſon as to a man truly virtuous, nothing is ſo hateful as a hypocrite.

"Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis."

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. There are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
(*a*) There are, to whom my ſatire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
(*b*) The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day,
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
(*c*) I come to council learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a fee.
F. (*d*) I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
(*e*) And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a wife:

HORATIUS.—TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

(*a*) Sunt quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; (*b*) ſine nervis altera, quid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. (*c*) Trebati,
Quid faciam? praeſcribe.
T. (*d*) Quieſcas.
H. Ne faciam, inquis
Omnino verſus?
T. Aio.
H. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: (*e*) verum nequeo dormire.

(*f*) Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine; "Probatum eſt."
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes,
(*g*) Or, if you needs muſt write, write Cæſar's praiſe,
(*b*) You'll gain at leaſt a knighthood, or the bays.
P. What? like Sir (*i*) Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With arms and George and Brunſwick crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuſs, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horſe?
F. (*k*) Then all your muſe's ſoftest art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the royal line.
P. (*l*) Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their laureate twice a year;
And juſtly Cæſar ſcorns the poet's lays,
It is to hiſtory he truſts for praiſe.
F. (*m*) Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all taſte, blaſpheme quadrille,
Abuſe the city's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their truſt in Peter.
(*n*) Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail 'em?
P. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore. [deny
P. (*o*) Each mortal has his pleaſure: none
Scarſdale his bottle, Darty his ham pie!
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe; [ther,
(*p*) F— loves the ſenate, Hockleyhole his bro-
Like in all elſe, as one egg to another.

T. (*f*) Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
(*g*) Aut ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
Cæſaris invicti res dicere, (*b*) multa laborum
Praemia laturus.
H. Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: (*i*) neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo deſcribat vulnera Parthi.
T. (*k*) Attamen et juſtum poteras et ſcribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.
H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: (*l*) niſi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Caeſaris aurem:
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
T. (*m*) Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti laedere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
(*n*) Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quamquam eſt intactus, et odit.
H. (*o*) Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius ut ſemel icto
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
(*p*) Caſtor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,

(*q*) I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montange:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The ſoul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reſerve it for the next;
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And every friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
(*r*) Verſeman or proſeman, term me what you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
(*s*) Satire 's my weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
(*t*) I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, ſupercargoes, ſharpers, and directors.
(*u*) Save but our army! and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
(*v*) Peace is my dear delight——not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore.
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
(*x*) Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burden of ſome merry ſong.
(*y*) Slander or poiſon dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia. (*q*) me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, noſtrum melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam,
Ducurrens alio, neque ſi bene; quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, (*r*) Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta] (*s*) ſed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus, quem cur deſtringere coner,
(*t*) Tutus ab inſeſtis latronibus? (*u*) O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,
Nec quiſquam noceat (*v*) cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
(*x*) Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.
(*y*) Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum:
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes;

(z) Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
(a) So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
(b) Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
Whether old-age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:
In durance, exile, bedlam, or the mint,
(c) Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. (d) Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flower of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!
P. (e) What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could laureate Dryden Pimp and Friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not (f) strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.

(g) To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur, or commend,
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
(h) There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
(i) Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state!
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
(k) What saith my council, learned in the laws?
F. (l) Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
(m) Consult the statute, "quart." I think, it is,
"Edwardi sext." or "prim. et quint. Eliz."
See libels, satires—here you have it—read.
P. (n) Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
But brave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—
F. Indeed?
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
(o) In such a case the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

(z) Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
Monstratum? (a) Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
(b) Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;
(c) Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.
T. (d) O puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.
H. (e) Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
(f) Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Laelius, aut qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut laesо doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;
Scilicet (g) Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus Amicis.
(h) Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.
Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
(i) Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido:
(k) nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,
Dissentis.
T. (l) Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum;
"(m) Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
"Judiciumque."
H. Esto, si quis (n) mala: sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatur Caesare. si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse.
T. (o) Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

BOOK II. SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

(a) WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;
(b) (A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk (c) before we dine.
(d) Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's ſermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
(e) But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
(f) Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.
(g) Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
(h) Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chooſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.

SATIRA II.

(a) QUAE virtus et quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
(b) (Nec meus hic ſermo: ſed qua praecepit Ofellus,
Ruſticus, (c) abnormis Sapiens, craſſaque Minerva)
Diſcite, (d) non inter lances menſaſque nitentes;
Cum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, et cum
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat:
(e) Verum hic impranſi mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, ſi potero, male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. (f) Leporum ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat
Militia aſſuetum graecari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Cum labor extulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem: niſi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. (g) foris eſt promus, et atrum
Defendens piſces hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo eſt. tu pulmentaria quaere
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
(h) Vix tamen eripiam, poſito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum?
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat ſpectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, eſto.
Unde datum ſentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? (i) laudas, inſane, trilibrem [eſt.
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe
Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe lupos? quia ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.
(k) Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos, [quamquam
(l) Praeſentes Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia;
Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum ſollicitat ſtomachum; cum rapula plenus
Atque acidas mavult inulas. (m) necdum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
Nigriſque eſt oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni praeconis erat accipenſere menſa [bant?
Infamis. quid? tum rhombus minus aequora alen-
(n) Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. ergo
(o) Si quis nunc mergos ſuaves edixerit aſſos,
Parebit parvi docilis Romana juventus.
(p) Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Ofello
Judice: nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud,
Si te alio pravus detorſeris. (q) Avidienus,
(r) Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,
Quinquennes oleas eſt, et ſylveſtria corna;
(s) Ac, niſi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et

(i) Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
(k) Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
Oh blaſt it, (l) ſouth winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
(m) Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old ſimplicity!
(n) The robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a martin's neſt,
Till beccaficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
(o) Let me extol a cat, on oyſters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
(p) 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between exceſs and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; though not ſplendid, clean.
(q) Avidien, or his wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a (r) dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots:
(s) One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

(a) Quae virtus et quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo] Nil ſatis eſt homini, cui non ſatis eſt ſatis ipſi. Lucret. lib. v. 1118. Quae ſit enim virtus, parvo contenta, quis unquam Vidit? Perſius, Sat. iii. 71. Quae ſit hominum ratio, quae tanta ſtultitia, quae tam perversa prudentia, ut, quum ad beate vivendum ſatis natura ſit parata, nos nescio quid ultra appetamus? Cic. Tuſc. Quaeſt. lib. v. (b) Nec meus hic ſermo: ſed qua praecepit Ofellus] Ofellus, a Tuſcan peaſant, whom Horace had obſerved living happily on a ſmall farm, after the diſtreſſes he had undergone in the civil wars, and who had inſtructed him in the principles of that philoſophy which he here recommends. (c) abnormis Sapiens] Abnormis, irregularis, indoctus. Cruq. (d) non inter lances menſaſque nitentes] Non in luxu et deliciis. Cruq. (e) Verum hic impranſi mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?] Verum hic impranſi mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc? Horat. Sat. i. 1. 10. (f) Leporum ſectatus, equove] Leporum ſectator, equi jactator, aut arcus. Horat. Sat. i. 1. 7. (g) foris eſt promus] Foris eſt promus, qui tibi depromat. Cruq. (h) Vix tamen eripiam, poſito pavone, velis quin] Vix tamen eripiam, poſito pavone, velis quin Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum? Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 23. (i) laudas, inſane, trilibrem eſt. Mullum] Laudas, inſane, trilibrem eſt. Mullum Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 31. (k) Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino Vellem] Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 37. (l) Praeſentes Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia] Praeſentes Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia; Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 39. (m) necdum omnis abacta Pauperies epulis regum] Necdum omnis abacta Pauperies epulis regum: Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 43. (n) Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido, Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 46. (o) Si quis nunc mergos ſuaves edixerit aſſos] Si quis nunc mergos ſuaves edixerit aſſos, Parebit parvi docilis Romana juventus. Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 51. (p) Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Ofello] Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Ofello Judice: Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 53. (q) Avidienus] Avidienus, Canis cognomento, quinquennes oleas, et ſylveſtria corna, et acetum cadis ebibit ex quis Hannibal ante urbem Romam Italos hostes primo concitavit. Cruq. (r) Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret] Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret, Quinquennes oleas eſt, et ſylveſtria corna; Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 55. (s) Ac, niſi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et

But on ſome (*t*) lucky day (as when they found
A loſt bank bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd),
At ſuch a feaſt, (*u*) old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls too generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
(*x*) He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor (*y*) ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like (*a*) Nævius, every error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
(*b*) Now hear what bleſſings temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
(*c*) Firſt Health: the ſtomach cramm'd from every diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft (*d*) the ſchool-boy's ſimple fare,
The temperate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
(*e*) How pale, each worſhipful and reverend gueſt
Riſe from a clergy, or a city feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heavenly particle inſpires the clay?
The ſoul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound divines. [mind
(*f*) On morning wings how active ſprings the
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind!
How eaſy every labour it purſues!
How coming to the poet every muſe!
(*g*) Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of truth, or ſearch of rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage;
And more the ſickneſs of long life, old age;
(*h*) For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the veſſel drains?
(*i*) Our fathers prais'd rank ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
(*k*) Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
(*l*) That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, (*m*) freſh ſturgeon and ham pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy:
When luxury has lick'd up all my pelf,
Curs'd be thy (*n*) neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And (*o*) buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well [need
(*p*) "Right, cries his lordſhip, for a rogue in
"To have a taſte, is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, (*q*) and my heap too great."
Then, like the ſun, let bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the (*r*) new-built churches round thee fall?
Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, alioſque dierum
(*t*) Feſtos albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat, (*u*) veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt,
(*x*) Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. (*y*) Hic neque ſervis
Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Saevus erit: nec ſic ut ſimplex (*a*) Naevius, unctam
Convivis praebebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum. [ſecum
(*b*) Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque
Afferat (*c*) In primis valeas bene; nam variae res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcae,
Quae ſimplex olim (*d*) tibi federit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſceueris elixis, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. (*e*) Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Coena deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinae particulam aurae.
(*f*) Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus praeſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
(*g*) Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive diem feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique
Accedent anni et tractari mollius aetas
Imbecilla volet. (*h*) Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam,
Quam puer et validus praeſumis, mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?
(*i*) Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia naſus [hoſpes
Illis nullus erat; ſed, credo, hac mente, quod
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integram edax dominus conſumeret (*k*) hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet. [aurem
(*l*) Das aliquid famae, quae carmine gratior
Occupet humanum? grandes rhombi, patinaeque
Grande ferunt una (*m*) cum damno dedecus adde
(*n*) Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
(*o*) As, laquei pretium.
(*p*) Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jugatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. (*q*) Ergo,
Quod ſuperat, non eſt melius quo infumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus quiſquam, te divite? quare
(*r*) Templa ruunt antiqui Deûm? cur improbe, carae

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
(s) Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And (t) who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd proſperity,
Or bleſt with little whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
(u) Thus Bethel ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-Sea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The lord of thouſands, than if now (v) excis'd;
In foreſt planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rental land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On (x) broccoli and mutton, round the year;
But (y) ancient friends (though poor, or out of
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. [play)
'Tis true, no (z) turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow Heath I point, and Banſted Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
(a) From yon old walnut-tree a ſhower ſhall fall;
And grapes, long-lingering on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then (b) cheerful healths (your miſtreſs ſhall have place);
And, what's more rare, a poet ſhall ſay grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Though double tax'd, how little have I loſt!

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?
(s) O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uterne
(t) Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus aſſuêrit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
(u) Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Oſellum
Integris opibus novi non latius uſum,
Quam nunc (v) acciſis. Videas, metato in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam, praeter (x) olus fumoſae cum pede pernae. [pes,
Ac mihi ſeu (y) longum poſt tempus venerat hoſ-
Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non (z) piſcibus urbe petitis,
Sed pullo atque hoedo: tum (a) penſilis uva ſecundas
Et nux ornabat menſas, cum duplice ficu.
Poſt hoc ludas erat (b) cuppa petare magiſtra:
Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractae feria frontis.
Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcius, aut vos,

My life's amuſement's have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after (c) ſtanding armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own, [ing gate
And yours, my friends? through whoſe free open-
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt).
"Pray heaven it laſt! (cries Swift) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife;
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's (d) property? dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to (e) Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure (f) equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chancery takes your rent for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome (g) ungracious ſon, [own."
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my
(b) Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a ſcrivener, or a city knight.
(i) Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc (c) novus incola venit?
Nam (d) propriae telluris herum natura neque illum
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut (e) nequities aut (f) vaſri inſcitia juris,
Poſtremum expellet certe (g) vivacior heres.
(b) Nunc ager Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Oſelli
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. (i) quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why (b) will you break the ſabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of envy and of praiſe.
Public too long, ah let me hide my age!
See modeſt (c) Cibber now has left the ſtage:
Our generals now, (d) retir'd to their eſtates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool evening ſatiate of applauſe, [cauſe.
Nor (e) fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunſwick's

EPISTOLA I.

Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende camena,
(b) Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt aetas, non mens. (c) Veianius, armis
(d) Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum (e) extrema toties exoret arena.

(*f*) A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your (*g*) muse take
" breath,
" And never gallop Pegasus to death;
" Let stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
" You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's
" horse." [toy,
Farewell then (*h*) verse, and love, and every
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What (*i*) right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this (*k*) harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what (*l*) doctors I apply:
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the (*m*) storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montague now, or now with
Locke:
Sometimes a (*n*) patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, (*o*) and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my (*p*) native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide. [day,
(*q*) Long, as to him who works for debt, the
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' (*r*) unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That (*s*) task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

(*t*) Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some (*u*) comfort, not to be a fool.
(*v*) Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite:
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to (*x*) go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy (*y*) blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are worlds, and spells, which can
controul
(*z*) Between the fits this fever of the soul:
Know, there are rhymes, which (*a*) fresh and
fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be (*b*) furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
(*c*) Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch (*d*) bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.
(*e*) 'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom, to the fool no more.
But to the world no (*f*) bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And (*g*) ease thy heart of all that it admires?
(*h*) Here Wisdom calls: (*i*) " Seek virtue first, be
" bold!
" As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."

(*f*) Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
Solve (*g*) senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et (*h*) versus, et caetera ludicra pono:
Quid (*i*) verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum: [sim.
(*k*) Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere pos-
Ac ne forte roges, (*l*) quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
(*m*) Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
Nunc agilis fio, et mersor (*n*) civilibus undis,
Virtutis verae custos, (*o*) rigidusque satelles
Nunc in Aristippi (*p*) furtim praecepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.
(*q*) Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; di-
esque
Longa videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda (*r*) fluunt ingrataque tempora, quae spem [quod
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter (*s*) id,
Aeque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aeque,
Aeque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

(*t*) Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam (*u*) solerque elementis: [ceus;
(*v*) Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lyn-
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Est quadam prodire (*x*) tenus, si non datur ultra.
(*y*) Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et (*z*) magnam morbi deponere partem. [te
Laudis amore tumes? sunt (*a*) certa piacula, quae
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
(*b*) Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, (*c*) amator;
Nemo (*d*) adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.
(*e*) Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae (*f*) maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per (*g*) mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
Ne cures (*h*) ea, quae stulte miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?
" (*i*) Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.

There, London's voice, (*k*) " Get money, money still!
" And then let virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From (*l*) low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose (*m*) quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Bernard in (*n*) spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
" Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds?
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a (*o*) cit with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, their Honours, and so forth,
Yet every (*p*) child another song will sing,
" Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy (*q*) screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compar'd to this, a minister's an ass.
(*r*) And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at (*s*) Cressy or Poitiers!
(*t*) Who counsels best? who whispers, " Be but
" great,
" With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
" Get place and wealth, if possible with grace:
" If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
For what? to have a (*u*) box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.
Or (*v*) he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through: [too?
And, (*x*) while he bids thee, sets th' example
If (*y*) such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dress't rabble stare;
In honest S*z take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the (*z*) Palace than the Park:

Faith, I shall give the answer (*a*) Reynard gave:
" I cannot like, dread sire, your royal cave;
" Because I see, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a beast go in, but none comes out."
Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
The (*b*) people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their (*c*) country's wealth our mightier miser's drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some (*d*) with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, (*e*) hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each (*f*) pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job (*g*) sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich
" hill!"
(*h*) Up starts a palace, lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsey, or that (*i*) Devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
" Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
" For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in
" town."
At amorous Flavio is the (*k*) stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
(*l*) The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.

" (*k*) O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum
" est; [ab imo
" Virtus post nummos:" haec (*l*) Janus summus
Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
(*m*) Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
Est (*n*) animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque;
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint.
(*o*) Plebs eris. (*p*) at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic (*q*) murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
(*r*) Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus (*s*) Curiis et decantata Camillis?
(*t*) Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, " Rem facias; rem,
" Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut (*u*) propius spectes lacrymosa poëmata pupi!
An, (*v*) qui fortunae te responsare superbae
Liberum et erectum, (*x*) praesens hortatur et aptat?
(*y*) Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut (*z*) porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem:

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit;
Olim quod (*a*) vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
(*b*) Bellua multorum est capitum. nam quid sequar aut quem? [qui
Pars hominum gestit (*c*) conducere publica: sunt
(*d*) Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:
(*e*) Multis occulto crescit res fenore. (*f*) verum
Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:
Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?
(*g*) Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis praelucet amoenis,
Si dixit dives; (*h*) lacus et mare sentit amorem
Festinantis heri: cui si (*i*) vitiosa libido
Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta Teanum
Tolletis, fabri. (*k*) lectus genialis in aula est?
Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita:
(*l*) Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

Did ever (*m*) Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the rich?
Well, but the (*n*) poor—The poor have the ſame itch;
They change their (*o*) weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner, to their ſhoes;
Diſcharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaiſe and one;
They (*p*) hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a lord.
(*q*) You laugh, half-beau, half-ſloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when (*r*) no prelate's lawn, with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One (*s*) ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I (*t*) plant, root up; I build, and then confound:
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
(*u*) You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor (*v*) once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a ſeam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to me.
Is this my (*x*) guide, philoſopher, and friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine, whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune bleſs'd;
Rich (*y*) ev'n when plunder'd, (*z*) honour'd while oppreſs'd; [power;
Lov'd (*e*) without youth, and follow'd without
At home, though exil'd; (*b*) free though in the tower;
In ſhort, that reaſoning, high, immortal thing,
Juſt (*c*) leſs than Jove, and (*d*) much above a king,
Nay, half in heaven—(*e*) except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god!

(*m*) Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid (*n*) pauper? ride: mutat (*o*) cocnacula, lectos,
Balnea, (*p*) tonſores; conducto navigio aeque
Nauſeat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremus.
(*q*) Si curatis inaequali tonſore capillos
Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexae
Trita ſubeſt tunicae, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar;
Rides. quid, (*r*) mea cum pugnat ſententia ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
(*s*) Aeſtuat, et vitae diſconvenit ordine toto;
(*t*) Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
(*u*) Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec (*v*) medici credis, nec curatoris egere
A praetore dati; rerum (*x*) tutela mearum
Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te reſpicientis amici.
Ad ſummam, ſapiens uno (*c*) minor eſt Jove, (*y*) dives,
(*b*) Liber, (*z*) honoratus, (*a*) pulcher, (*d*) rex denique regum;
Praecipue ſanus, (*e*) niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Not to admire, is all the art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
(*b*) This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred ſun, and ſtars that riſe and fall,
There are, my friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look through and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view (*c*) this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what (*d*) earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of (*e*) fools and ſlaves for gold?
Or (*f*) popularity? or ſtars and ſtrings?
The mob's applauſes, or the gifts of kings?
Say, with what (*g*) eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the (*b*) pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing;
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we (*i*) joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpris'd at better, or ſurpris'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and ſnatch the man away;
For (*k*) virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of madmen is a ſaint run mad.
(*l*) Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taſte to double the ſurpriſe,
And gaze on (*m*) Parian charms with learned eyes,
Be ſtruck with bright (*n*) brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' ſplendid livery.

EPISTOLA VI.

Nil admirari, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quae poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
(*b*) Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui (*c*) formidine nulla
Imbuti ſpectent. (*d*) quid cenſes, munera terrae?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas (*e*) ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, (*f*) plauſus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo ſpectanda modo, (*g*) quo ſenſu credis et ore?
(*b*) Qui timet his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo cupiens pacto: pavor eſt utrobique moleſtus.
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret utrumque:
(*i*) Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Deſixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
(*k*) Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam.
(*l*) I nunc, argentum et marmor (*m*) vetus, aeraque et artes
Suſpice: cum gemmis (*n*) Tyrios mirare colores;

If not ſo pleas'd, at (o) council board rejoice,
To ſee their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From (p) morn to night, at ſenate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For (q) fame, for riches, for a noble wife? [ſpir'd
Shall (r) one whom nature, learning, birth con-
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to wit and worth
Weds the rich dulneſs of ſome ſon of earth?
Yet (s) time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meaneſt have their day,
The greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, (t) with all the power of words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords:
Conſpicuous ſcene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where kings and poets lie;
(u) Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!
(v) Rack'd with ſciatics, martyr'd with the ſtone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by hatter'd beaux invited over,
And deſperate miſery lays hold on Dover,
The caſe is eaſier in the mind's diſeaſe;
There all men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be (x) bleſt? deſpiſe low joys, low gains;
Diſdain whatever Cornbury diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
(y) But art thou one whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly (z) then, on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
Is wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
(a) Advance thy golden mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore,
Will gain a (b) wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch (c) friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A (d) man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him form, and Anſtis birth.
(Believe me, many a (e) German prince is worſe,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purſe)
His wealth brave (f) Timon gloriouſly cōfounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckleſs play,
Takes the whole houſe upon the poet's day.
(g) Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
(h) If wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt,
(i) But if to power and place your paſſion lie,
If in the pomp of life conſiſt the joy;
Then (k) hire a ſlave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom (l) to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who (m) rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troubleſome, is near the chair:
"That makes three members, this can chooſe a mayor."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him, (n) ſon, or couſin at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and (o) laugh at your own jeſt.

Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te (o) mille loquentem:
Gnavus (p) mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum;
(q) Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
(r) Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi
(s) Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet aetas
Defoſſa condetque nitentia (t) cum bene notum;
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conſpexerit Appi;
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa (u) quo devenit et Ancus.
(v) Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quare fugam morbi. (x) vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age deliciis.
(y) virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? (z) cave ne portus occupet alter;
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
(a) Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet (b) uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et (c) amicos,
Et genus, et formam, regina (d) Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris (e) Capadocum Rex:
Ne fueris hic tu. (f) chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenae praebere rogatus,
Qui poſſum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot habebo
Mittam: poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
(g) Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa ſuperſunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et proſunt furibus. (h) ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
(i) Si fortunatam ſpecies et gratia praeſtat,
(k) Mercemur ſervum, qui dictet nomina, laevum
Qui fodicet latus, et (l) cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: (m) Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, importunus ebur: (n) Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique eſt aetas, ita quemque (o) facetus adopta.

Or if your life be one continued treat,
If (*p*) to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So (*q*) Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envy'd thirſt and hunger to the poor.
Or ſhall we (*r*) every decency confound;
Through taverns, ſtews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo,
(*s*) K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew;
From Latian ſyrens, French Circæan feaſts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beaſts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our (*t*) country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we muſt with (*u*) Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
(*v*) Adieu—if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better precepts, if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Si (*p*) bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut (*q*) olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,
Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret
Emtum mulus aprum. (*r*) crudi, tumidique la-
vemur,
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
Digni; (*s*) remigium vitioſum Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui potior (*t*) patria fuit interdicta voluptas.
(*u*) Si, Mimnermus uticenſet, ſine amore jociſque
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.
(*v*) Vive, vale. ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Advertiſement.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments paſt in his epiſtle to Auguſtus, ſeemed ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own country. The author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increaſe of an abſolute empire. But to make the poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of thoſe which contribute to the happineſs of a free people, and are more conſiſtent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epiſtle will ſhow the learned world to have fallen into have two miſtakes; one, that Auguſtus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the beſt writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magiſtrate: "Admonebat praetores, ne pate-"rentur nomen ſuum obſolefieri," &c. The other, that this piece was only a general diſcourſe of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Auguſtus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cauſe of his contemporaries, firſt againſt the taſte of the town, whoſe humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; ſecondly, againſt the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and laſtly, againſt the emperor himſelf, who had conceived them of little uſe to the government. He ſhows by a view of the progreſs of learning, and the change of taſte among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predeceſſors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of thoſe ancient poets reſtrained; that ſatire and comedy were become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever extravagances were left on the ſtage, were owing to the ill taſte of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were, in many reſpects, uſeful to the ſtate; and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himſelf muſt depend, for his fame with poſterity.

We may farther learn from this epiſtle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a juſt contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

While you, great patron of mankind! (*a*) ſuſtain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend;
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
(*b*) How ſhall the muſe, from ſuch a monarch ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
(*c*) Edward and Henry, now the boaſt of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more (*d*) ſacred name,
After a life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdued, or property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
(*e*) Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find!
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind!

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Cum tot (*a*) ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in (*b*) publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Caeſar.
(*c*) Romulus, et liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, (*d*) Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
(*e*) Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,

All human virtue to its lateſt breath,
(*f*) Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour paſt,
Had ſtill this monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
(*g*) Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray,
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe ſuns of glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the world its preſent homage pays,
The harveſt early, (*h*) but mature the praiſe:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name:
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whoſe word is truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
(*i*) As heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
(*k*) None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.
Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your people, Sir, are partial in the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
(*l*) Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton heads of houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
(*m*) He ſwears the muſes met him at the Devil.
Though juſtly (*n*) Greece her eldeſt ſon admires,
Why ſhould not we be wiſer than our ſires?
In every public virtue we excel;
We build, we plant, (*o*) we ſing, we dance as well;
And (*p*) learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If (*q*) time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?

Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit (*f*) invidiam ſupremo fine domari,
(*g*) Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui praegravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
(*h*) Praeſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
(*i*) Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
(*k*) Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens et juſtus in uno,
* Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Caetera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Aeſtimat; et, niſi quae terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit:
(*l*) Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,
(*m*) Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.
Si, quia (*n*) Graiorum ſunt antiquiſſima quaeque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunae: pingimus, atque
(*o*) Pſallimus, et (*p*) luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
Si (*q*) meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chattis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? exclúdat jurgia finis.

Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who laſts a (*r*) century can have no flaw;
"I hold that wit a claſſic, good in law."
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him (*s*) ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
"We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By (*t*) courteſy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the (*u*) horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt (*v*) down ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in (*x*) Stowe,
And, eſtimating authors by the year,
Beſtow a garland only on a (*y*) bier.
(*z*) Shakſpeare (whom you and every play-houſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own deſpite.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
(*a*) The life to come, in every poet's creed.
Who now reads (*b*) Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But ſtill (*c*) I love the language of his heart.
"Yet ſurely, (*d*) ſurely, theſe were famous men!
"What boy but hears the ſaying of old Ben?
"In all (*e*) debates where critics bear a part,
"Not one but nods, and talks of Jonſon's art,
"Of Shakſpeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
"How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
"How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;
"But, for the paſſions, Southerne ſure and Rowe.

Eſt vetus atque probus, (*r*) centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? (*s*) veteresne poetas,
An quos et praeſens et poſtera reſpuat aetas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur (*t*) honeſte,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudaeque pilos ut (*u*) equinae
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et idem unum;
Dum cadat elufus ratione (*v*) ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in (*x*) faſtos, et virtutem aeſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod (*y*) Libitina ſacravit.
(*z*) Ennius et ſapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo (*a*) promiſſa cadant, et ſomnia Pythagorea.
(*b*) Naevius in manibus non eſt; at (*c*) mentibus haeret
Pene recens: (*d*) adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur (*e*) quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro:
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte;

" Theſe, (*f*) only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; (*g*) the people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To (*h*) Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or ſay our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the (*i*) obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe halts ill on (*k*) Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now ſerpent-like, in (*l*) proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a ſchool-divine.
(*m*) Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like (*n*) ſlaſhing Bentley with his deſperate hook,
Or damn all Shakſpeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he (*o*) read at ſchool.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with eaſe;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the miſcellanies o'er)
One ſimile that (*p*) ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or (*q*) lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
(*r*) I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but applauſe.
(*s*) On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but aſk if any weed can grow;
One tragic ſentence if I dare deride,
Which (*t*) Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of names)
How will our fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear, all ſhame is loſt in George's age!
You'd think (*u*) no fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, (*v*) or Merlin's prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And, to debaſe the ſons, exalts the ſires.
(*x*) Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
(*y*) In days of eaſe, when now the weary ſword
Was ſheath'd, and luxury with Charles reſtor'd;
In every taſte of foreign courts improv'd,
" All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud (*z*) in horſemanſhip t' excel,
Newmarket's glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
The ſoldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then (*a*) marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on (*b*) animated canvas ſtole
The ſleepy eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
No wonder then, when all was love and ſport,
The willing muſes were debauch'd at court:
On (*c*) each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.
But (*d*) Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleaſure, now for church or ſtate;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cauſe.

Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro [poetas
Spectat Roma potens; (*f*) habet hos numeratque
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab aevo.
(*g*) Interdum vulgus rectem videt: eſt ubi peccat.
Si (*h*) veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
Si quaedam nimis (*i*) antique, ſi pleraque (*k*) dure
Dicere credit eos, (*l*) ignave multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.
(*m*) Non equidem inſector, delendaque carmina Livi
Eſſe reor, memini quae (*n*) plagoſum (*o*) mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare;
ſed emendata videri
Pulchráque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:
Inter quae (*p*) verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum,
Si (*q*) verſus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
Injuſte totum ducit venditque poema. [craſſe
(*r*) Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et praemia poſci.
(*s*) Recte necne crocum floreſque perambulet Attae
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quae (*t*) gravis Aeſopus, quae doctus Roſcius egit.
Vel quia nil (*u*) rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae
Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam (*v*) Saliare Numae carmen qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
(*x*) Quod ſi tam Graecis novitas inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
(*y*) Ut primum poſitis nugari Graecia bellis
Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa;
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit (*z*) equorum:
(*a*) Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;
Suſpendit (*b*) picta vultum mentemque tabella;
Nun (*c*) tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragoedis:
(*d*) Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc pacto habuere bonae, ventique ſecundi.

(e) Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To (f) worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good (g) security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one (b) poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the muses, (i) lie,
Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;
When sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
(k) He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Ev'n (l) Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But (m) those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, (n) reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely (o) avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his (p) plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
(q) Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To (r) cheat a friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his (s) diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (t) though no soldier) useful to the state.
(u) What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king:
Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains;
He, (w) from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Wretch'd to (x) relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And (y) stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The (z) boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion (a) touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down (c) Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And (d) heaven is won by violence of song.
Our (e) rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:

(e) Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos (f) nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
(g) Majores audire, minori dicere, per quae
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, (b) et calet uno
Scribendi studio: pueri patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior (i) Parthis mendacior; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.
(k) Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum aegro
Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum
Promittunt (l) medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
(m) Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
(n) Hic error tamen et levis haec insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis (o) avarus
Non temere est animus: (p) versus amat, hoc studet unum;
Detrimenta, (q) fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
Non (r) fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo? vivit filiquis, et pane secundo (s);

(t) Militiae quamquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
(u) Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:
Torquet (w) ab obscoenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus praeceptis formal amicis,
Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;
Recte facta refert; (y) orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; (x) inopem solatur et aegrum.
Castis cum (z) pueris ignara puella mariti
Discere unde (a) preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, et praesentia nomina sentit;
Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, (c) metuenda pericula pellit;
Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
(d) Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine Manes.
(e) Agricolae prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo

The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And (*f*) taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and (*g*) nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm. [bound,
At length, by wholesome (*h*) dread of statutes
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to (*i*) flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
(*k*) We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and (*l*) numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Though still some traces of our (*m*) rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation (*n*) breath'd from civil war.
Exact (*o*) Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the (*p*) tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And (*q*) fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The (*r*) humbler muse of comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less (*s*).
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if (*t*) Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely (*u*) does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey (*w*) eat with vast applause!
But fill their (*x*) purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom (*y*) vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
(*z*) Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
(*a*) There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crow'd:
Who, (*b*) to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, (*c*) the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now (*d*) of lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus, et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
(*f*) Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter: (*g*) donec jam saevus apertam
In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Denti lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: (*h*) quin etiam lex
Poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad (*i*) bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.
(*k*) Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit (*l*) numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere: sed in longum tamen aevum
Manserunt, hodieque manent, (*m*) vestigia ruris.
Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post (*n*) Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit,
Quid (*o*) Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:
Nam (*p*) spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet;
Sed (*q*) turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.
Creditur, ex (*r*) medio quia arcessit, habere.
Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comoedia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. (*s*) aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto (*t*) partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
Quantus sit Dossennus (*w*) edacibus in parasitis;
Quam non (*u*) astricto percurrat pulpita socco.
Gestit enim (*x*) nummum in loculos demittere: post hoc
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad scenam (*y*) ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: (*z*) valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
(*a*) Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocti, stolidique, et (*b*) depugnare parati
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut (*c*) ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum (*d*) equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;

The play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot, (*e*) and horſe;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, biſhops, ermin, gold and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.
With (*f*) laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an audience gape ſo wide.
Let bear or (*g*) elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah, luckleſs (*h*) poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its (*i*) throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit aſcends!
Loud as the wolves, on (*k*) Orca's ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's (*l*) petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the (*m*) loſt actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?
(*n*) Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, leſt you think I rally more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he (*o*) who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

(*p*) But not this part of the poetic ſtate
Alone, deſerves the favour of the great:
Think of thoſe authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a reader's ſenſe, than gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill a (*q*) library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurniſh'd yet?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We (*r*) poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
The (*s*) ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt ourſelves, when, to defend
A (*t*) ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat (*u*) unaſk'd; (*w*) lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;
But moſt, when, ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epiſtles to the king;
And (*x*) from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or penſion from the crown;
Or, dubb'd hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan ſome work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau, and Racine.
Yet (*y*) think, great Sir! (ſo many virtues ſhown)
Ah, think, what poet beſt may make them known?
Or chooſe at leaſt ſome miniſter of grace,
Fit to beſtow the (*z*) laureat's weighty place.
(*a*) Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

Dum fugiunt (*e*) equitum turmae, peditumque catervae:
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
(*f*) Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive (*g*) elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi praebentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem (*h*) narrare putaret aſello
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quae (*i*) pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
(*k*) Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum.
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,
(*l*) Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus (*m*) oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
(*n*) Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne ſorte putes me, quae facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne:
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta; (*o*) meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

(*p*) Verum age, et his, qui ſe lectori credere malunt,
Quam ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi, [num
Cura impende brevem: ſi (*q*) manus Apolline digVis complere libris; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
(*r*) Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſaepe poetae,
(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
(*s*) Solicito damus, aut feſſo: cum laedimur, (*t*) unum
Si quis amicorum eſt auſus reprendere verſum:
Cum loca jam (*u*) recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
Cum (*w*) lamentamur non apparere labores
Noſtros, et tenui deducta poemata filo: [que
Cum (*x*) ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut, ſimul atCarmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et ſcribere cogas.
Sed tamen eſt (*y*) operae pretium cognoſcere, quales
Aedituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, (*z*) indigno non committenda poetae.
(*a*) Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Choerilus, incultis qui verſibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine foedo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,

And (*b*) great Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding ſteed;
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want diſcerning ſpirit.
The hero William and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No lord's anointed, but a (*c*) Ruſſian bear."
Not with ſuch (*d*) majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The forms auguſt, of king, or conquering chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your (*e*) arms, your actions, your repoſe to ſing;
What (*f*) ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How (*g*) barbarous rage ſubſided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
(*h*) Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in ſleep;
Till earth's extremes your meditation own,
And (*i*) Aſia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But (*k*) verſe, alas! your majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric ſtrains:
The zeal of (*l*) fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay (*m*) I bite.
A vile (*n*) encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

Edicto vetuit, ne quis ſe praeter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret aera
Fortis (*b*) Alexandri vultum ſimulantia. quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad haec Muſarum dona vocares;
(*c*) Boeotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.
[At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetae;]
Nec magis expreſſi (*d*) vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec fermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, (*e*) quam res componere geſtas,
Terrarumque (*f*) ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impoſitas, et (*g*) barbara regna, tuiſque
Auſpiciis totum (*h*) confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraque (*h*) cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et (*i*) formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque parvum
(*k*) Carmen majeſtas recipit tua; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.
Sedulitas autem (*l*) ſtulte, quem diligit, urget;
Praecipue cum ſe numeris commendat et arte.
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis (*m*) deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur. [ſicto
Nil moror (*n*) officium, quod me gravat: ac neque

If true, a (*o*) woful likeneſs; and if lies,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he (*p*) bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, ſettle, writ of kings)
(*q*) Clothe ſpice, like trunks, or fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

In (*o*) pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne (*p*) rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum ſcriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,
(*q*) Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

BOOK II. EPISTLE II.

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
(*b*) A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his boy,
Bows, and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois;
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how
"curl'd!
"My only ſon; I'd have him ſee the world:
"His French is pure; his voice too—you ſhall
"hear.
"Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a-year.
"Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
"Your barber, cook, upholſterer, what you pleaſe:
"A perfect genius at an opera ſong—
"To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to ſerve a lord:
"But, Sir to you, with what would I not part?
"Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's
"heart.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
(*b*) Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: "Hic et
"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
"Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
"Litteculis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti
"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
"Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
"Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius aequo
"Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
"Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in aere.
"Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere
"a me [ſic
"Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut
"In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:
"Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi fuga laedit."

" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry :
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to ſteal."
(*e*) If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit :
Who ſent the thief that ſtole the caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
(*d*) Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
(*e*) In Anna's wars, a ſoldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold :
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit,
This put the man in ſuch a deſperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a caſtle wall,
Tore down a ſtandard, took the fort and all.
" Prodigious well!" his great commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next, pleas'd his excellence a town to batter
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter);
" Go on, my friend, (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
" D'ye think me, noble general, ſuch a ſot?
" Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
(*f*) Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad :
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points, we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by ſufferers thought unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt :
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd, [vail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm pre-
For right hereditary tax'd and ſin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) hence I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
(*g*) Years following years, ſteal ſomething every day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our frolics, one amuſements end,
In one a miſtreſs drops, in one a friend :
This ſubtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unweary'd mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtands ſtill.
(*h*) But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp ſatire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg.
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf deteſts.
(*i*) But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?

(*e*) Ille ferat pretium, poenae ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
(*d*) Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum; ne mea ſaevus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
(*e*) Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Aeruumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Praeſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummum.
Forte ſub hoc tempus caſtellum evertere praeter
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem [tem:
Verbis, quae timido quoque poſſent addere men-
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid ſtas?
Poſt haec ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, " Ibit,
" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit."
(*f*) Romae nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.
Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
Scilicet ut poſſem curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter ſylvas academi quaerere verum.
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit aeſtus in arma,
Caeſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.
Unde ſimul primum me demiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem;
Quae poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare cicutae,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?
(*g*) Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?
(*h*) Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amant-que.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, et ſale nigro.
Tres mihi convivae prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato. [alter:
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.
(*i*) Praeter caetera me Romae ne poemata cenſe

Who there his muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomſbury-ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my cauſe comes on—
There's a rehearſal, Sir, exact at one—
"Oh but a wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
"And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an aſs?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own ſ-r-v—nce in a car?
(*k*) Go, lofty poet! and in ſuch a crowd,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,
To caſe and ſilence, every muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's Court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
(*l*) The man, who, ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſeven years complete,
See, ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stepp'd from its pedeſtal to take the air!

And here, while town, and court, and city roars;
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors,
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for fools to get by heart?
(*m*) The temple late two brother ſergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law!
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence," [ſenſe."
"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's
(*n*) Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpeare, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut through Merlin's cave, to ſee
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you!
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
(*o*) In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:

Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda. "Verum
"Purae ſunt platea, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
(*k*) I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
(*l*) Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, ſtatua taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyrae motura ſonum connectere digner?

(*m*) Frater erat Romae conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
(*n*) Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile viſu,
Caelatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum,
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circumſpectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem;
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, et procul audi,
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Caedimur, et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus:
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.
(*o*) Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudet ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:

But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict judges, not a word they ſpare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
(*p*) In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold, expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright through the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Raleigh ſpake;
Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For uſe will father what's begot by ſenſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue!
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line:
Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
"But eaſe in writing flows from art, not chance;
"As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance."
(*q*) If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd in primo Georgii (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a lord;
Who, though the houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a paſty fell;
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple vote.

(*r*) Well, on the whole, plain proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to ſmooth and harmoniſe my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the ſoul.
(*s*) Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the penſive grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart. [crave,
(*t*) If, when the more you drink, the more you
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your folly, as diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the ſmart, but not the vice."
(*u*) When golden angels ceaſe to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When ſervile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a peer with honour, truth, and grace;
Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty Dean! be fair,
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear theſe flatterers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
(*v*) If there be truth in law, and uſe can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.

Audebit quaecunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtae:
(*p*) Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quae priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas;
Adſciſcet nova, quae genitor produxerit uſus:
Vehemens et liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Laudentis ſpeciem dabit, torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
(*q*) Praetulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragoedos,
In vacuo laetus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro:
Caetera qui vitae ſervaret munia recto

More; bonus ſane vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem? poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno laeſo non inſanire lagenae:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
(*r*) Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum;
(*s*) Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed verae numeroſque modoſque edifcere vitae.
Quocirca mecum loquor haec, tacituſque recordor:
(*t*) Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphae,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
(*u*) Si vulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, ille decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iſdem?
At ſi divitiae prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te: nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris, te ſi quis avarior uno.
(*v*) Si proprium eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et aere eſt,

Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
All (x) Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, ſold to town,
His veniſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
(y) Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy every ſtick of wood that lends them heat;
Buy every pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln-town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in fortune's power
(z) Looſe on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them villa, park, or chaſe)
Alas, my Bathurſt! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood's hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Incloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
(a) Gold, ſilver, ivory, vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heaven there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
(b) Talk what you will of taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's turnips, and all Groſvenor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in court and parliament;
One, driven by ſtrong benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great end the ſame.
(c) Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more:
Glad, like a boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.
(f) What is 't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The ſhip itſelf may make a better figure;
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger:
I neither ſtrut with every favouring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.

Quaedam (ſi credis conſultis) mancipat uſus:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbi,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturus,
Te dominum ſentit.
(x) das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti; nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus octum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?
(y) Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed vocat uſque ſuum, qua populus ad ſita certis
Limitibus dicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
(z) Sit proprium cuiquam, puncto quod mobilis horae, [prema,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſu-
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur uſus, et haeres
Haeredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
(a) Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gaetulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curat habere.

(b) Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, et ludere, et ungi
Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silveſtrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum:
Naturae Deus humanae, mortalis in unum—
Quodque caput, vultus mutabilis, albus, et ater.
(c) Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet haeres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum.
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim. [utrum
(f) Pauperies immunda domûs procul abſit: ego,
Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus et idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis aetatem ducimus Auſtris,

(*g*) "But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor trouble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end;
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
(*b*) Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.
(*g*) Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectis inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te extrema levat spinis de pluribus una?
(*b*) Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

" Quid vetat et noſmet Lucilli ſcripta legentes
" Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
" Verſiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
" Mollius?" HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there muſt be ſtill
One giant-vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, nor abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' exciſe and army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the papiſt's, is the poet's ſtate.
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the fair: but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the devil, and all but gold.
Theſe write to lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt through him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe confeſſors and martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no canoniſt can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an attorney of an aſs.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive, than he.
What further could I wiſh the ſop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this per cent., and that per year?
Or court a wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets or line-twigs, for rich widows hearts;
Call himſelf barriſter to every wench,
And woo in language of the pleas and bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.

'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
'Twas only suretiship that brought them there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every lord in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly **
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Janssen punts at White's,
Or city heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
Over a learn'd, unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out [doubt.
Those words that would against them clear the
So Luther thought the pater-noster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire. [yore
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and sulsome bachanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

SATIRE IV.

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to court!—the devil would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his sins was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice starting from his chair
Cry, By your priesthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, and speaks language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd,
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Morteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gunson's lungs,
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar;
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,

With royal favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What speech esteem you most? "The king's," said I.
But the best words?—O Sir, the dictionary."
You miss my aim! I mean the most acute
And perfect speaker?—"Onslow, past dispute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for closer style,
"But Hoadly for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay troth th' apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.
Thus, others talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood.
"Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made;
"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
"Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
"The king would smile on you—at least the "queen."
Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, "Nunquam minus solus:"
And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high stretch'd lutestring, and replies:
"Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
"To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
Then, happy man who shows the tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family;
He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all Harries, all our Edwards talk;
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread.
"Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
"And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
"How elegant your Frenchman!" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean,
"Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
"Your only wearing is your paduasoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies. [shows,
Mere household trash: of births nights, balls, and
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of lothsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels every man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,
That Spain rols on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall headlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me;
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another Lye
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense;

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A viſion hermits can to hell tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a livery'd lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble ſerving man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puſt nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh ſun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on thoſe who ſhow a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them kings.

See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the court, and come
All freſh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's velvet for a king!" the flatterer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fool's-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers clothes?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates: they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.

Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit."
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.

'Twould burſt even Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa-god.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools?
Adjuſt their clothes, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw:
But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole:
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things proteſt, proteſt!
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your Jeſu! Jeſu

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries arm! whoſe very looks an oath:
The captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Though his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than them all:
Each man an aſkapart, of ſtrength to toſs
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.

Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
Charge them with Heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From ſuch alone the great rebukes endure,
Whoſe ſatire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains; but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may paſs for holy writ.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN 1738.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit,
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal!
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said. "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 2, in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Besides, you grow too moral for a wit.

Would he oblige me! let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle, or wig;
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtues, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why answer, Lyttleton; and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,
That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then,
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,

And hail her paſſage to the realms of reſt,
All part's perform'd, and all her children bleſt!
So—ſatire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name, every fool and knave
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why ſo? if ſatire knows its time and place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in diſgrace:
For merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all ſatire in all changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.
Silent and ſoft, as ſaints remov'd to heaven,
All ties diſſolv'd, and every ſin forgiven,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king! [port,
There, where no paſſion, pride, or ſhame tranſ-
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's diſ-
grace [place:
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their
But paſt the ſenſe of human miſeries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a queſtion, or a job.
P. Good Heaven forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three ſovereign's dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſidering what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder ſeen ſuch things
As pride in ſlaves, and avarice in kings;
And at a peer, or peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a ſiſter, or forſwears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the dignity of vice be loſt?
Ye gods! ſhall Cibber's ſon, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A favourite's porter with his maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie? [ſkill?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a ſtateſmen's
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things?)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man;
And ſo mayſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!
But ſhall a printer, weary of his life, [wife?
Learn, from their books, to hang himſelf and
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our ſin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modeſt Foſter, if he will, excell
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine,—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an aukward ſhame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame;
Virtue may chooſe the high or low degree,
'Tis juſt alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's ſtill the ſame belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her birth,
And ſtoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatneſs own her, and ſhe's mean no more,
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confeſs,
Chaſte matrons praiſe her, and grave biſhops bleſs;
In golden chains the willing world ſhe draws,
And hers the goſpel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a ſcar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or ſon! [claim,
Hear her black trumpet through the land pro-
That *Not to be corrupted is the ſhame.*
In ſoldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be ſlaves!
See, all our fools aſpiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is ſacred now but villany."
Yet may this verſe (if ſuch a verſe remain)
Show there was one who held it in diſdain.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 112, in ſome editions:
Who ſtarves a mother—

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to-day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the ſins of thirty-nine!
Vice with ſuch giant-ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing genius ſins up to my ſong.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh;
Even Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a daſh.
Spare then the perſon, and expoſe the vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the ſharper, but the dice?
Come on then, ſatire! general, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouſe on all the kind.
Ye ſtateſmen, prieſts, of one religion all!
Ye tradeſmen, vile in army, court, or hall!
Ye reverend Atheiſts. *F.* Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a ſiſter, who foreſwore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's inquiring yet,
The poiſoning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the ſecret, and not you!

The bribing ſtateſman—*F.* Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector—*F.* There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Muſt great offenders, once eſcap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to ſpare the knight requires,
As beaſts of nature may we hunt the ſquires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a biſhop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the trade.
P. If not the tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud ſatire! though a realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you, (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendleſs villain, than the great?
Alas! the ſmall diſcredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the ſcribe.
Then better ſure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better, miniſters; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt ſatire, then, nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that Wild, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſperate, if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to virtue ſome years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praiſe a courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodneſs, need I Scarborow name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Eſher's peaceful grove
(Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love)
The ſcene, the maſter, opening to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my craggs anew!
Ev'n in a biſhop I can ſpy deſert:
Secker is decent; Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benſon given;
To Berkley, every virtue under heaven.
But does the court a worthy man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my love:
I ſhun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Sommers once, and Halifax, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, ſtill mirror of retreat,
I ſtudy'd Shrewſbury, the wiſe and great;
Carleton's calm ſenſe, and Stanhope's noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their generous end the ſame:
How pleaſing Atterbury's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the ſoul, unconquer'd in the tower!
How can I Pultney, Cheſterfield forget,
While Roman ſpirit charms, and Attic wit:
Argyll, the ſtate's whole thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the ſenate and the field:
Or Wyndham, juſt to freedom and the throne,
The maſter of our paſſions, and his own?
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No ſollower, but a friend.
Yet think not, friendſhip only prompts my lays:
I follow virtue; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe;
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver caſt a glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Roſs, or my Lord Mayor.
Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret bias to a knave:
To find an honeſt man, I beat about;
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verſe.
But random praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done:
Each mother aſks it for her booby ſon,
Each widow aſks it for the beſt of men,
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds again.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like ſatire, to the ground:
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my cenſure, not expect my praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis ſcarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No power the muſe's friendſhip can command;
No power, when virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honeſt line;
O let my country's friend illumine mine! [no ſin,
—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith the thought's
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a ſlave,
And Lyttelton a dark, deſigning knave;
St. John has ever been a mighty fool——
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him; do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accompliſh'd St. John! deck thy ſhrine,
What? ſhall each ſpur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-penſion'd ſycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my gueſt at whom they threw the dir

Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest;
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's th' affront to you?
Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Ur P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
[In power a servant, out of power a friend]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole house did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the house.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—
P. So does flattery mine:
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement:
But hear my father—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours. 200
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands deny'd,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Reverend I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouze the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings.
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette, or the last address.
When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar, 230
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's shrine,
Her priestless muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Austis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and * * wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Houghs unsully'd mitre shine, 240
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let envy howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flattery sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.
F. Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

VARIATIONS.

Ver, 185, in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

After ver. 227, in the MS.

Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal touch and papal toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in every ſtreet,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a duſt in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt ſun and fire,
And you ſhall ſee, the firſt warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to every one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman doles his plums.
"Pray take them, Sir—Enough's a feaſt:
"Eat ſome and pocket up the reſt"——
What, rob your boys? thoſe pretty rogues!
"No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhould
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you'll find in me
A ſafe companion and a free;
But if you'd have me always near——
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your reſolution
To give me back my conſtitution!
The ſprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging ſmile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a ſummer ſun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my ſtrain.
A weazel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the houſe
('Twas not a man, it was a mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, "You 'ſcape not ſo,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your application,
I'm no ſuch beaſt, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-Sea ſubſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but liberty and eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My bread, and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd——juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I truſt that ſinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little houſe, with trees a-row,
And, like its maſter, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
To ſet this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his ſtory.
"Harley, the nation's great ſupport—"
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

THE LATTER PART OF SATIRE VI*.

O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon ſet before 'em,
The grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And even the very dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A neighbour's madneſs, or his ſpouſe's,
Or what's in either of the houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of merit, or a miſer?
Whether we ought to chooſe our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely "à propos:"
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a ſtory of two mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the fable)
A country mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a town mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouſe, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, "coûte qui coûte."
He brought him bacon (nothing lean;)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his gueſt though no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But lord, my friend, this ſavage ſcene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with men:
"Conſider mice, like men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in joy and ſport,
"(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.")
The verieſt hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordſhips had ſat late).
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with the ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors:

But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkin's white, the carpet red:
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſat, "tête à tête."
Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"Que ça eſt bon! Ah goûtez ça!
"That jelly's rich, this malmſey healing,
"Pray dip your whiſkers and your tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
"I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.
"I have a thouſand thanks to give—
"My lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the hall
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by providence they think,
For your damn'd ſtucco has no chink).
"An't pleaſe your honour, quoth the peaſant,
"This ſame deſert is not ſo pleaſant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A cruſt of bread, and liberty!"

See the firſt part in Swift's Poems.

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah, ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy charms!
Mother too fierce of dear deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To number five direct your doves,
There ſpread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With every ſprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the miſtreſs, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then ſhall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
His houſe, emboſom'd in the grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither the ſilver-ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling loves, and young deſires;
There, every grace and muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;

There youths and nymphs in conſort gay,
  Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
  For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
  The ſtill-believing, ſtill renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
  And all the kind deceivers of the ſoul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
  Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
  Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſs'd in fancy's airy beam,
  Abſent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I ceaſe, I claſp thy charms,
  And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
  Or ſoftly glide by the canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
  And now on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
  Which ſounds the ſilver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
  Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Though daring Milton ſits ſublime,
  In Spenſer native muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to mine,
  Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long ſince had birth
  Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Then rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
  And thoſe, new heavens and ſyſtems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the ſage's pride!
  They had no poet, and they died:
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
  They had no poet, and are dead.

MISCELLANIES.

On receiving from the Right Honourable

THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms.

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard deſert,
" And if a vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipp'd them in the ſable well,
The ſount of ſame or infamy.

" What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a houſe (I mean of peers)
" Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
" L——— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at flattery or fib.

" Athenian queen! and ſober charms!
" I tell you, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet ſung,
Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, juſt beheld, and loſt: admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in every ſtrain!
Dear to the muſe! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from flattery to wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recal thoſe nights that cloſ'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of intereſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:
A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, and paſſion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made;
The muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When intereſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd defert, and all the vain;
She waits or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy evening-walk with bays
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe),

Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

Secretary of State in the Year 1720.

A soul as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhow, or needs to hide;
Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
And boaſts a warmth that from no paſſion flows:
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh through frontleſs flattery:
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a foe theſe virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a miniſter, but ſtill a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of you.

EPISTLE

TO MR. JERVAS,

With Mr. Dryden's *Tranſlation of* Fresnoy's *Art of Painting.*

[This epiſtle, and the two following, were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in 1717.]

This verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvaſs call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name:
Like them to ſhine through long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of ſiſter arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend?
What flattering ſcenes our wandering fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade:
While fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-ſtudied marbles fix our eye;
A fading freſco here demands a ſigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd gem, the work of years!
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſs'd
The living image in the painter's breaſt!
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muſe! at that name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!
Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that every ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurpriſe,
And other beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.
Oh, laſting as thoſe colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more through happineſs than pains!
The kindred arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet ſhould the muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE

TO MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

In these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
And all the writer lives in every line:
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share;
His time, the muse, the witty and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest,
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some mortal let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your sex are by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.
The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.
But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest eyes in France inspir'd his muse;
The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

TO THE SAME.

On her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.
Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack:
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—no words!
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.
In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recal the fancy'd scene,
See coronations rise on every green;

---

* *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headachs, or the want of rhyme),
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you.
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look four, and hum a tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE,

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

The basset-table spread, the tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph; the tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air.
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listening fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;
One, one bad deal, three Septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare;
The knave of clubs thrice lost: Oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very á propos,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd:
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards, ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
See, on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case;
Jove, Jove himself does on the scissars shine;
The metal and the workmanship divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine!
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance, I took the queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
The knave was Sonica, which I had chose;
And the next pull, my Septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed those spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing, when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red:
I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
And by my interest, Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore,
When Winnal tally'd, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd!
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast;
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows!

Then, when he trembles! when his bluſhes riſe!
When awful love ſeems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves—I whiſper to myſelf, he loves!
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe my memory of my former fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment, prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To Baſſet's heavenly joys, and pleaſing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at ſhow.
Their ſeveral graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage ſhall grace Smilinda's ſide:
The ſnuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

Once (ſays an author, where I need not ſay)
Two travellers found an oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong;
While ſcale in hand dame Juſtice paſs'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame Juſtice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays Juſtice) take you each a ſhell.
We thrive at Weſtminſter on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION

OF MRS. HOWE.

What is prudery?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miſs Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious ſhrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Muse, 'tis enough: at length the labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit, in 1733, when he was Old, Blind, and in great Diſtreſs, a little before his Death.

As when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal ſlain,
Lay fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every foe;
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Beliſarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the ſight?
A common ſoldier, but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in Britons riſe,
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs Dennis lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns,
A deſperate bulwark, ſturdy, firm, and fierce,
Againſt the Gothic ſons of frozen verſe:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And ſhook the ſtage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to daſh each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden ſhoes in ſcorn;
If there's a critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage;
If there's a ſenior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his juſt aſſiſtance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA,

BY POPE AND MALLET.

When learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair, o'er the weſtern world, renew'd its light,
With arts ariſing, Sophoniſba roſe:
The tragic muſe, returning, wept her woes.
With her th' Italian ſcene firſt learn'd to glow;
And the firſt tears for her were taught to flow.
Her charms the Gallic muſes next inſpir'd:
Corneille himſelf ſaw, wonder'd, and was fir'd.
What foreign theatres with pride have ſhown,
Britain, by juſter title, makes her own.

When freedom is the cauſe, 'tis her's to fight;
And her's, when freedom is the theme, to write.
For this a Britiſh author bids again
The heroine riſe, to grace the Britiſh ſcene.
Here, as in life, ſhe breathes her genuine flame:
She aſks, what boſom has not felt the fame:
Aſks of the Britiſh youth—Is ſilence there?
She dares to aſk it of the Britiſh fair.
To-night, our home-ſpun author would be true,
At once, to nature, hiſtory, and you.
Well pleas'd to give our neighbours due applauſe,
He owns their learning, but diſdains their laws.
Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
'Tis to his Britiſh heart he truſts for fame.
If France excel him in one freeborn thought,
The man, as well as poet, is in fault.
Nature! informer of the poet's art,
Whoſe force alone can raiſe or melt the heart,
Thou art his guide; each paſſion, every line,
Whate'er he draws to pleaſe, muſt all be thine.
Be thou his judge: in every candid breaſt,
Thy ſilent whiſper is the ſacred teſt.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

When ſimple Macer, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all th' ambition his high ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with Steel.
Some ends of verſe his betters might afford;
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word;
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the town,
And with a borrow'd play out-did poor Crown.
There he ſtopp'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a title,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits, his foes, but fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe country wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns chambermaid;
Awkward and ſupple, each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honeſt, though of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her ſimplicity:
In a tranſlated ſuit, then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own:
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with punk.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
E'er ſince our grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themſelves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a ſlow-worm;
The nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm:

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a worm they take their riſe,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms ſuit all conditions.
Miſers are muck-worms, ſilk-worms beaux,
And death watches phyſicians.

That ſtateſmen have the worm, is ſeen
By all their winding play;
Their conſcience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who ſett'ſt our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms ſhall turn,
Who maggots were before.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

Fluttering ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Watering ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by paſſion, aw'd by rumour;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And ſenſible ſoft melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then, (Envy ſays) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the world conſpires to praiſe her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

Compoſed of Marble, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals.

Thou who ſhalt ſtop, where Thames' tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the ſhadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs diſtil,
And pointed cryſtals break the ſparkling rill,
Unpoliſh'd gems no ray on pride beſtow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the mine without a wiſh for gold.
Approach: but awful! lo! th' Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly penſive, St. John ſat and thought;
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot through Marchmont's ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh, be thou bleſt with all that heaven can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend!
Not with thoſe toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a ſieve let every bleſſing through,
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad reflection more;
Is that a birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
Let joy or eaſe, let affluence or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm every thought, inſpirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year.
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or eccſtaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

VARIATION.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh, ſince death muſt that fair frame deſtroy,
Die, by ſome ſudden eccſtaſy of joy;
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a ſigh of love.

TO MR THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 1742.

Resign'd to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhow his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roaſt beef, though old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom heaven ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I.

In beauty, or wit
No mortal as yet

To queſtion your empire has dar'd;
But men of diſcerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent ſchools,
With muſty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So Papiſts refuſe
The Bible to uſe,
Leſt flocks ſhould be wiſe as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In knowledge that taſted delight,
And ſages agree
The laws ſhould decree
To the firſt of poſſeſſors the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Reſume the old claim,
Which to your whole ſex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the firſt Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had ſhe,
What a puniſhment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who taſting, have robb'd the whole tree?

THE FOURTH EPISTLE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

A Modern Imitation.

SAY, * St. John, who alone peruſe
With candid eye, the mimic muſe,
What ſchemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
"Or ſhoots he folly as it flies?
"Or catches manners as they riſe?"
Or, urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich ſports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' ſelf is ſcarce a name.
† To you (th' all-envy'd gift of heaven)
Th' indulgent gods, unaſk'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
‡ What could a tender mother's care
Wiſh better, to her favourite heir,

Ad Albium Tibullum.

* *Albi, noſtrorum ſermonum candide judex,*
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Caſſi Parmenſis opuſcula vincat?
† ——— *Di tibi formam*
Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
‡ *Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,*
Quam ſapere, et fari poſſet quæ ſentiat, et cui

Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A ſtock of health, and golden ſhowers,
And graceful fluency of ſpeech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
* Amidſt thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black deſpair;
Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In juſtice for your labours paſt)
† That every day ſhall be your laſt;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injur'd country due.
In ſpight of fears, of mercy ſpight,
My genius ſtill muſt rail, and write.
Haſte to thy Twickenham's ſafe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There, half devour'd by ſpleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and ſtate.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS,

A handſome woman with a fine voice, but very covetous and proud ‖.

So bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their Orpheus along;
But ſuch is thy avarice; and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have died.

EPIGRAM

ON ONE WHO MADE LONG EPITAPHS §.

FRIEND, for your epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where ſtill ſo much is ſaid;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

On his painting for me the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules.

WHAT god, what genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted theſe?

Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
——— *non deficiente crumena?*

* *Inter ſpem, curamque, timores inter et iras.*
† *Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum.*
Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curata cute viſes,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

‖ *This epigram is inſcribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins in his Hiſtory of Muſic.*

§ *Dr. Robert Friend, Head Maſter of Weſtminſter School.*

'Twas Friendſhip—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And ſtrong as Hercules.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715.

Dear, damn'd, diſtracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teaze:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, ſleep at eaſe!

Soft B—— and rough C——, adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H———k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde
Save threepence and his ſoul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned ſot;
And Garth, the beſt good Chriſtian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard muſt go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonſon!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loſs of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnſon.

Why ſhould I ſtay? Both parties rage;
My vixen miſtreſs ſqualls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one muſe of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y—r's ſold for fifty pound,
And B———ll is a jade.

Why make I friendſhips with the great,
When I no favour ſeek?
Or follow girls ſeven hours in eight?—
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a buſy air,
Deep whimſies to contrive;
The gayeſt valetudinaire,
Moſt thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others ends,
Though fond of dear repoſe;
Careleſs or drowſy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes,

Luxurious lobſter-nights, farewell,
For ſober, ſtudious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For ſallads, tarts, and peaſe!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whoſe ſoul, ſincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And ſo may ſtarve with me.

A DIALOGUE.

Pope. Since my old friend is grown ſo great,
As to be Miniſter of State,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be aſham'd of Pope.

Craggs. Alas! if I am ſuch a creature,
To grow the worſe for growing greater;
Why faith, in ſpite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope muſt be aſham'd of Craggs.

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his Royal Highneſs.

I am his Highneſs' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe dog are you?

EPIGRAM.

Occaſioned by an Invitation to Court.

In the lines that you ſent, are the Muſes and Graces; [your faces.
You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in

ON AN OLD GATE

ERECTED IN CHISWICK GARDENS.

O Gate, how cam'ſt thou here?
Gate. I was brought from Chelſea laſt year,
Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone:
Burlington brought me hither.
1742.

A FRAGMENT.

What are the falling rills, the pendant ſhades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,

But ſoft receſſes for th' uneaſy mind
To ſigh unheard in, to the paſſing wind!
So the ſtruck deer, in ſome ſequeſter'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in ſhades, and waſting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his ſoul away.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

On his lying in the ſame Bed which Wilmot the celebrated Earl of Rocheſter ſlept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyll, July 9th. 1739.

With no poetic ardour fir'd
I preſs the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyll, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie.
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the ſky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet ſtoop to bleſs a child or wife;
And ſuch as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

VERSES TO MR. C.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

London, October 22.

Few words are beſt; I wiſh you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will ſoon be here:
Some morning walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

If in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming froſt,
You pleaſe to ſee, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your hoſt;

For three whole days you here may reſt,
From office, buſineſs, news, and ſtrife;
And (what moſt folks would think a jeſt)
Want nothing elſe, except your wife.

EPITAPHS.

"His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
"Munere!" VIRG.

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

In the Church of Withyam in Suſſex.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the muſes' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of pride, though ſanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in ſtate:
Yet ſoft his nature, though ſevere his lay,
His anger moral, and his wiſdom gay.
Bleſt ſatiriſt! who touch'd the mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt courtier! who could king and country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his friendſhips, and his eaſe.
Bleſt peer! his great forefathers every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhurſts, other Dorſets ſhine,
And patrons ſtill, or poets, deck the line.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. *who, having reſigned his place, died in his Retirement at Eaſthamſted, in Berkſhire*, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but moderate to the reſt;
An honeſt courtier, yet a patroit too;
Juſt to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the ſenſe of age, the fire of youth,
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from ſuperſtition free:
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny; [mov'd,
Such this man was: who now, from earth re-
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT, *at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordſhire*, 1720.

To this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend moſt lov'd, the ſon moſt dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is reaſon, eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what Harcourt cannot ſpeak,
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inſcribe thy ſtone,
And, with a father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS.
Regi Magnæ Britanniæ a Secretis
et Conſiliis ſanctioribus,
Principis pariter ac populi amor et deliciæ,
vixit titulis et invidia major
annos, heu paucos, XXXV.
Ob. Feb. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend,
Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muſe he lov'd.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY relicks, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes,
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

VARIATION.

It is as follows on the monument in the Abbey erected to Rowe and his daughter.

Thy relicks, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust,
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life;
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd:
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Sister* MARY, *erected by their Father the* LORD DIGBY, *in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire*, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a master taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes honours, poets lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind!
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd:
For thee, the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, Adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthampsted, in Berks, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
A poet, blest beyond the poets fate, [great;
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

ON MR. GAY.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; ſimplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above temptation in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—Here lies Gay.

ANOTHER.

Well then! poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honeſt Jack:
So little juſtice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature, and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God ſaid, let Newton be! and all was light.

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

Yes, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart,
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear ſhade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs ghoſt!
O more than fortune, friends, or country loſt!
Is there on earth, one care, one wiſh beſide!
Yes—*Save my country, Heaven*,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

XIV.

ON EDMOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

If modeſt youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a parent's juſteſt pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The ſenate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet ſofter honours, and leſs noiſy fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or ſages long to Britain given,
Pays the laſt tribute of a ſaint to Heaven.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WEST-MINSTER-ABBEY.

Heroes and kings! your diſtance keep!
In peace let one poor poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

Under this marble, or under this ſill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin,
What they ſaid, or may ſay of the mortal within:
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in God, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

XVI.

LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH *.

Here lies Lord Coningſby—be civil;
The reſt God knows—ſo does the Devil.

XVII.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. Pope.

Respect to Dryden, Sheffield juſtly pay'd,
And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's ſhade:
But whence this barber?—that a name ſo mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be ſeen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages, humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

* *This Epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift.*

LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE

FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleaſure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many ſurreptitious ones have rendered ſo neceſſary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a work ſo requiſite, that I cannot think the author himſelf would have omitted it, had he approved of the firſt appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me, I herewith ſend you: you will oblige me by inſerting them amongſt thoſe which are, or will be, tranſmitted to you by others; ſince not only the author's friends, but even ſtrangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take ſome care of an orphan of ſo much genius and ſpirit, which its parent ſeems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and ſuffered to ſtep into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading ſome of the abuſive papers lately publiſhed, that my great regard to a perſon, whoſe friendſhip I eſteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater reſpect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the encloſed notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that moſt of theſe authors had been (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt aggreſſors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or ſurpriſed, if this or that ſcribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be ſaid to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay ſomething for ſuch a diſcovery: a ſtratagem which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but ſcreen them from the reſentment of their lawful ſuperiors, whom they daily abuſe, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill ſucceſs in that had tranſported them to perſonal abuſe, either of himſelf, or (what I think he could leſs forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leiſure or inclination to call them bad writers: and ſome had been ſuch old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their perſons as well as their ſlanders, till they were pleaſed to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incenſe them? He had publiſhed thoſe works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the leaſt mention is made of any of them. And what has he done ſince? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that ſaid of them? A very ſerious truth, which the public had ſaid before, that they were dull: and what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they themſelves were at great pains to procure, or even purchaſe, room in the prints, to teſtify under their hands to the truth of it.

I ſhould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen any inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch accuſers; or if they had only meddled with his writings; ſince whoever publiſhes, puts himſelf on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuſers; I mean by authors without names; then I thought, ſince the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an act of juſtice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the ſame who for ſeveral years paſt have made free with the greateſt names in church and ſtate, expoſed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abuſed all, even to women, and whoſe proſtituted papers

(for one or other party, in the unhappy diviſions of their country) have inſulted the fallen, the friendleſs, the exiled, and the dead.

Beſides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confeſſed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and eſteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the leaſt valuable part of his character), but the honeſt, open, and beneficent man, that we moſt eſteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what theſe people ſay were believed, I muſt appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either impoſed on myſelf, or impoſing on them; ſo that I am as much intereſted in the confutation of theſe calumnies, as he is himſelf.

I am no author, and conſequently not to be ſuſpected either of jealouſy or reſentment againſt any of the men, of whom ſcarce one is known to me by ſight; and as for their writings, I have ſought them (on this one occaſion) in vain, in the cloſets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had ſtill been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I ſuppoſe from ſome of themſelves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the paſſages I ſend you. I ſolemnly proteſt I have added nothing to the malice or abſurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, ſince the vouchers themſelves will be ſo ſoon and ſo irrecoverably loſt. You may in ſome meaſure prevent it, by preſerving at leaſt their titles (*a*), and diſcovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The firſt objection I have heard made to the poem, is, that the perſons are too obſcure for ſatire. The perſons themſelves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the ſatire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a ſerious anſwer, were not all aſſaſſinates, popular inſurrections, the inſolence of the rabble without doors, and of domeſtics within, moſt wrongfully chaſtiſed, if the meanneſs of offenders indemnified them from puniſhment? On the contrary, obſcurity renders them more dangerous, as leſs thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can paſs cenſure on intentions of miſchief; ſo that for ſecret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public puniſhment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that theſe ſort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuſe at the Old Bailey, for leſſer crimes than defamation (for it is the caſe of almoſt all who are tried there), but ſure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation ſupplies the want of it in himſelf? I queſtion not but ſuch authors are poor, and heartily wiſh the objection were removed by any honeſt livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the ſubject: he who deſcribes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expreſſes not the leaſt anger againſt paleneſs or leanneſs, but againſt malice and villany. The apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore juſtified in vending poiſon? Not but poverty itſelf becomes a juſt ſubject of ſatire, when it is the conſequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increaſes the public burden, fills the ſtreets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, aed weekly journaliſts.

But omitting that two or three of theſe offend leſs in their morals than in their writings; muſt poverty make nonſenſe ſacred? If ſo, the ſame of bad authors would be much better conſulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They miſtake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers becauſe they are poor, but they are poor becauſe they are bunglers.

Is it not pleaſant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their perſons and characters were too ſacred for ſatire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it muſt be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, ſuppoſing them good; and theſe I was ſorry to ſee in ſuch company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his intereſt and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themſelves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who ſay ſo; ſince nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot perſuade myſelf, when I conſider the conſtant and eternal averſion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly aſk, if it lays him under a perſonal obligation? At that rate, he would be the moſt obliged humble ſervant in the world. I dare ſwear for theſe in particular, he never deſired them to be his admirers, nor promiſed in return to be theirs: that had truly been a ſign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have ſuſpected ſuch an approbation of ſome motive worſe than ignorance, in the author of the Eſſay on Criticiſm? Be it as it will, the reaſons of their admiration, and of his contempt, are equally ſubſiſting, for his works and theirs are the very ſame that they were.

One, therefore, of their aſſertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writ-" ings." And there is another which would probably be ſooner allowed by himſelf than by any good judge beſide, "That his own have found too

(*a*) *Which we have done in a liſt printed in the Appendix.*

"much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shown them, by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations(*b*). But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him, he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of fashion(*c*). A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) "Vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, ob-"scuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.

I am your most humble servant,

St. James's, Dec. 22. 1728. } WILLIAM CLELAND(*d*).

(*b*) *Essay on Criticism in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris 1728; and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.*

(*c*) *As Mr. Wycherly, at the time the town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumball, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: others only in epitaphs.*

(*d*) *This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England: in which, having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible (though without any other assistance of fortune), he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.*

DENNIS' REMARKS

ON PRINCE ARTHUR.

I CANNOT but think it the moſt reaſonable thing in the world, to diſtinguiſh good writers, by diſcouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very perſons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the ſooner, of a ſhort profit and a tranſitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ſo very unfit, and to have recourſe to ſomething in which they may be more ſucceſsful.

CHARACTER OF MR. P. 1716.

The perſons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the moſt part authors, and moſt of thoſe authors, poets: and the cenſures he hath paſſed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the poetaſters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expoſe the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magiſtrates may with full as good reaſon be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution againſt a thief or impoſtor.—The ſame will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to ſcribbling paſs on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Miſt, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either againſt failures in genius, or againſt the pretenſions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A Satire upon dulneſs is a thing that has been uſed and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked ſcribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS
CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we preſent thee with our exercitations on this moſt delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our adverſaria on modern authors) we ſhall here, according to the laudable uſage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the ſame author at different ſeaſons. Nor ſhall we gather only the teſtimonies of ſuch eminent wits, as would of courſe deſcend to poſterity, and conſequently be read without our collection; but we ſhall likewiſe with incredible labour ſeek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the diſtance of a few months, appear to the eye of the moſt curious. Hereby thou mayeſt not only receive the delectation of variety, but alſo arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumſpect compariſon of the witneſſes with each other, or of each with himſelf. Hence alſo thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the perſon as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which, if I relate ſome things of little concern peradventure to thee, and ſome of as little even to him; I entreat thee to conſider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the ſame pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modeſt or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock.

We propoſed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to theſe, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One ſaith, (*a*) he was educated at home; another (*b*) that he was bred at St. Omer's, by Jeſuits; a third (*c*) not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford! a fourth (*d*) that he had no univerſity education at all. Thoſe who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one ſaith (*e*) he was kept by his father on purpoſe; a ſecond (*f*), that he was an itinerant prieſt; a third (*g*), that he was a parſon; one (*h*) calleth him a ſecular clergyman of the church of Rome; another (*i*), a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one (*k*) ſuppoſeth, like the father of Heſiod, a tradeſman or merchant; another (*l*), a huſbandman; another (*m*), a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet ſuch a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon (*n*): "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, "but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but "horns and tail to be the exact reſemblance of his "infernal father." Finding, therefore, ſuch contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this ſort of generation) not being fond to enter into controverſy, we ſhall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themſelves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not leſs uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Eſſay on Criticiſm, of which hear firſt the moſt ancient of critics,

(*a*) *Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol.* ii. *in his Life.* (*b*) *Dennis's Reflections on the Eſſay on Crit.*

(*c*) *Dunciad diſſected, p.* 4. (*d*) *Guardian, No.* 40. (*e*) *Jacob's Lives, &c. vol.* ii. (*f*) *Dunciad diſſected, p.* 4. (*g*) *Farmer P. and his ſon.* (*h*) *Dunciad diſſected.* (*i*) *Characters of the Times, p.* 45. (*k*) *Female Dunciad, p. ult.* (*l*) *Dunciad diſſected.* (*m*) *Roome, Paraphraſe on the* ivth *of Geneſis, printed* 1729. (*n*) *Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping,* 1716, *p.* 10. *Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (firſt edit. ſaid to be printed for A. Dodd) in the* 10*th page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though, in the ſubſequent editions of his key, he left out this aſſertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p.* 4. *and* 8), *that it was written by Dennis only.*

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

" His precepts are falſe or trivial, or both; his " thoughts are crude and abortive, his expreſſions " abſurd, his numbers harſh and unmuſical; his " rhymes trivial and common—inſtead of majeſty, " we have ſomething that is very mean; inſtead of " gravity, ſomething that is very boyiſh; and in- " ſtead of perſpicuity and lucid order, we have but " too often obſcurity and confuſion." And in another place: " What rare numbers are here! " Would not one ſwear that this youngſter had " eſpouſed ſome antiquated muſe, who had ſued " out a divorce from ſome ſuperannuated ſinner, " upon account of impoterence; and who, being " poxed by the former ſpouſe, has got the gout in " her decrepid age, which makes her hobble ſo " damnably (o)."

No leſs peremptory is the cenſure of our hypercritical hiſtorian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

" I dare not ſay any thing of the Eſſay on Criti- " ciſm in verſe; but if any more curious reader " has diſcovered in it ſomething new, which is not " in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his Eſſay " on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French " critics, I ſhould be very glad to have the bene- " fit of the diſcovery (p)."

He is followed (as in fame, ſo in udgment) by the modeſt and ſimple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED.

Who, out of great reſpect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his eſſay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticiſms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth: (q) " As to the numerous treatiſes, eſſays, " arts, &c. both in verſe and proſe, that have been " written by the moderns on this ground-work, " they do but hackney the ſame thoughts over " again, making them ſtill more trite. Moſt of " their pieces are nothing but a pert, inſipid heap " of common-place. Horace has, even in his " Art of Poetry, thrown out ſeveral things which " plainly ſhew, he thought an Art of Poetry was " of no uſe, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppoſe that of

MR. ADDISON,

" (r) The Art of Criticiſm (ſaith he) which " was publiſhed ſome months ſince, is a maſter- " piece in its kind. The obſervations follow one " another like thoſe in Horace's Art of Poetry, " without that methodical regularity which would " have been requiſite in a proſe writer. They " are ſome of them uncommon, but ſuch as the " reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them ex- " plained with that eaſe and perſpicuity in which " they are delivered. As for thoſe which are the " moſt known and the moſt received, they are " placed in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtrated " with ſuch apt illuſions, that they have in them " all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, " who was before acquainted with them, ſtill " more convinced of their truth and ſolidity. " And here give me leave to mention what Mon- " ſieur Boileau has ſo well enlarged upon in the " preface to his works: that wit and fine writing " doth not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things that " are new, as in giving things that are known an a- " greeable turn. It is impoſſible for us, who live in " the latter ages of the world, to make obſervations " in criticiſm, morality, or any art or ſcience, " which have not been touched upon by others; " we have litttle elſe left us, but to repreſent the " common ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, " more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a " reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will " find but few precepts in it which he may not " meet with in Ariſtotle, and which were not " commonly known by all the poets of the Auguſ- " tan age. His way of expreſſing, and applying " them, not his invention of them, is what we " are chiefly to admire.

" Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us " the ſame kind of ſublime, which he obſerves in " the ſeveral paſſages that occaſioned them: I " cannot but take notice that our Engliſh author " has, after the ſame manner, exemplified ſeveral " of the precepts in the very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with ſaying, that " there are three poems in our tongue of the " ſame nature, and each a maſter-piece in its " kind! The Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe; the " Eſſay on the Art of Poetry; and the Eſſay on " Criticiſm."

Of Windſor Foreſt, poſitive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

" (s) That it is a wretched rhapſody, impudent- " ly writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir " John Denham: the author of it is obſcure, is " ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barba- " rous."

But the author of the Diſpenſary (t),

DR. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: " Thoſe who have ſeen theſe " two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and " Windſor Foreſt, the one written by Sir John " Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will ſhew a " great deal of candor if they approve of this."

Of the epiſtle to Eloiſa, we are told by the obſcure writer of a poem called Sawney, " That " becauſe Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the " fineſt taſtes, our author writ his Eloiſa in op- " poſition to it: but forgot innocence and virtue: " if you take away her tender thoughts, and her " fierce deſires, all the reſt is of no value." In

(o) *Reflections critical and ſatirical on a Rhapſody, called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.*

(p) *Eſſay on Criticiſm in proſe, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England.*

(q) *Preface to his Poems, p. 18. 53.*

(r) *Spectator, No. 253.*

(s) *Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Popes Homer, 1717.*

(t) *Printed 1728, p. 12.*

which, methinks, his judgment reſembleth that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens by the the Thames: "All this is very fine; but take "away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himſelf, ſaying in his Alma (*u*),

O Abelard? ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's ſong:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs, &c.

Come we now to his tranſlation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens, yet ſhall it ſuffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, Knight,

Who (though otherwiſe a ſevere cenſurer of our author) yet ſtyleth this a "laudable tranſlation (*v*)."

That ready writer

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned eſſay, frequently commends the ſame. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extolls it (*x*), "The ſpirit of Homer breathes "all through this tranſlation.—I am in doubt, "whether I ſhould not admire the juſtneſs to the "original, or the force and beauty of the language, "or the ſounding variety of the numbers: but "when I find all theſe meet, it puts me in mind "of what the poet ſays of one of his heroes, "That he alone raiſed and flung with eaſe a "weighty ſtone, that two common men could "to lift from the ground; juſt ſo, one ſingle per"ſon has performed in this tranſlation, what I "once deſpaired to have ſeen done by the force "of ſeveral maſterly hands." Indeed the ſame gentleman appears to have changed his ſentiments in his Eſſay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation (printed in Miſt's Journal, March 30, 1728), where he ſays thus: "In order to ſink in repu"tation, let him take it into his head to deſcend "into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, "how the devil he got there), and pretend to do "him into Engliſh, ſo his verſion denote his ne"glect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, *June* 8.

"That this tranſlation of the Iliad was not in all "reſpects conformable to the fine taſte of his friend "Mr. Addiſon; inſomuch that he employed a "younger muſe in an undertaking of this kind, "which he ſupervifed himſelf." Whether Mr. Addiſon did find it conformable to his taſte, or not, beſt appears from his own teſtimony the year following its publication, in theſe words:

(*u*) *Alma, Cant.* 2.
(*v*) *In his Eſſays, vol.* 1. *printed for E. Curll.*
(*x*) *Cenſor*, vol. ii. n. 33.

MR ADDISON'S FREEHOLDER, N° 40.

"When I conſider myſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, "I am in a particular manner pleaſed with the la"bours of thoſe who have improved our language "with the tranſlations of old Greek and Latin "authors.—We have already moſt of their hiſto"rians in our own tongue, and, what is more for "the honour of our language, it has been taught "to expreſs with elegance the greateſt of their "poets in each nation. The illiterate among our "own countrymen may learn to judge from Dry"den's Virgil of the moſt perfect epic performance. "And thoſe parts of Homer which have been pub"liſhed already by Mr. Pope, give us reaſon to "think that the Iliad will appear in Engliſh with "as little diſadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the reſt there is a ſlight miſtake, for this younger muſe was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addiſon to tranſlate it after him, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it before (*y*). Contrariwiſe, that Mr. Addiſon engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed ſome time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other perſon was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakſpeare on the ſtage: "Let "him" (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, *Miſt's Journal, June* 8, 1728).

"publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, "and forget to diſcharge even the dull duty of an "editor. In this project let him lend the bookſel"ler his name (for a competent ſum of money) to "promote the credit of an exorbitant ſubſcription." Gentle reader, be pleaſed to caſt thine eye on the propoſal below quoted, and on what follows (ſome months after the former aſſertion) in the ſame Journaliſt of June 8, "The bookſeller propoſed "the book by ſubſcription, and raiſed ſome thou"ſand of pounds for the ſame: I believe the gen"tleman did not ſhare in the profits of this extra"vagant ſubſcription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook" (ſaith

MIST'S JOURNAL, *June* 8, 1728.)

"the ſequel of that work, the Odyſſey; and having "ſecured the ſucceſs by a numerous ſubſcription, "he employed ſome underlings to perform what, "according to his propoſals, ſhould come from his "own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppoſe nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY

(printed by J. Watts, *Jan.* 10, 1724.),

"I take this occaſion to declare that the ſubſcrip"tion for Shakſpeare belongs wholly to Mr. Ton"ſon: and that the benefit of this propoſal is not "ſolely for my own uſe, but for that of two of my "friends, who have aſſiſted me in this work." But theſe very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himſelf in another of Miſt's journals, March 30, 1728, ſaying, "That he would not adviſe Mr. "Pope to try the experiment again of getting a

(*y*) *Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickell's tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad, 4to.*

" great part of a book done by aſſiſtants, leſt thoſe " extraneous parts ſhould unhappily aſcend to the " ſublime, and retard the declenſion of the whole." Behold! theſe underlings are become good writers!

If any ſay, that before the ſaid propoſals were printed, the ſubſcription was begun without declaration of ſuch aſſiſtance; verily thoſe who ſet it on foot, or (as the term is) ſecured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viſcount Harcourt, were he living, would teſtify; and the right honourable the Lord Bathurſt, now living, doth teſtify, the ſame is a falſehood.

Sorry I am, that perſons profeſſing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, ſhould either falſely tax, or be falſely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, *June* 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addiſon raiſed this author from obſcu- " rity, obtained him the acquaintance and friend- " ſhip of the whole body of our nobility, and trans- " ferred his powerful intereſts with thoſe great " men to this riſing bard, who frequently levied " by that means unuſual contributions on the " public." Which ſurely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Diſſected reporteth, Mr. Wycherly had before " introduced him into a " familiar acquaintance with the greateſt peers and " brighteſt wits then living."

" No ſooner (ſaith the ſame journaliſt) was his " body lifeleſs, but this author, reviving his reſent- " ment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; " and what was ſtill more heinous, made the ſcan- " dal public." Grievous the accuſation! unknown the accuſer! the perſon accuſed, no witneſs in his own cauſe; the perſon, in whoſe regard accuſed, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whoſe friendſhip, yea any one gentleman whoſe ſubſcription Mr. Addiſon procured to our author, let him ſtand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole ſtory of the libel is a lie; witneſs thoſe perſons of integrity, who, ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſaid verſes, in no wiſe a libel, but a friendly rebuke ſent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made public, till after their own journals, and Curll had printed the ſame. One name alone, which I am here authoriſed to declare, will ſufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of ſome authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, Plagiariſm, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, *Gent.*

" (z) Upon reading the third volume of Pope's " miſcellanies, I found five lines which I thought " excellent; and happening to praiſe them, a gen- " tleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival " Modes) publiſhed laſt year, where were the ſame " verſes to a title.

" Theſe gentlemen are undoubtedly the firſt " plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by " ſtealing from a man's works in his own life-time, " and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the ſaid Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himſelf, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that " Theſe verſes, which he had before given him " leave to inſert in it, would be known for his, " ſome copies being got abroad. He deſires, ne- " verthelefs, that ſince the lines had been read in " his comedy to ſeveral, Mr. P. would not deprive " it of them," &c. Surely, if we add the teſtimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the Lady to whom the ſaid verſes were originally addreſſed, of Hugh Bethel, Eſq; and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the ſaid gentleman compoſed his play; it is hoped, the ingenious, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the ſuffrage of ſo honourable perſonages.

And yet followeth another charge, inſinuating no leſs than his enmity both to church and ſtate, which could come from no other informer than the ſaid

MR. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

" (a) The Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk was a very " dull and unjuſt abuſe of a perſon who wrote in " defence of our religion and conſtitution, and " who has been dead many years." This ſeemeth alſo moſt untrue; it being known to divers that theſe memoirs were written at the ſeat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, before that excellent perſon (Biſhop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that hiſtory, of which they are pretended to be an abuſe. Moſt true it is, that Mr. Moore had ſuch a deſign, and was himſelf the man who preſt Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to aſſiſt him therein; and that he borrowed thoſe memoirs of our author, when that hiſtory came forth, with intent to turn them to ſuch abuſe. But being able to obtain from our author but one ſingle hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himſelf to keep the ſaid memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble perſon there is, into whoſe company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the converſation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the " contempt he had for the work of that reverend " prelate, and how full he was of a deſign he de- " clared himſelf to have of expoſing it." This noble perſon is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth ſhould we crave pardon of all the foreſaid right honourable and worthy perſonages, for having mentioned them in the ſame page with ſuch weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the ſame; and that they are introduced not as witneſſes in the controverſy, but as witneſſes that cannot be controverted: not to diſpute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two claſſes, of ſuch who were acquaintance, and of ſuch who were ſtrangers to our author; the former are thoſe who ſpeak well, and the other thoſe who

(z) *Daily Journal, March* 18, 1728.

(a) *Daily Journal, April* 3, 1728.

ſpeak evil of him. Of the firſt claſs, the moſt noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

ſums up his character in theſe lines:

" (*b*) And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing,
" Unleſs I juſtly could at once commend
" A good companion, and as firm a friend;
" One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
" Can all deſert in ſciences exceed."

So alſo is he decypher'd by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" (*c*) Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt
" thou chooſe,
" What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant muſe?
" Though each great ancient court thee to his
" ſhrine, [thine,
" Though every laurel through the dome be
" Go to the good and juſt, and awful train!
" Thy ſoul's delight,——"

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous diſpoſition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apoſtrophe:

" (*d*) Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with
" praiſe!
" Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays,
" Add, that the Siſters every thought refine,
" And ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line,
" Yet envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
" Obſcures the virtue, and defames the muſe,
" A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief, reſign'd,
" Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral ſatiriſt

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet to undertake a taſk ſo worthy of his virtue:

" (*e*) Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the muſes
" train, [plain?"
" Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, com-

MR. MALLET,

in his Epiſtle on Verbal Criticiſm:

" Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcann'd, tranſcends his
" lays;
" For wit ſupreme, is but his ſecond praiſe;"

MR. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

" Now, ſir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age,
" In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
" And trace the author through his moral page,
" Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his
" ſong."

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philoſophical Poem of the Seaſons:

" Although not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
" Yet is his life the more endearing ſong."

To the ſame tune alſo ſingeth that learned clerk, of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME,

" (*f*) Thus, nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
" From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring
" laws."

And, to cloſe all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

" A ſoul with every virtue fraught,
" By patriots, prieſts, and poets taught.
" Whoſe filial piety excels
" Whatever Grecian ſtory tells.
" A genius for each buſineſs fit,
" Whoſe meaneſt talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other ſide, and ſhowing his character drawn by thoſe with whom he never converſed, and whoſe countenances he could not know, though turned againſt him: firſt again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, thus deſcribeth him: " A little affected hypocrite, " who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, " friendſhip, good-nature, humanity, and magna- " nimity. He is ſo great a lover of falſehood, " that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his " contemporaries, he brands them with ſome defect " which was juſt contrary to ſome good quality, " for which all their friends and acquaintance " commend them. He ſeems to have a particular " pique to people of quality, and authors of that " rank.—He muſt derive his religion from St. " Omer's "—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716, he ſaith, " Though he is a profeſſor of the worſt re- " ligion, yet he laughs at it;" but that, " never- " theleſs, he is a virulent papiſt; and yet a pillar " for the church of England."

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

ſeems alſo to be; declaring in Miſt's Journal, of June 22, 1718, " That, if he is not ſhrewdly " abuſed, he made it his practice to cackle to both " parties in their own ſentiments." But, as to his pique againſt people of quality, the ſame journaliſt doth not agree, but ſaith (May 8, 1728), " He had, " by ſome means or other, the acquaintance and " friendſhip of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character laſt cited, make it all plain, by aſſuring us, " That he is a crea- " ture that reconciles all contradictions: he is a " beaſt, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer " (at one and the ſame time) of (*g*) Guardians " and Examiners; an aſſeſſor of liberty, and of " the diſpenſing power of kings; a Jeſuitical pro- " feſſor of truth; a baſe and a foul pretender to " candour." So that, upon the whole account, we muſt conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honeſt man; a terrible impoſer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader ſhall ſeem good.

(*b*) *Verſes to Mr. Pope on his tranſlation of Homer.*
(*c*) *Poem prefixed to his works.*
(*d*) *In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.*
(*e*) *Univerſal Paſſion, Sat.* i.
(*f*) *In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyſſey.*
(*g*) *The names of two weekly papers.*

ſure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whoſe wrath is perilous; for one declares he ought to have a price ſet on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beaſt (*b*). Another proteſts that he does not know what may happen; adviſes him to enſure his perſon; ſays, he has bitter enemies, and expreſsly declares it will be well if he eſcapes with his life (*i*). One deſires he would cut his own throat, or hang himſelf (*k*). But Paſquin ſeemed rather inclined it ſhould be done by the government, repreſenting him engaged in grievous deſigns with a lord of parliament then under proſecution (*l*). Mr. Dennis himſelf hath written to a miniſter, that he is one of the moſt dangerous perſons in this kingdom (*m*); and aſſureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monſter, that will, one day, ſhow as daring a ſoul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the firſt Chriſtian he meets (*n*). Another gives information of treaſon diſcovered in his poem (*o*). Mr. Curll boldly ſupplies an imperfect verſe with kings and princeſſes (*p*). And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publiſhes at length the two moſt ſacred names in this nation, as members of the Dunciad (*q*)!

This is prodigious! yet it is almoſt as ſtrange, that in the midſt of theſe invectives his greateſt enemies have (I know not how) borne teſtimony to ſome merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in cenſuring his Shakſpeare, declares, "He has ſo "great an eſteem for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an "opinion of his genius and excellencies; that, not-"withſtanding he profeſſes a veneration almoſt "riſing to idolatry for the writings of this inimi-"table poet, he would be very loth even to do "him juſtice, at the expence of that other gentle-"man's character (*r*)."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, "That Mr. "Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's "Epiſtles by his hand, for it is certain we ſee the "original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life "and likeneſs in his verſion, than in that of Sir "Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to "be wiſhed, becauſe in the Engliſh tongue we have "ſcarcely any thing truly and naturally written "upon love (*s*)." He alſo, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to anſwer what Mr. Pope hath ſaid in his Preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great maſter of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the Engliſh language "to be found in his Homer; and ſaying there are "more good verſes in Dryden's Virgil than in any "other work, except this of our author only (*t*).

The Author of a Letter to MR. CIBBER

ſays, "(*u*) Pope was ſo good a verſifier (once) "that his predeceſſor Mr. Dryden, and his contem-"porary Mr. Prior, excepted, the harmony of his "numbers is equal to any body's. And that he "had all the merit that a man can have that way." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemiſhing our author's Homer, crieth out,

"But in his other works what beauties ſhine,
"While ſweeteſt muſic dwells in every line!
"Theſe he admir'd, on theſe he ſtamp'd his praiſe,
"And bade them live to brighten future days (*w*)."

So alſo one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verſes to Duncan Campbell (*x*), in that poem, which is wholly a ſatire upon Mr. Pope, confeſſeth,

"'Tis true, if fineſt notes alone could ſhow
"(Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low)
"That we ſhould fame to theſe mere vocals give;
"Pope more than we can offer ſhould receive:
"For when ſome gliding river is his theme,
"His lines runs ſmoother than the ſmootheſt ſtream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, *June* 8. 1728.

Although he ſays, "The ſmooth numbers of the "Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it "any other merit;" yet that ſame paper hath theſe words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect "maſter of an eaſy and elegant verſification. In "all his works we find the moſt happy turns, and "natural ſimilies, wonderfully ſhort, and thick "ſown."

The Eſſay on the Dunciad alſo owns, p. 25. it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be ſaid on this poem, is beſtowed by our laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than "ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory "over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was al-

(*b*) *Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June* 22, 1728.

(*i*) *Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p.* 14. 16.

(*k*) *Gulliveriana, p.* 332. (*l*) *Anno* 1723.

(*m*) *Anno* 1723.

(*n*) *Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p.* 12. *and in the laſt page of that treatiſe.*

(*o*) *Page* 6, 7. *of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intituled, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes, and Advertiſements, occaſioned by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies. Printed for A. Moore,* 8*vo*, 1712.

(*p*) *Key to the Dunciad,* 3*d edit. p.* 18.

(*q*) *A Liſt of Perſons, &c. at the end of the foremention'd Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c.*

(*r*) *Introduction to his Shakſpeare Reſtored, in quarto, p.* 3

(*s*) *Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay,* 8*vo*, 1721, *p.* 97, 98.

(*t*) *In his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

(*u*) *Printed by J. Roberts,* 1742, *p.* 11.

(*w*) *Battle of the Poets, folio, p.* 15.

(*x*) *Printed under the title of the Progreſs of Dulneſs,* 12*mo*, 1728.

"most cowardice to conquer.—A man might as "well triumph for having killed so many silly flies "that offended him. Could he have let them "alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been "buried in oblivion (*y*)." Here we see our excellent laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON, in the most furious of all their works (the forecited character, p. 5.) do in concert (*z*) confess, "That some men of good understanding value "him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "that he has "got, like Mr Bays in the Rehearsal (that is like "Mr. Dryden), a notable knack at rhyming, and "writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the fame was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
"All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
"I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
"Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
"Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
"Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear."
&c.

And

MR. LEONARD WELTSTED

thus wrote (*a*) to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said essay; "I must own, after "the reception which the vilest and most immor-"al ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surpris-"ed to see what I had long despaired, a perfor-"mance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, "is your work. It is indeed above all commen-"dation, and ought to have been published in an "age and country more worthy of it. If my tes-"timony be of any weight, you are sure to have "it in the amplest manner," &c &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most no-"torious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of "genius and taste, the approbation this essay meets "with (*b*).—I can safely affirm, that I never at-"tacked any of these writings, unless they had "success infinitely beyond their merit. This, "though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. "The epidemic madness of the times has given "him reputation (*c*).—If after the cruel treatment "so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Ba-"con, Ben. Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and "others) have received from this country, for "these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, "and show all that penury changed at once to riot "and profuseness; and more squandered away "upon one subject, than would have satisfied the "greater part of those extraordinary men; the "reader to whom this one creature should be un-"known, would fancy him a prodigy of art and "nature; would believe that all the great quali-"ties of these persons were centered in him alone. "But if I should venture to assure him that the "*People of England* had made such a choice, the "reader would believe me a malicious enemy, and "slanderer; or that the reign of the last (Queen "Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to en-"courage fools (*d*)."

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of 200 l. from King George I. and 100 l. from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us, he is the writer. Of this sort, Mr. Dennis (*e*) ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell; but assures us that there is not one jest in them: and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention; but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works (*f*). *The Daily Journal*, May 11. 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom "Durfey in the drama; because, as that writer "thinks, the Marriage-hater matched, and the "Boarding-school, are better than the What d'ye "call it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's.

(*y*) *Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.—12.*

(*z*) In concert.] *Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place:* "*As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly show, that we are not writers in concert with each other.*

'*Sir,*

'*—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.*

'*Sir,*

'*I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves,*' &c.

'*CH GILDON.*'

"*Now, is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?*" *Dennis, remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.*

(*a*) *In a letter under his own hand, dated March 12. 1723.*

(*b*) *Dennis, pref. to his Reflect. on the the Essay on Criticism.*

(*c*) *Preface to his remarks on Homer.*

(*d*) *Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.* (*e*) *Ibi p. 8.*

(*f*) *Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.*

Mr. Gildon aſſuresus, in his New Rehearſal, (p. 48.) "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane 'Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are aſſured by another, "He wrote "a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe (*g*);" which proved to be one Dr. Wagſtaff's. Mr. Theobald aſſures us, in Miſt of the 27th of April, "That the treatiſe of the Profound is very dull; "and that Mr. Pope is the author of it" The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and ſays, "The whole, or greateſt part of the merit of "this treatiſe muſt, and can only be aſcribed to "Gulliver (*h*)." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but ſmile at the ſtrange blindneſs and poſitiveneſs of men; knowing the ſaid treatiſe to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus]

We are aſſured, in Miſt of June 8. "That his "own plays and farces would better have adorned "the Dunciad, than thoſe of Mr. Theobald; for he "had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, it is not eaſy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unleſs we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abuſed, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the ſaid Mr. Cibber thinking it impoſſible for a man to be much concerned for any but himſelf: "Now let any man judge (ſaith he) by "his concern, who was the true mother of the "child (*i*)?"

But from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, ſince, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modeſty, ſince, when he declined writing in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others was imputed to him. If he ſingly enterpriſed one great work, he was taxed of boldneſs and madneſs to a prodigy (*k*): If he took aſſiſtant in another, it was complained of, and repreſented as a great injury to the public (*l*). The loftieſt heroics; the loweſt ballads; treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church; ſatires on lords and ladies; raillery on wits and authors; ſquabbles with bookſellers; or even full and true accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which hath not at one or other ſeaſon been to him aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author, to be yet better concealed: If it reſembled any of his ſtyles, then was it evident; if it did not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet purpoſe. Yea, even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inherent. Surely a moſt rare and ſingular character; of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtleſs moſt commentators would hence take occaſion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the teſtimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundleſs, as well as his imagination, that he was a perfect maſter of all ſtyles, and all arguments; and that there was in thoſe times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, ſave he himſelf. But as this is not our own ſentiment, we ſhall determine o i nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to ſteer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chooſe whether thou wilt incline to the teſtimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of thoſe who knew him, or of thoſe who knew him not.

P.

(*g*) *Character of Mr. Pope, p.* 6.
(*h*) *Gulliv p.* 336.
(*i*) *Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p.* 19.

(*k*) *Burnet's Homerides, p.* 1. *of his tranſlation of the Iliad.*
(*l*) *The London and Miſt's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyſſey.*

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and ancient things, Chaos, Night, and Dulneſs; ſo is it of the moſt grave and ancient kind. Homer (ſaith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the form, and (ſaith Horace) who adapted the meaſure to heroic poeſy. But even before this, may be rationally preſumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer compoſed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic ſort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant; witneſs what is reported of it by the learned Archbiſhop Euſtathius, in Odyſſ. x. And accordingly Ariſtotle, in his Poetics, chap. iv. doth further ſet forth, that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to tragedy, ſo did this poem to comedy its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem, that the hero, or chief perſonage of it was no leſs obſcure, and his underſtanding and ſentiments no leſs quaint and ſtrange (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this perſonage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the firſt; and ſurely, from what we hear him, not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a poſterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and abſolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear, that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt epic poem written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now, foraſmuch as our poet hath tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer, which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt; and was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of epic poem; with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that ſo few of the moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! ſince, in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But poſſible it is alſo, that on due reflection the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp, and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) paper alſo became ſo cheap, and printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money, by ſuch as would neither earn the one, nor deſerve the other. At the ſame time, the licence of the preſs was ſuch, that it grew dangerous to refuſe them either: for they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed, the authors being anonymous, and ſkulking under the wings of publiſhers; a ſet of men who neither ſcrupled to vend either calumny or blaſphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

(*a*) Now our author, living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt ſatiriſt, to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch authors, namely Dulneſs and Poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory (*b*) (as the conſtruction of epic poeſy requireth), and feigns that one of theſe goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpired all ſuch writers, and ſuch works. (*c*) He proceedeth to ſhow the qualities they beſtow on theſe authors, and the effects they produce (*d*): then the materials, or ſtock, with which they furniſh them (*e*), and, above all, that ſelf-opinion (*f*) which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in this

(*a*) *Vide Boſſu, Du Poem Epique, chap.* viii.
(*b*) *Boſſu, chap.* vii.
(*c*) *Book* i. *ver.* 32. *&c.*
(*d*) *Ver.* 45. *to* 54.
(*e*) *Ver.* 57. *to* 77.
(*f*) *Book* i. *ver.* 80.

ſad and ſorry merchandiſe. The great power of theſe goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of induſtry, ſo is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in ſome one great and remarkable action: (*g*) and none could be more ſo than that which our poet hath choſen, *viz.* the reſtoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter, in the removal of her imperial ſeat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the Æneid is the reſtoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer ſingeth only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war; in like manner, our author hath drawn into this ſingle action the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs, and her children.

A perſon muſt next be fixed upon to ſupport this action. This phantom in the poet's mind muſt have a name (*b*): he finds it to be ———: and he becomes of courſe the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the beſt example, one and entire, as contained in the propoſition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, ſetting forth the whole power, miniſtry, and empire of Dulneſs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into epiſodes; each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd aſſembled in the ſecond book, demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad poets only; and that we may expect other epiſodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymaſters of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the third book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers: the firſt concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the ſecond, the libellous noveliſt, whom he ſtyleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noiſy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and ſo of the reſt: aſſigning to each ſome proper name or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn: the manners are ſo depicted, and the ſentiment ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other or wiſer perſonage, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of poor wretches, ſo many ſilly "flies (*i*):" but adds, our author's wit is remarkably "more bare and barren, whenever it would "fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other perſon "whatever."

The deſcriptions are ſingular; the compariſons very quaint; the narration various, yet of one colour: the purity and chaſtity of diction is ſo preſerved, that in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the words, but only the images have been cenſured; and yet are thoſe images no other than have been ſanctified by ancient and claſſical authority (though, as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the moſt grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby ſubject to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſible rules as are laid on all neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the ancients; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular illuſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the commentator and poet himſelf; yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant, abuſed as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminiſhing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoſing his Arthurs; declared the ſame to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poeſy: though ſince he hath altered it to ſixty, the year in which he publiſhed his Alfred (*k*). True it is, that the talents for criticiſm, namely ſmartneſs, quick cenſure, vivacity of remark, certainty of aſſeveration, indeed all but acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of youth, than of riper age: but it is far otherwiſe in poetry; witneſs the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis; who beginning with criticiſm, became afterwards ſuch poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reaſon, therefore, did our author chooſe to write his eſſay on that ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

(*g*) *Ibid. chap* vii. viii.
(*b*) *Boſſu, chap.* viii. *Vide Ariſt. Poet, cap.* ix.

(*i*) *Cibber's letter to Mr. P. p.* 9, 12, 45.
(*k*) *See his Eſſays.*

RICARDUS ARISTARCHAS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

Of the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putrid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the primum mobile of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these sons of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: "Si Dii "non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique "justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in "in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in "neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; "et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia "et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et ma-"los odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit." Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. "For contrary objects must either excite contrary "affections, or no affections at all. So that he who "loveth good men, must at the same time hate the "bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love "the good; because to love good men proceedeth "from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men "from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the muse arose the little epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic): and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his off-spring; who, in the composition of their Tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient Dunciads) as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete Tetralogy; in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or as the French critics express it, un honnête homme (*a*): but it never admitted of a doubt, but that the hero of the little epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be,

(*a*) *Si un Heros Poët'que doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poëme Epique*, liv. v. ch. 5.

where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome analogy, if not reſemblance of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, to admit of what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the livelieſt graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the conſtituent qualities of the greater epic hero, are wiſdom, bravery, and love, from whence ſpringeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that thoſe of the leſſer epic hero ſhould be vanity, aſſurance, and debauchery, from which aſſemblage reſulteth heroic dulneſs, the never-dying ſubject of this our poem.

This being ſettled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wiſdom, to ſeek its chief ſupport and confidence within itſelf; and to place that ſupport in the reſources which proceed from a conſcious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when ariſing to the heroic ſtandard, at all ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world (will ſuch "an one ſay) impute to me what folly or weakneſs "they pleaſe; but till wiſdom can give me ſome-"thing that will make me more heartily happy, "I am content to be GAZED AT (*b*)." This, we ſee, is vanity according to the heroic gage or meaſure; not that low and ignoble ſpecies which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in thoſe vices, which every body knows we have. "The world may aſk "(ſays he) why I make my follies public? Why "not? I have paſſed my life very pleaſantly with "them" In ſhort, there is no ſort of vanity ſuch a hero would ſcruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high ſtation in this our Dunciad; namely, "whether it would not be "vanity in him, to take ſhame to himſelf for not "being a wiſe man?"

Bravery, the ſecond attribute of the true hero, is courage manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while its correſpondent virtue in the mock hero, is, that ſame courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, muſt needs have more force and ſpirit than when diſperſed, we generally find this kind of courage in ſo high and heroic a degree, that it inſults not only men, but Gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the braveſt character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blaſphemy. And can we ſay leſs of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed his "ſummum "bonum in thoſe follies, which he was not con-"tent barely to poſſeſs, but would likewiſe glory "in," adds, "If I am miſguided, 'TIS NATURE'S "FAULT, and I follow HER (*c*)." Nor can we be miſtaken in making this happy quality a ſpecies of courage, when we conſider thoſe illuſtrious marks of it, which made his FACE "more known (as he "juſtly boaſteth) than moſt in the kingdom;" and his language to conſiſt of what we muſt allow to be the moſt daring figure of ſpeech, that which is taken from the name of God

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's compoſition, is a mere bird of paſſage, or (as Shakſpeare calls it) ſummer-teeming luſt, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtleſs by that refinement it ſuffers in paſſing through thoſe certain ſtrainers which our poet ſomewhere ſpeaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth ſtrength by old age; and becometh a laſting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its firneſs for ſuch an uſe: for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be ſo, even by him who beſt knoweth its value. "Dont you think "(argueth he), to ſay 'only a man has his "whore (*d*),'" "ought to go for little or nothing? "Becauſe *defendit numerus*: take the firſt ten thou-"ſand men you meet, and, I believe, you would "be no loſer if you betted ten to one, that every "ſingle ſinner of them, one with another, has "been guilty of the ſame frailty (*e*)." But here he ſeemeth not to have done juſtice to himſelf: the man is ſure enough a hero, who hath his lady at fourſcore. How doth his modeſty herein leſſen the merit of a whole well-ſpent life: not taking to himſelf the commendation (which Horace accounted the greateſt in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the ſame he was from the beginning,

"——Servetur ad IMUM
"Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat——"

But here, in juſtice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implied ſhe was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and ſuch as Scipio himſelf muſt have applauded. For how much ſelf-denial was neceſſary not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what diſorders muſt the coveting her have occaſioned in that ſociety, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could adviſe, gone through the three conſtituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of theſe that heroiſm properly or eſſentially reſideth. It is a lucky reſult rather from the colliſion of theſe lively qualities againſt one another. Thus, as from wiſdom, bravery, and love, ariſeth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; ſo from vanity, aſſurance, and debauchery, ſpringeth buffoonry, the ſource of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it (*f*), of the little epic.

(*b*) *Def. to the Life of C. C.*
(*c*) *Life of C. C. p.* 23. *o.f. edit.*

(*d*) *Alluding to theſe lines in the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot:*

"*And has not Colly ſtill his lord and whore,*
"*His butchers Henley, his free-maſon Moore?*".

(*e*) *Letter to Mr. P. p.* 46.
(*f*) *Letter to Mr. P. p.* 31.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not reason but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As nature (saith this "profound philosopher) distinguisheth our species "from the mute creation by our risibility, her "design must have been by that faculty as evi-"dently to raise our HAPPINESS, as by our *Os "sublime* (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift the dignity "of OUR FORM above them (*i*)." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth, not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? and whose *Os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden?

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the GODS: for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an atchievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient Gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out, this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, If so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham hero or phantom: but it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,"

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire), he loudly resenteth this dignity to violated majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah! "(saith he), fast asleep, it seems! that's a little "too strong. Pert and dull at least you might "have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any "fool (*l*)." However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will (*m*) live at least, though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandante, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, Patience, and shuffle the cards (*n*).

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things, either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person, "never a hero even on the stage," to this dignity of colleague in the empire of dulness, and atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, "Fabrum esse "suæ quemque fortunæ:" that every man is the smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. "Let him (saith "he) but fancy himself capable of the highest "things, and he will of course be able to atchieve "them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time to Alexander the Great, and Charles the XII. of Sweden for the excess and delicacy of his ambition; to Henry the IV. of France, for honest policy; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power: at another time, to the godlike Socrates for his diversions and amusements: to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired; to two Lord Chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of elo-

(*i*) *Letter, p.* 8.

(*l*) *Letter, p.* 53.
(*m*) *Letter, p.* 1.
(*n*) *Don Quixotte, part* ii. *book* ii. *ch.* 22.

quence; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the revolution face to face in Nottingham; at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with old battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this revolution; and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both (*p*). And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all; and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it, (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had: even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seamen; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, "and hath not yet finished his earthly course.— "For if Solon said well,

——ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet!

"if no man can be called happy till his death, "surely much less can any one, till then, be pro- "nounced a hero: this species of men being far "more subject than others to the caprices of for- "tune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) "hath amply supplied me in vanity; a plea- "sure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the "gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to "part with." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mend- "ed by him; but for my part I own myself in- "corrigible. I look upon my follies as the best "part of my fortune." And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonry, "Is it (saith he) a "time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, "and set up a new character? I can no more "put off my follies than my skin; I have often "tried, but they stick too close to me: nor "am I sure my friends are displeased with them, "for in this light I afford them frequent matter "of mirth, &c." Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law Epopœian) and devolveth upon the poetas his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive!— Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, *My dulness will find somebody to do it right.*

"Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre pa- "rantem
"Congelat, et patulos, ut erunt, *induat* hia- "tus." (*a*)

(*p*) *A Statuary.*

(*a*) *Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.*

THE DUNCIAD.

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us veſted by the Act for ſubjecting Poets to the power of a Licenſer, *we have reviſed this Piece; where finding the ſtyle and appellation of* KING *to have been given to a certain* Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, *of the name of* TIBBALD; *and apprehending the ſame may be deemed in ſome ſort a Reflection on* Majeſty, *or at leaſt an inſult on that Legal Authority which has beſtowed on another perſon the* Crown of Poeſy: *We have ordered the ſaid* Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, *utterly to* vaniſh *and* evaporate *out of this work: And do declare the ſaid Throne of Poeſy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unleſs duly and lawfully ſupplied by the* Laureate *himſelf. And it is hereby enacted, that no other perſon do preſume to fill the ſame.*

OC. Ch.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE propoſition, the invocation, and the inſcription. Then the original of the great empire of dulneſs, and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddeſs in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her ſons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bays * to be the inſtrument of that great event which is the ſubject of the poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his books, giving up the cauſe, and apprehending the period of her empire: After debating whether to betake himſelf to the church, or to gaming, or to party writing, he raiſes an altar of proper books, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddeſs beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out by caſting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herſelf to him, tranſports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her myſteries; then annouucing the death of Eusden the poet laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him ſucceſſor.

THE mighty mother, and her ſon, who brings
The Smithfield muſes to the ear of kings,

VARIATION.

* In the firſt editions Tibbald was the hero of the poem, which will account for moſt of the ſubſequent variations.

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. The mighty mother, &c.] In the firſt edition it was thus,

Books and the man I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield muſes to the ear of kings,
Say, great patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wondrous works (ſo Jove and Fate require)

I ſing. Say you, her inſtruments the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate;

VARIATION.

Say, for what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still———

REMARKS.

The Dunciad, ſic MS. It may well be diſputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be ſpelled Dunceiad, as the etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceiad with an e. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the reſtorer of Shakeſpeare, conſtantly obſerves the preſervation of this very letter e, in ſpelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careleſs editors, with the omiſſion of one, nay ſometimes of two ee's (as Shakſpear), which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor "is the neglect of a ſingle letter ſo trivial as to "ſome it may appear; the alteration whereof in "a learned language is an atchievement that "brings honour to the critic who advances it; "and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to poſte"rity for his performances of this ſort, as long as "the world ſhall have any eſteem for the remains "of Menander and Philemon."

THEOBALD

This is ſurely a ſlip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been ſince produced by an accurate antiquary, and autograph of Shakeſpeare, whereby it appears that he ſpelled his own name without the firſt e. And upon this authority it was, that thoſe moſt critical curators of his monument in Weſtminſter Abbey eraſed the former wrong reading, and reſtored the new ſpelling on a new piece of old Egyptian granite. Not for this only do they deſerve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the ſame monument the firſt ſpecimen of an edition of an author in marble; where (as may be ſeen on comparing the tomb with the book) in the ſpace of five lines, two words and a whole verſe are changed, and it is to be hoped will there ſtand, and outlaſt whatever hath been hitherto done in paper; as for the future, our learned ſiſter univerſity (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a total new Shakeſpeare at the Clarendon preſs. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great critic alſo has omitted one circumſtance; which is, that the inſcription with the name of Shakeſpeare was intended to be placed on the marble ſcroll to which he points with his hand; inſtead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that ſpecimen of an edition is put on the ſcroll, which indeed Shakeſpeare hath great reaſon to point at. ANON.

Though I have as juſt a value for the letter E, as any grammarian living, and the ſame affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with thoſe who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunceiade; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely Engliſh, and vernacular. One e therefore

You by whoſe care, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt;

REMARKS.

in this caſe is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole I ſhall follow the manuſcript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times, with critics, equal, if not ſuperior to reaſon). In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praiſe my good friend, the exact of Mr. Thomas Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, ſic MS. In like manner we ſhall not amend this error in the title itſelf, but only note it obiter, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

SCRIB.

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo: and three others in twelves the ſame year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint poſterity, that this poem was preſented to King George II. and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expreſsly confeſſed in the preface to the firſt edition, that this poem was not publiſhed by the author himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only inſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very hero of the poem hath been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our notes with a diſcovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was preſented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

"———who brings
"The Smithfield muſes to the ear of kings."

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom this prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apoſtrophe to the great in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an author in faſhion, or careſſed by the great; whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true hero: who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and choſen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his works at the earneſt deſire of perſons of quality.

Laſtly, the ſixth verſe affords full proof: this poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a ſon ſo exactly like him, in

Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS.

his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

"Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the "first." BENTL.

Ver. 1. The mighty mother and her son, &c.] The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the mother, and not the son, is the principal agent of this poem; the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition), the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield muses.] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contradictedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degrees of activity and boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with a nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion)

"Will see his work, like Jacob's ladder rise,
"Its foot in dirt, its head amidst the skies."
BENTL.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind.
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires,
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.
Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;

VARIATION.

Ver. 29—39. Close to those walls, &c.] In the former edition thus:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning rain hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Here in one bed two shivering sisters lie,
The cave of poverty and poetry.
This, the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall;
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.
Hence spring each weekly muse the living boast,
&c.

Var. Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair. Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old clothes and frippery are sold.

REMARKS.

Ver. 17. Still her old empire to restore] This restoration makes the completion of the poem.—Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22.—laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praise the court, or magnify mankind.] Ironicè, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our realm acquires] Ironicè iterum. The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand.] Mr. Caius-Gabril Cibber, father of the poet-laureate. The

One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs.
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Eſcape in monſters, and amaze the town.
Hence miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly boaſt
Of Curll's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-ſtreet race.
In clouded majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone,
Four guardian virtues, round, ſupport her throne:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 41. in the former edit.
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the ſoft ſing-ſong on Cecilia's day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual ſongs compoſed to muſic on St. Cecilia's feaſt.

REMARKS.

two ſtatues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hoſpital were done by him, and as the ſon juſtly ſays of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artiſt.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who ſhall attentively obſerve that humanity and candour, which every where appears in him towards thoſe unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all ſcandalous rhymes, ſcurrilous weekly papers, baſe flatteries, wretched elegies, ſongs, and verſes (even from thoſe ſung at court, to ballads in the ſtreets), not ſo much to malice or ſervility as dulneſs; and not ſo much to dulneſs as to neceſſity. And thus, at the very commencement of his ſatire, makes an apology for all that are to be ſaterized.

Ver. 40. Curll's chaſte preſs, and Linton's rubric poſt:] Two bookſellers, of whom ſee Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publiſhing obſcene books; the latter uſually adorned his ſhop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.] It is an ancient Engliſh cuſtom for the malefactors to ſing a Pſalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no leſs cuſtomary to print elegies on their deaths, at the ſame time, or before.

Ver. 43. Sepulchral lies] is a juſt ſatire on the flatteries and falſehoods admitted to be inſcribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occaſioned the following epigram:

"Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
"So very much is ſaid;
"One half will never be believ'd,
"The other never read."

Ver. 44. New-year odes.] Made by the poet laureate for the time being, to be ſung at court on

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:
Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
Who hunger and who thirſt for ſcribbling ſake;
Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Juſtice, with her liſted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, Truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.
Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each maſs, a poem, or a play;
How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulneſs new meanders takes;
There motly images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and ſimiles unlike.
She ſees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their place, and ocean turns to land;
Here gay Deſcription Egypt glads with ſhowers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.
All theſe, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the ſcene.
She, tinſell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the other day when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:

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every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and inſtruments. The new-year odes of the hero of this work were of a caſt diſtinguiſhed from all that preceded him, and made a conſpicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtleſs induced our author to mention them here ſo particularly.

Ver. 45. In clouded majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone.] See this cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this deſcription of the majeſty of Dulneſs in a ſtate of peace and tranquillity, with that more buſy ſcene where ſhe mounts the throne in triumph, and is not ſo much ſupported by her own virtues, as by the princely conſciouſneſs of having deſtroyed all other.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonſon. The famous race of bookſellers of that name.

Ver. 85, 86. 'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now night deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.
Now mayors and ſhrieves all huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
While penſive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepleſs themſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feaſt recalls
What city ſwans once ſung within the walls;
Much ſhe revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
And ſure ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.
She ſaw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line;
She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page
And all the mighty mad in Dennis' rage.
In each ſhe marks her image full expreſt,
But chief in Bays's monſter-breeding breaſt;

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Ver. 85. in the former editions.

'Twas on the day when Thorald rich and grave.] Sir George Thorald, Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1720.

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Lord Mayor's day; his name the author had left in blanks, but moſt certainly could never be that which the editor foiſted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The proceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by ſea, and another by land, on the ſame day, over the Perſians and Barbarians.

Ver. 90. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] A beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with poets in praiſe of poetry.

Ibid. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compoſe yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the pageants: But that part of the ſhows being at length frugally aboliſhed, the employment of city poet ceaſed; ſo that upon Settle's demiſe, there was no ſucceſſor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whoſe interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 103. Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel] The firſt edition had it.

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine:

a great miſtake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verſes as well as politics; as appears by the poem de Jure Divino, &c. of De Foe, and by ſome lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies on the other. And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike ſentenced to the pillory.

Ver. 104. And Euſden eke out, &c.] Laurence Euſden, poet laureate, Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

"Euſden, a laurell'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414 affirms, "That of all the Galamatia's "he ever met with, none comes up to ſome verſes "of this poet, which have as much of the ridi- "culum and the ſuſtain in them as can well be "jumbled together, and are of that ſort of non- "ſenſe, which ſo perfectly confounds all ideas, "that there is no diſtinct one left in the mind." Further he ſays of him, "That he hath prophe- "ſied his own poetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catul- "lus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little "hopes of the accompliſhment of it from what "he hath lately publiſhed." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflection, "That the "putting the laurel on the head of one who writ ſuch "verſes, will give futurity a very lively idea of the "judgment and juſtice of thoſe who beſtowed "it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well known learning of that noble perſon, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have ſcreened him from this unmannerly

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 108. But chief in Bays's, &c.] In the former edition, thus,

But chief in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Sees gods with dæmons in ſtrange league engage,
And earth, and heaven, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate;
And pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. Tibbald.] Author of a pamphlet intituled Shakſpeare reſtored. During two whole years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakſpeare, he publiſhed adverti ſements, requeſting aſſiſtance, and promiſing ſatisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this reſtorer, who was at that time ſoliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his deſign, till after its publication (which he was ſince not aſhamed to own, in a Daily Journal of Nov. 26. 1728): And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the bookſeller to raiſe an extravagant ſubſcription; in which he had no ſhare, of which he had no knowledge, and againſt which he had publicly advertiſed his own propoſals for Homer. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he now holds in this poem, which he ſeems to deſerve no other way better than his brethren; unleſs we impute it to the ſhare he had in the Journals, cited among the Teſtimonies of Authors prefixed to this work.

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Bays, form'd by Nature, ſtage, and town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with ſucceſs. 110

Dulneſs with tranſport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembering ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.

REMARKS.

reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, ſo long after, that the laurel would have become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquieſce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

" —In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, Who ſhall have it,
" But I, the true laureate, to whom the king gave it,
" Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
" But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name." *Seſſion of Poets.*

The ſame plea might alſo ſerve for his ſucceſſor, Mr. Cibber; and is further ſtrengthened in the following epigram made on that occaſion:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and alſo his fool;
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can ſerve both for fool and for poet.

Of Blackmore, ſee Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. prope fin.

Nahum Tate was poet laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another author here mentioned.

Ver. 106. And all the mighty mad in Dennis' rage.] Mr. Theobald, in the Cenſor, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. " The " modern Furius is to be looked upon more as an " object of pity, than of that which he daily pro- " vokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really " know how much this poor man" [I wiſh that reflection on poverty had been ſpared] " ſuffers " by being contradicted, or, which is the ſame " thing in effect, by hearing another praiſed; we " ſhould, in compaſſion, ſometimes attend to him " with a ſilent nod, and let him go away with " the triumphs of his ill-nature.—Poor Furius " (again) when any of his contemporaries are " well ſpoken of, quitting the ground of the pre- " ſent diſpute, ſteps back a thouſand years to call " in the ſuccour of the ancients. His very pane- " gyric is ſpiteful, and he uſes it for the ſame " reaſon as ſome ladies do their commendations of " a dead beauty, who would never have had their " good word, but that a living one happened to be " in their company. His applauſe is not the tri- " bute of his heart, but the ſacrifice of his revenge," &c. Indeed his pieces againſt our poet are ſomewhat of an angry character, and as they are now ſcarce extant, a taſte of his ſtyle may be ſatisfactory to the curious. " A young, ſquab, ſhort gen- " tleman, whoſe outward form, though it ſhould " be that of downright monkey, would not differ " ſo much from human ſhape as his unthinking " immaterial part does from human underſtand- " ing.—He is as ſtupid and as venomous as a " hunch-backed toad. A book, through which " folly and ignorance, thoſe brethren ſo lame and " impotent, do ridiculouſly look big and very " dull, and ſtrut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with " their arms on kimbo, being led and ſupported, " and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impu- " dence." Reflect. on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for this fury, they are ſo ſtrong and coercive. " I regard " him (ſaith he) as an enemy, not ſo much to " me, as to my king, to my country, to my re- " ligion, and to that liberty which has been the " ſole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, " who is ſometimes pleaſed to be frolicſome, and " the epidemic madneſs of the times, have given " him reputation, and reputation (as Hobbes ſays) " is power, and that has made him dangerous. " Therefore I look on it as my duty to King " George, whoſe faithful ſubject I am; to my " country, of which I have appeared a conſtant " lover; to the laws, under whoſe protection I " have ſo long lived; and to the liberty of my " country, more dear to me than life, of which I " have now for forty years been a conſtant aſ- " ſertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I ſay, " to do—you ſhall ſee what—to pull the lion's " ſkin from this little aſs, which popular error has " thrown round him; and to ſhow that this au- " thor, who has been lately ſo much in vogue, " has neither ſenſe in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in " his expreſſions." DENNIS' Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Beſides theſe public ſpirited reaſons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expreſſing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally ſtrong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the ſaid Mr. P. " The ſtory " (ſays he) is too long to be told, but who would " be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. " Curll, my bookſeller.—However, what my rea- " ſon has ſuggeſted to me, that I have, with a " juſt confidence ſaid, in defiance of his two clan- " deſtine weapons, his ſlander and his poiſon." Which laſt words of his book plainly diſcover Mr. D.'s ſuſpicion was that of being poiſoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which fact, ſee a full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poiſon, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein theſe Remarks of Mr. Dennis were publiſhed. But what puts it beyond all queſtion, is a paſſage in a very warm treatiſe, in which Mr. D. was alſo concerned, price twopence, called a True character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is ſaid " to have inſulted " people in thoſe calamities and diſeaſes which he

Now (ſhame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold viſage, and a thin third day:

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" himſelf gave them, by adminiſtering poiſon to " them:" and is called (p. 4.) a lurking way- " laying coward, and a ſtabber in the dark." Which (with many other things moſt lively ſet forth in that piece) muſt have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Chriſtian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible poet to write the following epigram:

Should Dennis publiſh you had ſtabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother:
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one ſo poor you cannot take the law;
On one ſo old your ſword you ſcorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmleſs monſter rage,
Secure in dulneſs, madneſs, want, and age.

For the reſt; Mr. John Dennis was the ſon of a ſaddler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained ſome correſpondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himſelf known to the Government by many admirable ſchemes and projects; which the Miniſtry, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, conſtantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: " Mr. " Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, per- " fectly regular in all his performances, and a per- " ſon of ſound learning. That he is maſter of a " great deal of penetration and judgment, his cri- " ticiſms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do ſuf- " ficiently demonſtrate," From the ſame account it alſo appears that he writ plays " more to get reputation than money." Dennis of himſelf. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dramatic Poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by Nature, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full juſtice to his hero's character, which it were a great miſtake to imagine was wholly ſunk in ſtupidity: he is allowed to have ſupported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own deſire, in a letter he wrote to our author. " Pert and dull at leaſt you might " have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, " and dull ſtill, and again, and for ever?" He then ſolemnly appealed to his own conſcience, that " he could not think himſelf ſo, nor believe that " our poet did; but that he ſpake worſe of him " than he could poſſibly think; and concluded it " muſt be merely to ſhow his wit, or for ſome " profit or lucre to himſelf." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and letter to Mr. P. page 15, 40, 53. And to ſhow his claim to what the poet was ſo unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the laſt word; which occaſioned the following epigram:

Swearing and ſupperleſs the hero ſate,
Blaſphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then daſh'd it to the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere deſpair.
Round him much embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonſenſe precipitate, like running lead,
That flip'd through crags and zig-zags of the dead:
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and ſooterkins of wit.

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Ver. 121. Round him much embryo, &c.] In the former editions, thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whoſe ſize the ſpace exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were ſo good to gild.
Or where, by ſculpture made forever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf, &c.

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Quoth Cibber to Pope, " Though in verſe you foreclose, [proſe."
" I'll have the laſt word: for, by G—, I'll write
Poor Colly, thy reaſoning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know, the laſt word is the word that laſts longeſt.

Ver. 125. ſupperleſs the hero ſate.] It is amazing how the ſenſe of this hath been miſtaken by all the former commentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted a ſupper. In truth a great abſurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyſſey is frequently in that circumſtance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of epic poem to repreſent ſuch hero under a calamity, to which the greateſt, not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been ſubject. But much more refined, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Boſſu calls a diſguiſed ſentence, that " Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poeſy brings all into action; and to repreſent a critic encompaſſed with books but without a ſupper, is a picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates, and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But ſince the diſcovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was ſo natural, after ſo great a loſs of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet ſhould have no great ſtomach to eat a ſupper? Beſides, how well has the poet conſulted his heroic character, in adding that he ſwore all the time? BENTL.

Ver. 131. poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes.] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucify'd Moliere:
There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd for beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

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Ver. 132. The frippery] "When I fitted up an "old play, it was as good a housewife will mend "old linen, when she has not better employment." Life, p. 217, octavo.

Ver. 133. hapless Shakspeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakspeare. He was frequently liberal in this way; and as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. "Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civi- "lity; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonju- "ror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakspeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impractica- "ble." And in another, April 27, "That what- "ever care might for the future be taken by any "other editor, he would still give above five hun- "dred emendations, that shall escape them all."

Ver. 134. Wish'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakspeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakspeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

Ver. 135. The rest on outside merit, &c.] This library is divided into three parts: The first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great.] "John Ogilby was "one, who, from a late initiation into literature, "made such a progress as might well style him the "prodigy of his time, sending into the world so "many large volumes! His translations of Homer

Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;

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Ver. 145 in the first edit it was
A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note.

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—ly, W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind, on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

"George Withers was a great pretender to poe- "tical zeal against the vices of the times, and "abused the greatest personages in power, which "brought upon him frequent correction. The "Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to "him." WINSTANLY.—Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest dull man. Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

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"and Virgil done to the life, and with such excel- "lent sculptures: And (what added great grace "to his works) he printed them all on special good "paper, and in a very good letter."

WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets*.

Ver. 142. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.] "The Duchess of Newcastle "was one who busied herself in the ravishing de- "lights of poetry; leaving to posterity, in print, "three ample volumes of her studious endea- "vours." WINSTANLY, ibid.—Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his brother laureat; only, indeed, upon half pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dress in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick sustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben. Johnson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More solid learning.] Some have objected, that books of this sort, suit not so well the

There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkyn at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends.
Of theſe twelve volumes, twelve of ampleſt ſize,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inſpir'd he ſeizes: Theſe an altar raiſe:
An hecatomb of pure unſully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the baſe:
Quartos, octavos, ſhape the leſſening pyre;
A twiſted birth-day ode completes the ſpire.
Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
Firſt in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,
With whom my muſe began, with whom ſhall end,
E'er ſince Sir Fopling's periwig was praiſe,
To the laſt honours of the Butt and Bays:

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Ver. 152. Old bodies of philoſophy appear.

Ver. 162. A twiſted, &c.] In the former edit.
And laſt, a little Ajax tips the ſpire.

Var. A little Ajax.] In 12mo, tranſlated from Sophocles, by Tibbald.

Ver. 167, 168. Not in the firſt editions.

REMARKS.

library of our Bays, which they imagined conſiſted of novels, plays, and obſcene books; but they are to conſider, that he furniſhed his ſhelves only for ornament, and read theſe books no more than the dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were purchaſed by his father when he deſigned him for the gown. See the note on ver. 260.

Ver. 149. Caxton.] A printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII.; Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in his proeme, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare paſſage from him in Miſt's Journal of March 16. 1728, concerning a ſtraunge and marvayllouſe beaſte, called Sagittayre, which he would have Shakſpeare to mean rather than Teucer, the archer celebrated by Homer.

Ver. 153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator; whoſe works, in five vaſt folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, doctor in phyſic.] "He tranſlated ſo many books, that a man would "think he had done nothing elſe; inſomuch that "he might be called tranſlator-general of his age. "The books alone of his turning into Engliſh, are "ſufficient to make a country gentleman a com-"plete library." WINSTANLY.

Ver. 167. E'er ſince Sir Fopling's periwig.] The firſt viſible cauſe of the paſſion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which he tells us he wore in his firſt play of the Fool in Faſhion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendſhip of Col. Brett, who wanted to

O thou! of buſineſs the directing ſoul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;
And leſt we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and ſenſe;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 170. To human heads, &c.

Ver. 171. Makes their aim.

Ver 177. Or if to wit, &c.] In the former edit.
Ah! ſtill o'er Britain ſtretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science riſe,
She does but ſhow her coward face, and dies:
There thy good ſcholiaſts with unwearied pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's ſtrains:
Here ſtudious I unlucky moderns ſave,
Nor ſleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakſpeare once a week.
For thee I dim theſe eyes, and ſtuff this head,
With all ſuch reading as was never read;
For thee ſupplying, in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddeſs, and about it,
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours, till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
So graveſt precepts may ſucceſsful prove,
But ſad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. Now ſleeps one error—Old puns reſtore loſt blunders, &c.] As where he (Tibbald) laboured to prove Shakſpeare guilty of terrible anachroniſms, or low conundrums, which time had covered; and converſant in ſuch authors as Caxton and Wynkyn, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay, ſo far had he loſt his reverence to this incomparable author, as to ſay in print, he deſerved to be whipt. An inſolence which nothing ſure can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be proved to have declared before company, that Shakſpeare was a raſcal. *O tempora! O mores!*

Var. And crucify poor Shakſpeare one a week.] For ſome time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in Miſt's Journal, a ſingle remark, or poor conjecture, on ſome word or pointing of Shakſpeare, either in his own name, or in letters to himſelf, as from others, without name. Upon theſe, ſomebody made this epigram:

"'Tis generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy bro-
"thers,
"To help us thus to read the works of others:
"Never for this can juſt returns be ſhown;
"For who will help us e'er to read thy own?"

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And ponderous ſlugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my elaſticity and fire.
Some dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe:
Elſe all my proſe and verſe were much the ſame;
This, proſe on ſtilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure had Heaven decreed to ſave the ſtate,
Heaven had decreed theſe works a longer date.

VARIATIONS.

Var. Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.] As to Cook's Heſiod, where ſometimes a note, and ſometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him: And to Moore's comedy of the Rival Modes, and other authors of the ſame rank: Theſe were people who writ about the year 1726.

Ver. 195. Yet ſure, had Heaven, &c.] In the former edit.

Had Heaven decreed ſuch works a longer date,
Heaven had decreed to ſpare the Grub-ſtreet ſtate.
But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
And all thy cauſe and empire at an end!
Could Troy be ſav'd, &c.

REMARKS.

purchaſe it. "Whatever contempt (ſays he) philoſophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to deſpiſe the world, but live in it, knew very well that ſo material an article of dreſs upon the head of a man of ſenſe, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could poſſibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may ſoften the grave cenſure, which ſo youthful a purchaſe might otherwiſe have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleaſure; firſt by a few familiar praiſes of her perſon, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finiſhed our bargain that night over a bottle." This remarkable periwig uſually made its entrance upon the ſtage in a ſedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

Ver. 178, 179. Guard the ſure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.] For Wit or Reaſoning are never greatly hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is founded in truth, and the other in uſefulneſs.

Ver. 181. As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.] The thought of theſe four verſes is founded in a poem of our author's, of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and ſoon after printed) to the author of a poem called Succeſſio.

Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This gray-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.
What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidſt the doctors ſit,
Teach oaths to gameſters, and to nobles wit?
Or kidſt thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the ſame rope at different ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.
Shall I, like Curtius, deſperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?

VARIATIONS.

Inſtead of ver. 200—246. in the former edits.

Take up th' attorney's (once my better) guide?
Or rob the Roman geeſe of all their glories,
And ſave the ſtate by cackling to the Tories.
Yes, to my country I my pen conſign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Miſt! am thine.
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unſtall'd, unſold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without ſpot; than greas'd by grocers hands,
Or ſhip'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the ſtreets to run,
And viſit ale-houſe, where ye firſt begun.
With that he liſted thrice the ſparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 198.—gray gooſe weapon.] Alluding to the old Engliſh weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the gray-gooſe.

Ver. 199. My Fletcher.] A familiar manner of ſpeaking, uſed by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as juſtly ſpeak this of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library; "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'eſt le même que Marc Tulle!" But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made ſo free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himſelf) a biſhop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myſelf, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to

IMITATIONS

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be ſav'd—This gray-gooſe weapon.]

"—— Si Pergama dextra
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent."
VIRG. ib.

Ver. 202. This box my thunder, this right hand my God.]

"Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod miſſile libro."—*Virgil, of the Gods of Mezentius.*

Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

REMARKS.

" postpone mine, till theirs were determined: But " had my father carried me a month sooner to the " University, who knows but that purer fountain " might have washed my imperfections into a ca- " pacity of writing, instead of plays and annual " odes, sermons, and pastoral letters?"

Apology for his Life, chap iii.

Ver. 203. At White's, amidst the doctors.] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were justly styled subtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice; a cant phrase used among gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, " Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Mist.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying Post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories] Relates to the well known story of the geese that saved the capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

" Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
" Porticibus, Gallos in limine addesse canebat."

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the Virgilian Majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ecl. ix.

" —— argutos inter strepere anser olores."

Read it, therefore, addesse strepebat. And why auratis porticibus? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

" Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis) to correct it auritis. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

" —— Auritas fidibus canoris
" Ducere quercus."

And to say that walls have ears is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. And cackling save the monarchy of Tories] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingeniously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever: " That he defends the supreme " powers, as the geese by their cackling defended " the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they fa- " voured them no more than the Gauls, their ene- " mies, but were as ready to have defended the " Gauls, if they had been possessed of the Capi- " tol."——*Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.*

Hold —— to the minister I more incline:
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown;
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230

REMARKS.

Ver 215. Gazetteers.] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

Ver. 218 Cibberian forehead.] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the laureat being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great modesty—modest Cibber—read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly classical, and what is more, Homerical; the dog was the ancient, as the bitch is the modern symbol of impudence: Κυνὸς ἔμμαθ' ἔχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the dog with three heads. But as to the latter part of this verse, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading BENTL.

Ver. 225. O born in sin, &c.] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting, like a parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. My better and more Christian progeny!] " It may be observable, that my muse and " my spouse were equally prolific; that the one " was seldom the mother of a child, but in the " same year the other made me the father of a " play. I think we had a dozen of each sort be- " tween us; of both which kinds some died in " their infancy," &c. Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

Ye ſhall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a paſs, and vagrant through the land;
Nor ſail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not, ſulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-houſe fire;
Nor wrap up oranges to pelt your ſire!
O! paſs more innocent, in infant ſtate,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom with eternal reſt!
Soon to the maſs of Nonſenſe to return, [born.
Where things deſtroy'd are ſwept to things un-
With that, a tear (portentous ſign of grace!)
Stole from the maſter of the ſeven-fold face:
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the ſtructure, with averted eyes:
The rolling ſmokes involve the ſacrifice.
The opening clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the former edit.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire,
And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire.
Then guſh'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes,
When the laſt blaze, &c.

Var Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire.]

Memnon, a hero in the Perſian Princeſs, very apt

REMARKS.

Ver 231. gratis-given Bland,---Sent with a paſs] It was a practice ſo to give the Daily Gazetteer and miniſterial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to ſend them poſt-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233—with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet "in Hudibraſtic verſe, but beſt known by the "London Spy, in proſe. He has of late years "kept a public houſe in the city (but in a genteel "way), and with his wit, humour, and good li-"quor (ale), afforded his gueſts a pleaſurable en-"tertainment, eſpecially thoſe of the high-church "party." JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly ſold into the plantations.---Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſting that his public houſe was not in the city, but in Moorfields.

Ver. 238. 240. Tate---Shadwell] Two of his predeceſſors in the laurel.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the firſt notes on the Dunciad it was ſaid, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This "(ſays he) is as unjuſt as to ſay I could not dance "on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell moſt shamefully, having produced no leſs than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preſerves

Great Cæſar roars, and hiſſes in the fires;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.
Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.
Rous'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head,
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thule from her bed;

VARIATIONS.

to take fire, as appears by theſe lines, with which he begins the play,

"By heaven! it fires my frozen blood with rage,
"And makes it ſcald my aged trunk."——

Rodrigo, the chief perſonage of the Perfidious Brother (a play written between Theobald and a watch-maker). The Rape of Proſerpine, one of the farces of this author in which Ceres, ſetting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the play-houſe.

Var. And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire.] He had been (to uſe an expreſſion of our poet) about Æſchylus for ten years, and had received ſubſcriptions for the ſame; but then went about other books. The character of this tragic poet, is fire and boldneſs in a high degree, but our author ſuppoſes it very much cooled by the tranſlation: upon ſight of a ſpecimen of which, was made this epigram,

"Alas, poor Æſchylus! unlucky dog!
"Whom once a lobſter kill'd, and now a log!"

But this is a grievous error; for Æſchylus was not ſlain by the fall of a lobſter on his head, but of a tortoiſe, *teſte Val. Max. l.* ix. *cap.* 12. SCRIB.

REMARKS.

in theſe few lines); the three firſt of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth ſuppreſſed in fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253. the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old ſtubble] A Comedy threſhed out of Moliere's Tartuffe and ſo much the tranſlator's favourite, that he aſſures us all our author's diſlike to it could only ariſe from diſaffection to the government. He aſſures us, that "when he had the honour to "kiſs his Majeſty's hand upon preſenting his "dedication of it, he was graciouſly pleaſed, out "of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred "pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved "Mr. P."

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfiniſhed poem of that name, of which one ſheet was printed many years ago, by Ambroſe Philips, a northern author. It is an uſual method of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it Some critics have been of opinion that this ſheet was of the nature of the Aſbeſtos, which cannot be conſumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical alluſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the writing.

Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.
Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face: [mayors
Great in her charms! as when on ſurieves and
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.
So, ſpirits ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recogniſe their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here ſtood her opium, here ſhe nurs'd her owls,
And here ſhe plann'd th' Imperial ſeat of fools.
Here to her choſen all her works ſhe ſhows;
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loitering into proſe:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind: [find,
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And theſe to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes ſelons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Shall thanks to France, and none to Rome or
Grecce,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakſpeare, and Cor-
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. [neille,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 268. in the former Ed. followed theſe two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.

Var. And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.] Tibbald writ a poem called the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary wiſh, "That ſome great genius, or man of diſtinguiſhed "merit, may be ſtarved, in order to celebrate her "power, and deſcribe her cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

Ver. 286. Can make a Cibber, Johnſon, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

Ver. 269 Great mother] Magna mater, here applied to Dulneſs. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were conſtantly inquiring Quid nunc? What news?

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald, as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and ſon to an attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of ſome forgotten plays, tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Cenſor, and a tranſlation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, "one Night Wachum, who, from an under-ſpur-"leather to the law, is become an under-ſtrapper "to the play-houſe, who hath lately burleſqued "the Metamorphoſes of Ovid by a vile tranſlation, "&c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent "paper called the Cenſor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred opium ſhed.
And lo! her bird (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heidegger and owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My ſon! the promiſ'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 293. Know, Euſden, &c.] In the former Ed.

Know, Settle, cloy'd with cuſtard and with praiſe,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard, reſt.
I ſee a king! who leads my choſen ſons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns;
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bleſs my throne!
I ſee! I ſee!—Then rapt ſhe ſpoke no more,
God ſave king Tibbald! Grubſtreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

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Ibid. Ozell.] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit "Mr. Jacob) did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, "where ſomebody left him ſomething to live on, "when he ſhall retire from buſineſs. He was de-"ſigned to be ſent to Cambridge, in order for "prieſthood; but he choſe rather to be placed in "an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified "for the ſame by his ſkill in arithmetic, and wri-"ting the neceſſary hands. He has obliged the "world with many tranſlations of French plays." JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets, p 198.

Mr Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all ſarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 22, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this "envious wretch knew, and every body knows, "that the whole bench of biſhops, not long ago, "were pleaſed to give me a purſe of guineas, for "diſcovering the erroneous tranſlations of the "Common-prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, "Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland "ſhow better verſes in all Pope's works, than "Ozell's verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the "late Lord Halifax was ſo pleaſed with, that he "complimented him with leave to dedicate it to "him, &c. Let him ſhow better and truer poetry "in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape "of the Bucket (la Secchia rapita). And Mr. "Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's "tranſlation of Homer to be, as it was prior, ſo "likewiſe ſuperior to Pope's.—Surely, ſurely, every "man is free to deſerve well of his country!"

JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, as thoſe of the bench of Biſhops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Ver. 290. a Heidegger] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the

Safe, where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic ſire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel ſhalt ſupport,
Folly, my ſon, has ſtill a friend at Court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my ſons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheſes, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingſgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the king.
O! when ſhall riſe a monarch all our own,
And I, a nurſing mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people cloſe the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
Till ſenates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an ode of thine.
She ceas'd. Then ſwells the chapel-royal throat:
God ſave king Cibber! mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, God ſave king Colley! cries;
God ſave king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block deſcended from on high
(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)

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name of an eminent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was ſaid of Petronius, Arbiter Elegantiarum.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

Ver. 296. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels in the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the Divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of Reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, intituled the Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. Howard,] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rocheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.] When the ſtatute againſt gaming was drawn up, it was repreſented, that the king, by ancient cuſtom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clauſe was inſerted, with an exemption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the ſummer the court was at Kenſington, which his majeſty accidentally being acquainted with, with a juſt indignation, prohibited. It is reported the ſame practice is yet continued wherever the court reſides, and the hazard table there open to all the profeſſed gameſters in town.

"Greateſt and juſteſt SOVEREIGN; know you this;
"Alas! no more, than Thames calm head can
"know, [o'erflow."
"Whoſe meads his arms drown, or whoſe corn

DONNE to Queen Eliz.

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Ver. 319. Chapel-royal] The voices and inſtruments uſed in the ſervice of the Chapel-royal being alſo employed in the performance of the Birth-day, and New-year odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was, that ſhe might "get enough "by her profeſſion to leave it off in time, and "make her peace with God." But her fate was "not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great friends and votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days."

Ver. 325 Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, where theſe odes are uſually rehearſed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a wit of thoſe times made this epigram:

"When laureates make odes, do you aſk of what
ſort?
"Do you aſk if they're good, or are evil?
"You may judge—From the Devil they come to
"the Court,
"And go from the Court to the Devil."

Ver. 328—Ogilby)—God ſave King Log!] See Ogilby's Æſop's Fables, where, in the ſtory of the frogs and their king, this excellent hemiſtich is to be found.

Our author manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a prodigious tenderneſs for the bad writers. We ſee he ſelects the only good paſſage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ! which ſhows how candid and patient a reader he muſt have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than the words in the preface to his poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveneſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the moſt moderate repreſentation of their caſe, that has ever been given by any author?

But how much all indulgence is loſt upon theſe people may appear from the juſt reflection made on their conſtant conduct and conſtant fate, in the following epigram:

"Ye little wits, that gleam'd a-while,
"When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
"Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
"How ſoon ye fade away!

"To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
"Thus empty vapours riſe,

Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave king Log!

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" Each lends his cloud to put him out,
" That rear'd him to the ſkies.

" Alas! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
" There he ſhall ever burn:
" Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
" And muſt to earth return."

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with public games and ſports of various kinds; not inſtituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddeſs in perſon (in like manner as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. xxiv. propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their patrons and bookſellers. The goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the bookſellers, and ſetteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poeteſs. Then follow the exerciſes for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving. The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the ſecond of diſputants and ſuſtian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Laſtly, for the critics, the goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an exerciſe, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verſe, and the other in proſe, deliberately read, without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of their operation, are here ſet forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the games.

High on a gorgeous ſeat, that far out-ſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne.

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Two things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the very baſis of all verbal criticiſm is founded and ſupported: The firſt, that an author could never fail to uſe the beſt word on every occaſion; the ſecond, that a critic cannot chooſe but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt, that the author could never have uſed it; and, ſecondly, that he muſt have uſed that very one, which we conjecture, in its ſtead.

Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden ſhowers,

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We cannot therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the preceding book, which in all the former editions ſtood thus:

Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave king Log.

He has, with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epithets; putting hoarſe to the nation, and loud to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the juſt right of a critic he merits the acknowledgement of all ſound commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a diſſenter is uſually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inſcription, 'The Primitive Euchariſt.' See the hiſtory of this perſon, book iii.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be juſt worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient ſophiſts entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. Themiſtius, Orat. i.

Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,] Edmund Curll ſtood in the pillory at Charing-croſs, in March 1727-8. " This (ſaith Ed-
" mund Curll) is a falſe aſſertion—I had indeed
" the corporal puniſhment of what the gentle-
" men of the long robe are pleaſed jocoſely to call
" mounting the roſtrum for one hour: but that
" ſcene of action was not in the month of March,
" but in February." [Curlliad, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the hiſtory of his being toſt in a blanket, he ſaith, " Here, Scriblerus thou leeſeſt in what
" thou aſſerteſt concerning the blanket: it was
" not a blanket, but a rug," p. 25. Much in the ſame manner Mr. Cibber remonſtrated, that his brothers, at bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it paſs unaltered, as a triſle that no way altered the relationſhip.

We ſhould think (gentle reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly thoſe of the printer. Since what moved us to this work, was ſolely the love of truth not in the leaſt any vain-glory, or deſire to contend with great authors. And farther, our miſtakes, we conceive, will the rather

Great Cibber ſate: The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulneſs, and new bronze their face.
So from the ſun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling ſparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capital ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſeven hills, the Antichriſt of Wit.
And now the queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They ſummon all her race: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (ſo ANNE and Piety ordain)
A church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.
With authors, ſtationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;
No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarveling bards of theſe degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol pert and vain!
Never was daſh'd out at one lucky hit,
A fool, ſo juſt a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 5. Great Tibbald nods.

Ver. 8. In the former edit.

On him, and crowds grow fooliſh as they gaze.

The four next lines are added.

Ver. 17.

To grace this honour'd day, the queen proclaims*

Ver. 19. She ſummons all her ſons, &c.

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be pardoned, as ſcarce poſſible to be avoided in writing of ſuch perſons and works as do ever ſhun the light. However, that we may not any way ſoften or extenuate the ſame, we give them thee in the very words of our antagoniſts: not defending, but ratracting them from our heart, and craving excuſe of the parties offended: For ſurely in this work, it hath been above all things our deſire to provoke no man. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X, gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jeſt which the Court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himſelf was ſo tranſported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verſes without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolufions.

* *See life of C. C. chap. vi. p.* 149.

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Ver. 34. And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.] This ſpecies of mirth called a joke, ariſing from a Malentendu, may be well ſuppoſed to be the delight of Dulneſs.

Ver. 47. Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit.] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of Dulneſs making a wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the foam of Alexander's horſe, daſhed his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the phantom More.] CURLL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-Moore Smith, Eſq.; and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the Teſtimonies) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief: "Sir," (ſaid the thief, finding himſelf detected) "do not expoſe me, I "did it for mere want; be ſo good as take it pri-"vately out of my pocket again, and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among "us! look, he is ſtealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Hiſtorico-phyſical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young; F. Billers, Eſq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another copy of the

All gaze with ardour: ſome a poet's name,
Others a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.

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letter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems, he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728.) "That the contempt "which he and others had for theſe pieces," (which only himſelf had ſhown, and handed about as his own) "occaſioned their being loſt, and "for that cauſe only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conſcious, none but he could be the publiſher of it. The plagiariſms of this perſon gave occaſion to the following Epigram:

"Moore always ſmiles whenever he recites;
"He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
"And yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
"A modeſt man may like what's not his own."

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a paſſion to be thought a wit. Here is a very ſtrong inſtance atteſted by Mr. Savage, ſon of the late Earl Rivers; who having ſhown ſome verſes of his in manuſcript to Mr. Moore wherein Mr. Pope was called firſt of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning ſent to Mr. Savage, to give thoſe verſes another turn, to wit, "That "Pope might now be the firſt, becauſe Moore, "had left him unrivalled, in turning his ſtyle to "Comedy." This was during the rehearſal of the Rival Modes, his firſt and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modeſt motto:

"Hic cœſtus, artemque repono."

The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Coſmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parſon, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Phyſical works on Sir James Baker; and ſome unowned Letters, Advertiſements, and Epigrams againſt our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithſtanding what is here collected of the perſon imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; ſince our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen of verſes to himſelf, which every reader has done for him; ſince the name itſelf is not ſpelled Moore, but More; and, laſtly, ſince the learned Scriblerus has not proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real perſon, but fictitious. More from μῶρος, ſtultus, μωρία, ſtultitia, to repreſent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Eraſmus, "Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, "quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es "ipſe a re alienus"? Dedication of Moriæ Encomium on Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, Vale! More! et moriam tuam graviter defende. Adieu! More! and be ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly.

SCRIBL.

But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and ſhall end."
He ſpoke: and who with Lintot ſhall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curll; "Behold that rival here;

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Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the epiſode of the bookſellers; perſons, whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the authors in this poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookſeller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntleſs Curll;] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it had ever before arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed himſelf a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among theſe; he was taken notice of by the ſtate, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: He ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomede; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is favoured of the gods; he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter: Though he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once inſtructive and prophetical; after this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curll ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: Witneſs innumerable inſtances; but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being firſt threatened, and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from her to him, and ever

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
" So take the hindmoſt, hell," (he ſaid) and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So labouring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop)
Here fortun'd Curll to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:
Then firſt (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
Hear, Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any god's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
Where, from ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.
There in his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind;
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from gods diſtils.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands.
Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her vot'ry's prayer,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the goddeſs heard her ſervant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Liſtening delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vigorous he riſes; from the effluvia ſtrong,
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Repaſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.
And now the victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night.
To ſeize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers, light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;
Songs, ſonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whiſk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey,
That ſuit an unpay'd taylor ſnatch'd away.
No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau or wit,
That once ſo flatter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heaven rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-ſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior:

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Ver. 67.
With legs expanded, Bernard urg'd the race,
And ſeem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

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ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favour ſince received from him: So true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, " that any one ſhall be, at ſome time " or other, the better or the worſe, for having " but ſeen or ſpoken to a good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either thoſe gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 12. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things, full, not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſeable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms] The Bible, Curll's ſign: the Croſs-keys, Lintot's.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 99.—104. In former edit. thus:
(Oft as he fiſh'd her nether realms for wit,
The goddeſs favour'd him, and favours yet)

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Ver. 101. Where, as he fiſh'd, &c.] See the preface to Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift] Some of thoſe perſons, whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts he had owned, See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. an unpay'd taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in Miſt, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a moſt inhuman ſatire on the poverty of poets: But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen; if it be a ſatire on any body, it muſt on a bad paymaſter, ſince the perſon to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that " if Homer himſelf was not " in debt, it was becauſe nobody would truſt " him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach

Meers, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the goddess: Son, thy grief lay down
And turn this whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:

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posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—"Bond writ a sa-"tire against Mr. P.—. Capt. Breval was au-"thor of The Confederates, an ingenious drama-"tic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. "Arb. and some ladies of quality," says, Curll, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Mears, Warner, Wilkins] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

Ver. 126. Breval, Bund, Besaleel,] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may be seen; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curll declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; but the same Curll first said it was written by Joseph Gay: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet: But where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms. Scribl.

Ver. 128. Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.—The ambiguity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illusion on the town:] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Ver. 138. Cook shall be Prior,] The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of the Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals: and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

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Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138 and Concanen, Swift:] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill the verse, and give ease to the reader.

Ver 140. And we too boast our Garth and Addison.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be the author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth to pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his subject Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author.

"The craven rook, and pert jack-daw,
"(Though neither birds of moral kind)
"Yet serve, if hang'd, and stuff'd with straw,
"To show us which way blows the wind.

"Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
"Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
"Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
"And point instruction every way.

"With Egypt's art thy pen may strive:
"One potent drop let this but shed,
"And every rogue that stunk alive,
"Becomes a precious mummy dead."

Ver 142. rueful length of face] "The decre-"pid person or figure of a man are no reflections "upon his genius: An honest mind will love "and esteem a man of worth, though he be "deformed or poor. Yet the author of the "Dunciad hath libelled a person for his rueful

With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)
A ſhaggy tapeſtry, worthy to be ſpread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the faces her confeſſors endure.
Earleſs on high, ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might you view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket high in air he flies.

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"length of face!" Miſt's Journal, June 8. The genius and man of worth, whom an honeſt mind ſhould love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he ſtood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflection on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; "it is often occaſioned by calamities and diſeaſes, "which a man can no more help than a monſter "can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, "and no one diſeaſe, but what all mankind are "ſubject to.—But the deformity of this author is "viſible, preſent, laſting, unalterable, and pecu-"liar to himſelf. 'Tis the mark of God and Na-"ture upon him, to give us warning that we "ſhould hold no ſociety with him, as a creature "not of our original, nor of our ſpecies: and "they who have refuſed to take this warning, "which God and Nature has given them, and "have, in ſpite of it, by a ſenſeleſs preſumption "ventured to be familiar with him, have ſeverely "ſuffered. &c. It is certain his original is not "from Adam, but from the devil." &c.——*Dennis, Character of Mr. P. 8vo.* 1716.

Admirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingſ-"gate can never be the language of charity, nor "conſequently of Chriſtianity." I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator than to behold his author thus pourtray'd? Yet I conſider it really hurts not him! whereas to call ſome others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little aſs or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothleſs lion or an old ſerpent. Indeed, had I written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of balatro, calceatum caput, ſcurra in triviis, being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned. But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentlemen of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Chriſtian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preſerved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminently ſhows his humanity. But it was far

And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?

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otherwiſe with the gentleman of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always perſonal, and of that nature which provoked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amiable verſes:

"While malice, Pope, denies thy page
"Its own celeſtial fire;
"While critics, and while bards in rage,
"Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth aſſail,
"And envious tongues decry;
"Theſe times though many a friend bewail,
"Theſe times bewail not I.

"But when the world's loud praiſe is thine,
"And ſpleen no more ſhall blame,
"When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
"In one eſtabliſh'd fame:

"When none ſhall rail, and every lay
"Devote a wreath to thee;
"That day (for come it will) that day
"Shall I lament to ſee."

Ver. 143. A ſhaggy tapeſtry,] A ſorry kind of tapeſtry frequent in old inns, made of worſted or ſome coarſer ſtuff; like that which is ſpoken of by Donne. Faces as frightful as theirs who whipt Chriſt in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

Ver 144. John Dunton was a broken bookſeller, and abuſive ſcribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome miniſters of ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Biſhop of Peterborough. &c.

Ver 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: He was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the Flying-Poſt and Poſt-Boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

Ver. 151. Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,] The hiſtory of Curll's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edmund Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,] In this game is expoſed, in the moſt contemptuous

In every loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;
Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd, 159
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd.
The goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far ſtreaming to the ſky;
"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not inglorioufly, at home."
Oſborne and Curll accept the glorious ſtriſe,
(Though this his ſon diſſuades, and that his wife.)
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and ſuperior ſize. 170
Firſt Oſborne lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt:
It roſe, and labour'd to a curve at moſt.
So Jove's bright bow diſplays its watery round
(Sure ſign that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd).
A ſecond effort brought but new diſgrace,
The wild Meander waſh'd the artiſt's face:
Thus the ſmall jet, which haſty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curll; impetuous ſpread
The ſtream, and ſmoking flouriſh'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns;
Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.

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manner, the profligate licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſhameleſs ſcribblers (for the moſt part of that ſex which ought leaſt to be capable of ſuch malice or impudence) who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both ſexes, to the ruin of public fame, or diſturbances of private happineſs. Our good poet, (by the whole caſt of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not ſhow his indignation, hath ſhown his contempt, as much as poſſible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be repreſented in the colours of epic poeſy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of love, ſee Curll, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleaſed to throw upon this lady, ſurely it was what from him ſhe little deſerved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herſelf "to be ſo perfectly acquainted with the ſweetneſs "of his diſpoſition, and that tenderneſs with "which he conſidered the errors of his fellow-"creatures; that, though ſhe ſhould find the little "inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his "papers, ſhe was certain it would be done in ſuch "a manner as ſhe could not but approve." Mrs. Haywood, Hiſt. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Ver. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dreſſed up before them.

Ver. 167. Oſborne, Thomas] A bookſeller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs deſerving predeceſſor. [Chapman, the publiſher of Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia, &c.] This man publiſhed advertiſements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope's Subſcription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which book he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertiſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy "muſt it be to a writer to be ſo unhappy as to ſee

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"his works hawked for ſale in a manner ſo fatal "to his fame! How, with honour to yourſelf, "and juſtice to your ſubſcribers, can this be done! "What an ingratitude to be charged on the only "honeſt poet that lived in 1738! and than whom "virtue has not had a ſhriller trumpeter for ma-"ny ages! That you were once generally admired "and eſteemed, can be denied by none; but that "you and your works are now deſpiſed, is veri-"fied by this fact:" which being utterly falſe, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this juſt chaſtiſement on the bookſeller.

Ver. 183. Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;] In a manuſcript Dunciad (where are ſome marginal corrections of ſome gentlemen ſome time deceaſed) I have found another reading of theſe lines: thus,

"And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to "flow;
"His rapid waters in their paſſage glow."

This I cannot but think the right: For, firſt, though the difference between burn and glow may ſeem not very material to others, to me I confeſs the latter has an elegance, a je ne ſçay quoy, which is much eaſier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet muſt have obſerved how frequently he uſes this word glow in other parts of his works: To inſtance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726. With one reſentment glows,
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 926. There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985. The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45. Encompaſs'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. ver. 475. His beating breaſt with generous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xvii. ver. 591. Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654. And curl'd on ſilver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in exam-

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft ſmiling, lead'ſt away.
Oſborne, through perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain; 191
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtare.
His honour's meaning Dulneſs thus expreſt,
"He wins this patron who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his purſe, and takes his ſeat of ſtate:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous taſk commence,
And, inſtant, fancy feels th' imputed ſenſe; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He ſtruts Adonis, and affects grimace;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taſte directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with claſſic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.
But Welſted moſt the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft, giving palm;

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Ver. 205. In former edit. Welſted.
Ver. 207. In the firſt edit.

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

And again in ver. 209. Unlucky Oldmixon!

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ples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent; but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this beautiful word, which, therefore let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time: But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half SCRIBL.

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley.

Ver. 207. Welſted] Leonard Welſted, author of the Triumvirate, or a letter in verſe from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a ſatire on Mr. P. and ſome of his friends about the year 1718. [He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the hymn of a gentleman to his Creator: And there was another in praiſe either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characteriſed in the Περι Βαθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is ſaid to be this perſon, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was alſo characteriſed under another animal, a mole, by the author of the enſuing ſimile, which was handed about at the ſame time:

"Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a mole:
"Above ground never born to grow;
"What mighty ſtir it keeps below!
"To make a mole-hill all his ſtrife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
"How proud a little dirt to ſpread;
"Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
"Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
"It blunders into light and dies."]

Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter 210
While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The queen of love
Her ſiſter ſends, her votareſs, from above,
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his grace's ſecretary. 220
Now turn to different ſports (the goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wondrous power of noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh every heart,
With Shakſpeare's nature, or with Jonſon's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With thunder rumbling from the muſtard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand. 230
Improve we theſe. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chattering ſhames the monkey tribe:
And his this drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſs
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying aſs.
Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;

REMARKS.

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

Ver. 226. With thunder rumbling from the muſtard-bowl,] The old way of making thunder and muſtard were the ſame! but ſince, it is more advantageouſly performed by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a

'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart,
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold (cry'd the queen); A cat-call each ſhall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din:
But that this well-diſputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake!
Sore ſighs Sir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So ſwells each wind pipe; aſs intones to aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from labouring lungs th' enthuſiaſt blows,
High ſounds, attemper'd to the vocal noſe;
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep divine; [thine.
There, Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield!
But far o'er all ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.
In Tottenham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning-prayers and flagellation end)

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 241, 242. added ſince the firſt edition.

Ver. 257, 258. This couplet is an addition.

REMARKS.

new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is my thunder."

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417. J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and ſome poems. See before, note on ver. 126.

Ver. 258. Webſter—and Whitfield] [The one the writer of a newſpaper called the Weekly Miſcellany, the other a field preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of ſpiritual madneſs: That by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober clergy. From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary perſons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthuſiaſm are, while the civil magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the other.]

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humouroufly allegorized in theſe lines.

Ver. 268. Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Knt. who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"

and whoſe indefatigable muſe produced no leſs than ſix epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the everlaſting Blackmore. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, "that this admirable author did "not think himſelf upon the ſame foot with Homer." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25. who ſays, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to miſtake his proper talents; and that "he has not for many years been ſo much as "named, or even thought of among writers."—Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's action (ſaith he) has "neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor "univerſality; and conſequently he can have no "fable, and no heroic poem: His narration is "neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; "his characters have none of the neceſſary qualifications; the things contained in his narration "are neither in their own nature delightful, nor "numerous enough, nor rightly diſpoſed, nor "ſurpriſing, nor pathetic." Nay, he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has no genius; firſt laying down, that "genius is cauſed by a furious joy "and pride of ſoul, on the conception of an extraordinary hint. Many men (ſays he) have "their hints, without theſe motions of fury and "pride of ſoul, becauſe they want fire enough to "agitate their ſpirits; and theſe we call cold "writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, "but have not excellent organs, feel the fore-"mentioned notions, without the extraordinary "hints; and theſe we call fuſtian writers. But "he declares that Sir Richard had neither the "hints nor the motions." Remarks on Prince Arthur, octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his laſt, of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in very high terms of profaneneſs and immorality (Eſſay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a traveſtie on the firſt pſalm. Mr. Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an argument to prove it; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. "It was "he who burleſqued the Pſalms of David. It is "apparent to me that pſalm was burleſqued by a "Popiſh rhymeſter. Let rhyming perſons who "have been brought up Proteſtants be otherwiſe "what they will, let them be rakes, let them be

To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dikes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
" Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
" Here prove who beſt can daſh through thick and
" thin,
" And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
" Or dark dexterity of groping well.
" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
" The ſtream, be his the weekly journals bound;
" A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt; 281
" A peck of coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And, Milo-like, ſurveys his arms and hands;

VARIATION.

Ver 283. In former edit.
——great Dennis ſtands.

REMARKS.

" ſcoundrels, let them be atheiſts, yet education
" has made an invincible impreſſion on them in be-
" half of the ſacred writings. But a Popiſh rhyme-
" ſter has been brought up with a contempt for
" thoſe ſacred writings; now ſhow me another Po-
" piſh rhymeſter but he." This manner of argu-
mentation is uſual with Mr. Dennis; he has em-
ployed the ſame againſt Sir Richard himſelf, in a
like charge of impiety and irreligion. " All Mr.
" Blackmore's celeſtial machines, as they cannot
" be defended ſo much as by common received
" opinion, ſo are they directly contrary to the
" doctrine of the Church of England; for the vi-
" ſible deſcent of an angel muſt be a miracle. Now
" it is the doctrine of the Church of England, that
" miracles had ceaſed a long time before Prince
" Arthur came into the world. Now, if the doc-
" trine of the Church of England be true, as we
" are obliged to believe, then are all the celeſtial
" machines in Prince Arthur unſufferable, as want-
" ing not only human, but divine probability. But
" if the machines are ſufferable, that is, if they
" have ſo much as divine probability, then it fol-
" lows of neceſſity, that the doctrine of the Church
" is falſe. So I leave it to every impartial clergy-
" man to conſider," &c.——*Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.*

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſervice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumſtance of the judges riſing from court, or of the labourers dinner: our author by one very proper, both to the perſons, and the ſcene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord Mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-ſtreet (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by Bridewell, toward Fleet-ditch; and laſtly, through Ludgate, to the city and the temple of the goddeſs.

Then ſighing thus, " And am I now threeſcore?
" Ah, why, ye gods! ſhould two and two make
" four?"
He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright.
The ſenior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher. 290
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.
Then * * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light:

VARIATION.

Ver. 295. in former edit.
Then * * try'd, but hardly ſnatch'd from ſight.

REMARKS.

Ver. 280. The weekly journals.] Papers of news and ſcandal, intermixed, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſhifting from one ſide to the other, called the London Journal, Britiſh Journal, Daily Jonrnal, &c. the concealed writers of which, for ſome time, were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

Ver. 283. In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands.] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient critic of our nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon, in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, No. 43.; which ſays of his own ſmile, that "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind " of man." " In poetry he was not ſo happy as " laborious, and therefore characteriſed by the Tat-" ler, No. 62. by the name of Omicron the unborn " poet." Curll, Key, p. 13 " He writ dramatic " works, and a volume of poetry, conſiſting of he-" roic epiſtles, &c. ſome whereof were very well " done," ſaid that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes, 8vo. Being employed by Biſhop Kennet in publiſhing the hiſtorians in his collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a particular fact, to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified, produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

He bears no tokens of the ſabler ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the ſwans of Thames.
True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If perſeverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:
No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion canſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſperate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. in the firſt edit. followed theſe:
For worſe unhappy D——r ſucceeds,
He ſearch'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.
Ver. 305.—314. Not in former edit.

REMARKS.

Ver. 291. Next Smedley div'd.] In the ſurreptitious editions, this whole epiſode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom, if they meant the laureat, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a perſon dipped in ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude; and accordingly are taxed of nothing elſe in book i. ver 102. But the perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in 8vo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * eſſay'd.] A gentleman of genius and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and perſonal invectives.

Ver. 299. Concanen.] Matthew Concanen, an Iriſhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſes him of "having "boaſted of what he had not written, but others "had reviſed and done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece ſomebody humorouſly cauſed him to take for his motto, "De profundis clamavi." He was ſince a hired ſcribler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was ſurpriſingly promoted to adminiſter juſtice and law in Jamaica.

Aſk ye their names! I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!
And monumental braſs this record bears,
"Theſe are—ah no! theſe were the gazetteers!"
Not ſo, bold Arnall; with a weight of ſkull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 315. In firſt edit.
Not Welſted ſo: drawn endlong by his ſkull,
Furiouſly he ſinks, percipitately dull.

REMARKS.

Ver. 306, 307. With each a ſickly brother at his back—Sons of a day, &c.] Theſe were daily papers, a number of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 312. Oſborne.] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who at laſt being aſhamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained ſilent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers.] We ought not to ſuppoſe that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachroniſm, affirming theſe gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any ſuch paper of that date. But we may with equal aſſurance aſſert theſe gazetteers not to have lived ſince, and challenge all the learned world to produce one ſuch paper at this day. Surely, therefore, where the point is ſo obſcure, our author ought not to be cenſured too raſhly. SCRIBL.

Notwithſtanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which laſted but a day. Into this, as a common ſink, was received all the traſh, which had been before diſperſed in ſeveral journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the ſame obſcure men: though ſometimes relieved by occaſional eſſays from ſtateſmen, courtiers, biſhops, deans, and doctors. The meaner ſort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thouſand a-year. It appears from the report of the ſecret committee for inquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no leſs than fifty thouſand "ſeventy-ſeven pounds eighteen ſhillings, were "paid to authors and printers of newſpapers, ſuch "as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's "Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, "between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which ſhows the benevolence of one miniſter, to have expended, for the current dulneſs of ten years in Britain, double the ſum which gained Louis XIV. ſo much honour, in annual penſions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a penſion at court, nor pre-

He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place:
When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Slow roſe a form, in majeſty of mud;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 323.—326. In firſt edit. thus:
Sudden a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Lo, Smedley roſe in majeſty of mud.

REMARKS.

ferment in the church or univerſities, of any conſideration, was beſtowed on any man diſtinguiſhed for his learning ſeparately from party merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics beſtowed by theſe writers on this great miniſter, not one is at this day extant or remembered, not even ſo much credit done to his perſonal character by all they have written, as by one ſhort occaſional compliment of our author:

" Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
" Of ſocial pleaſure, ill exchang'd for power!
" Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
" Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

Ver. 315 Arnall] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious party papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his predeceſſors. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: witneſs a paper, called the Free Briton, a dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid REPORT, that he received " for Free Britons, and other writings, in " the ſpace of four years, no leſs than ten thouſand " nine hundred and ninety-ſeven pounds ſix ſhil- " lings and eight-pence, out of the Treaſury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged his honourable patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging prelate, &c.] It having been invidiouſly inſinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as reſpectable for his defence of the preſent balance of power in the civil conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to the ſcheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe ſo much to the memory of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the poem.

Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:
Firſt he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud nymphs ſuck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago
Then ſung, how, ſhown him by the nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here riſes from the ſhades;
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams
(As under ſeas Alpheus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſa's offering to his Arethuſe),
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the temple creep,
There all, from Paul's to Aldgate, drink and ſleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repoſe,
They led him ſoft; each reverend bard aroſe;
And Milbourne chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.
" Receive (he ſaid), theſe robes which once were " mine,
" Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
Around him wide a ſable army ſtand,
A low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 343.—351. In firſt edit. thus:
Pours into Thames: each city bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
Here to the banks, where bards departed doſe,
They led him ſoft; here all the bards aroſe;
Taylor, ſweet bird of Thames, majeſtic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;
While Milbourne there, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt;
And " Take" (he ſaid), &c.

Ver. 355.—362. Not in the firſt edit. where, inſtead of ver. 365.—367. were originally theſe lines:

Slow moves the goddeſs from the ſable flood,
(Her prieſt preceding) through the gates of Lud.
Her critics there ſhe ſummons, and prociaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
Here you, in whoſe grave heads, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 349 And Milbourne] Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, the faireſt of critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heaven's Swiſs, who fight for any God, or man.
Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet,
Till ſhowers of ſermons, characters, eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, repleniſh'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.
Here ſtopt the goddeſs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
" Ye critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
" I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails:
" Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
" My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers,
" Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
" If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
" Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
" And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
" To him we grant our ampleſt powers, to ſit
" Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
" To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three college ſophs and three pert templars came,
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame;
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of poeſy and prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of mum,
Till all, tun'd equal, ſend a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping words on words, the ſenſe compoſe,
At every line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doſe.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe by fits, the airs divine.

VARIATION.

Ver. 379. In firſt edit.
Three Cambridge ſophs.

REMARKS.

Ver. 255. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped that the ſatire in theſe lines will be underſtood in the confined ſenſe in which the author meant it, of ſuch only of the clergy, who, though ſolemnly engaged in the ſervice of religion, dedicate themſelves for venal and corrupt ends to that of miniſters or factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aſpire to interfere in the government of it, and conſequently to diſturb and diſorder it; in which they fall ſhort of their predeceſſors only by being inveſted with much leſs of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in ſupporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of patriots; in corrupting religion by ſuperſtition, or betraying it by libertiniſm, as either was thought beſt to ſerve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the great.

And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowſy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer,
Yet ſilent bow'd to "Chriſt's No kingdom here."
Who ſat the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt, the diſtant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er them
Each gentle clerk, and muttering ſeals his eyes,
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt,
Like motion from one circle to the reſt:
So from the midmoſt the nutation ſpreads,
Round and more round, o'er all the ſea of heads.
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 399. in the firſt edit. it was,
Collins and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer.
Ver. 412. In firſt edit.
Old James himſelf.
Ver. 413. in the firſt edit. it was,
T—s and T— the church and ſtate gave o'er,
Nor * * * talk'd, nor S— whiſper'd more.
In the ſecond,
Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er,
Nor Motteux talk'd, nor Naſo whiſper'd more.

REMARKS.

Ver 397. Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak,] Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South Sea ſcheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious "gentleman, and hath written ſome excellent epi-"logues to plays, and one ſmall piece on Love, "which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well known to the greateſt ſtateſmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two perſons not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheiſt's Liturgy, called Pantheiſticon, was a ſpy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the rights of the Chriſtian Church, and Chriſtianity as old as the Creation. He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet againſt Earl S— which was ſuppreſſed while yet in MS. by an eminent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ſhowed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards publiſhed the ſame piece, mutatis mutandis, againſt that very perſon.

Ver. 400. Chriſt's no kingdom, &c.] This is ſaid by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a ſermon of a reverend biſhop.

Ver. 411. Centlivre] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his Majeſty. She writ many plays, and a ſong (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before ſhe was ſe-

Norton, from Daniel and Oſtræa ſprung,
Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung ſilent down his never-blushing head;
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.
Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing, what bards the nightly muſe
Did ſlumbering viſit, and convey to ſtews;
Who prouder march'd with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a prieſt in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

VARIATION.

Ver. 425. In firſt edit.
How Laurus lay, &c.

REMARKS.

ven years old. She alſo writ a ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Ver. 413. Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal againſt the ſtage; Mr. Dennis anſwered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. The ſame Mr. Law is author of a book, intituled, "An Appeal to all that doubt of, or diſbelieve the truth of the Goſpel;" in which he has detailed a ſyſtem of the rankeſt ſpinoziſm, for the moſt exalted theology; and amongſt other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Iſaac Newton ſtole the principles of his philoſophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German cobler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer againſt religion, diſtinguiſhed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompouſneſs of his title; for having ſtolen his morality from Tindal, and his philoſophy from Spinoſa, he calls himſelf, by the courteſy of England, a moral philoſopher.

Ibid. Mandevil] This writer, who prided himſelf in the reputation of an immoral philoſopher, was author of a famous book, called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Chriſtian virtue the impoſition of fools; and that vice is neceſſary, and alone ſufficient to render ſociety flouriſhing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton,] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, *Fortes creantur fortibus.* One of the authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſome time the honour to be abuſed with his betters; and of many hired ſcurrilities and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name.

Ver. 427. Fleet.] A priſon for inſolvent debtors, on the bank of the Ditch.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

After the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the goddeſs tranſports the king to her temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſeth all the viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, caſtle builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the Elyſian ſhade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the ſouls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a mount of viſion, from whence he ſhows him the paſt triumphs of the empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: how ſmall a part of the world was ever conquered by ſcience, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped, and thoſe very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the iſland of Great Britain, ſhows by what aids, by what perſons, and by what degrees, it ſhall be brought to her empire. Some of the perſons he cauſes to paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a ſudden the ſcene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurpriſing and unknown to the king himſelf, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this ſubject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of theſe. He propheſies how firſt the nation ſhall be over-run with farces, operas, and ſhows; how the throne of Dulneſs ſhall be advanced over the theatres, and ſet up even at court: then how her ſons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of arts and ſciences: giving a glimpſe, or Piſgah ſight, of the future fulneſs of her glory, the accompliſhment whereof is the ſubject of the fourth and laſt Book.

But in her temple's laſt receſs enclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtains round with vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the ſeat of ſenſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reaſon know.

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following viſion is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatire on the preſent age, doubtleſs more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great genuiſes in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and ſciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our poet's honeſt meaning, he hath again, at the end of the viſion, repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſſed through the ivory gate, which (according to the ancients) denoteth falſity. SCRIBL.

Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradiſe, the ſtateſman's ſcheme,
The air-built caſtle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wiſh, the chemiſt's flame,
And poet's viſion of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The king deſcending, views th' Elyſian ſhade.
A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs meditating ſong;
Her treſſes ſtaring from poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams,
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar [more).
(Once ſwan of Thames, though now he ſings no
Benlowes, propitious ſtill to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.

Here, in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,
And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward and Pillory.

VARIATION.

Ver. 15—22. Not in the firſt ed.

REMARKS.

How much the good Scriblerus was miſtaken, may be ſeen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never ſeen. BENTL

Ver. 15. A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl] This allegory is extremely juſt, no conformation of the mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real madneſs, as that which produces real dulneſs. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) enthuſiaſts of all ages were ever, in their natural ſtate, moſt heavy and lumpiſh, but on the leaſt application of heat, they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickeſt into fuſion Whereas fire in a genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its conſtituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered ſteel) for the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard lunacy as a mark of wit, juſt as the Turks and our modern Methodiſts do of holineſs. But if the cauſe of madneſs aſſigned by a great philoſopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He ſuppoſes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea: Now as this attention is occaſioned either by grief or ſtudy, it will be fixed by dulneſs; which hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it ſeeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. Taylor,] John Taylor, the Water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the accidence: A rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

"I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
"And never ſcarce did learn my accidence;
"For having got from poſſum to poſſet,
"I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be ſeen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the poppy, &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years; and died of too large a doſe, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius ſits,] Bavius was an ancient poet celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſes as Bays by our author, though not in ſo Chriſtian-like a manner: For heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and deteſted for his evil works; Qui Bavium non odit; whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our poet's great good-nature and mercifulneſs through the whole courſe of this poem.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Bookſellers, printers for any body.—The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

Ver. 34. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney, Eſq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr Curll (having likewiſe ſtood there) looks upon the mention of ſuch a gentleman in a ſatire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reaſons thus upon it. Durgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Chriſtian charity to animate the rabble to abuſe a worthy man in ſuch "a ſituation? What could move the poet thus to "mention a brave ſufferer, a gallant priſoner, expoſed to the view of all mankind! It was laying "aſide his ſenſes, it was committing a crime for "which the law is deficient not to puniſh him! "nay, a crime which man can ſcarce forgive, or "time efface! nothing ſurely could have induced "him to it but being bribed by a great lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honeſt, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court). But it is evident, this verſe could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of light,] An hemiſtich of Milton.

Wondering he gaz'd: When lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:

REMARKS.

therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the poet, when he stood there.

Ver. 36. and length of ears] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert, it proceedeth originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himself should overlook it! Yet that scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal satire on a man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralth, the Flying Post, and all the herd of commentators.—Tota armenta sequuntur.

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the poet thus:

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD'S, partly SCRIBL.

Ver. 37. Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, "and that in the University of Cambridge there "were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor "Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden; "nay, for many years, bore his reputation above "him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was Dryden "able, even when his blood ran high, to defend "himself against Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions; and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems! and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morocco [the first that was ever printed with cuts]. "Upon this he "grew insolent, the wits writ against his play, he "replied, and the town judged he had the better. "In short, Settle was then thought a very formi- "dable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the "town, but the University of Cambridge was di- "vided which to prefer; and in both places the "younger sort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:
Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll:
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall, in the centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!
Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 73. in the former ed.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science at a birth begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

In eldest times, ere mortals writ or read,

which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was altered to "their bright course "begun." But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Ver. 50. Might from Bœotian, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest poets, and one of the greatest general of Greece:

"Bœotum crasso jurares aëre natum." Horat.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.
Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo: where Mœotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.
Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.

See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber chok'd with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon isle, by Palmers, pilgrim's trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-wolsey brothers, sothers.
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless
That one was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.

REMARKS.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolomæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the physic of the soul.

Ver. 96. (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Ver. 102. thundering against heathen lore;] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doctor sanctissimus ille "Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam "rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Ma"thesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur, a majoribus, "incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palati"nus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothe"cam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ "gratior esset locus, et major authoritas, et dili"gentia studiosor." Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets; because (says this Pope) "In uno se ore cum Jovis "laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam "grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec "Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera." He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy; "Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum

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"perpetuo versatur" The same pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver 109. Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,] After the government of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117. 118. Happy! had Easter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Ver. 126. Dove-like, she gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to assert her cause!] i. e. Of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, free-thinkers. But as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and review of this colleague of dulness, the laureat. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, where the Goddess herself appears in full glory.

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bleſt abode,
An hundred ſons, and every ſon a God:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd
Shall take through Grub-ſtreet her triumphant round;
And, her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce. [place,
Mark firſt that youth who takes the foremoſt
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues bleſt, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another d'Urſey, Ward ſhall ſing in thee.
Thee ſhall each alehouſe, thee each gillhouſe mourn,
And anſwering gin-ſhops ſourer ſighs return.
Jacob, the ſcourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of law.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149. in the firſt edit. it was,
Woolſton, the ſcourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuſs of law!

Ver. 151, 152. Lo, P—p—le's brow, &c.] In the former edit. thus:

Lo, next two ſlip-ſhod muſes traipſe along,
In lofty madneſs, meditating ſong,
With treſſes ſtaring from poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo, Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;] "This gentleman is ſon of a "conſiderable maſter of Romſey in Southampton-"ſhire, and bred to the law under a very eminent "attorney: Who, between his more laborious "ſtudies, has diverted himſelf with poetry. He "is a great admirer of poets and their works, "which has occaſioned him to try his genius that "way. He has writ in proſe the Lives of the "Poets, Eſſays, and a great many law books, the "Accompliſhed Conveyancer, Modern Juſtice, "&c. Giles Jacob of himſelf, Lives of Poets, "vol. I." He very groſsly, and unprovoked, abuſed in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.
Jacob, the ſcourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of law.]

There may ſeem ſome error in theſe verſes, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a reſpect for him, by this undeniable argument. "He "had once a regard for my judgment; otherwiſe "he never would have ſubſcribed two guineas to "me, for one ſmall book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I ſhould think the appellation of Blunderbuſs to Mr. Jacob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremend'ous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each Cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each ſongſter, riddler, every nameleſs name,
All crowd, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to Fame.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 155, 156, are added ſince the firſt edit.

Ver. 157. Each ſongſter, riddler, &c. In the former edit.
Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameleſs name.

After ver. 158. in the firſt edit. followed,
How proud, how pale, how earneſt all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

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Mr. Dennis argues the ſame way. "My "writings have made great impreſſion on the "minds of all ſenſible men, Mr. P. repented, and "to give proof of his repentance, ſubſcribed to "my two volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We ſhould hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this poem by ſome miſtake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy money to ſuch authors, not to flatter thyſelf that thy motives are goodnature, or charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome] Theſe two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in honour and employment. The firſt was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingſgate paper called the High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-ſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers called Paſquin, where, by malicious inuendoes, he endeavoured to repreſent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face."

P—le was the author of ſome vile plays and pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our author in a paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill natured critic, who writ a ſatire on our author, called The Mock Æſop, and many anonymous libels in newſpapers for hire.

Ver. 156. Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the annals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be name-

Some ſtrain in rhyme; the muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks! 160
Some, free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous—anſwer him, ye owls!
Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way, and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, beer;
Though ſtale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;

VARIATION.

Ver. 168. In former edit.—and Durgen may he read.

REMARKS.

leſs, and therefore the poet ſhuts them over with others in general.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our author till he writ a ſwearing piece called Sawney, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his, intituled Night, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that author's Account of Engliſh Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being adviſed to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he ſmiled and replied, "Shakeſpeare writ "without rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink of all ſuch writers, a political newſpaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a ſmall pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. Morris,] Befaleel. See book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Welſted, &c.] Of this author ſee the remark on book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him.

Mr. Welſted had, in his youth raiſed ſo great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of ſtruggle between the moſt eminent of the two Univerſities, which ſhould have the honour of his education. To compound this he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having paſſed ſome time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whoſe encouragement he acknowledged in his occaſional poems, in a manner that will make no ſmall part of the fame of his protectors. It alſo appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent age—Encouraged by ſuch a combination in his favour, he—publiſhed a book of poems, ſome in the Ovidian, ſome in the Horatian manner; in both which the moſt exquiſite

So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.
Behold yon pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind; 180

VARIATION.

After ver. 180. in many editions, ſtood,

Fam'd for good-nature, Burnet, and for truth;
Ducket for pious paſſion to the youth.

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judges pronounce he even rivalled his maſters—His love-verſes have reſcued that way of writing from contempt—In his tranſlations, he has given us the very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His Ode—his Epiſtle—his Verſes—his Love-tale—all, are the moſt perfect things in all poetry Welſted of himſelf, Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, page 23, 24. It ſhould not be forgot for his honour, that he received at one time the ſum of five hundred pounds for ſecret ſervice, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymouſly for the miniſtry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] Theſe men became the public ſcorn by a mere miſtake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (juſt as Ariſtotle and Longinus did of theirs) and diſcourſe upon the beauties and defects of compoſition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul.

Whereas had they followed the example of thoſe microſcopes of wit, Kuſter, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticiſm on the learned languages, their acuteneſs and induſtry might have raiſed them a name equal to the moſt famous of the ſcholiaſts. We cannot therefore but lament the late apoſtacy of the Prebendary of Rocheſter, who beginning in ſo good a train, has now turned ſhort to write comments on the Fire-ſide, and Dreams upon Shakeſpeare; where we find the ſpirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured obſervations. SCRIBL.

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the Fire-ſide, I want thy uſual candour. It is true, Mr Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a panegyric on his patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a ſcholiaſt of ſo ſolid learning. ARIST.

Ver. 173, Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, who has ſeen, through the courſe of theſe notes, what a conſtant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he ſhould be mentioned but twice, and ſo ſlightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.
" But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
" Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself, in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. d'Urfey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon pair, &c.] One of these was author of a weekly paper called the Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intituled, Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

" Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
" Came hissing out in verse;
" Both were so forward, each would write,
" So dull, each hang an a——.
" Thus Amphisbœna (I have read)
" At either end assails;
" None knows which leads or which is led,
" For both heads are but tails."

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date.

Ver. 184. That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

Ver. 187 myster wight,] Uncouth mortal.

Ver 188 Wormius hight.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read?
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishoneſt sight! his breeches rent below:
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197 in the first edit. it was,
And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English Music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

Ver. 199 lo! Henley stands, &c.] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Transactions, N. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: " He was born at Melton-Mow-" bray in Leicestershire. From his own parish " school he went to St. John's College in Cam-" bridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it " shocked him to find he was commanded to be-" lieve against his own judgment in points of re-" ligion, philosophy, &c. for his genius leading " him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all " points to account, he was impatient under those " fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted " to Priest's orders, he found the examination " very short and superficial, and that it was not " necessary to conform to the Christian religion, " in order either to deaconship or priesthood." He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, " was the envy of others, and a distelish en-" tertained of him, because he was not qualified " to be a complete Spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought " it as lawful to take a li-" cense from the king and parliament in one place,

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibſon, preach in vain.
Oh great reſtorer of the good old ſtage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl; 210
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.
Yet oh, my ſon, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the years you lend)

'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One, diſpenſe,
The ſource of Newton's light, of Bacon's ſenſe.
Content each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inſpires, 220
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 204. In former ed.

While K**, B**, W**, preach in vain.

After ver. 112. followed in former ed.

Here too, great Woolſton! here exalt thy throne;
And prove, no miracles can match thy own.

REMARKS.

"as another; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctor's "Commons; ſo ſet up his oratory in Newport-"market, Butcher-row. There (ſays his friend) "he had the aſſurance to form a plan, which no "mortal ever thought of; he had ſucceſs againſt "all oppoſition; challenged his adverſaries to fair "diſputations, and none would diſpute with him; "writ, read, and ſtudied twelve hours a day; "compoſed three diſſertations a-week on all ſub-"jects; undertook to teach in one year what "ſchools and univerſities teach in five; was not "terrified by menaces, inſults, or ſatires, but ſtill "proceeded, matured his bold ſcheme, and put the "church, and all that in danger." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. N. 1.

After having ſtood ſome proſecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonry upon all public and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke jeſts, and ſometimes that bread which he called the Primitive Euchariſt.—This wonderful perſon ſtruck medals, which he diſperſed as tickets to his ſubſcribers: the device a ſtar riſing to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA; and below INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a-year given him for the ſecret ſervice of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonſenſe, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibſon,] biſhops of Saliſbury, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe ſermons and paſtoral letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, ſee Book ii. Tho. Woolſton was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the miracles of the Goſpel, in the year 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my ſons, &c.] The caution againſt blaſphemy here given by a departed ſon of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears

VARIATION.

Ver. 216. In former ed.—or a ſeraph's flame.

REMARKS.

of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Goddeſs in the fourth Book, ſhe encourages her ſons, and they beg aſſiſtance to pollute the ſource of light itſelf, with the ſame virulence they had before done the pureſt emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, [flame:]
A NEWTON'S genius, or a Milton's

Thankfully received, and freely uſed, is this gracious licenſe by the beloved diſciple of that prince of Cabaliſtic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinſon. Hear with what honeſt plainneſs he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demon-"ſtration (ſaith he), founded upon the proportions "of lines and circles to each other, and the ring-"ing of changes upon figures, theſe have no more "to do with the greateſt part of philoſophy, than "they have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed, "the zeal for this ſort of gibberiſh [mathematical "principles] is greatly abated of late: and though "it is now upwards of twenty years that the Da-"gon of modern philoſophers, Sir ISAAC NEW-"TON, has lain with his face upon the ground "before the ark of God, Scripture philoſophy; "for ſo long MOSES'S PRINCIPIA have been pub-"liſhed; and the Treatiſe of Power Eſſential and "Mechanical, in which Sir Iſaac Newton's philo-"ſophy is treated with the UTMOST CONTEMPT, "has been publiſhed a dozen years; yet is there "not one of the whole ſociety who hath had the "COURAGE to attempt to raiſe him up. And ſo "let him lie."—The philoſophical principles of Moſes aſſerted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. London, 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God."] The hardeſt leſſon a dunce can learn. For being bred to ſcorn what he does not underſtand, that which he underſtands leaſt he will be apt to ſcorn moſt. Of which, to the diſgrace of all government, and (in the poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herſelf, we have had a late example in a book intituled, Philoſophical Eſſays concerning human Underſtanding.

Ver. 224.—not to ſcorn your God."]. See this ſubject purſued in Book iv.

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the fire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd);
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth:
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own;
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power these wonders wrought?
Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more! In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 231, 232. Added when the hero was changed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 232. (Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good "actor, I'll be d—d.—And (says Mr. Cibber) I "make it a question, whether Alexander himself, "or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, when at the "head of their first victorious armies, could feel a "greater transport in their bosoms than I did in "mine."

Ver. 233. a sable sorcerer] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on earth;] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vast egg] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-Inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 266. In the former edit.

New wizards rise: here Booth, and Cibber there.

Ver. 268. —Cibber mounts the wind.
After ver. 274. in the former edit. followed,

For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. None but thyself can be thy parallel.] A marvellous line of Theobald; unless the play called the Double Falsehood (be as he would have it believed) Shakspeare's: But whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakspeare to have written as bad (which methinks in an author, for whom he has a veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed); as for example:

"Try what repentance can: what can it not?
"But what can it, when one cannot repent?
"—For cogitation
"Resides not in the man who does not think,"
&c. MIST'S JOURN.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakspeare.

REMARKS.

Ver. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. I see my Cibber there!] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (Life, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth "that succession of monstrous medleys that have so "long infested the stage, which arose upon one ano-"ther alternately at both houses, outvying each "other in expence." He then proceeds to excuse his own part of them, as follows: "If I am "asked why I assented? I have no better excuse "for my error than to confess I did it against my "conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. "Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing "his religion? I was still in my heart, as much "as he could be, on the side of truth and sense;

And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupenduous bells resoun'd;
Though my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise.
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, heaven! that thou my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And every year be duller than the last,
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forrunnner of her gentle sway;
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice engage,
The third mad passion of thy doating age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if Heaven thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 284. in the former edit. followed,

Different our parties, but with equal grace
The goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.
'Tis the same rope of several ends they twist;
To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist.

Ver. 290. In the former edit.

In the dog's tail his progress ends at last.

REMARKS.

"but with this difference, that I had their leave "to quit them when they could not support me. "But let the question go which way it will, Har- "ry IV. has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer; only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against once's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Ver. 266. 267 Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.] In his letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only.

Ver. 282. Annual trophies on the Lord Mayor's day; and monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

Ver. 283. Though long my party] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous pope-burning on November 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 295. Safe in its heaviness, &c.] In the former edit.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;
And lick up every blockhead in the way,
Thy dragons, magistrates, and peers shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last.
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

Ver. 303,—306. Added with the new hero.

REMARKS.

last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

Ver. 297. Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,] It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure "they must "needs mean no body but King GEORGE and "Queen CAROLINE; and said he would insist "it was so, till the poet cleared himself by fil- "ling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the "context, and consistent with his allegiance." Pref. to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr P. printed for A. Moore, p. 6.

Ver. 305 Polypheme] He translated the Italian opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid: They inquire who has hurt him? he answers Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English translations of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek Punnology.

Ver. 308, 309. Faustus, Pluto, &c.] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times,
Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year,
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
Our Midas ſits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is preferr'd for wit!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 323. See, ſee, our own, &c.] In the former edit.

Beneath his reign, ſhall Euſden wear the bays,
Cibber preſide Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benſon ſole judge of Architecture ſit,
And Namby Pamby be preſerr'd for wit!
I ſee th' unfiniſh'd Dormitory wall,
I ſee the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's tranſlating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed, great days!

Ver. 331. in the former edit. thus,

— O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's tranſlating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note: "He concludes his irony with a ſtroke upon himſelf: for "whoever imagines this a ſarcaſm on the other "ingenious perſon, is ſurely miſtaken. The opinion our author had of him was ſufficiently "ſhown by his joining him in the undertaking of "the Odyſſey; in which Mr. Broome, having "engaged without any previous agreement, diſcharged his part ſo much to Mr. Pope's ſatisfaction, that he gratified him with the full ſum "of five hundred pounds, and a preſent of all "thoſe books for which his own intereſt could "procure him ſubſcribers, to the value of one hundred more. The author only ſeems to lament, "that he was employed in tranſlation at all."

REMARKS.

Ver. 312. enſure it but from fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proſerpine, a corn field was ſet on fire: whereupon the other playhouſe had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators. They alſo rivalled each other in ſhowing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

Ver. 313. Another Æſchylus appears!] It is reported of Æſchylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrified, that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried.

See under Ripley riſe a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall;
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends;

REMARKS.

Ver. 325. On poets tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!] W—m. Benſon (Surveyor of the buildings to his Majeſty King George I.) gave in a report to the lords, that their houſe and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in, while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition. The lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the king againſt Benſon, for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary, gave them aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambroſe Philips.] "He was (ſaith "Mr. Jacob) one of the wits at Button's, and a "juſtice of the peace:" But he hath ſince met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i p. 157. "Indeed, "he confeſſes, he dares not ſet him quite on the "ſame foot with Virgil, leſt it ſhould ſeem flattery; but he is much miſtaken if poſterity does "not afford him a greater eſteem than he at preſent enjoys." He endeavoured to create ſome miſunderſtanding between our author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo, ſoon after, he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular, he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a party-paper, called the Examiner; a falſehood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall.] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-houſe of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerſet-houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been juſt then reſtored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the deſigns of that great maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taſte of architecture in this kingdom.

Ver 330. Gay dies unpenſion'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our au-

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.
Proceed, great days! till learning fly the ſhore,
Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,
Till Thames ſee Eaton's ſons for ever play,
Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday,
Till Iſis' elders reel, their pupils ſport,
And Alma Mater lie diſſolv'd in Port!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in a former edit. were the following lines:

Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year;
See, the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
She comes! the cloud-compelling power, behold!
With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great anarch's ancient reign reſtor'd,
Light dies before her uncreating word.
As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſickening ſtars fade off th' ætherial plain:
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See ſculking Truth in her old craven lie,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd caſuiſtry:
Philoſophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no more;
See Phyſic beg the Stagyrites defence!
See Metaphyſic call for aid on Senſe!
See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
In vain they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulneſs lets the curtain fall,
And univerſal darkneſs buries all.

REMARKS.

thor, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour, with great ſucceſs; the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye call it, Fables; and laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of ſatire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble: that verſe of Horace:

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum,"

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy, hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Briſtol fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was laſt acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verſes to her publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And through the ivory gate the viſion flies.

REMARKS

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic, Mr Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was his modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, "Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil."

Ver. 332. And Pope's ten years to comment and tranſlate.] The author here plainly laments that he was ſo long employed in tranſlating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713 and finiſhed it in 1719. The edition of Shakſpeare (which he undertook merely becauſe no body elſe would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions, rectifying the ſcenery, &c.; and the tranſlation of half the Odyſſey employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may perhaps ſeem incredible, that ſo great a revolution in learning, as is here propheſied, ſhould be brought about by ſuch weak inſtruments as have been [hitherto] deſcribed in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, reſt too ſecure in thy contempt of theſe inſtruments. Remember what the Dutch ſtories ſomewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a ſmall opening made in one of their dykes by a ſingle water-rat.

However, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our ſchools, from the regularity of our univerſities, the diſcernment of our great men, the accompliſhments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers of all kinds (notwithſtanding ſome few exceptions in each), may plainly be ſeen from his concluſion; where, cauſing all this viſion to paſs through the ivory gate, he expreſsly, in the language of poeſy, declares all ſuch imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when ſome high and worthy matter is to be ſung. He ſhows the goddeſs coming in her majeſty, to deſtroy Order and Science, and to ſubſtitute the kingdom of the

dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form, are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies; and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels: presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him: but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: among them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds nests, mos, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her high-priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consumation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.
Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay; 10
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne; her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd;

REMARKS.

The Dunciad, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the Greater Dunciad, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in anywise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.

BENT.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an invocation of much piety. The poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by showing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and, lastly, his impatience to be re-united to her. SCRIBL.

Ver 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

Ver. 14. To blot out order and extinguish light,] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinction between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: Light as intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Ver. 15 Of dull and venal] The allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of light or science; venal to the destruction of order, and the truth of things.

Ibid. a new world] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should

'(Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Sóft on her lap her laureate ſon reclines.
Beneath her foot-ſtool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.

REMARKS.

ariſe; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and gold.] i. e. dull and venal

Ver 20. her laureate ſon reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the poet, that ſuch a colleague as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep on the throne, and have very little ſhare in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having paſt through the ſecond book without taking part in any thing that was tranſacted about him; and through the third in profound ſleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many kings conforts have done the like.

SCRIBL.

This verſe our excellent laureate took ſo to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he "was not as ſeldom aſleep as any fool." But it is hoped the poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy (p. 243 of his own Life, 8vo, ch. ix.) where he ſays, "the reader will be "as much pleaſed to find me a dunce in my old "age, as he was to prove me a briſk blockhead in "my youth." Wherever there was any room for briſkneſs, or alacrity of any ſort, even in ſinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural reſt, he muſt permit his hiſtorian to be ſilent. It is from their actions only that princes have their character, and poets from their works: And if in thoſe he be as much aſleep as any fool, the poet muſt leave him and them to ſleep to all eternity.

BENTL.

Ibid. her laureate] "When I find my name in "the ſatirical works of this poet, I never look up"on it as any malice meant to me, but Profit to "himſelf. For he conſiders that my face is more "known than moſt in the nation; and therefore "a lick at the laureate will be a ſure bait *ad cap*"*tandum vulgus*, to catch little readers." Life of Colly Cibber, ch. ii.

Now, if it be certain, that the works of our poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable argument, that this Fourth Dunciad, as well as the former three, hath had the author's laſt hand, and was by him intended for the preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crowned it, as we ſee, by this finiſhing ſtroke, the profitable lick at the laureate?

BENTL

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-ſtool, &c.] We are next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom the goddeſs leads in captivity. Science is only depreſſed and confined ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, puniſhed, or driven away:—

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, ſtript, fair Rhetoric languiſh'd on the ground.
His blunted arms by Sophiſtry are borne,
And ſhameleſs Billingſgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Caſuiſtry in lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.
Mad Mátheſis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her ecſtatic ſtare,
Now running round the circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the muſes lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.

REMARKS.

with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen that ſhe admits ſomething like each Science, as Caſuiſtry, Sophiſtry, &c. but nothing like Wit, Opera alone ſupplying its place.

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was ſuffered to give a hundred miſerable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage. Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling ſtate criminals in Turkey by mutes or pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 39. But ſober Hiſtory] Hiſtory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be aſked, How came Hiſtory and Satire to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort to the muſes, even in the preſence of the goddeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays Scriblerus, which we thus reſolve: Hiſtory was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together in a monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are likely to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhown to Hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of Satire ſprings from a very different cauſe, for the reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced when truly inſpired and animated (as ſhould ſeem

There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.

When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand:
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.

O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One Trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage:

REMARKS.

from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

Ver. 43. Nor could'st thou, &c.] This noble person in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with "a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence."— This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them; but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author, and myself, concerning the true reading of certain passages.

BENTL.

Ver. 45. When lo! a harlot form] The attitude given to this phantom, represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that Opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,
"The sure forerunner of her gentle sway".

Ver. 54. Let Division reign;] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned.

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure Attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and cohered around.
Not closer orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his word without a call,
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred gown;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the muses Hypocrit

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side.
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;

REMARKS.

Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90.— The third, of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronising vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he ſtood, bold Benſon thruſt him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnſton's name.
The decent knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in ſtate.
When Dulneſs ſmiling, "Thus revive the wits!
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new edition of old Æſon gave;
Let ſtandard-authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light through holes yourſelves have made.
"Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
But ſpread, my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.
So by each bard, an alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy lord ſhall hang at every wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some ſlave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide."
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop ſhows fop ſuperior complaiſance.

VARIATION.

Ver. 114.
What! no reſpect, he cried, for Shakſpeare's page?

REMARKS.

Ver. 108—bow'd from ſide to ſide;] As being of no one party.

Ver. 110. bold Benſon] This man endeavoured to raiſe himſelf to fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, ſetting up heads, and procuring tranſlations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great a paſſion for Arthur Johnſton, a Scots Phyſician's Verſion of the Pſalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

Ver. 113. The decent knight] An eminent perſon who was about to publiſh a very pompous edition of a great author at his own expence.

Ver. 115, &c.] Theſe four lines were printed in a ſeparate leaf by Mr. Pope in the laſt edition, which he himſelf gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as ſoon as Sir T. H.'s Shakſpeare ſhould be publiſhed.

Ver. 119. Thus revive, &c.] The goddeſs applauds the practice of tacking the obſcure names of perſons not eminent in any branch of learning, to thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers; either by printing editions of their works, with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former inſtances; or by ſetting up monuments diſgraced with their own vile names and inſcriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 128. A Page, a Grave.] For what leſs than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a page can be allowed a living one!

Ver. 128. A Page.] Pagina, not Pediſſequus. A page of a book, not a ſervant, follower, or attendant: no poet having had a page ſince the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. SCRIBL.

Ver. 131. So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Weſtmonaſterienſis.

Ibid.—an Alderman ſhall ſit,] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. A heavy Lord ſhall hang at every wit,] How unnatural an image, and how ill ſupported! ſaith Ariſtarchus. Had it been,

A heavy wit ſhall hang at every Lord,

ſomething might have been ſaid, in an age ſo diſtinguiſhed for well-judging patrons. For Lord, then, read Load; that is, of debts here, and of commentaries hereafter. To this purpoſe, conſpicuous is the caſe of the poor author of Hudibras, whoſe body, long ſince weighed down to the grave, by a load of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of commentaries laid upon his ſpirit; wherein the editor has atchieved more than Virgil himſelf, when he turned critic, could boaſt of, which was only, that he had picked gold out of another man's dung; whereas the editor has picked it out of his own. SCRIBL.

Ariſtarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himſelf had been ſtruggling, and but juſt ſhaken off his load when he wrote the following epigram:

"My lord complains, that Pope, ſtark mad with "gardens,
"Has lopt three trees, the value of three farthings:
"But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
"And if he'll viſit me, I'll wave my right.
"What? on compulſion? and againſt my will,
"A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill."

Ver. 137, 138.

Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhows Fop ſuperior complaiſance.]

This is not to be aſcribed ſo much to the different manners of a court and college, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning, and a pretence to wit, have on blockheads. For as judgment conſiſts in finding out the differences in things, and wit in finding out their likeneſſes, ſo the Dunce is all diſcord and diſſenſion, and conſtantly buſied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. while the Fop flouriſhes in peace, with ſongs and hymns of praiſe, addreſſes, characters, epithalamiums, &c

When lo! a ſpectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth by virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a ſhuddering horror runs;
Eaton and Winton ſhake through all their ſons.
All fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race
Shrink, and confeſs the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.
Then thus, ſince man from beaſt by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick ſprings of ſenſe,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Blind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the firſt day, he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very poet ſtill.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder houſe or hall.
There truant Windham every muſe gave o'er,
There Talbot ſunk, and was a wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid, Murray was our boaſt!
How many martials were in Pulteney loſt!
Elſe ſure ſome bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that maſterpiece of man.
Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bleſs the land again;
To ſtick the Doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a Grammar School!
For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful day,
'Tis in the ſhade of arbitrary ſway.
O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a king;
That which my prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Iſis, preach it long,
"The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Though Chriſt Church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic, ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, ſtill expelling Locke,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.

REMARKS.

Ver. 140. the dreadful wand;] A cane uſually borne by ſchoolmaſters, which drives the poor ſouls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL.

Ver. 151. like the Samian letter,] The letter Y uſed by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." Perſ.

Ver. 174. that maſterpiece of man.] Viz. an epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics ſay, "An epic poem "is the greateſt work human nature is capable "of."

Ver. 176. Some gentle James, &c.] Wilſon tells us that this king, James the Firſt, took upon himſelf to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar the Spaniſh Ambaſſador would ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

REMARKS.

This great prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of Sacred Majeſty, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. "The principles "of paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance (ſays the "author of the Diſſertation on Parties, Letter 8.), "which before his time had ſkulked perhaps in "ſome old homily, were talked, written, and "preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

Ver. 194. Though Chriſt Church, &c.] This line is doubtleſs ſpurious, and foiſted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it in between Hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dulneſs in its whole body. BENTL.

Ver. 196. ſtill expelling Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters on the laſt edit.

Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck] There ſeems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houſes ſhould ride on horſeback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifeſt; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names, as were the horſes Pegaſus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL.

Though I have the greateſt deference to the penetration of this eminent ſcholiaſt, and muſt own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juſter than that rule of criticiſm, which directs us to keep to the literal ſenſe, when no apparent abſurdity accompanies it (and ſure there is no abſurdity in ſuppoſing a Logician on horſeback), yet ſtill I muſt needs think the hackneys here celebrated were not real horſes, nor even Centaurs, which, for the ſake of the learned Chiron, I ſhould rather be inclined to think, if I

As many quit the ſtreams that murmuring fall
To lull the ſons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark,
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aſide.
Low bow'd the reſt: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both man and God.
Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
The mighty Scholiaſt, whoſe unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrains.
Turn what they will to verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it proſe again.

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were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though Logicians: and only thus metamorphoſed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Eſprit peſant, lourd, ſans ſubtilité, "ni gentilleſſe, un Groſs Cheval d'Allemagne."

Here I profeſs to go oppoſite to the whole ſtream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Græciſm in this repreſentation; for in that language the word ἵππος [horſe was often prefixed to others, to denote greatneſs of ſtrength; as ἱππολάπαθον, ἱππόγλωσσον, ἱππομάραθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoiſſeur, which comes neareſt to the caſe in hand. Scip. Maff.

Ver. 199. the ſtreams] The river Cam, running by the walls of theſe colleges, which are particularly famous for their ſkill in diſputation.

Ver. 202. ſleeps in Port.] viz. "Now retired "into harbour, after the tempeſts that had long "agitated his ſociety." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei underſtands it of a certain wine called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly. Scip. Maff. De Compotationibus Academicis. [And to the opinion of Maffei inclineth the ſagacious Annotator on Dr. King's "Advice "to Horace."]

Ver. 210. Ariſtarchus.] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whoſe name has been frequently uſed to ſignify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent profeſſor, in applying to him ſo great a name, was the reaſon that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praiſes. We ſhall therefore ſupply that loſs to our beſt ability. Scribl.

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton; whoſe richeſt veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the pooreſt and moſt beggarly proſe.—Verily the learned ſcholiaſt is grievouſly miſtaken. Ariſtarchus is not boaſting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the ſublime; but of the uſefulneſs of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper claſs; the words "make it proſe again," plainly

Roman and Greek grammarians! know your
better:
Author or ſomething yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At,
To ſound or ſink in cano O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let friend affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply:

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ſhowing that proſe it was, though aſhamed of its original, and therefore to proſe it ſhould return. Indeed, much it is to be lamented that Dulneſs doth not confine her critics to this uſeful taſk; and commiſſion them to diſmount what Ariſtophanes calls ῥῆμαθ' ἱππικὰ μόνα, all proſe on horſeback. Scribl.

Ver. 216 Author of ſomething yet more great than Letter.] Alluding to thoſe grammarians, ſuch as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented ſingle letters. But Ariſtarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour. Scribl.

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,] Alludes to the boaſted reſtoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it ſomething more than Letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma ſet upon the ſhoulders of another.

Ver. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a ſerious diſpute, about which the learned were much divided, and ſome treatiſes written: had it been about Meum and Tuum it could not be more conteſted, than whether at the end of the firſt Ode of Horace, to read, Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium, or, Te doctarum hederæ.—By this the learned ſcholiaſt would ſeem to inſinuate that the diſpute was not about Meum and Tuum, which is a miſtake: for, as a venerable ſage obſerveth, Words are the counters of wiſemen, but the money of fools; ſo that we ſee their property was indeed concerned. Scribl.

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical diſputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a diſpute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras ſhould end in as or a. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and ſays Quintilian muſt be miſtaken, Cicero could not write it ſo, and that in this caſe he would not believe Cicero himſelf. Theſe are his very words: Ego vero Ciceronem ita ſcripſiſſe ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epiſt. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.

Ver. 223, 224. Freind—Alſop] Dr. Robert Freind, maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt Church—Dr. Anthony Alſop, a happy imitator of the Horatian ſtyle.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some critics

For Attic phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient ſenſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus haſh'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old ſcholiaſts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microſcope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſhall ſee,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Ah, think not, miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
In Folly's cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine head of many a houſe,
And much divinity without a Nose.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury ſpoil'd the flock.
See! ſtill thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And metaphyſic ſmokes involve the Pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
With all ſuch reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours, till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
What though we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run through every ſchool?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with Diſpute, or perſecute with Rhyme.
We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a muſe:
Full in the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or ſet on metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame cement, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develope if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.

But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from France.
Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to ſay,
But, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And tittering puſh'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound,
The firſt came forwards, with as eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun,
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
The ſire ſaw, one by one, his virtues wake:
The mother begg'd the bleſſing of a rake.

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having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have choſen the worſe author, the more freely to diſplay their critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus] The firſt a Dictionary writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the ſecond a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Iſaac Barrow, Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Chriſt Church, both great geniuſes and eloquent preachers; one more converſant in the ſublime geometry, the other in claſſical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their ſeveral ſocieties.

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Ver. 272. lac'd Governor] Why lac'd? Becauſe gold and ſilver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Ariſtarchus to know at ſight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor ſhould have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be thought to inſinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, repreſents them in the order in which they are generally ſeen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both the other.

Ver. 280. As if he ſaw St. James's] Reflecting on the diſreſpectful and indecent behaviour of ſeveral forward young perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver 281. th' attendant orator] The Governor above-ſaid. The poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or to do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who ſo equally deſerve it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education; whoſe great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing ſpirit unbroken by terrifying names. Amongſt the happy conſequences of this reformed diſcipline, it is not the leaſt, that we have never afterwards any occaſion for the prieſt, whoſe trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finiſh what the nurſe began. SCRIBL.

Ver. 286.—the bleſſing of a rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loſs to find out what this bleſſing ſhould be. He is ſometimes tempted to imagin

Thou gav'ſt that ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was boy, nor man.
Through ſchool and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian ſouls:
To happy convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To iſles of fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing langour in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſpering woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps,
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal ſenſe of operas, or the fair;
The ſtews and palace equally explor'd,
Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All claſſic learning loſt on claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd air, the echo of a ſound;
See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a ſolo in his head;
As much eſtate, and principle, and wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber, ſhall think fit;
Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, if a borough chooſe him, not undone!
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my ſoul adores),
So may the ſons of ſons of whores
Prop thine, O empreſs! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long poſterity thy own.
Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the hero and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from ſenſe or ſhame.
Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at church, at ſenate, or at court,
Of ever-liſtleſs loiterers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd, on the rack of a too eaſy-chair,
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The pains and penalties of idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty ſeer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembled emerald on his hand,

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it might be the marrying a great fortune; but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as ſomething uncommon ſeemed to be prayed for. And after many ſtrange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair ſex, he at length reſts in this, that it was, that her ſon might paſs for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himſelf by ver. 316. where the orator, ſpeaking of his pupil, ſays, that he

Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd,

which ſeems to inſinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good ſcholiaſt, as indeed every where elſe, lays open the very ſoul of modern criticiſm, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expreſſion hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the bleſſing of a rake ſignifying no more than that he might be a rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itſelf, a common figure. The careful mother only wiſhed her ſon might be a rake, as well knowing that its attendant bleſſings would follow of courſe.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps.] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce, now illuſtrious for her carnivals.

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Ver. 318. Greatly-daring din'd.] It being indeed no ſmall riſk to eat through thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguiſed ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

Ver. 374. With nothing but a ſolo in his head;] With nothing but a ſolo? Why, if it be a ſolo how ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable teutology! Read boldly an opera, which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. BENTL.

Ver. 326. Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber.] Three very eminent perſons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profeſſion, had, each, in his way, concerned themſelves in the education of youth; and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the laſt of theſe, and his talents for this end, ſee Book i. ver. 199, &c.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular intereſt in this lady.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel!] The poet ſeems to ſpeak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenſer, who gives it to a wandering courtly 'ſquire, that travelled about for the ſame reaſon for which many young 'ſquires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to Paris.

Ver. 347. Annius.] The name taken from An-

False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines,
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.
Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his lares, though his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,

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nius, the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops.] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annius made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.

Ver. 371. Mummius.] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummius he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statutes to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he "should procure others to be made in their stead;" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.

Ibid. —Fool-renown'd.] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renown'd by fools, or renowned for making fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops.] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which, he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us, that he saw the sepulchre empty; which agrees exactly (saith he) with

Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:
Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base!
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise:
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risqu'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.
Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
(Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.
The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

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the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe, that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? &c.] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins; and being pursued by a Corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the rover; and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon, he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burden he carried, first asked him, whether the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 387. Witness great Ammon] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.

Ver. 394. Douglass.] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.
The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled and cheer'd with air, and sun, and shower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth Divine!
Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose infect lust
Lay'd this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh, punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades!
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the queen:
Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game, and chas'd from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stop'd; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fixt, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.
My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind;
The mind in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
O, would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or who must observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.
Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to Mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatise:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature's cause through nature led.
All seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and source of Pride!
We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make nature still encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 441. The common soul, &c.] In the first edit. thus:

Of souls the greater part, heaven's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And most but find that sentinel of God,
A drowsy watchman in the land of Nod.

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Ver. 409. And nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour; but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, "This is my Queen "Caroline."

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings.] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

Ver. 462. When moral evidence shall quite decay.] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate-house. See Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess; for whose help, therefore, they have reason to pray.

Find Virtue local, all relation ſcorn,
See all in ſelf, and but for ſelf be born:
Of nought ſo certain as our reaſon ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of ſoul and will.
Or hide the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee:
Wrapt up in ſelf, a God without a thought,
Regardleſs of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,
Wild through poetic ſcenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our ſociety adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.

Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowſy ſire,
And ſhook from out his pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnap'd his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down,
Roſy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddeſs dame.
Then thus: From prieſtcraft happily ſet free,
Lo! every ſiniſh'd ſon returns to thee:
Firſt ſlave to words, then vaſſal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a queen!
Mark'd out for honour, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
All melted down in penſion, or in punk!
So K * *, ſo B * *, ſneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's ſlave.
Poor W * *, nipt in Folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
Thy Magus, goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.

With that a Wizard old his cup extends;
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, anceſtors, himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a ſtar, and like Endymion dies;
A feather, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his country, every thing;
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horſes, or to hunt with dogs;

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Ver. 492. Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.] It cannot be denied but that this fine ſtroke of ſatire againſt atheiſm was well intended. But how muſt the reader ſmile at our author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as ſoon have found a wolf in England as an atheiſt? The truth is, the whole ſpecies was exterminated. There is a trifling difference, indeed, concerning the author of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Aſhenhurſt, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he ſo well convinced that great man of the truth, that whatever afterwards he found atheiſt, he always read it A Theiſt. But, in ſpite of a claim ſo well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean lecturer. A judicious apologiſt for Dr. Clarke, againſt Mr. Whiſton, ſays, with no leſs elegance than poſitiveneſs of expreſſion, it is a moſt certain truth, that the demonſtration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and baniſhed atheiſm out of the Chriſtian world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the cleareſt truths have ſtill their dark ſide. Here we ſee it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeſes was the monſter queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it ſo certain, there is no occaſion for ſo nice a canvaſſing of circumſtances.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurean philoſopher, as appears from Virgil, Ecl. vi. where he ſings the principles of that philoſophy in his drink.

Ver. 501. Firſt ſlave to words, &c.] A recapitulation of the whole courſe of modern education deſcribed in this book, which confines youth to the ſtudy of words only in ſchools; ſubjects them to the authority of ſyſtems in the univerſities; and deludes them with the names of party-diſtinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the underſtanding, and eſtabliſh ſlavery and error in literature, philoſophy, and politics. The whole finiſhed in modern free-thinking: the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the happineſs of mankind; as it eſtabliſhes ſelf-love for the ſole principle of action.

Ver. 506. ſmil'd on by a queen!] *i. e.* This queen or goddeſs of Dulneſs.

Ver. 517. With that a wizard old, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the *Greater Myſteries* of the goddeſs, which the poet, in his invocation, ver. 5. promiſed to ſing.

Ver. 518. —forgets his former friends,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to ſet aſide an uſeleſs friendſhip For of all the accommodations of faſhionable life, as there are none more reputable, ſo there are none of ſo little charge as friendſhip. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and reſpect; and at the ſame time is ready to give place to every paſſion that offers to diſpute poſſeſſion with it.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 523, 524. Loſt is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a king!] So ſtrange as this may ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good ſubject in a Monarchy: "Where (ſays he) there is no ſuch thing "as love of our country, the intereſt, the glory, "and ſervice of the prince, ſupply its place." *De la Republique, chap.* x.

Of this duty another celebrated French author ſpeaks indeed a little more diſreſpectfully; which for that reaſon, we ſhall not tranſlate, but give in his own words, "L'Amour de la Patrie, le "grand motif des prémiers Heros, n'eſt plus re-"gardé que comme une Chimeére; l'idée du Ser-"vice du Roi, etendüe juſqu' à l'oubli de tout

But sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But as the flatterer or dependent paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the syren-sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the seve and verdeur of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy treufles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne?
With French libation, and Italian strain.
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hay's stain.
Knight lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakspeare at the inns of court,

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" autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit " autrefois Grandeur d'Ame et Fidelité." *Boulainvilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France*, &c.

Ver. 528. still keep the human shape.] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorised a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Her's, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

Ver. 529. But she, good goddess, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependents, presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] *i. e.* She communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her royal colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for self-conceit, self-interest, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the pleasures of opera, and the table. SCRIBL.

Ver. 553. The board with specious miracles he loads, &c.] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. Speciosa miraculu (says he) according to Horace, where the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers; and the fair pigeon turned to a toad, is similar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before mentioned, of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small vial of jelly; nay, it is expressly said, that all flesh is nothing in his sight. I have searched Apicius, Pliny, and the feast of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said to be done by a priest, and soon after called a sacrifice, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with libation and song. SCRIBL.

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French cookery, and that particularly " Pigeons en crapeau" were a common dish.

Ver. 556. seve and verdeur] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

" Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur
" Villandri prisoit sa Seve et sa Verdeur."
Despreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table, and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his Champaigne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742).—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables, frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former note of " Bladen " is a black man," is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, Wash blackmoors white, alluding to a known proverb. SCRIBL.

Impale a glow-worm, or Vertu profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep free-maſons, join the ſilent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botaniſts, or floriſts at the leaſt,
Or iſſue members of an annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,

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Ver. 567. Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd [court]
fort,
Who ſtudy Shakſpeare at the inns of

Ill would that ſcholiaſt diſcharge his duty, who ſhould neglect to honour thoſe whom Dulneſs has diſtinguiſhed; or ſuffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modeſty would have left them nameleſs. Let us not, therefore, overlook the ſervices which have been done her cauſe by one Mr. Thomas Edwards, a gentleman, as he is pleaſed to call himſelf, of Lincoln's-Inn; but, in reality, a gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to ſpeak him better, in the plain language of our anceſtors to ſuch muſhrooms, a gentleman of the laſt edition: who, nobly eluding the ſolicitude of his careful father, very early retained himſelf in the cauſe of Dulneſs againſt Shakſpeare, and with the wit and learning of his anceſtor Tom Thimble in the Rehearſal, and with the air of good nature and politeneſs of Caliban in the tempeſt, hath now happily finiſhed the Dunce's progreſs in perſonal abuſe. For a libeller is nothing but a Grub-ſtreet critic run to ſeed.

Lamentable is the dulneſs of theſe gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoſo and his friends, who are all gentlemen, have exclaimed much againſt us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a gen-"tlemen of the laſt edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a gentleman of the laſt edition of the Dunciad. Since gentlemen, then, are ſo captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here ſaid to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's anceſtor, is only related to him by the muſe's ſide.

SCRIBL.

This tribe of men, which Scriblerus has here ſo well exemplified, our poet hath elſewhere admirably characteriſed in that happy line,

"A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead."

For the ſatire extends much further than to the perſon who occaſioned it, and takes in the whole ſpecies of thoſe on whom a good education (to fit them for ſome uſeful and learned profeſſion) has been beſtowed in vain. That worthleſs band

"Of ever-liſtleſs loiterers, that attend
"No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend;"

who, with an underſtanding too diſſipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpiſh, narrow, and contracted for thoſe of ſocial, become fit for nothing: and ſo turn wits

The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made Doctors of her laws.
Then bleſſing all, Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My ſons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, aſſert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and ſwitch be ſacred to his Grace;
With ſtaff and pumps the Marquis leads the race;
From ſtage to ſtage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the ſun;
The learned Baron butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;

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and critics, where ſenſe and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. Some, deep free-maſons, join the ſilent race] The poet all along expreſſes a very particular concern for this ſilent race: He has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open (as was before propoſed) to a humming bird or a cockle, yet at worſt they may be made free-maſons; where taciturnity is the only eſſential qualification, as it was the chief of the diſciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian, one a Gormogon,] A ſort of lay-brothers, ſlips from the root of the free-maſons.

Ver. 584. each privilege your own, &c.] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her ſons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of the reader's expectations; who may imagine the goddeſs might give them a charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate running footmen, jockies, ſtage coachmen, &c.

But if it be well conſidered, that whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally rendered harmleſs by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it will be allowed that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. The cap and ſwitch, &c.] The goddeſs's political balance of favour, in the diſtribution of her rewards, deſerves our notice. It conſiſts in joining with thoſe honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the candidates. And thus her great forerunner, John of Leyden, king of Munſter, entered on his government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipper-dolling, general of his horſe, and hangman. And had but Fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of reformation, it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole houſehold on the ſame reaſonable footing.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 590. Arachne's ſubtile line;] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning.

The judge to dance his brother ſerjeant call;
The ſenator at cricket urge the ball;
The biſhop ſtow (pontific luxury?)
An hundred ſouls of turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy 'ſquire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a ſoupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make ſenates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one monarch more:
And, nobly conſcious, princes are but things
Born for firſt miniſters, as ſlaves for kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three eſtates command,
And *make one mighty Dunciad of the land!* [nods:
More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All Nature
What mortal can reſiſt the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels inſtantly it reach'd:
(St. James's firſt, for leaden G—— preach'd)
Then catch'd the ſchools; the hall ſcarce kept awake;
The convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak;
Loſt was the Nation's ſenſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn uniſon went round:
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd treaties in each office ſlept;
And chiefleſs armies doz'd out the campaign!
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort memories, and dunces none)
Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;

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Of weaving ſtockings of the webs of ſpiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſ.

Ver. 591. The judge to dance his brother ſergeant call;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and ſolemn dance, intitled, a call of ſergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach kings to fiddle,] An ancient amuſement of ſovereign princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though deſpiſed by Themiſtocles, who was a republican—Make ſenates dance, either after their prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. What mortal can reſiſt the yawn of gods?] This verſe is truly Homerical; as is the concluſion of the action, where the great mother compoſes all, in the ſame manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyſſey.—It may indeed ſeem a very ſingular epitaſis of the poem, to end as this does, with a great yawn; but we muſt conſider it as the yawn of a god, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, moſt long and grave counſels concluding in this very manner: Nor without authority, the incomparable Spenſer having ended one of the moſt conſiderable of his works with a roar; but then it is the roar of a lion, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the cataſtrophe of the poem.

Ver. 607. Church and chapels, &c.] The progreſs of this yawn is judicious and natural, and worthy to be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the churches and chapels; then catcheth the ſchools, where, though the boys be unwilling to ſleep, the maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter-hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even by the goddeſs: Then the convocation, which, though extremely deſirous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Commons, juſtly called the ſenſe of the nation, is loſt (that is to ſay ſuſpended) during the yawn; (far be it from the author to ſuggeſt that it could be loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at large over all the reſt of the kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that Palinurus himſelf (though as incapable of ſleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

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Ver. 610. The convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak;] Implying a great deſire ſo to do, as the learned ſcholiaſt on the place rightly obſerves. Therefore beware, reader, leſt thou take this gape for a yawn, which is attended with no deſire but to go to reſt: by no means the diſpoſition of the convocation; whoſe melancholy caſe in ſhort is this: She was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the goddeſs; and while ſhe was yawning carelefsly at her eaſe, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clapp'd a gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this diſtreſsful poſture our poet here deſcribes, juſt as ſhe ſtands at this day, a ſad example of the effects of Dulneſs and Malice unchecked, and deſpiſed BENTL.

Ver. 615,—618.] Theſe verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe have imagined this poem of a freſher date.

Ver. 620. Wits have ſhort memories,] This ſeems to be the reaſon why the poets, when they give us a catalogue, conſtantly call for help on the muſes, who, as the daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'——

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

"Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, et memorare poſ-
"teſtis:
"Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

But our poet had yet another reaſon for putting this taſk upon the muſe, that, all beſides being aſleep, ſhe only could relate what paſſed. SCRIBL.

Ver. 624. The venal quiet, and, &c.] It were a problem worthy the ſolution of Mr. Ralph and his patron, who had lights that we know nothing of, ——Which required the greateſt effort of our

Till drown'd was ſenſe, and ſhame, and right, and wrong——
O ſing, and huſh the nations with thy ſong!
* * * * * *
In vain, in vain, the all-compoſing hour
Reſiſtleſs falls: the muſe obeys the power.
She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable throne behold
Of Night primæval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rain-bows die away,
Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
As one by one at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſickening ſtars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night:
See ſculking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!
Philoſophy, that lean'd on heaven before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.

VARIATION.

Ver. 643. In the former edit. it ſtood thus:

Philoſophy, that reach'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no more.

And this way was intended as a cenſure of the Newtonian philoſophy. For the poet had been miſled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Ariſtotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing ſuperficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been conſulted in this matter, it is certain that ſo unjuſt a reflection had never diſcredited ſo noble a ſatire. When I hinted to him how he had been impoſed upon, he changed the lines with great pleaſure into a compliment (as they now ſtand) on that divine genius, and a ſatire on the folly by which he the poet himſelf had been miſled.

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goddeſſes power, to intrance the dull, or to quiet the venal. For though the venal may be more unruly than the dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her virtue to intrance than barely to quiet. SCRIBL.

Ver. 629. She comes! ſhe comes! &c.] Here the muſe, like Jove's eagle, after a ſudden ſtoop at ignoble game, ſoareth again to the ſkies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poeſy, our poet here foretells from what we feel,

Phyſic of Metaphyſic begs defence,
And Metaphyſic calls for aid on Senſe!
See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to ſhine:
Nor human ſpark is left, nor glimpſe divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is reſtor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

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what we are to fear; and in the ſtyle of other prophets, hath uſed the future tenſe for the preterit: ſince what he ſays ſhall be, is already to be ſeen, in the writings of ſome even of our moſt adorned authors in divinity, philoſophy, phyſics, metaphyſics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in ſuch company.

Ibid. The ſable throne behold.] The ſable thrones of night and chaos, here repreſented as advancing to extinguiſh the light of the ſciences, in the firſt place blot out the colours of fancy, and damp the fire of wit, before they proceed to their work.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the ſaying of Democritus, that truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler ſays, he firſt put her in, before he drew her out.

Ver. 649. Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,] Bluſhing as well at the memory of the paſt overflow of Dulneſs, when the barbarous learning of ſo many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the ſimplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the preſent; of which it would be endleſs to recount the particulars. However, amidſt the extinction of all other lights, ſhe is ſaid only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguiſhable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different ſentiments from the Author of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal treatiſe on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the ſupport of religion. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of thoſe men, who ſuppoſe that morality would flouriſh beſt without it, and conſequently to the ſurpriſe ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.

BY THE AUTHOR.—A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain haberdashers of points and particles, *being instigated by the spirit of* pride, *and assuming to themselves the name of* critics *and* restorers, *have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our* glorious ancestors, poets of this realm, *by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or* in any sort related *to such poets, to all or any of them:* Now, we *having carefully revised this our* Dunciad, * *beginning with the words* the mighty mother, *and ending with the words* buries all, *containing the entire sum of* one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, *declare every word figure point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between* hooks, *or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them.* And *we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow* this our example, *which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses.* Provided always, *that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.*

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word books, and ending with the "word flies," as formerly it stood: Read also, "containing the entire sum of one thousand seven "hundred and fifty-four verses," instead of "one thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author (though living, and not blind): The editor himself confessed as much in his preface: And no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of Paradise Lost, added and augmented. Milton himself gave but ten books, his editor twelve; this author gave four books, his editor only three. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. BENTLEY.

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, *in three Books, printed at* DUBLIN *and* LONDON, *in octavo and duodecimo*, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER (*a*) TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception: and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chanced to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with (*b*) pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a (*c*) hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages); of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

(*a*) *The Publisher*] *Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Durgen,* "*that* "*most judges are of opinion this preface is not of Eng-*" *lish extraction, but Hibernian,*" &c. *He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:*

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrouled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names, as was necessary to his design.

(*b*) *Pamphlets, advertisements*, &c.] *See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.*

(*c*) *about a hundred thousand*] *It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curll, Cook, Gibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate* (*Letter to Mr. Pope, p.* 9.) "*Though I grant the Dunciad a better* "*poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I* "*read it with those vain-glorious encumbrances of Notes* "*and Remarks upon it*, &c.—*it is amazing, that you,* "*who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the* "*ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own,* "*as not to see how far a low avarice of praise,*" &c. (*taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.*)

The only exception is the (*d*) author of the following poem, who doubtleſs had either a better inſight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater perſonal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifeſts of the moſt private authors of all the anonymous pieces againſt him, and from his having in this poem attacked (*e*) no man living, who had not before printed, or publiſhed ſome ſcandal againſt this gentleman.

How I came poſſeſt of it, is no concern to the reader: but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; ſince thoſe names which are its chief ornaments die off daily ſo faſt, as muſt render it too ſoon unintelligible If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot ſay, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly (*f*) nothing in his ſtyle and manner of writing, which can diſtinguiſh or diſcover him: for if it bears any reſemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpoſe, with a view to have it paſs for his. But by the frequency of his alluſions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to ſay affected) ſhortneſs in imitation of him, I ſhould think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the ſame taſte with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full (*g*) ſix years of his life, and that he wholly retired himſelf from all the avocations and pleaſures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and ſix years more he intended to beſtow upon it, as would ſeem by this verſe of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuſcript:

" Oh mihi biſſenos multum vigilata per annos,
" Duncia! (*b*)"

Hence alſo we learn the true title of the poem: which with the ſame certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Luſiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is ſtyled heroic, as being doubly ſo; not only with reſpect to its nature, which according to the beſt rules of the ancients, and ſtricteſt ideas of the moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with regard to the heroical diſpoſition and high courage of the writer, who dared to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may ariſe ſome obſcurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of ſome authors, and inſertion of others in their niches. For whoever will conſider the unity of the whole deſign, will be ſenſible, that the poem was not made for theſe authors, but theſe authors for the poem. I ſhould judge that they were clapped in as they roſe, freſh and freſh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thruſt new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled, or anxious, if he cannot decypher them: ſince when he ſhall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the perſons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preſerve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the ſatire would only be multiplied, and applied to many inſtead of one. Had the hero, for inſtance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. But now all that unjuſt ſcandal is ſaved by calling him by a name, which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real perſon.

(*d*) *The author of the following poem, &c.*] *A very plain irony, ſpeaking of Mr. Pope himſelf.*

(*e*) *The publiſher in theſe words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of ſuch; and the exception is only of two or three, whoſe dulneſs, impudent ſcurrility, or ſelf-conceit, all mankind agreed to have juſtly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.*

(*f*) *There is certainly nothing in his ſtyle, &c.*] *This irony had ſmall effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been publiſhed two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.*

(*g*) *the labour of full ſix years, &c.*] *This alſo was boneſtly and ſeriouſly believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney,* " *We are told* " *it was the labour of ſix years, with the utmoſt aſſiduity* " *and application: It is no great compliment to the* " *author's ſenſe, to have employed ſo large a part of his* " *life, &c*" *So alſo Ward, pref. to Durgen,* " *The* " *Dunciad, as the publiſher very wiſely confeſſes, coſt* " *the author ſix years retirement from all the pleaſures* " *of life; though it is ſomewhat difficult to conceive,* " *from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be ſo long* " *in hatching, &c. But the length of time and cloſeneſs* " *of application were mentioned, to prepoſſeſs the reader* " *with a good opinion of it.*"

They juſt as well underſtood what Scriblerus ſaid of the poem.

II.

A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abuſed, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; *with the true Names of the Authors.*

REFLECTIONS critical and ſatirical on a late Rhapſody, called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 d.

(*b*) *The preface to Curll's key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius:* " *By a quibble on the word* " *Duncia, the Dunciad is formed.*" *Mr. Ward alſo follows him in the ſame opinion.*

A New Rehearſal, or Bays the younger: containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occaſioned by his intended tranſlation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket Eſquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æſop at the Bear-garden; a Viſion, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preſton. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet; or Proteſtant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-ſhow at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad. By George Ducket, Eſq, printed by E. Curll.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a Player, ſupervifed by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joſeph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's tranſlation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windſor Foreſt, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the Tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate: or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welſted] 1711, folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliz. Heywood] 8vo, printed in 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in proſe. By the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England [J. Oldmixon] 8vo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, 8vo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of ſeveral gentlemen libelled, by S— and P—, in a late Miſcellany, 8vo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, 8vo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays, or Advertiſements, in the public Prints.

Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. [Writ by M. Concannen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Daily Journal, March 29. A letter about Therſites; accuſing the author of diſaffection to the Government, By James-Moore Smith.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Eſſay on the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry. [Suppoſed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 4. A letter againſt Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixion.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore Smith.

The Flying Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope. By Mr Oldmixon

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement by James-Moore Smith

Flying Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt Dr. Swift, and againſt Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the tranſlation of the character of Therſites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All theſe were afterwards reprinted, in a pamphlet, intituled, A Collection of all the Verſes, Eſſays, Letters, and Advertiſements occaſioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, prefaced by Concannen, Anonymous, 8vo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waſte paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hopes of ſome poſſibility of vending a few) by advertiſing them in this manner.—"The "Confederates, a Farce. By Capt. Breval (for "which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epi- "logue to Powell's Puppet-ſhow. By Col. Ducket "(for which he was put into the Dunciad). Eſ- "ſays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. "It was for a paſſage of this book that Sir Richard "was put into the Dunciad.") And ſo of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Eſſay on the Dunciad, 8vo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforeſaid "libels and advertiſements was forged and untrue: "that all mouths had been ſilent, except in Mr. "Pope's praiſe; and nothing againſt him publiſh- "ed, but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verſe, occaſioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a perſon never mentioned in it at firſt, but inſerted after], printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll, 12mo, price 6 d.

A ſecond and third edition of the ſame, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6 d.

The Curliad. By the ſame E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the ſame

Mr. Curll, 12mo. price 6 d. With the Metamorphoſis of P. into a ſtinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By. J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6 d.

The Dunciad diſſected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Eſſay on the Taſte and Writings of the preſent Times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, 8vo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, 8vo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concannen, 8vo.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, ſigned W. A. Writ by ſome or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concannen, Cooke, who for ſome time held conſtant weekly meetings for thoſe kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A letter ſigned Philoſcriblerus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verſe, ſigned B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] againſt Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams, about this time in the ſame papers, by James Moore, and others.

Miſt's Journal, June 22. A letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Poſt, Auguſt 8. Letter on Pope and Swift

Daily Journal, Auguſt 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treaſon.

Durgen: A plain ſatire on a pompous ſatiriſt. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newſpapers, like the former volume, under the ſame title, by Smedley. Advertiſed in the Craftſman, Nov. 9. 1728, with this remarkable promiſe, that "any thing which "any body ſhould ſend as Mr. Pope's or Dr. "Swift's, ſhould be inſerted and publiſhed as "theirs."

Pope Alexander's ſupremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket and John Dennis, 4to.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphraſe on the fourth chapter of Geneſis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo: A paper of verſes by Leonard Welſted, which after came into one epiſtle, and was publiſhed by James Moore, 4to, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welſted's own name, under the juſt title of Dulneſs and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been ſince publiſhed,

Verſes on the imitator of Horace. By a lady [or between a lady, a lord, and a court 'ſquire] printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An epiſtle from a nobleman to a doctor of divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H—y.] Printed for J. Roberts alſo, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, 8vo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the firſt Edition with Notes, in 4to, 1729.

It will be ſufficient to ſay of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlipt into it, but a vaſt number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to uſe real rather than feigned names, was his care to preſerve the innocent from any falſe application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffenſive, and (what was worſe) to abuſe his friends, by an impreſſion at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem, was ſent me from ſeveral hands, and conſequently muſt be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moſt commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diſtance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleaſure from the very obſcurity of the perſons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a ſecret, which moſt people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever ſo inconſiderable or trivial.

Of the perſons it was judged proper to give ſome account: for ſince it is only in this monument that they muſt expect to ſurvive (and here ſurvive they will, as long as the Engliſh tongue ſhall remain ſuch as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George), it ſeemed but humanity to beſtow a word or two upon each, juſt to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breaſt, to mark the enormities for which they ſuffered; leſt the correction only ſhould be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In ſome articles it was thought ſufficient, barely to tranſcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Moſt of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occaſions; but the few here inſerted, are all that could be ſaved from the general deſtruction of ſuch works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need ſay nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but thoſe who are too much concerned to be judges.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the firſt Edition of the fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed ſeparately in the Year 1742.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three firſt books of the Dunciad, that

we publiſh this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a ſurvey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in ſo blotted a condition, and in ſo many detached pieces, as plainly ſhowed it to be not only incorrect, but unfiniſhed. That the author of the three firſt books had a deſign to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the diſſertation prefixed to it, where it is ſaid, that the deſign is more extenſive, and that we may expect other epiſodes to complete it: And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accompliſhment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourſelves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the laſt ſix books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any perſon be poſſeſſed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publiſher, we ſhall make the next edition more complete: In which we alſo promiſe to inſert any criticiſms that ſhall be publiſhed (if at all to the purpoſe) with the names of the authors; or any letters ſent us (though not to the purpoſe) ſhall yet be printed under the title of "Epiſtolæ Obſcurorum Virorum;" which, together with ſome others of the ſame kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleaſant addition to the future impreſſions of this poem.

V.
ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete Edition of 1743.

I HAVE long had a deſign of giving ſome ſort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happineſs of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Eſſay on Man, and have ſince finiſhed another on the Eſſay on Criticiſm. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation: But I ſtill thought ſome additions were wanting (of a more ſerious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to thoſe written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleaſure to paſs ſome months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long deſired, and favour me with his explanation of ſeveral paſſages in his works. It happened, that juſt at that juncture was publiſhed a ridiculous book againſt him, full of perſonal reflections, which furniſhed him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more conſiderable hero. He was always ſenſible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it paſs with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the leaſt expectation that ſuch an one was reſerved for this poſt, as has ſince obtained the laurel: But ſince that had happened, he could no longer deny this juſtice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to ſay, there was another motive which had ſtill more weight with our author: This perſon was one, who from every folly (not to ſay vice) of which another would be aſhamed, has conſtantly derived a vanity! and therefore was the man in the world who would leaſt be hurt by it. W. W.

VI.
ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the Journals, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occaſion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, ſome have been willing to ſuggeſt, as if they looked upon them as an abuſe: We can do no leſs than own it is our opinion, that to call theſe gentlemen bad authors is no ſort of abuſe, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without ſome reaſon; but we promiſe to do it in reſpect to every perſon who thinks it an injury to be repreſented as no wit or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really ſuch, from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis, ſingly, who is eſteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.
A PARALLEL

Of the Characters of MR. DRYDEN *and* MR. POPE, *as drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.*

MR. DRYDEN, *his Politics, Religion, Morals.*

MR DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good ſenſe (*a*). A true republican ſon of monarchical church (*b*). A republican atheiſt (*c*),

(*a*) *Milbourne on Dryden's Virgil,* 8vo, 1698, p. 6.
(*b*) *Page* 38. (*c*) *Page* 192.

VII.
A PARALLEL

Of the Characters of MR. POPE *and* MR. DRYDEN, *as drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.*

MR. POPE, *his Politics, Religion, Morals.*

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning (*a*). Some call him a Popiſh whig, which is directly

(*a*) *Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Locke, Pref. p.* 12.

Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοτρίοεπίλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last (*d*).

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel, are notoriously traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole Nation and its Representatives notoriously libelled. It is scandalum magnatum, yea of Majesty itself (*e*).

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor (*f*). His very Christianity may be questioned (*g*). He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others (*h*): with as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility (*i*).

Mr Dryden *only a Versifier.*

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre (*k*). Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question (*l*).

Mr Dryden's *Virgil.*

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustian age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil (*m*); and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator (*n*). It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling muse running on carpet ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression (*o*).

Mr. Dryden *understood no Greek nor Latin.*

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase (*p*). The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly (*q*). The translator is mad: every line betrays his stupidity (*r*). The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his author (*s*). This shows how fit Mr. D. may be to inconsistent (*b*). Pope, as a Papist, must be a tory and high flyer (*c*). He is both whig and tory (*d*).

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments (*e*).

In his miscellanies, the persons abused are, The King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy-Council, the Bench of Bishops, the established Church, the present Minister, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into Royal Scandal (*f*).

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the sacred writings (*g*). His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles (*h*). It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility, than his namesake at Rome (*i*).

Mr. Pope *only a Versifier.*

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit (*k*). It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse (*l*).

Mr. Pope's *Homer.*

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene (*m*). He has no admirers, among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge (*n*).

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions (*o*).

Mr. Pope *understood no Greek.*

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little (*p*). I

(*d*) *Milbourne on Dryden's Virgil*, 8vo, 1698, *p.* 8.
(*e*) *Whip and Key*, 4to, *printed for R. Janeway*, 1682. *Pref.* (*f*) *Ibid.* (*g*) *Milbourne*, *p.* 9. (*h*) *Ibid. p.* 175. (*i*) *Pag.* 39. (*k*) *Whip and Key*, *Pref.* (*l*) *Oldmixon*, *Essay on Criticism*, *p.* 84. (*m*) *Milbourne*, *p.* 2. (*n*) *Page* 35.
(*o*) *Milb. p.* 22, *and* 192. (*p*) *Page* 72.
(*q*) *Page* 203. (*r*) *Page* 78. (*s*) *Page* 206.

(*b*) *Dunciad dissected.* (*c*) *Pref. to Gulliveriana.*
(*d*) *Dennis*, *Character of Mr. P.*
(*e*) *Theobald*, *Letter in Mist's Journal*, *June* 22, 1728.
(*f*) *List*, *at the end of a Collection of Verses*, *Letters*, *Advertisements*, 8vo, *printed for A. Moore*, 1728, *and the Preface to it*, *p.* 6. (*g*) *Dennis's Remarks on Homer*, *p.* 27. (*h*) *Preface to Guiliveriana*, *p.* 11.
(*i*) *Dedication to the Collection of Verses*, *Letters*, &c. *p.* 9. (*k*) *Mist's Journal of June* 8. 1728. (*l*) *Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom.* (*m*) *Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer*, *p.* 12. (*n*) *Ib. p.* 14.
(*o*) *Character of Mr. P. p.* 17. *and Remarks on Homer*, *p.* 91. (*p*) *Dennis's Remarks on Homer*, *p.* 12.

tranſlate Homer! A miſtake in a ſingle letter might fall on the printer well enough, but ἴχωρ for ἰχῶρ muſt be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the preſs (*t*). Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for uſe (*u*).

The tranſlator puts in a little burleſque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated ſubſcribers (*w*).

Mr Dryden *tricked his Subſcribers.*

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conſcious of his own unfitneſs for it, ſhould go to amuſe the learned world with ſuch an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that thoſe who can read for themſelves, will be impoſed upon, merely by a partiality and unſeaſonably celebrated name (*x*). "Poetis quidlibet audendi" ſhall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it ſhould extend to picking of pockets (*y*).

Names beſtowed on Mr. Dryden.

An Ape.] A crafty ape dreſt up in a gawdy gown—Whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but apiſh and Papiſh brats will heed him (*z*).

An Aſs.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is ſufficient for his ſtrength, but there is another beaſt that crouches under all (*a*).

A Frog.] Poet ſquab endued with poet Maro's ſpirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would ſwell to the bulk of an ox (*b*).

A Coward.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage (*c*).

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul the knave of Jeſus Chriſt: And if I miſtake not, I've read ſomewhere of John Dryden, ſervant to his Majeſty (*d*).

A Fool.] Had he not been ſuch a ſelf-conceited fool (*e*)—Some great poets are poſitive blockheads (*f*).

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden (*g*).

(*t*) *Milb. p.* 19. (*u*) *Page* 144, 190. (*w*) *Page* 67. (*x*) *Page* 192. (*y*) *Page* 125. (*z*) *Whip and Key, Pref.* (*a*) *Milb. p.* 105. (*b*) *Page* 11. (*c*) *Page* 176. (*d*) *Page* 57. (*e*) *Whip and Key, Pr.* (*f*) *Milb. p.* 34. (*g*) *Ibid. p.* 35.

wonder how this gentleman would look, ſhould it be diſcovered, that he has not tranſlated ten verſes together in any book of Homer with juſtice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow writers with not underſtanding Greek (*q*). He has ſtuck ſo little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in queſtion (*r*) I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has ſo delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies (*s*).

But he has a notable talent at burleſque; his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqued Homer without deſigning it (*t*).

Mr. Pope *tricked his Subſcribers.*

It is indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigious, for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work: But it is too late to diſſuade by demonſtrating the madneſs of the project. The ſubſcribers expectations have been raiſed in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of (*u*). Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to bookſellers (*w*).

Names beſtowed on Mr. Pope.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his Chriſtian name, and initial and final letters of his ſurname, viz. APE. and they give you the ſame idea of an ape as his face (*x*), &c.

An Aſs.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's ſkin from this little aſs (*y*).

A Frog.] A ſquab ſhort gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, ſwells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox (*z*).

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward (*a*).

A Knave.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honeſty (*b*).

A Fool.] Great fools will be chriſtened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer (*c*).

A Thing.] A little abject thing (*d*).

(*q*) *Daily Journal, April* 23. 1728 (*r*) *Suppl. to the Profound, Pref.* (*s*) *Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p.* 66. (*t*) *Dennis's Remarks, p* 28. (*u*) *Homerides, p.* 1, *&c.* (*w*) *Britiſh Journal, Nov.* 25. 1727. (*x*) *Dennis, Daily Journal, May* 11. 1728. (*y*) *Dennis's Rem. on Hom. Pref.* (*z*) *Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p.* 9. (*a*) *Char. of Mr. P. p.* 3. (*b*) *Ibid.* (*c*) *Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p* 37. (*d*) *Ibid. p.* 8.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

Containing

RURAL SPORTS,	TALES,
THE FAN,	SONGS,
THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK,	EPISTLES,
TRIVIA,	ECLOGUES,
DIONE,	ELEGIES,
FABLES,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, ſimplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age;
Above temptation in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted, even among the great;
A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the virtuous and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—*Here lies* GAY.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON GAY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF GAY.

JOHN GAY was born at or near Barnſtaple in Devonſhire, in 1688. His family was ancient, and had been long in poſſeſſion of the eſtate of Goldworthy in that county; but being much reduced, he was born, as he himſelf tells us in his *Rural Sports*, without proſpect of hereditary riches.

> But I, who ne'er was bleſt by fortune's hand,
> Nor brighten'd ploughſhares in paternal land.

He was educated at the Free School of Barnſtaple, by Mr. Luck, a maſter of good reputation, and author of a volume of Latin and Engliſh verſes, from whom he acquired a taſte for claſſical literature and poetry.

His fortune being inſufficient to ſupport the rank of a gentleman, and inadequate to the expence of a liberal education, he was ſent to London, and placed apprentice with a ſilk mercer in the Strand.

The reſtraint and ſervility of his occupation ſoon became his averſion: and in a few years, his maſter, upon the offer of a ſmall conſideration, willingly conſented to give up his indentures.

He was now at leiſure to indulge his propenſity to poetry; and as genius concurred with inclination, he ſoon produced his *Rural Sports*, a Georgic, printed in 1711, which he inſcribed to Pope, who was then riſing faſt into reputation.

This performance procured him the acquaintance of Pope, who found ſuch attractions in his manners and converſation, that he received him into his inmoſt confidence; and a friendſhip was formed between them, which laſted till their ſeparation by death, without any known abatement on either part.

The ſame year he publiſhed, in proſe, *The Preſent State of Wit*, containing a character of the periodical papers of the time.

His reputation was now ſo greatly advanced, that he attracted the notice of the Ducheſs of Monmouth, who, in 1712, appointed him her Secretary, with a handſome ſalary.

The kindneſs of the Ducheſs was very ſeaſonable; for it relieved him from the importunities of want, occaſioned by improvident thoughtleſsneſs, and afforded him leiſure to purſue his poetical ſtudies; of which he made ſo good uſe, that the ſame year he produced *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, one of the happieſt of his poetical performances.

The ſame year appeared *The Mohocks*, a tragi-comical Farce, *as it was acted near the Watch-houſe in Covent-Garden*, which is generally ſuppoſed to have proceeded from his pen. In 1713, when Steele began "The Guardian," aſſiſted by Addiſon and other wits, he contributed to it, Nos. 11, and 149.

The ſame year he brought on the ſtage, at Drury-Lane, his *Wife of Bath*, a Comedy, which was acted with very indifferent ſucceſs; and on its revival, with ſome alterations, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1730, he had the mortification to ſee it again rejected.

In 1714 he publiſhed *The Shepherd's Week*, in ſix paſtorals, with a *Proeme*, in obſolete language, and a *Prologue*, addreſſed to Bolingbroke, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories. It was written at the inſtigation of Pope, and deſigned to degrade the compoſitions of A. Philips, his rival in paſtoral poetry, by ſhewing, that if it be neceſſary to copy nature with minuteneſs, rural life muſt be exhibited, ſuch as groſſneſs and ignorance have made it. The execution of the plan exceeded the expectation of Pope, for the effect of reality and truth became conſpicuous,

even when the intention was to ſhow them groveling and degraded; and *The Shepherd's Week* was read with delight, as a juſt repreſentation of rural manners and occupations, by thoſe who had no intereſt in the rivalry of Pope and Philips.

The moſt promiſing views of preferment now opened to him at court. He was careſſed by Bolingbroke, Swift, and the leading perſons in the Tory Miniſtry, and his patroneſs rejoiced to ſee him taken from her ſervice to attend the Earl of Clarendon, as Secretary to his embaſſy to the Court of Hanover, in the laſt year of Queen Anne's life.

This was a ſtation that naturally gave him hopes of kindneſs from every party; but the Queen's death, which happened fifteen days after his arrival at Hanover, put an end to her favours, and the dedication of his *Shepherd's Week* to Bolingbroke, is ſuppoſed to have obſtructed all kindneſs from the houſe of Hanover.

His office, however, made him perſonally known to the royal family; and his *Epiſtle to a Lady occaſioned by the arrival of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales*, procured him a favourable admittance at the new court.

In 1715, he brought on the ſtage his *What-d'ye-Call-it*, a tragi-comic-paſtoral Farce, which was acted with great applauſe, and honoured with the attendance of the Prince and Princeſs of Wales.

The novelty of this mock tragedy, the images of which were comic, and the action grave, and the favour with which it was received by the audience, produced a pamphlet againſt it, called, "The Key to the What-d'ye-Call-it," written by Griffin, a player, in conjunction with Theobald.

The exhibition of *The What-d'ye-Call-it*, pleaſed the town and the court, and advanced the reputation of its author, but failed to raiſe his fortune.

Places he found were daily given away,
And yet no friendly gazette mentioned *Gay*.

The profits, however, recruited his finances; and his poetical merit being endeared by the ſweetneſs and ſincerity of his diſpoſition, made him the general favourite of the whole aſſociation of wits, and the companion of perſons of the higheſt diſtinction, both in rank and abilities.

In 1716, he made a viſit to Devonſhire, at the expence of the Earl of Burlington, whom he repaid with an *Epiſtle*, containing an humorous account of his journey.

The year following, he made a ſimilar return to the kindneſs of Mr. Pulteney, who, on reſigning his place of Secretary at War, took him to Aix.

Soon after his return from France, he endeavoured to entertain the town with *The Three Hours after Marriage*, a Comedy, written by the joint aſſiſtance of Pope and Arbuthnot, which was deſervedly driven off the ſtage with general condemnation. It was printed under the name of Gay, but his hand is not very diſcernible in any part of it. The character of *Sir Tremendous*, being apparently deſigned for Dennis, was probably introduced by Pope. *Foſſile*, who was meant to ridicule Dr. Woodward, a man not really nor juſtly contemptible, might have been the production of Arbuthnot, whoſe knowledge in his profeſſion would furniſh a ſufficient train of phyſical terms and obſervations. *Phœbe Clinket* alſo ſhould ſeem to have been intended to ridicule one of the females, whoſe petulant attacks had irritated Pope. Cibber ſays, that his own quarrel with him was occaſioned by a joke thrown into the "Rehearſal," at the expence of this unſucceſsful performance.

In 1718, he accompanied Pope on a viſit to Lord Harcourt, at his ſeat in Oxfordſhire, where he conſecrated to poſterity the death of two rural lovers, unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a ſtroke of lightning, in his letter to Fenton, printed among Pope's Letters.

In 1720, he publiſhed a collection of his *Poems*, with *Dione*, a paſtoral-tragedy, in 4to, by ſubſcription, which, as he was generally known, was ſo ſucceſsful, that he raiſed a thouſand pounds, with which Pope adviſed him, and was ſeconded by Swift, to purchaſe an annuity; but the advice was thrown away.

Mr. Secretary Caggs having made him a preſent of ſome South Sea ſtock, he fell into the general infatuation of that diſaſtrous year, and once ſuppoſed himſelf to be maſter of twenty thouſand pounds.

His friends endeavoured to perſuade him to ſell his ſhare; but he could not bear to obſtruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to ſell as much as would purchaſe a hundred a-year for life, "which," ſays Fenton, "would make you ſure of a clean ſhirt and a ſhoulder of mutton every day." This advice was rejected; the profit and principal were loſt; and he ſunk under the calamity ſo low, that his life became in danger.

After languiſhing ſome time, he removed to Hampſtead, in 1722, where, by the care of his friends, among whom Arbuthnot and Pope appear to have ſhown particular tenderneſs, his health was reſtored; and returning to his ſtudies, he wrote *The Captives*, a Tragedy, which he was invited to read to the Princeſs of Wales, at Leiceſter-houſe.

On this occaſion Mr. Victor relates, that when the hour came, and he ſaw the Princeſs and her ladies all in expectation, advancing with reverence, too great for any other attention, "he did not ſee a low foot-ſtool that happened to be near him, and ſtumbling over it, he fell againſt a large ſcreen, which he overſet, and threw the ladies into no ſmall diſorder."

The Captives was brought on the ſtage at Drury-Lane, in 1723, and acted eleven nights with great applauſe. The author's third night, was, by the expreſs command of the Prince and Princeſs of Wales.

He now thought himſelf in favour; and having promiſes made him of preferment, he undertook to write *Fables* for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland, which he publiſhed, with a dedication to that Prince, in 1726. In ſome of the *Fables* "he was thought to be ſomething too bold with the court," and in *The Hare with many Friends*, he figuratively deſcribed his own dependence on the promiſes of the Great.

Upon the acceſſion of George II., the year following, his patroneſs became Queen, and he expected to be provided for in ſome office ſuitable to his inclination and abilities; but, on the ſettlement of the houſehold, he found himſelf appointed Gentleman Uſher to the Princeſs Louiſa. By this offer he thought himſelf inſulted, and ſent a meſſage to the Queen, that he was too old for the place. Remonſtrances and ſolicitations were afterwards employed in his favour, and verſes and flatteries were addreſſed to Mrs. Howard, afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk, who was much beloved by the King and Queen, to engage her intereſt in his promotion; but remonſtrances and ſolicitations availed him nothing, and the verſes and flatteries were thrown away.

The public favour, however, made him ample amends for the neglect of the court; and the pain which he ſuffered from his private diſappointment, may be ſuppoſed to have been driven away by the unprecedented, and almoſt incredible ſucceſs of the *Beggar's Opera*, written in ridicule of the muſical Italian drama, and acted at Lincoln's Inn-fields, in 1727. It was firſt offered to Cibber and his brethren at Drury-Lane, and rejected; it being then carried to Rich, had the effect, as was ludicrouſly ſaid, of *making* Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*.

Of the original and progreſs of this new ſpecies of compoſition, Spence has given the relation in Pope's words.

"Dr. Swift had been obſerving once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty ſort of a thing a Newgate paſtoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at ſuch a thing for ſome time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a Comedy on the ſame plan. This was what gave riſe to the *Beggar's Opera*. He began on it; and when firſt he mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he ſhowed it to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing.—When it was done, neither of us thought it would ſucceed—We ſhowed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, ſaid, it would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly.—We were all at the firſt night of it, in very great uncertainty of the event; 'till we were very much encouraged, by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who ſat in the next box to us, ſay, "It will do; it muſt do; I ſee it in the eyes of them." This was a good while before the firſt act was over, and ſo gave us eaſe ſoon; for that Duke (beſides his own good taſte) has a particular knack, as any one living, in diſcovering the taſte of the public. He was quite right in this, as uſual; the good nature of the audience appeared ſtronger and ſtronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applauſe."

Its reception is thus recorded in the notes to the Dunciad, (Book iii. l. 320.)

" This piece was received with greater applauſe than was ever known. Beſides being acted in London ſixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſe, it ſpread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Briſtol fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days ſucceſſively. The ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans, and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The fame of it was not confined to the author only. The perſon who acted *Polly*, [Miſs Fenton, afterwards Ducheſs of Bolton] till then obſcure, became, all at once, the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved and ſold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verſes to her publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts. Furthermore, it drove out of England (for that ſeaſon) the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years."

Of the *Beggar's Opera*, when it was printed, the reception was different, according to the different opinion of its readers. Swift commended it for the excellence of its morality, as a piece, that, " by a turn of humour, entirely new, placed all kinds of vice in the ſtrongeſt and moſt odious light." [*Intelligencer*, *No.* III.]

Dr. Herring, afterwards Archbiſhop of Canterbury, cenſured it as giving encouragement, not only to vice, but to crimes, by making a highwayman the hero, and diſmiſſing him at laſt unpuniſhed. Both theſe deciſions are perhaps exaggerated; but it muſt be confeſſed, that the laſt has received the ſanction of ſome reſpectable magiſtrates, who have ſaid, that, after the exhibition of the *Beggar's Opera*, the gangs of robbers were evidently multiplied.

Encouraged by the unexampled ſucceſs of the *Beggar's Opera*, he produced a ſecond part, called *Polly*; but the objections to the firſt part, either political or moral, had obtained ſuch prevalence, that when it was ready for rehearſal at Covent-Garden, a meſſage was ſent from the Lord Chamberlain, that *it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be ſuppreſſed.*

Being deprived of the produce of his talents by this act of power, he was forced to recompenſe his repulſe, by printing it by a ſubſcription, which drew the humanity of the public to his ſide, and was ſo liberal and extenſive, that though the firſt part gained him four hundred pounds, the profits of the ſecond were near thrice as much.—Conſidering its inferiority to the other in ſatire, wit, plot, and execution, in all probability he would not have been much a gainer, if it had been left to its own fate.

He received yet another recompenſe for this ſuppoſed hardſhip, in the kindneſs of the Duke and Ducheſs of Queenſberry, who reſented the indignity put upon him, reſigned their reſpective employments at court, and took him into their family, and treated him with the moſt affectionate attention during the remaining part of his life. Spence relates, that the Duke, conſidering his want of economy, undertook the management of his money, and gave it to him as he wanted it. But it is ſuppoſed that the diſcountenance of the court, aggravated by the rejection of his *Wife of Bath*, which he brought again on the ſtage, in 1730, ſunk deep into his heart, and gave him more diſcontent than the applauſes or tenderneſs of his friends could overpower.

His dejection was ſoon accompanied by the return of his conſtitutional diſtemper, the colic, which he in vain endeavoured to remove, by a journey to Ameſbury, the ſeat of his noble patron, in Wiltſhire. " My melancholy," he writes to Pope, " increaſes, and every hour threatens me with ſome return of my diſtemper."

In this diſpoſition, it is no wonder that he rejected Pope's propoſal, in 1732, of writing verſes on the Queen's hermitage; to which he anſwers, with a fixed deſpondency, " I know myſelf unworthy of royal patronage." He exerted himſelf, however, ſufficiently to exhibit at the Haymarket this year; his *Acis* and *Galatea*, a Serenata, in air and recitative; the ſtory taken from Ovid, and the muſic compoſed by Handel.

In the beginning of October 1732, he became apprehenſive of his approaching end. " I begin, ſays he, " to look upon myſelf as one already dead, and deſire my dear Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own ſoul, if you ſurvive me, as you certainly will, if a ſtone ſhould mark the place of my grave, ſee theſe words put upon it, with what elſe you may think proper.

Life is a jeſt, and all things ſhow it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

He found, however, in the delightful retirement of Ameſbury, many intervals of eaſe and cheerfulneſs, which enabled him to finiſh the Opera of *Achilles;* and coming with the family to their houſe in Burlington Gardens, to paſs the winter ſeaſon, he gave it to the theatre; and the week after, was ſuddenly ſeized with a violent inflammatory fever, which ending in a mortification of his bowels, put a period to his life, December 4th, 1732, in the 54th year of his age.

He was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey, where his noble patrons erected a handſome monument to his memory; and Pope, agreeable to his dying requeſt, gave him an epitaph, written with fondneſs and reſpect, but apparently with more eſteem of his worth than veneration for his talents.

Then follows this inſcription:

Here lie the aſhes of Mr. John Gay,
The warmeſt friend,
The moſt benevolent man;
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumſtances of fortune;
Integrity
In the midſt of a corrupt age;
And that equal ſerenity of mind
Which conſcious goodneſs alone can give,
Through the whole courſe of his life.
Favourite of the muſes
He was led by them to every elegant art;
Refined in taſte,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none,
His works continue to inſpire
What his example taught,
Contempt of folly, however adorned;
Deteſtation of vice, however dignified;
Reverence of virtue, however diſgraced.

Charles and Catherine, Duke and Ducheſs of Queenſberry, who loved this excellent man living, and regret him dead, have cauſed this monument to be erected to his memory.

The Opera of *Achilles* was acted ſoon after his death, and the profits were given to two widow ſiſters, Mrs. Ballet and Mrs. Forteſcue, who, as heirs at law, ſhared his fortune, amounting to 3000l., between them.

In 1738, was publiſhed a ſecond volume of his *Fables*, more grave, and more political than the former.

There have appeared likewiſe under his name, *The Diſtreſt Wife*, a Comedy, firſt printed in 1743, and acted at Covent-Garden in 1772, and a humorous piece, called *The Rehearſal at Gotham.*

His *Poems on Several Occaſions*, were printed in 2 vols. 12mo, 1737. Two additional volumes, profeſſing to be *The Miſcellaneous Works of Mr. John Gay*, were printed in 12mo, 1773; in which a fraud of ſingular importance to his reputation has been attempted. The "Elegiac Epiſtle to a Friend," "A Ballad on Ale," "Story of Cephiſa," "Gondibert, Cantos 7, 8, 9," "The Man Mountain's Anſwer to the Liliputian verſes," need no comment. The impoſition is undeniable. The poem on *Wine* firſt printed in 1710, is inſerted on the authority of Hill.

The character of Gay ſeems to have been very amiable. He was of an affable, ſweet diſpoſition, generous in his temper, and pleaſant in his converſation. He was univerſally beloved, and eſteemed as a ſoft and civil companion. His chief fault was an exceſſive indolence, without the leaſt knowledge of economy, which often ſubjected him to pecuniary difficulties. "He was a natural man," ſays Spence in Pope's words, "without deſign, who ſpoke what he thought, and juſt as he thought it; he was of timid temper, and fearful of giving offence to the great; which caution, however, was of no avail." In the "Dunciad," he ſays, with juſt indignation,

Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends;

And, in the "Epiſtle to Arbuthnot," he has this tender and indignant apoſtrophe—

Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return,
My verſe, and Queenſb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!

As a poet, he is characteriſed by variety, ſprightlineſs, eaſe, and elegance. His compoſitions, though original in ſome parts, are not of the higheſt kind. They are, in general, more diſtinguiſhed by vivacity, penetration, good ſenſe, and perſpicuity of expreſſion, than by ſublimity, tenderneſs, imagination, and ſtrength or harmony of numbers. His *Paſtorals*, *Fables*, and *Beggar's Opera*, are the chief foundation of his fame. His *paſtorals* ſeem to have the higheſt finiſhing. They are perfectly Doric. The rural ſimplicity neglected by Pope, and admired in Philips, appears in its true guiſe in the *Shepherd's Week*: "There only nature is ſeen exactly ſuch as the country affordeth, and the manner meetly copied from the ruſtical folk therein." His *Fables* have obtained more popularity. They are the favourites of the nurſery and of the ſchool, and the delight of perſons of every rank and of every age. The verſification is poliſhed, the apologues, in general, are correct; they poſſeſs originality, wit, and humour; and to theſe is ſuperadded, a conſiderable portion of poetical ſpirit. He is ſometimes, however, deficient in that quality, and in the harmony of his numbers; but he is, upon the whole, the moſt agreeable metrical fabuliſt in our language. The merits of the *Beggar's Opera* are univerſally acknowledged. "We owe to Gay," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "the *Ballad Opera*: a mode of Comedy, which at firſt was ſuppoſed to delight only by its novelty; but has now, by the experience of half a century, been found ſo well accommodated to the diſpoſition of a popular audience, that it is likely to keep long poſſeſſion of the ſtage. Whether this new drama was the product of judgment or of luck, the praiſe of it muſt be given to the inventor: and there are many writers read with more reverence, to whom ſuch merit of originality cannot be attributed."

Of his *Tales*, *Epiſtles*, *Eclogues*, *Songs*, &c. it would be ſuperfluous to enumerate the brighter paſſages. Many of theſe little compoſitions are favourites with the public. His *Tales* and *Eclogues* unite a conſiderable portion of the grace and eaſe of Prior, with the humour of Swift; but they are not remarkable for the beauty of their images, or the harmony of their numbers. His Paſtoral Tragedy of *Dione* is claſſical and elegant; but will not greatly entertain without the proper embelliſhments, acting and muſic. His *Contemplation on Night*, and *Thoughts on Eternity*, merit the higheſt praiſe. His *Sweet William's Farewell*, is one of the moſt popular ballads in the Engliſh language.

The eſtimate of his poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, is, in ſome inſtances, too ſevere to be approved by readers uncorrupted by literary prejudices.

"As a poet, he cannot be rated very high. He was, as I once heard a female critic remark, "of a lower order." He had not, in any great degree, the *mens divinior*, the dignity of genius. His firſt performance, *the Rural Sports*, is ſuch as was eaſily planned and executed: it is never contemptible, nor ever excellent. The *Fan* is one of thoſe mythological fictions which antiquity delivers ready to the hand, but which, like other things that lie open to every one's uſe, are of little value. His *Fables* ſeem to have been a favourite work. Of this kind of fables he does not appear to have formed any diſtinct or ſettled notion. For a Fable he gives now and then a Tale, or an abſtracted Allegory; and from ſome, by whatever name they are called, it will be difficult to extract any moral principle. They are, however, told with liveline's; the verſification is ſmooth, and the diction, though now and then a little conſtrained by the meaſure or the rhyme, is generally happy. To *Trivia* may be allowed all that it claims: it is ſprightly, various, and pleaſant. The ſubject is of that kind which Gay was, by nature, qualified to adorn; yet ſome of his decorations may be juſtly wiſhed away. The appearance of *Cloacina* is nauſeous and ſuperfluous. *Dione*, is a counterpart to "Amyuta" and "Paſtor Fido," and other trifles of the ſame kind, eaſily imitated, and unworthy of imitation. What the Italians call Comedies, from a happy concluſion, Gay calls a Tragedy, from a mournful event; but the ſtyle of the Italians and of Gay is equally tragical.

"Of his little poems the public judgment ſeems to be right; they are neither much eſteemed, nor totally deſpiſed. *The Story of the Apparition* is borrowed from one of the tales of Poggio. Thoſe that pleaſe leaſt, are the pieces to which *Culliver* gave occaſion; for who can much delight in the echo of an unnatural fiction?"

POEMS BY MR. GAY.

RURAL SPORTS:

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1713 *.

"—Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus." NEMESIAN

CANTO I.

You, who the ſweets of rural life have known,
Deſpiſe th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windſor groves your eaſy hours employ,
And, undiſturb'd, yourſelf and muſe enjoy,
Thames liſtens to thy ſtrains, and ſilent flows,
And no rude wind through ruſtling oſiers blows;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy ſong.

But I, who ne'er was bleſt by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughſhares in paternal land,
Long in the noiſy town have been immur'd,
Reſpir'd its ſmoke, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And ſchemes of ſtate involve th' uneaſy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with ſcandal hung:
Friendſhip, for ſylvan ſhades, the palace flies,
Where all muſt yield to intereſt's dearer ties,
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honeſty forſakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike diſown.
Fatigu'd at laſt, a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my haraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe,
Where fields and ſhades, and the refreſhing clime,
Inſpire the ſylvan ſong, and prompt my rhyme.
My muſe ſhall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native ſtrains;
And the ſame road ambitiouſly purſue,
Frequented by the Mantuan ſwain and you.
'Tis not that rural ſports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And ſtrings the ſinews of th' induſtrious ſwain.
Soon as the morning lark ſalutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the freſh ſpring in all her ſtate is crown'd,
And high luxuriant graſs o'erſpreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending ſcythe is ſeen,
Shaving the ſurface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride diſrobes the land,
And meads lays waſte before his ſweeping hand;
While with the mounting ſun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he looſely throws:
But, if ſome ſign portend a laſting ſhower,
Th' experienc'd ſwain foreſees the coming hour;
His ſun-burnt hands the ſcattering fork forſake,
And ruddy damſels ply the ſaving rake;
In riſing hills the fragrant harveſt grows,
And ſpreads along the field in equal rows. [gains;

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus
And level rays cleave wide the thirſty plains,
When heifers ſeek the ſhade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way baſks the ſnake;
O lead me, guard me from the ſultry hours,
Hide me, ye foreſts, in your cloſeſt bowers,
Where the tall oak his ſpreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual ſhade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the ſtreams,
Whoſe rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood reſound;
Upon the moſſy couch my limbs I caſt,
And e'en at noon the ſweets of evening taſte.

Here I peruſe the Mantuan's Georgic ſtrains,
And learn the labours of Italian ſwains;
In every page I ſee new landſcapes riſe,
And all Heſperia opens to my eyes;

* *This poem received many material corrections from the author after it was firſt publiſhed.*

wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different ſoil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That ſpreading trees with bluſhing fruit adorn:
Here I ſurvey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and riſe in graceful row:
Now I behold the ſteed curvet and bound,
And paw with reſtleſs hoof the ſmoking ground:
The dew-lap'd bull now chaſes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well-arm'd front againſt his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his miſtreſs claims:
The careful inſect 'midſt his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhauſt the fragant dew;
With golden treaſures load his little thighs,
And ſteer his diſtant journey through the ſkies;
Some againſt hoſtile drones the hive defend,
Others with ſweets the waxen cells diſtend;
Each in the toil his deſtin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty ſoul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the taſk of day,
And trudging homeward whiſtles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience ſtand,
Waiting the ſtroakings of the damſel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir
To court kind ſlumbers, to the ſprays retire;
When no rude gale diſturbs the ſleeping trees,
Nor aſpen leaves confeſs the gentleſt breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I ſtray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the ſun his glory hides,
A ſtreak of gold the ſea and ſky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings ſhow,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below:
Here penſive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the diſtant billow loſe my ſight.

Now night in ſilent ſtate begins to riſe,
And twinkling orbs beſtrow th' uncloudy ſkies;
Her borrow'd luſtre growing Cythia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends:
Millions of worlds hang in the ſpacious air,
Which round their ſuns their annual circles ſteer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my ſenſe,
While I ſurvey the works of providence.
O could the muſe in loftier ſtrains rehearſe
The glorious Author of the univerſe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vaſt ocean bounds,
And circumſcribes the floating worlds their rounds;
My ſoul ſhould overflow in ſongs of praiſe,
And my Creator's name inſpire my lays!
As in ſucceſſive courſe the ſeaſons roll,
So circling pleaſures recreate the ſoul.
When genial ſpring a living warmth beſtows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No ſwelling inundation hides the grounds,
But cryſtal currents glide within their bounds;
The ſinny brood their wonted haunts forſake.
Float in the ſun, and ſkim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the ſhallow ſtreams,
Their ſilver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fiſherman his toils prepare,
And arm himſelf with every watery ſnare;
His hooks, his lines, peruſe with careful eye,
Increaſe his tackle, and his rod retie.

When floating clouds their ſpongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the ſtreams with ſwift deſcending rain;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's ſide,
Bear the looſe ſoil into the ſwelling tide;
Then ſoon as vernal gales begin to riſe,
And drive the liquid burthen through the ſkies,
The fiſher to the neighbouring current ſpeeds,
Whoſe rapid ſurface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a riſing border of the brook
He ſits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His boſom glows with treaſures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet ſeems to ſtand,
Where every gueſt applauds his ſkilful hand.

Far up the ſtream the twiſted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful ſway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily ſucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat;
Now, happy fiſherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Caſt on the bank, he dies with gaſping pains,
And trickling blood his ſilver mail diſtains.

You muſt not every worm promiſcuous uſe,
Judgment will tell the proper bait to chooſe:
The worm that draws a long immoderate ſize,
The trout abhors, and the rank morſel flies;
And, if too ſmall, the naked fraud's in ſight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Thoſe baits will beſt reward the fiſher's pains,
Whoſe poliſh'd tails a ſhining yellow ſtains:
Cleanſe them from filth, to give a tempting gloſs,
Cheriſh the fully'd reptile race with moſs;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native ſoil.

But when the ſun diſplays his gracious beams,
And ſhallow rivers flow with ſilver ſtreams,
Then the deceit the ſcaly breed ſurvey,
Baſk in the ſun, and look into the day:
You now a more deluſive art muſt try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let nature guide thee; ſometimes golden wire
The ſhining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle muſt not fail,
Nor the dear purchaſe of the ſable's tail.
Each gaudy bird ſome ſlender tribute brings,
And lends the growing inſect proper wings:
Silks of all colours muſt their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fiſher's art.
So the gay lady, with exceſſive care
Borrows the pride of land, of ſea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing diſplays,
Dazzles our eyes, and eaſy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various ſeaſons of the year,
How the ſucceeding inſect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout diſdains,
Oft have I ſeen the ſkilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly,
When he with fruitleſs pain hath ſkimm'd the brook,
And the coy fiſh rejects the ſkipping hook,

He ſhakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the ſtream a waving foreſt throw;
When, if an inſect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy veſt, his wings, his horns, and ſize,
Then round his hook the choſen fur he winds,
And on the back a ſpeckled feather binds,
So juſt the colours ſhine through every part,
That nature ſeems again to live in art.
Let not thy wary ſtep advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a ſingle hair;
The new-form'd inſect on the water moves,
The ſpeckled trout the curious ſnare approves;
Upon the curling ſurface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand ſupply'd,
Againſt the ſtream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The ſcaly ſhoals float by, and, ſeiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows toſt in thinner air;
But ſoon they leap, and catch the ſwimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and ſhare an equal fate.

When a briſk gale againſt the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fiſherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous ſalmon chance to ſpy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his ſilver gills above the flood,
And greedily ſucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little ſpoil away:
Soon in ſmart pain he feels the dire miſtake,
Laſhes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With ſudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulſive anguiſh bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his ſhining body round;
Then headlong ſhoots beneath the daſhing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fiſher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fiſh with longing eyes,
While the line ſtretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his ſteady hands,
And one ſlight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till, tir'd at laſt, deſpoil'd of all his ſtrength,
The game athwart the ſtream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleaſure, views the gaſping prize
Gnaſh his ſharp teeth, and roll his blood-ſhot eyes;
Then draws him to the ſhore, with artful care,
And lifts his noſtrils in the ſickening air;
Upon the burthen'd ſtream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins and gaſping dies.

Would you preſerve a numerous finny race;
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chaſe
(Th' amphibious monſter ranges all the ſhores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving ſteps betray,
And ſave from hoſtile jaws the ſcaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy ſtream, whoſe tangling weeds
Perplex the fiſher; I nor chooſe to bear
The thieviſh nightly net, nor barbed ſpear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, diſpeoplers of the lake;
Around the ſteel no tortur'd worm ſhall twine,
No blood of living inſect ſtain my line.
Let me, leſs cruel, caſt the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin ſtray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, ſporting muſe, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear ſtreams awhile for ſunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearſe,
And all the fiſherman adorn thy verſe;
Should you the wide encircling net diſplay,
And in its ſpacious arch incloſe the ſea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the ſoal and turbot hide the ſand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery ſong.

Let the keen hunter from the chace reſrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your taſk repair,
Haſte! ſave the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And riſing ſheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for Sylvan ſports thy boſom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid courſe I view!
How does my eye the circling race purſue!
He ſnaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The ſubtle hare darts ſwift beneath his paws;
She flies, ſhe ſtretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he preſſes on, but overſhoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and ſoon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the ſcreaming prey.
What various ſport does rural life afford! [hoard!
What unbought dainties heap the wholeſome

Nor leſs the ſpaniel, ſkilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horſe, with ſwelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To ſweet repaſt th' unwary patridge flies,
With joy amid the ſcatter'd harveſt lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the ſlavery of entangling nets.
The ſubtle dog ſcours with ſagacious noſe
Along the field, and ſnuffs each breeze that blows;
Againſt the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the ſtrong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm ſcent aſſures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (leſt ſome ſentry fowl the fraud deſcry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Cloſe to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the ſnare the fluttering covey riſe.
Soon as the bluſhing light begins to ſpread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly ſhelter of the brakes.
Or, when the ſun caſts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the weſtern way

Let your obſequious ranger ſearch around,
Where yellow ſtubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving ſpy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian ſun contracts the ſhade,
And friſking heifers ſeek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with ſudden rains,
Or driving miſts deface the moiſten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unſkilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor muſt the ſporting verſe the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the muſes' care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The ſcent grows warm; he ſtops; he ſprings the prey;
The fluttering coveys from the ſtubble riſe,
And on ſwift wing divide the ſounding ſkies;
The ſcattering lead purſues the certain ſight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copſe thy leſſer ſpaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not cloſeſt coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!
The wood reſounds; he wheels, he drops, he dies.
The towering hawk let future poets ſing,
Who terror bears upon his ſoaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern ſurvey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor ſhall the mounting lark the muſe detain,
That greets the morning with his early ſtrain;
When, 'midſt his ſong, the twinkling glaſs betrays,
While from each angle flaſh the glancing rays,
And in the ſun the tranſient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the ſkies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.
But ſtill the chace, a pleaſant taſk, remains;
The hound muſt open in theſe rural ſtrains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eaſtern clouds with roſy light,
The healthy huntſman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouſe from ſleep, and anſwer ſounds for ſounds;
Wide through the furſy field their rot they take,
Their bleeding boſoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their ſmoking noſtrils trace,
No bounding hedge obſtructs their eager pace;
The diſtant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods reſound the flying war:
The tuneful noiſe the ſprightly courſer hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The ſlacken'd rein now gives him all his ſpeed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the ſteed;
Hills, dales, and foreſts, far behind remain,
While the warm ſcent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where ſhall the trembling hare a ſhelter find?
Hark! death advances in each guſt of wind!
Now ſtratagems and doubling wiles ſhe tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large ſhe flies;
Till ſpent at laſt, ſhe pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But ſtay, adventurous muſe! haſt thou the force
To wind the twiſted horn, to guide the horſe?
To keep the ſeat unmov'd, haſt thou the ſkill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canſt thou the ſtag's laborious chace direct,
Or the ſtrong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! ſpare this weak eſſay.
O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hoſtile arms!
And happy ſhepherds, who, ſecure from fear,
On open downs preſerve your fleecy care!
Whoſe ſpacious barns groan with increaſing ſtore,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous ſoldier, bent on cruel ſpoil,
Spreads deſolation o'er your fertile ſoil;
No trampling ſteed lays waſte the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons caſt their blaze afar,
The dreadful ſignal of invaſive war:
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his ſwooning fair.
What happineſs the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day ſhe ſpends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
(Such happineſs, and ſuch unblemiſh'd fame,
Ne'er glad the boſom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;
She never loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe;
Her home-ſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt;
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs;
If love's ſoft paſſion in her boſom reign,
An equal paſſion warms her happy ſwain;
No homebred jars her quiet ſtate control,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul;
With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the lengthening wool;
Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.
Ye happy fields, unknown to noiſe and ſtrife,
The kind rewarders of induſtrious life;
Ye ſhady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the muſe and love;
Ye murmuring ſtreams that in meanders roll,
The ſweet compoſers of the penſive ſoul;
Farewell!—The city calls me from your bowers:
Farewell, amuſing thoughts and peaceful hours;

THE FAN,

IN THREE BOOKS.

—ἔνθα δὲ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο.
Ἔνθ' ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις, ἥ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων·
Τὴν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν.

HOM. Iliad. xiv. 215.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whoſe waving play
With gentle gales relieves the ſultry day;
Not the wide fan by Perſian dames diſplay'd,
Which o'er their beauty caſts a grateful ſhade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor ſhall the muſe in Aſian climates rove,
To ſeek in Indoſtan ſome ſpicy grove,
Where, ſtretch'd at eaſe, the panting lady lies,
To ſhun the fervor of meridian ſkies,
While ſweating ſlaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-ſpreading fans refreſh the fair;
No buſy gnats her pleaſing dreams moleſt,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breaſt;
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky.
Nor ſhall Bermudas long the muſe detain,
Whoſe fragrant foreſts bloom in Waller's ſtrain,
Where breathing ſweets from every field aſcend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend.
Yet let me in ſome odorous ſhade repoſe,
Whilſt in my verſe the fair palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head;
From the broad top depending branches ſpread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears;
Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,
Which, ſhrivell'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,
But, as the ſeaſons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd ſurface to the nearer ſun:
Beneath this ſhade the weary peaſant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes riſe.
Stay, wandering muſe! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native ſhore confine thy rhymes.
Aſſiſt, ye Nine, your loftieſt notes employ;
Say what celeſtial ſkill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this inſtrument of love began,
And in immortal ſtrains diſplay the Fan.
Strephon had long confeſs'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with diſdain:
Sometimes in broken words he ſigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dreſs'd, he laugh'd, he ſung, he rhym'd, he danc'd;
Now call'd more powerful preſents to his aid;
And, to ſeduce the miſtreſs, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flattery in her ſofter hours apply'd,
The ſureſt charm to bend the force of pride:
But ſtill unmov'd remains the ſcornful dame,
Inſults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon ſaw his vows diſpers'd in air,
He ſought in ſolitude to loſe his care;
Relief in ſolitude he ſought in vain,
It ſerv'd, like muſic, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the ſlighted boy complains,
And calls the goddeſs in theſe tender ſtrains:
O potent queen! from Neptune's empire ſprung;
Whoſe glorious birth admiring Nereids ſung,
Who 'midſt the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whoſe radiant preſence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thouſand altars riſe,
And curling clouds of incenſe hide the ſkies:
O beauteous goddeſs! teach me how to move,
Inſpire my tongue with eloquence of love!
If loſt Adonis e'er thy boſom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on thoſe hours when firſt you felt the dart;
Think on the reſtleſs fever of thy heart;
Think how you pine in abſence of the ſwain:
By thoſe uneaſy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her ſhrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame.
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove!
May Venus dictate, and reward my love!
When crowds of ſuitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with adventurous pace
Purſued his wiſhes in the dangerous race;
Like the ſwift hind, the bounding damſel flies;
Strains to the goal, the diſtanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the ſwain to ſtay the flying fair;
Thy golden preſent caught the virgin's eyes:
She ſtoops; he ruſhes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only ſome bright toy can charm her ſight,
Teach me what preſent may ſuſpend her flight.
Thus the deſponding youth his flame declares:
The goddeſs with a nod his paſſion hears.

Far in Cythera ſtands a ſpacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love:
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches ſpread;
Here nature all her ſweets profuſely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flowers;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged ſtone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.
Here buſy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the ſtiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All ſhare the toil; while ſome the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the ſhafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the ſtony wheel,
Where ſtreams the ſparkling fire from temper'd ſteel;
Some point their arrows with the niceſt ſkill,
And with the warlike ſtore their quivers fill.
A different toil another forge employs:
Here the loud hammer faſhions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament ſupply'd;
Hence ſpring the glittering implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame
Firſt to theſe little artiſts ow'd its frame:
Here an unfiniſh'd diamond croſslet lay,
To which ſoft lovers adoration pay;
There was the poliſh'd cryſtal bottle ſeen,
That with quick ſcents revives the modiſh ſpleen;
Here the yet rude unjointed ſnuff-box lies,
Which ſerves the rally'd fop for ſmart replies;
There piles of paper roſe in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames;
Here clouded canes 'midſt heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-caſes ſtrow the ground;
There ſtands the toilette, nurſery of charms,
Completely furniſh'd with bright beauty's arms:
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glaſs, and black-lead combs.
The toilſome hours in different labours ſlide,
Some work the file, and ſome the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms deſcend in tuneful ſounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raiſe,
A ſwarm of labourers different taſks attend:
Here pullies make the ponderous oak aſcend;
With echoing ſtrokes the craggy quarry groans,
While there the chiſſel forms the ſhapeleſs ſtones;
The weighty mallet deals reſounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers encloſe.
Now Venus mounts her car, ſhe ſhakes the reins,
And ſteers her turtles to Cythera's plains;
Strait to the grott with graceful ſtep ſhe goes,
Her looſe ambroſial hair behind her flows:
The ſwelling bellows heave for breath no more;
All drop their ſilent hammers on the floor;
In deep ſuſpenſe the mighty labour ſtands;
While thus the goddeſs ſpoke her mild commands:
Induſtrious loves! your preſent toils forbear;
A more important taſk demands your care:
Long has the ſcheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd,
That glorious bird have ye not often ſeen,
Who draws the car of the celeſtial queen?
Have ye not oft ſurvey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not ſeen him in a ſunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride diſplay;
Then ſuddenly contract his dazzling train;
And with long-trailing feathers ſweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this inſtruct your art;
Thin taper ſticks muſt from one centre part:
Let theſe into the quadrant's form divide,
The ſpreading ribs with ſnowy paper hide;
Here ſhall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings cloſe,
And now its plaited ſurface wide diſpoſe.
So ſhall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the reſtleſs toy;
With various play bid zephyrs riſe,
While Love in every grateful zephyr flies.
The maſter Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught deſigns:
Th' expecting loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly purſue.
Some ſlit their arrows with the niceſt art,
And into ſticks convert the ſhiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the ſleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the ſparks aſpire;
Their arrow's point they ſoften in the flame,
And ſounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mould,
From whence their arms the ſpreading ſticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at juſt diſtance the wide ribs extend;
Then on the frame they mount the limber ſkreen,
And finiſh inſtantly the new machine.
The goddeſs, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan ſhe moves the yielding air,
And gales till then unknown play round the fair.
Unhappy lovers, how will ye withſtand,
When theſe new arms ſhall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artleſs, and the look demure;
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd:
And heaving breaſts within the ſtays repos'd;
When the cloſe hood conceal'd the modeſt ear,
Ere black-lead combs diſown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.
How are the ſex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found ſnares they bait for human hearts,
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And ſatten'd thirſty plains with human gore,
At firſt, the brandiſh'd arm the javelin threw,
Or ſent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful faulchion ſhone,
Or whiſtling flings diſmiſs'd th' uncertain ſtone.
Now men thoſe leſs deſtructive arms deſpiſe;
Wide-waſteful death from thundering cannon flies:
One hour with more battalions ſtrows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles ſlain.
So Love with fatal airs the nymph ſupplies,
Her dreſs diſpoſes, and directs her eyes.

The bosom now its panting beauties shows;
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires
A towery front of lace on branching wires;
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers can express
Th' inconstant equipage of female dress!
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train!
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound!
But stay, presumptuous muse! nor boldly dare
The toilette's sacred mysteries declare.
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold;
The dazzled muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

BOOK II.

Olympus' gates unfold; in heaven's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal powers.
Great Jove above the rest exalted sat,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
His awful eye with ray superior shone;
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.
But see! fair Venus comes in all her state;
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loose robe officious zephyrs play,
And strew with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her right hand she waves the fluttering Fan;
And thus in melting sounds her speech began:
Assembled powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside;
Ye fountains! whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with generous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year;
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd;
Celestial synod! this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes;
No levell'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon field appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears;
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strong bow points out the Cynthian Queen;
Henceforth the waving Fan my hands shall grace,
The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place.
Who shall, ye powers! the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreathes and flowery chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs and amorous swains:
May glowing pictures o'er the surface shine,
To melt flow virgins with a warm design!
Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:
Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?
Does man against her charms too powerful prove?
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows.
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet, if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed,
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe!
Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevel'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind.
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still! ye winds, she cries; stay, Theseus, stay!
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His lessening vessel ploughs the foamy main;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.
Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound

Her ſiſter Anna hovering o'er her ſtands,
Accuſes Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curſes with her broken ſighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each ſwain believe:
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.
Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris firſt betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the falſe youth wove for Oenone's brow;
The garlands loſe their ſweets, their pride is ſhed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled.
On her fair arm her penſive head ſhe lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look ſurveys;
That flood which witneſs'd his inconſtant flame,
When thus he ſwore, and won the yielding dame:
"Theſe ſtreams ſhall ſooner to their fountain move,
"Than I forget my dear Oenone's love."
Roll back, ye ſtreams; back to your fountain run!
Paris is falſe; Oenone is undone.
Ah, wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curſt paſſion knew,
When groves could pleaſe, and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the preſence of your perjur'd ſwain.
Thus may the nymph, whene'er ſhe ſpreads the Fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin ſtate, in foreſts rove,
And never truſt the dangerous hopes of Love.
The Goddeſs ended; merry Momus roſe,
With ſmiles and grins he waggiſh glances throws;
Then with a noiſy laugh foreſtalls his joke,
Mirth flaſhes from his eyes while thus he ſpoke:
Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaſte Diana on the piece be ſeen,
And the bright creſcent own the Cynthian Queen.
On Latmos' top ſee young Endymion lies,
Feign'd ſleep has clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:
See, to his ſoft embraces how ſhe ſteals,
And on his lips her warm careſſes ſeals;
No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms ſhe folds.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on ſome flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful ſhade;
Her naked boſom wanton treſſes grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face;
O'er her fair limbs a thin looſe veil is ſpread,
(Stand off! ye ſhepherds; fear Actæon's head)!
Let vigorous Pan th' unguarded minute ſeize,
And in a ſhaggy goat the virgin pleaſe.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
There with juſt warmth Aurora's paſſion trace,
Let ſpreading crimſon ſtain her virgin face.
See Cephalus her wantom airs deſpiſe,
While ſhe provokes him with deſiring eyes;
To raiſe his paſſions, ſhe diſplays her charms,
His modeſt hand upon her boſom warms; [ſuade;
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart per-
But with diſdain he quits the roſy maid.
Here let diſſolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breaſts reveal her joy;
Beneath the preſſing ſwan ſhe pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And ſoften Danaë in a glittering ſhower.
Would you warn beauty not to cheriſh pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the ſage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wiſdom mark her face.
See, where ſhe lies near ſome tranſparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the reſounding wood:
Her image in the floating glaſs ſhe ſpies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and ſhrivel'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltleſs pipe, and with diſdain
Its ſhatter'd ruins flings upon the plain;
With the loud reed no more her cheek ſhall ſwell,
What! ſpoil her face! No. Warbling ſtrains, farewell.
Shall arts, ſhall ſciences, employ the fair?
Thoſe trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye ſparkle with the glowing flame;
The god of war within her clinging arms
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a huſband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a cloſe embrace.
Let theſe amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be ſeen;
So ſhall the fair, as long as Fans ſhall laſt,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaſte.

BOOK III.

Thus Momus ſpoke. When ſage Minerva roſe;
From her ſweet lips ſmooth elocution flows;
Her ſkilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where ſhining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are bleſs'd with a ſuperior ſkill,
And, ſwift as mortal thought, perform their will;
Straight ſhe propoſes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint expreſs her great deſign.
Th' aſſembled powers conſent. She now began,
And her creating pencil ſtain'd the Fan.
O'er the fair field trees ſpread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and diſtant mountains grow;
Life ſeems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face ſome lively paſſion reigns.
Thus have I ſeen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the ſilent air,
In darken'd rooms, where light can only paſs
Through the ſmall circle of a convex glaſs;
On the white ſheet the moving figures riſe,
The foreſt waves, clouds float along the ſkies.
She various fables on the piece deſign'd,
That ſpoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe ſhe drew
(Be wiſe, ye nymphs, that ſcornful vice ſubdue);
In a wide plain th' imperious mother ſtood,
Whoſe diſtant bounds roſe in a winding wood;

Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flowers surround;
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name;
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phœbus his unnerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw;
His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend;
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain
(When Heaven pursues, we shun the stroke in vain):
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midst his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender sisters, bath'd in grief, appear
With sable garments and dishevel'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood;
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood;
She stiffens with her woes; no more her hair
In easy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forsakes her eyes; her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
All life is fled; firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted Fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey.
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similies adore;
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms;
Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sickening eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears;
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not, in sullen discontent, your peace:
For, when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents;
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd.
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound;
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His snowy feather, edg'd with crimson dyes,
And his bright sword-knot, lure her wandering eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood:
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms:
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued,
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires:
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best.
Like flowers it withers with th' advancing year;
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh, Araminta! cease thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the Fan the breathing figures shine,
And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
To the low world she bends her steepy way,
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day.
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love;
The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
And every tree bore false Corinna's name:
In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms;
When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
And with these words relieves his amorous cares:

Rise! happy youth; this bright machine survey,
Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway;
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands.

For this ſhall elephants their ivory ſhed;
And poliſh'd ſticks the waving engine ſpread:
His clouded mail the tortoiſe ſhall reſign,
And round the rivet pearly circles ſhine.
On this ſhall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours ſtain the gaudy toy;
Their paint ſhall here in wildeſt fancies flow,
Their dreſs, their cuſtoms, their religion, ſhow:
So ſhall the Britiſh fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to diſtant climates rove.
Here China's ladies ſhall their pride diſplay,
And ſilver figures gild their looſe array;
This boaſts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies
Here croſs-legg'd nobles in rich ſtate ſhall dine;
There in bright mail diſtorted heroes ſhine.
The peeping Fan in modern times ſhall riſe,
Through which unſeen the female ogle flies;
This ſhall in temples the fly maid conceal,
And ſhelter love beneath devotion's veil.
Gay France ſhall make the Fan her artiſt's care,
And with the coſtly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators, that touch the heart,
With various action raiſe their ſoothing art,
Both head and hand affect the liſtening throng,
And humour each expreſſion of the tongue;
So ſhall each paſſion by the Fan be ſeen,
From noiſy anger to the ſullen ſpleen.
While Venus ſpoke, joy ſhone in Strephon's eyes;
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting boſom flew.
Leander lov'd, and to the ſprightly dame
In gentle ſighs reveal'd his growing flame:
Sweet ſmiles Corinna to his ſighs returns,
And for the ſop in equal paſſion burns.
Lo, Strephon comes! and, with a ſuppliant bow,
Offers the preſent, and renews his vow.
When ſhe the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride againſt my heart rebell'd?
She ſighing cry'd. Diſdain forſook her breaſt,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy gueſt.
In Procris' boſom when ſhe ſaw the dart,
She juſtly blames her own ſuſpicious heart;
Imputes her diſcontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's conſtancy ſincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eye ſhe turns,
No more for ſhow and equipage ſhe burns:
She learns Leander's paſſion to deſpiſe,
And looks on merit with diſcerning eyes.
Narciſſus' change to the vain virgin ſhows,
Who truſts to beauty, truſts the fading roſe.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye virgins, ere the bloſſom dies.
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame;
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brighteſt flame.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK,

IN SIX PASTORALS. 1714.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.

" —— Libeat mihi ſordida rura,
" Atque humiles habitare caſas.—"——VIRG.

PROEME TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been (and that not unworthily) to divers worthy wits, that in this our iſland of Britain, in all rare ſciences ſo greatly abounding, more eſpecially in all kinds of poeſy highly flouriſhing, no poet (though otherwiſe of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right ſimple eclogue, after the true ancient guiſe of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travailing in this plain high-way of paſtoral, know I none. Yet, certes, ſuch it behoved a paſtoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners alſo meetly copied from the ruſtical folk therein. In this alſo my love to my native country (Britain) much pricketh me forward, to deſcribe aright the manners of our own honeſt and laborious ploughmen, in no wiſe, ſure, more unworthy a Britiſh poet's imitation, than thoſe of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of inſipid delicacy, concerning, I wiſt not what, golden age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine paſtoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age ſo juſtly to be inſtiled golden, as this of our ſovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for ſchools and ſchool boys) unto that ancient Doric ſhepherd, Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts

give full language, and behold their goats at rut in all ſimplicity:

Ὦπόλος ὄκκ' ἐσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας, οἷα βατεῦνται,
Τάκεται ὀφθαλμιὼς, ὅτι ἐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἐγένετο.
THEOC. Id. i. 87.

Verily, as little pleaſance receiveth a true home-bred taſte, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they ſo nicely bedeck their court-clowns, or clown-courtiers (for which to call them rightly I wot not), as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, ſhould he find them occupied by people of this motley make, inſtead of plain down-right hearty cleanly folk, ſuch as be now tenants to the burgeſſes of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpoſe, gentle reader, to ſet before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landſcape of thy own country, juſt as thou mighteſt ſee it, didſt thou take a walk into the fields at the proper ſeaſon: even as Maiſter Milton hath elegantly ſet forth the ſame:

" As one who long in populous city pent,
" Where houſes thick, and ſewers annoy the air,
" Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
" Among the pleaſant villages and farms
" Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives de-
" light;
" The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
" Or dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound."

Thou wilt not find my ſhepherdeſſes idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the ſheaves, or, if the hogs are aſtray, driving them to the ſtyes. My ſhepherd gathereth none other noſegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he ſleepeth not under myrtle ſhades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, becauſe there are none, as Maiſter Spenſer well obſerveth:

" Well is known that, ſince the Saxon king,
" Never was wolf ſeen, many or ſome,
" Nor in all Kent nor in Chriſtendom."

For as much as I have mentioned Maiſter Spenſer, ſoothly I muſt acknowledge him a bard of ſweeteſt memorial. Yet hath his ſhepherd's boy at ſome times raiſed his ruſtic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Divers grave points alſo hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily ariſing, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me beſt are his names' indeed right ſimple and meet for the country' ſuch as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, ſome of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the " Shepherd's Calendar," and divided the ſame into twelve months, I have choſen (peradventure not over raſhly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday, or the Sabbath, ours being ſuppoſed to be Chriſtian ſhepherds, and to be then at church-worſhip. Yet further, of many of Maiſter Spenſer's eclogues it may be obſerved, though months they be called, of the ſaid months therein nothing is ſpecified; wherein I have alſo eſteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertiſed (ſeeing I depart from the vulgar uſage), is touching the language of my ſhepherds; which is, ſoothly to ſay, ſuch as is neither ſpoken by the country maiden, or the courtly dame; nay, not only ſuch as in the preſent times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times paſt; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future: it having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the preſent, too much of the preſent to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted alſo it is, that in this my language I ſeem unto myſelf as a London maſon, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which ſoon turns to rubbiſh and ruins. For this point no reaſon can I allege, only deep learned enſamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariſeth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when theſe words, in the courſe of tranſitory things, ſhall decay, it may ſo hap, in meet time, that ſome lover of ſimplicity ſhall ariſe, who ſhall have the hardineſs to render theſe mine eclogues into ſuch modern dialect as ſhall be then underſtood, to which end gloſſes and explications of uncouth paſtoral terms are annexed.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyſelf with the proſpect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo I, who erſt beneath a tree,
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind, and Marian bright,
In apron blue, or apron white,
Now write my ſonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and laſſes ſtood around
To hear my boxen hautboy ſound,
Our clerk came poſting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the queen;
The queen, he ſaid, to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;

That queen, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas! and lay in ſtate.
At this, in tears was Cicely ſeen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps ſtood every clown,
The parſon rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had ſnatch'd queen Anne to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and ſighing, ſwore
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.
While thus we ſtood as in a ſtound,
And wet with tears, like dew the ground,
Full ſoon by bonefire and by bell
We learnt our liege was paſſing well.
A ſkilful leach (ſo God him ſpeed)
They ſaid had wrought this bleſſed deed.
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had ſlept;
But watch'd our gracious ſovereign ſtill;
For who could reſt when ſhe was ill?
Oh, may'ſt thou henceforth ſweetly ſleep!
Sheer, ſwains, oh! ſheer your ſofteſt ſheep,
To ſwell his couch; for well I ween,
He ſav'd the realm, who ſav'd the queen.
Quoth I, pleaſe God, I'll hye with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to ſee.
I ſold my ſheep and lambkins too,
For ſilver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hautboy, ſweet of ſound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my ſcrip, I got
A gorgeous ſword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with ſpeed,
Of ſoldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the ſhepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.
There ſaw I ladies all a-row,
Before their queen in ſeemly ſhow.
No more I'll ſing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumſilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damſel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lanſdowne, freſh as flower of May,
And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;
And Angleſea, whoſe ſpeech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes ſo rare;
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint,
In roundelay or ſonnet quaint.
There many a worthy wight I've ſeen,
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moſes, in our bibles fair;
Who for our traffic forms deſigns,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, ſhepherds, clip your fleecy care;
Ye maids, your ſpinning-wheels prepare;
Ye weavers, all your ſhuttles throw,
And bid broad cloths and ſerges grow;
For trading free ſhall thrive again,
Nor leaſings lewd affright the ſwain.
There ſaw I St. John, ſweet of mien,
Full ſtedfaſt both to church and queen;
With whoſe fair name I'll deck my ſtrain;
St. John, right courteous to the ſwain.
For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy ſonnets, gentle Gay;
And, certes, mirth it were to ſee
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All ſuddenly then home I ſped,
And did ev'n as my lord had ſaid.
Lo, here thou haſt mine eclogues fair,
But let not theſe detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of ſtates and kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus ſings.
Rather than verſe of ſimple ſwain
Should ſtay the trade of France or Spain;
Or for the plaint of parſon's maid,
Yon emperor's packets be delay'd;
In ſooth, I ſwear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes, and all.

MONDAY; OR THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

Lobbin Clout.

Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but juſt awake,
No thruſtles ſhrill the bramble-buſh forſake,
No chirping lark the welkin ſheen invokes,
No damſel yet the ſwelling udder ſtrokes;
O'er yonder hill does ſcant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot ſo rear?

Cuddy.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween my plight is gueſt,
For he that loves, a ſtranger is to reſt;
If ſwains belie not, thou haſt prov'd the ſmart,
And Blouzelinda's miſtreſs of thy heart.

Ver. 3. Welkin, *the ſame as* welken, *an old Saxon word, ſignifying a* cloud; *by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the* element *or* ſky, *as may appear by this verſe in the dream of Chaucer,*

" Ne in all the welkin was no cloud."

—Sheen *or* ſhine, *an old word for* ſhining *or* bright.

Ver. 5. Scant, *uſed in the ancient Britiſh authors for* ſcarce.

Ver. 6. Rear, *an expreſſion in ſeveral counties of England, for* early in the morning.

Ver. 7. *To* ween, *derived from the Saxon, to* think *or* conceive.

This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree:
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lobbin Clout.

Ah, Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the newn-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

Cuddy.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learn to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, [sue:
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight en-
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soar high, and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lobbin Clout.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager that the prize shall be my due.

Cuddy.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch!
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

Lobbin Clout.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-glass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daizy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daizy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

Cuddy.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play defter feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Lobbin Clout.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.

Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

Cuddy.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

Lobbin Clout.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cuddy.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I queintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

Lobbin Clout.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

Cuddy.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Lobbin Clout.

As once I play'd at blindman's buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

Cuddy.

As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

Ver. 25. Erst, *a contraction of* ere this; *it signifies* some time ago, *or* formerly.

Ver. 56. Deft, *an old word, signifying* brisk *or* nimble.

Ver. 69. Eftsoons, *from* eft, *an ancient British word, signifying* soon. *So that* eftsoons *is a doubling of the word* soon; *which is, as it were, to say,* twice soon *or* very soon.

Ver. 79. Queint *has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale.* "*As Clerkes being full subtle and queint*" (*by which he means* arch *or* waggish); *and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediatelly following.*

Ver. 85.

" Populus Alcidæ gratissima, Vitis Iaccho,
" Formosæ Myrtus Veneri, sua Laurea Phœbo,
" Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
" Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phœbi."
&c. VIRG.

Lobbin Clout.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

Cuddy.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid.
High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

Lobin Clout.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
"What flower is that which bears the virgin's
"name,
"The richest metal joined with the same?"

Cuddy.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
"Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?"

Cloddipole.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains!
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

TUESDAY; OR, THE DITTY.

Marian.

Young Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain;
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor sage cheese, prepares;
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, say swains, "all busy heed destroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart;
A lass that Cicely hight had won his heart,
Cicely the western lass that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she.
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And, mixt with sighs, thus wails in plaining song:

Ver. 103—110 *were not in the early editions.*
Ver. 113. *Marygold.*
Ver. 117. *Rosemary.*

"Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
"Nascantur Flores."——VIRG.

Ver. 120. "Et vitula tu dignus et hic."—VIRG.
Ver. 21. Kee, *a west country word for* kine *or* cows.

Ah, woful day! ah, woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were
shorn;
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.
Ah, Colin? canst thou leave thy sweetheart true?
What I have done for thee, will Cicely do?
Will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with housewife's hand provide thy meat?
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cicely's eyes aside?
Where'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known.
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.
Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days, when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lest in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply;
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the sake,
And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake:
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf;
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!
Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook:
They said that many crosses I must prove;
Some in my wordly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a smock;
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel while thou wert kind.
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies; bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.
Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,

When every creature did in ſlumbers lie,
Beſides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.
Remember, Colin, when at laſt year's wake
I bought the coſtly preſent for thy ſake;
Could'ſt thou ſpell o'er the poſy on thy knife,
And with another change thy ſtate of life?
If thou forget'ſt, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verſe ſo ſweet:
"As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
"So is thy image on this heart of mine."
But woe is me! ſuch preſents luckleſs prove,
For knives, they tell me, always ſever love.
Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brim-full,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears ſhe fought;
Then ſaw the cow well ſerv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY; OR, THE DUMPS *.

Sparabella.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.
Such ſtrains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts ſo ſweet a note.
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor aſs to bray;
No ruſtling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damſel ſung.
A while, O d'Urfey, lend an ear or twain
Nor, though in homely guiſe, my verſe diſdain;
Whether thou ſeek'ſt new kingdoms in the ſun,
Whether thy muſe does at Newmarket run,
Or does with goſſips at a feaſt regale,
And heighten her conceits with ſack and ale,
Or elſe at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where d'Urfey's lyrics ſwell in every voice;
Yet ſuffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.
Now the ſun drove adown the weſtern road,
And oxen laid at reſt forgot the goad,
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his ſpade,
Acroſs the meadows ſtretch'd the lengthen'd ſhade;
When Sparabella, penſive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and ſtraight with doleful guiſe
Did this ſad plaint in mournful notes deviſe.
Come night as dark as pitch, ſurround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Laſt Sunday happier Clumſilis put on.
Sure if he'd eyes (but love they ſay has none)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day! I'm ſhent with baneful ſmart,
For with the ribbon he beſtow'd his heart.
"My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
"'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Shall heavy Clumſilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me deſpair.
Her blubber'd lip by ſmutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne!
The cleanly cheeſe-preſs ſhe could never turn,
Her aukward fiſt did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er ſhe brew'd, the drink would ſtraight go ſour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power;
No houſewifery the dowdy creature knew;
To ſum up all, her tongue confeſs'd the ſhrew.
"My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
"'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
I've often ſeen my viſage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homelieſt make:
Though Clumſilis may boaſt a whiter dye,
Yet the black ſloe turns in my rolling eye;
And faireſt bloſſoms drop with every blaſt,
But the brown beauty will like hollies laſt.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet ſhe, alas! the witleſs lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling ſtraps unite,
The clucking hen make friendſhip with the kite;

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* Dumps, *or* dumbs, *made uſe of to expreſs a fit of the* ſullens. *Some have pretended that it is derived from* Dumops, *a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So* mopes, *after the ſame manner, is thought to have come from* Merops, *another Egyptian king, that died of the ſame diſtemper. But our Engliſh antiquaries have conjectured that* dumps, *which is a* grievous heavineſs of ſpirits, *comes from the word* dumplin, *the heavieſt kind of pudding that is eaten in this country; much uſed in Norfolk, and other counties of England.*

Ver. 5.
"Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca
"Certantes, quorum ſtupefactæ carmine lynces,
"Et mutata ſuos requiêrunt flumina curſus."
VIRG.

Ver. 9.
"Tu mihi, ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
"Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—"——VIRG.

Ver. 11. *An opera written by this author, called,* "*The World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds;*" *he is alſo famous for his ſong on the Newmarket horſe-race, and ſeveral others that are ſung by the Britiſh ſwains.*

Ver. 17. Meed, *an old word for* fame *or* renown.

Ver. 18.
—"Hanc ſine tempora circum
"Inter victrices ederam tibi ſerpere lauros."
VIRG.

Ver. 25. "Incumbens tereti Damon ſit cœpit
"olivæ."——VIRG.

Ver. 33. Shent, *an old word, ſignifying* hurt *or* harmed.

Ver. 37. "Mopſo Niſa datur, quid non ſpere-
"mus amantes?"——VIRG.

Ver. 49. "Nec ſum adeo informis, nuper me in
"littore vidi."——VIRG.

Ver. 53. "Alba liguſtra cadunt, vaccinia nigra
"leguntur."——VIRG.

Ver. 59.
"Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque ſequenti
"Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ."
VIRG.

Let the fox ſimply wear the nuptial nooſe,
And join in wedlock with the wadd'ling gooſe;
For love hath brought a ſtranger thing to paſs,
The faireſt ſhepherd weds the ſouleſt laſs.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Sooner ſhall cats diſport in waters clear,
And ſpeckled mackrel graze the meadows fair;
Sooner ſhall ſcreech-owls baſk in ſunny day,
And the ſlow aſs on trees, like ſquirrels, play;
Sooner ſhall ſnails on inſect pinions rove;
Than I forget my ſhepherd's wonted love.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Ah! didſt thou know what proffers I withſtood,
When late I met the 'ſquire in yonder wood!
To me he ſped, regardleſs of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with ſhame;
My lip he kiſs'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purſe of ſilk a guinea took,
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modeſt ſtruggling broke his hold.
He ſwore that Dick, in livery ſtriped with lace,
Should wed me ſoon, to keep me from diſgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee;
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Now plain I ken whence love his riſe begun;
Sure he was born ſome bloody butcher's ſon,
Bred up in ſhambles where our younglings ſlain
Erſt taught him miſchief, and to ſport with pain.
The father only ſilly ſheep annoys,
The ſon the fillier ſhepherdeſs deſtroys.
Does ſon or father greater miſchief do?
The ſire is cruel, ſo the ſon is too.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye ſtreams that flow;
A ſudden death ſhall rid me of my woe.
This penknife keen my windpipe ſhall divide.
What! ſhall I fall as ſqueaking pigs have dy'd!
No.—To ſome tree this carcaſe I'll ſuſpend.
But worrying curs find ſuch untimely end!
I'll ſpeed me to the pond, where the high ſtool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That ſtool, the dread of every ſcolding queen
Yet, ſure a lover ſhould not die ſo mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Through all the pariſh ſay I've loſt my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myſelf I'll throw,
And quench my paſſion in the lake below.
" Ye laſſes, ceaſe your burden, ceaſe to moan,
" And, by my caſe forewarn'd, go mind your own."
The ſun was ſet; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarſe owl his woful dirges ſings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

Ver. 67.
" Ante leves ergo paſcentur in æthere cervi,
" Et freta deſtituent nudos in littore piſces—
" Quàm noſtro illius labatur pectore vultus."
VIRG.

Ver. 89. To ken. *Scire. Chaucer*, to ken, *and* kend; *notus A. S.* cunnan. *Goth.* kunnan. *Germanis*, kennen. *Danit*, kiende. *Iſlandis*, kunna. *Belgis*, kennen. *This word is of general uſe, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar* Ken *for* proſpicere *is well known, and uſed* to diſcover by the eye—RAY, F. R. S.

" Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor, &c.
" Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
" Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater."
VIRG.

Ver. 99. " —vivite ſylvæ:
" Præceps aërii ſpeculâ de montis in undas
" Deferar."——VIRG.

THURSDAY; OR, THE SPELL.

Hobnelia.

HOBNELIA, ſeated in a dreary vale,
In penſive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in ſighs bemoan,
And pining Echo anſwers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of wo!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forſakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, theſe ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and ſpells ſhall eaſe my care.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
When firſt the year I heard the cuckow ſing,
And call with welcome note the budding ſpring,
I ſtraightway ſet a-running with ſuch haſte,
Deborah that won the ſmock ſcarce ran ſo faſt;
Till ſpent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a riſing bank I ſat adown,
Then doff'd my ſhoe, and by my troth, I ſwear,
Therein I ſpy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
At eve laſt midſummer no ſleep I fought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-ſeed brought;
I ſcatter'd round the ſeed on every ſide,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
" This hemp-ſeed with my virgin hand I ſow,
" Who ſhall my true-love be, the crop ſhall mow."
I ſtrait look'd back, and, if my eyes ſpeak truth,
With his keen ſcythe behind me came the youth.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Laſt Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;

Ver. 8. Dight, *or* bedight, *from the Saxon word* dightan, *which ſignifies* to ſet in order.

Ver. 21. Doff *and* don, *contracted from the words* do off *and* do on.

I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
Thee first I spy'd; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).
I seiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if a right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*;
Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love. [ground,
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see,
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I opp'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew; [in
The latch mov'd up, when, who should first come
But, in his proper person—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
" Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west,
" Fly where the man is found that I love best."
He leaves my hand; see to the west he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen,
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last:
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tye the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
" Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure,
" Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!"
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day,
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Strait to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown:
O dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

Ver. 66.

——ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
Αἴθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακέει, μέγα καππυρίσασα. THEOC.

Ver. 66. " Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in " Daphnide."——VIRG.

Ver. 93. " Transque caput jace; ne respex- " eris."——VIRG.

Ver. 109.

" Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
" Necte, Amarylli, modo; et Veneris dic vincu- " la necto."——VIRG.

Ver. 123.

" Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
" Ipse dedit Mœris."——VIRG.

Ver. 127. —Ποτὸν κακὸν αὖριον οἰσῶ. THEOC.

Ver. 131. " Nescio quid certe est; et Hylax in- " limine latrat."——VIRG.

FRIDAY; OR, THE DIRGE *.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

Bumkinet.

Why, Grubbinol, doſt thou ſo wiſtful ſeem?
There's ſorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blaſts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a ſhower of leaves is borne,
And their loſt beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet ev'n this ſeaſon pleaſance blithe affords,
Now the ſqueez'd preſs foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder new "waſh ſorrow from thy ſoul."

Grubbinol.

Ah, Bumkinet! ſince thou from hence wert gone,
From theſe ſad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief, 'twould ſpoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

Bumkinet.

"Hang ſorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim ſonnets "caſt away our care."
"Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play;
Thou ſing'ſt moſt ſweet, "O'er hills and far away."
Of "Patient Griſſel" I deviſe to ſing,
And catches quaint ſhall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this ſhelter, come;
From hence we view our flocks ſecurely roam.

Grubbinol.

Yes, blithſome lad, a tale I mean to ſing,
But with my woe ſhall diſtant vallies ring.
The tale ſhall make our kidlings droop their head,
For, woes is me!—our Blouzelind is dead;

Bumkinet.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happineſs is now reſerv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So ſhall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerleſs maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn ſhall dewy ſorrow ſhed,
And evening tears upon the graſs be ſpread;
The rolling ſtreams with watery grief ſhall flow,
And winds ſhall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn ſhall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, ſhall mourn,
The ſeaſon quite ſhall ſtrip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind ſhall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our paſſion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Freſh riſing ſorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damſel's guide,
When rotten ſticks our fuel have ſupply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently theſe happy ſhoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
And ſtuff'd her apron wide with nuts ſo brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miſs'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feaſt of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the ſtye I drove,
And whiſtled all the way—or told my love.
If by the dairy's hatch I chanc'd to hie,
I ſhall her goodly countenance eſpy;
For there her goodly countenance I've ſeen,
Set off with kerchief ſtarch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, ſhe rolls her butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've ſeen her ſkim the clouted cream,
And preſs from ſpungy curds the milky ſtream:
But now, alas! theſe ears ſhall hear no more
The whining ſwine ſurround the dairy door;
No more her care ſhall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye ſwine, in grunting ſpend your grief,
For you, like me, have loſt your ſole relief.
When in the barn the ſounding flail I ply,
Where from her ſieve the chaff was wont to fly;
The poultry there will ſeem around to ſtand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No ſuccour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have loſt their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon barley-mow I paſs,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy laſs.
I pitch'd the ſheaves, (oh, could I do ſo now!)
Which ſhe in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the ſweet kiſs my courtſhip has explain'd.
Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er ſhall ſee,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields, and rueful ſymptoms ſhow;
Henceforth let not the ſmelling primroſe grow;
Let weeds, inſtead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads, inſtead of daiſies, hemlock bear;
For cowſlips ſweet, let dandelions ſpread;
For Blouzelinda, blithſome maid, is dead!
Lament, ye ſwains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And ſpell ye right this verſe upon her ſtone:
"Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
"Weep, ſhepherds—and remember fleſh is graſs."

Grubbinol.

Albeit thy ſongs are ſweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirſty cattle rivers clear;

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* Dirge, *or* Dyrge, *a mournful ditty, or ſong of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin* Dirige, *in the Popiſh Hymn,* Dirige greſſus meos, *as ſome pretend. But from the Teutonic* Dyrke, Laudare, *to praiſe and extol. Whence it is poſſible their* Dyrke, *and our* dirge, *was a laudatory ſong to commemorate and applaud the dead.* COWELL's Interpreter.

Ver. 15.

"Incipe, Mopſe, prior, ſi quos aut Phyllidis ignes
"Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri."
VIRG.

Ver. 27. Glee *joy; from the Dutch* Glooren, *to* recreate.

Ver. 84.

"Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narciſſo,
"Carduus et ſpinis ſurgit paliurus acutis." VIRG.

Ver. 90.

"Et tumulum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite car-
"men." VIRG.

Ver. 93.

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
"Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine: quale per æſtum

Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.
When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.
How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
When on her darling's bed her mother sate!
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:
"Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed:
Be these my sister's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent."
Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd;
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.
To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the Parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.
After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
He said, that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.
To her sweet memory, flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground;
Lest her new grave the Parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.

" Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
" Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi nostra
" vicissim
" Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra"
VIRG.

Ver. 96. *An imitation of Theocritus.*

For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the bye,
"Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."
While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise;
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.
Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain.
They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

SATURDAY; OR, THE FLIGHTS.

Bowzybeus.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous strong!
Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night;
But thou sat'st topping till the morning light.
Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoaring lout:
(For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
" For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")

Ver. 153.
" Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
" Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore ci-
" Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque ma-
" nebunt." VIRG.
Ver. 22. " Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant." VIRG.

By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling ſtraw within his noſe.
He rubs his noſtril, and in wonted joke
The ſneering ſwains with ſtammering ſpeech beſpoke:
To you, my lads; I'll ſing my carols o'er,
As for the maids—I've ſomething elſe in ſtore.
No ſooner 'gan he raiſe his tuneful ſong,
But lads and laſſes round about him throng.
Not ballad-ſinger plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note ſo ſhrilling ſweet and loud;
Nor pariſh-clerk, who calls the pſalm ſo clear,
Like Bowzybeus ſooths th' attentive ear.
Of nature's laws his carols firſt begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the ſun.
For owls, as ſwains obſerve, deteſt the light,
And only ſing and ſeek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their ſwelling heads below;
And how the cloſing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wiſp miſleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and ſinking bogs, and pathleſs downs.
Of ſtars he told, that ſhoot with ſhining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He ſung where wood-cocks in the ſummer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coaſts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours aſcend);
Where ſwallows in the winter's ſeaſon keep,
And how the drowſy bat and dormouſe ſleep;
How nature does the puppy's eyelid cloſe
Till the bright ſun has nine times ſet and roſe
(For huntſmen by their long experience find,
That puppies ſtill nine rolling ſuns are blind).
Now he goes on, and ſings of fairs and ſhows,
For ſtill new fairs before his eyes aroſe.
How pedlars' ſtalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long ſilken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets ſhine;
How the tight laſs, knives, combs, and ſciſſars ſpies,
And looks on thimbles with deſiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where ſilver ſpoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and laſſes trudge the ſtreet along,
And all the fair is crowded in his ſong.
The mountebank now treads the ſtage, and ſells
His pills, his balſams, and his ague-ſpells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler ſprings,
And on the rope the venturous maiden ſwings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Toſſes the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-ſhows he ſung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then ſad he ſung "the Children in the Wood:"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, ſtain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deſarts wild,
And fearleſs at the glittering faulchion ſmil'd;
Their little corpſe the robin-red-breaſts found,
And ſtrow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah gentle birds! if this verſe laſts ſo long,
Your names ſhall live for ever in my ſong.)
For "Buxom Joan" he ſung the doubtful ſtriſe,
How the fly ſailor made the maid a wife.
To louder ſtrains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befell,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
"Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadſt never heard the horn or hound!
Yet ſhall the ſquire, who fought on bloody ſtumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Eſſex" next he chaunts,
How to ſleek mares ſtarch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother ſtood on bank ſo green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was ſeiz'd with a religious qualm.
And on a ſudden ſung the hundredth pſalm.
He ſung of "Taffey Welch," and "Sawney Scot,"
"Lilly-bullero" and the "Iriſh Trot."
Why ſhould I tell of "Bateman," or of "Shore,"
Or "Wantley's Dragon" ſlain by valiant Moore,
"The Bower of Roſamond," or "Robin Hood,"
And how the "graſs now grows where Troy town ſtood?"
His carols ceas'd: the liſtening maids and ſwains
Seem ſtill to hear ſome ſoft imperfect ſtrains.
Sudden he roſe; and, as he reels along,
Swears kiſſes ſweet ſhould well reward his ſong.
The damſels laughing fly: the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-ſheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk, his ſleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the ſun deſcends.

Ver. 40. "Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit." VIRG.

Ver. 43.
"Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoſcite: carmina vobis;
"Huic aliud mercedis erit." VIRG.

Ver. 47.
"Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnaſſia rupes:
"Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Iſmarus Orphea." VIRG.

Ver. 51. *Our ſwain had poſſibly read Tuſſer, from whence he might have collected theſe philoſophical obſervations:*
"Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c."

Ver. 97.
"Fortunati ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
"Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo." VIRG.

Ver. 99. *A Song in the Comedy of "Love for Love," beginning "A Soldier and a Sailor," &c.*

Ver. 109. *A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poms.*

Ver. 112.
"Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent,
"Paſiphaen." VIRG.

Ver. 117.
"Quid loquar aut Scyllam Niſi, &c. VIRG.

Ver. 117—120. *Old Engliſh ballads.*

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

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And other Material Things, mentioned in these Pastorals.

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TRIVIA;

OR, THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Quo te Mœri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?"——VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The world, I believe, will take ſo little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may ſee by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may ſave me from their envy. I ſhould be ſorry to raiſe that paſſion in men whom I am ſo much obliged to, ſince they allow me an honour hitherto only ſhown to better writers, That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to diſpleaſe you, and if it be any advantage to you to aſcribe it to ſome perſon of greater merit; I ſhall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe ſeveral hints of it to Dr. Swift. And, if you will ſo far continue your favour as to write againſt it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

"—Non tu, in triviis, indocte ſolebas
"Stridenti, miſerum, ſtipulâ, diſperdere carmen."

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS, AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter ſtreets to ſteer your courſe aright,
How to walk clean by day, and ſafe by night;
How joſtling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to aſſert the wall, and when reſign,
I ſing; thou, Trivia, goddeſs, aid my ſong,
Through ſpacious ſtreets conduct thy bard along;
By thee tranſported, I ſecurely ſtray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The ſilent court and opening ſquare explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and ſmooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the ſturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilſt every ſtroke his labouring lungs reſound;
For thee the ſcavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt ſubſide.
My youthful boſom burns with thirſt of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praiſe!
When the black youth at choſen ſtands rejoice,
And "clean your ſhoes" reſounds from every voice;
When late their miry ſides ſtage-coaches ſhow,
And their ſtiff horſes through the town move ſlow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damſels firſt renew their oyſter-cries:
Then let the prudent walker ſhoes provide,
Not of the Spaniſh or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raiſe the dancer's bound,
And with the ſcallop'd top his ſtep be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd ſoles protect thy feet
Through freezing ſnows, and rains, and ſoaking ſleet.
Should the big laſt extend the ſhoe too wide,
Each ſtone will wrench th' unwary ſtep aſide;
The ſudden turn may ſtretch the ſwelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle ſprain;
And, when too ſhort the modeſt ſhoes are worn,
You'll judge the ſeaſons by your ſhooting corn.

Nor ſhould it prove thy leſs important care,
To chooſe a proper coat for winter's wear,
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The ſilken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's ſpongy nap is ſoak'd with rain,
And ſhowers ſoon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney* broad-cloth, with its ſhag unſhorn,
Unpierc'd is in the laſting tempeſt worn:
Be this the horſeman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the ſpoils of Ruſſia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's claſp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, ſtretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the ſop embrace,
Or his deep cloke beſpatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment beſt the winter's rage defends,
Whoſe ample form without one plait depends,
By various names † in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true ſurtout alone;
Be thine of kerſey firm, though ſmall the coſt,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the froſt.
If the ſtrong cane ſupport thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer ſhall the wall command;
Ev'n ſturdy carmen ſhall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches ſtop to make thee way:
This ſhall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce;
Be theirs for empty ſhow, but thine for uſe.
In gilded chariots while they loll at eaſe,
And lazily enſure a life's diſeaſe;
While ſofter chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's ‡, aſſemblies, or the play;
Roſy complexion'd health thy ſteps attends,
And exerciſe thy laſting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choiceſt gifts profane:
Thus ſome beneath their arm ſupport the cane;
The dirty point oft check the careleſs pace,
And miry ſpots the clean cravat diſgrace.
Oh! may I never ſuch miſfortune meet!
May no ſuch vicious walkers crowd the ſtreet!
May Providence o'erſhade me with her wings,
While the bold muſe experienc'd danger ſings!
Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muſe,
Where ſlavery treads the ſtreets in wooden ſhoes.
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumſy boor to ſkate in rhyme;
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain deſcend,
No miry ways induſtrious ſteps offend:
The ruſhing flood from ſloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty ſhowers.
Let others Naples' ſmoother ſtreets rehearſe,
And with proud Roman ſtructures grace their verſe,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dies the ſtones.
Nor ſhall the muſe through narrow Venice ſtray,
Where gondolas their painted oars diſplay.
O happy ſtreets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, ſhake the floating town!

Thus was of old Britannia's city bleſs'd,
Ere pride and luxury her ſons poſſeſs'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfaſhion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way;
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats ſecur'd her gown;
Her roſy cheek with diſtant viſits glow'd,
And exerciſe unartful charms beſtow'd:
But ſince in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long training mantua ſweeps the ground,
Her ſhoe diſdains the ſtreet; the lazy fair
With narrow ſtep affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the laviſh age,
And the ſtreets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gameſter inſolently rides,
With loves and graces on his chariot ſides;
In ſaucy ſtate the griping broker ſits.
And laughs at honeſty and trudging wits.
For you, O honeſt men, theſe uſeful lays
The muſe prepares! I ſeek no other praiſe.
When ſleep is firſt diſturb'd by morning cries;
From ſure prognoſtics learn to know the ſkies,
Leſt you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When ſuffocating miſts obſcure the morn,
Let thy worſt wig, long us'd to ſtorms, be worn
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care;
Beneath his flapping hat ſecures his hair.
Be thou for every ſeaſon juſtly dreſt,
Nor brave the piercing froſt with open breaſt;
And, when the burſting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy ſurtout defend the drenching ſhower.
The changing weather certain ſigns reveal.
Ere winter ſheds her ſnow, or froſts congeal,
You'll ſee the coals in brighter flame aſpire,
And ſulphur tinge with blue the riſing fire;
Your tender ſhins the ſcorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees ſhe bends,
And all around the grateful warmth aſcends.
Nor do leſs certain ſigns the town adviſe
Of milder weather and ſerener ſkies.
The ladies, gaily dreſs'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the ſunny morn:
The wanton fawns with friſking pleaſure range,
And chirping ſparrows greet the welcome change;
* Not that their minds with greater ſkill are fraught,
Endued by inſtinct, or by reaſon taught:
The ſeaſons operate in every breaſt;
'Tis hence the fawns are briſk, and ladies dreſt.
When on his box the nodding coachman ſnores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
The chairman idly crowd; then ne'er refuſe
To truſt thy buſy ſteps in thinner ſhoes.
But when the ſwinging ſigns your ears offend
With creaking noiſe, then rainy floods impend;
Soon ſhall the kennels ſwell with rapid ſtreams,
And ruſh in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookſeller, whoſe ſhop's an open ſquare,
Foreſees the tempeſt, and with early care

* *A town in Oxfordſhire.*
† *A Joſeph, Wrap-raſcal, &c.*
‡ *A chocolate-houſe in St. James's-ſtreet.*

* " Haud equidem credo, quia ſit divinitus illis
" Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major."
VIRG. Georg. i.

Of learning ſtrips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue;
On hoſiers' poles depending ſtockings ty'd
Flag with the ſlacken'd gale from ſide to ſide;
Church monuments foretel the changing air,
Then Niobe diſſolves into a tear, [ſounds
And ſweats with ſacred grief; you'll hear the
Of whiſtling winds, ere kennels break their bounds:
Ungrateful odours common-ſhores diffuſe,
And dropping vaults diſtil unwholeſome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the ſmoking ſhower,
And ſpouts on heedleſs men their torrents pour.

All ſuperſtition from thy breaſt repel:
Let credulous boys and prattling nurſes tell,
How, if the feſtival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn ſhall ſtrew the year;
When the dark ſkies diſſolve in ſnow or rain,
The labouring hind ſhall yoke the ſteer in vain;
But, if the threatening winds in tempeſts roar,
Then war ſhall bathe her waſteful ſword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feaſt the welkin lours,
And every penthouſe ſtreams with haſty ſhowers,
Twice twenty days ſhall clouds their fleeces drain,
And waſh the pavements with inceſſant rain.
Let not ſuch vulgar tales debaſe thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the muſe deſpiſe,
And ſlight the faithful warning of the ſkies,
Others you'll ſee, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kerſey coat,
Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the ſtreet;
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of ſpouts high ſtreaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every daſhing pool, or idly ſtop,
To ſeek the kind protection of a ſhop.
But buſineſs ſummons; now with haſty ſcud
You joſtle for the wall; the ſpatter'd mud
Hides all thy hoſe behind; in vain you ſcower,
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the ſhower.
So fierce Alecto's ſnaky treſſes ſell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and ſtrait, when firſt his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now ſtands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good houſewives all the winter's rage deſpiſe,
Defended by the riding-hood's diſguiſe;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily ſhed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Perſian dames th' umbrella's ribs diſplay,
To guard their beauties from the ſunny ray;
Or ſweating ſlaves ſupport the ſhady load,
When eaſtern monarchs ſhow their ſtate abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly ſhowers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, muſe, the patten's praiſe,
That female implement ſhall grace thy lays;
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny ſoil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bleſs'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed;
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilſt on her father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the gray-ey'd morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty houſewife bears,
And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening dews are ſpread,
The milky burden ſmokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane ſhe pick'd her way,
Above her ancle roſe the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He ſaw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian ſpouſe,
Think how her eyes dart inexhauſted charms,
And canſt thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian Power forſakes the realms above,
His boſom glowing with terreſtrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholſome ground.
Here ſmokes his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
And early ſtrokes the ſounding anvil warm:
Around his ſhop the ſteely ſparkles flew,
As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil reſts, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his ſoothing tales, ſhe feigns delays;
What woman can reſiſt the force of praiſe?
At firſt ſhe coyly every kiſs withſtood,
And all her cheek was flaſh'd with modeſt blood:
With headleſs nails he now ſurrounds her ſhoes,
To ſave her ſteps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his ſoothing tales, his preſents wore,
And granted kiſſes, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold ſhe pines,
And on her cheek the fading roſe declines;
No more her humid eyes their luſtre boaſt,
And in hoarſe ſounds her melting voice is loſt.

This Vulcan ſaw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought.
Above the mire her ſhelter'd ſteps to raiſe,
And bear her ſafely through the wintery ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten roſe.
No more her lungs are ſhook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his ſuit: though flattery fail,
Preſents with female virtue muſt prevail.
The patten now ſupports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

BOOK II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

Thus far the muſe has trac'd in uſeful lays
The proper implements for wintery ways;

Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, muse, from home to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.
For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the streets molest;
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingate her fishy traffic bear;
On doors the sallow milk maid chalks her gains:
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians with their milky cheer
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now industry awakes her busy sons;
Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.
If cloth'd in black you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid: oft' in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.
Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care:
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng:
When small coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threat'ned coat;
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulders borne,
With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid:
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Justle the feeble steps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct;
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head;
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Left from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray;
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft' the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
But still the wandering passes force his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.
When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by [flirt
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.
What though the gathering mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand,
Here let the muse, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race.
Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide æthereal court improv'd:
And ev'n the proudest goddess now and then
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then * Cloacina (goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:

* *Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common shore; and, not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours.*—Lactant. 1. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

She gaz'd; she sigh'd; (for love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye.)
Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well she knows
That pleasing thunder): swift the goddess, rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;
To the dark alley, arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love! [space,
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy.
The child, through various risks in years improv'd,
At first a beggar's brat compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.
Oh happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every rain!
The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress.
She prays the gods to take the foundling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd;
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.
Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes;
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face!
At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those (if such he known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flaggon charge their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either side;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun:
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe; [brown'd,
The foot grows black that was with dirt em-
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound.
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth strait chose his post; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing-Cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And Whitehall echoes—"Clean your Honour's "shoes!"
Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song.
Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.
Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours feed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-ſtreet the dangers ſhare,
When the broad pavement of Cheapſide is near?
Or who that rugged ſtreet * would traverſe o'er,
That ſtretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black ſhore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here ſteams aſcend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled noſe offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where ſiſhy prey
Hide the wet ſtall, long abſent from the ſea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's ſpoil.
And where huge hogſheads ſweat with trainy oil;
Thy breathing noſtril hold; but how ſhall I
Paſs, where in piles Carnavian † cheeſes lie;
Cheeſe, that the table's cloſing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain riſe?
O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy ſmell!
At diſtance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor ſturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The ſoft ſupports of lazineſs and pride:
Shops breathes perfumes, through faſhes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet ſtill ev'n here, when rains the paſſage hide,
Oft the looſe ſtone ſpirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careleſs foot; and from on high,
Where manſions mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in ſhowers deſcend,
And o'er thy head deſtructive tiles impend.
But ſometimes let me leave the noiſy roads,
And ſilent wander in the cloſe abodes,
Where wheels ne'er ſhake the ground; there penſive ſtray,
In ſtudious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various buſineſs trace.
The broker here his ſpacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow ſit jealouſies and cares;
Bent on ſome mortage (to avoid reproach)
He ſeeks by-ſtreets, and ſaves th' expenſive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluſe, who travels Drury-Lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the laviſh rake, to ſhun
His Fleet-ſtreet draper's everlaſting dun.
Careful obſervers, ſtudious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that diſgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Paſs by the Meuſe, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never croſs behind,
Where bubbling yeſt is blown by guſts of wind:
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move ſlow,
Far from the ſtraining ſteeds ſecurely go,
Whoſe daſhing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'ſquire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infeſts purſuing foes.
The thoughtleſs wits ſhall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainſt the ſentry's box diſcharge their tea.
Do thou ſome court or ſecret corner ſeek,
Nor ſluſh with ſhame the paſſing virgin's cheek.
Yet let me not deſcend to trivial ſong,
Nor vulgar circumſtance my verſe prolong.

Why ſhould I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to ſhelter from the ſudden ſhower?
Nature will beſt her ready hand inform,
With her ſpread petticoat to fence the ſtorm.
Does not each walker know the warning ſign,
When wiſps of ſtraw depend upon the twine
Croſs the cloſe ſtreet; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman laſhing by
Oft with his flouriſh cuts the heedleſs eye;
And when he takes his ſtand, to wait a fare,
His horſes foreheads ſhun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam where ſummer's ſultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and ſpread with duſt the ways;
With whirling guſts the rapid atoms riſe,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the ſkies.
Winter my theme confines; whoſe nitry wind
Shall cruſt the ſlabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the ſnow deſcend in flaky ſheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the ſtreets.
Let not the virgin tread theſe ſlippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footſtep ſlide with clotted froſt,
Strike off the breaking balls againſt the poſt.
On ſilent wheel the paſſing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the ſchool-boy moulds the ſnow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw.
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's ſurface ſpread,
To tempt with faithleſs paſs the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to ſee the damſel ſpurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green ſtocking mourn?
At White's the harneſs'd chairman idly ſtands,
And ſwings around his waiſt his tingling hands;
The ſempſtreſs ſpeeds to change with red-tipt noſe;
The Belgian ſtove beneath her footſtool glows;
In half-whipt muſlin needles uſeleſs lie,
And ſhuttle-cocks acroſs the counter fly.
Theſe ſports warm harmleſs; why then will ye prove,
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?
Where Covent-garden's famous temple ſtands,
That boaſts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the ſquare:
Here oft my courſe I bend; when lo! from far
I ſpy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his ſhop, to join the crew,
Increaſing crowds the flying game purſue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er ſnowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither ſhall I run! the throng draws nigh,
The ball now ſkims the ſtreet, now ſoars on high;
The dext'rous glazier ſtrong returns the bound,
And jingling faſhes on the pent-houſe ſound.
O, roving muſe! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with froſted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the ſhore,
Penſive reclines upon his uſeleſs oar;
See harneſs'd ſteeds deſert the ſtony town,
And wander roads unſtable, not their own;

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* *Thames-ſtreet.* † *Cheſhire, anciently ſo called.*
‡ *A cheat commonly practiſed in the ſtreets with three thimbles and a little ball.*

Wheels o'er the harden'd waters ſmoothly glide,
And raſe with whiten'd tracks the ſlippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire
And ſcarce the ſpit can turn the ſteer entire;
Booths ſudden hide the Thames, long ſtreets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the ſpacious plain:
Thick riſing tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice reſound through all the field.
'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of diſtant flutes, at hours
When ſilent evening cloſes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noiſe;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.
Doll every day had walk'd theſe treacherous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: ſhe now a baſket bore;
That head, alas! ſhall baſket bear no more.
Each booth ſhe frequent paſt, in queſt of gain,
And boys with pleaſure heard her ſhrilling ſtrain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals muſt reſign their breath,
And induſtry itſelf ſubmit to death!
The cracking cryſtal yields; ſhe ſinks, ſhe dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her loſt ſhoulders flies;
Pippins ſhe cry'd; but death her voice confounds;
And *pip- pip- pip-* along the ice reſounds.
So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His ſever'd head floats down the ſilver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his loſt conſort cry'd;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.
But now the weſtern gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From every pent-houſe ſtreams the fleeting ſnow,
And with diſſolving froſt the pavements flow.
Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with ſlow and ſolemn air,
Led by the noſtril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majeſtically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the ſurly bull.
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thurſdays are the days of game.
When fiſhy ſtalls with double ſtore are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red ſpeckled trouts, the ſalmon's ſilver jowl,
The jointed lobſter, and unſcaly ſoal,
And luſcious 'ſcallops to allure the taſtes
Of rigid zealots to delicious faſts;
Wedneſdays and Fridays you'll obſerve from hence,
Days when our fires were doom'd to abſtinence.
When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damſels twirl the ſprinkling mop,
And cleanſe the ſpatter'd ſaſh, and ſcrub the ſtairs;
Know Saturday's concluſive morn appears.

Succeſſive cries the ſeaſons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progreſs of the year.
Hark! how the ſtreets with treble voices ring,
To ſell the bounteous product of the ſpring:
Sweet-ſmelling flowers, and alder's early bud,
With nettle's tender ſhoots, to cleanſe the blood;
And, when June's thunder cools the ſultry ſkies,
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mackrel cries.
Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in autumn ſtain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To truſt their copper fortunes to the dice.
When roſemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the feſtival of Chriſtmas near,
Chriſtmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples ſtrow,
With laurel green, and ſacred miſletoe.
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy bleſſings ſhed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her ſickly head;
Bid ſhivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy ſoul!
See, ſee! the heaven-born maid her bleſſings ſhed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her ſickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While ſelfiſh Avarice alone is ſad.
Proud coaches paſs, regardleſs of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity ſtill moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purſe relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciouſly thy halfpence are beſtow'd,
Where the laborious beggar ſweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long ſtretch his palſy'd hand.
Thoſe who give late are importun'd each day,
And ſtill are teas'd becauſe they ſtill delay.
If e'er the miſer durſt his farthings ſpare,
He thinly ſpreads them through the public ſquare,
Where, all beſide the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his ſcore,
Lifts up his eyes, and haſtes to beggar more.
Where the braſs-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canſt thou paſs, unmindful of a prayer,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother ſpare?
Come, Forteſcue, ſincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees ſuſpend;
Come let us leave the Temple's ſilent walls,
Me buſineſs to my diſtant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us ſtray;
With thee converſing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow ſtreet which ſteep deſcends,
Whoſe building to the ſlimy ſhore extends,
Here Arundel's fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,
The ſtreet alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair deſign, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's ſong, and paſted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.

Where ſtatues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-houſe, ſtands.
There Eſſex' ſtately pile adorn'd the ſhore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace ſtill remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel ſtrikes the ſtrings, the melting ſtrain
Tranſports the ſoul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft' I enter (but with cleaner ſhoes),
For Burlington's belov'd by every muſe.
O ye aſſociate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your ſtate what happineſs attends!
What though no coach to frequent viſit rolls,
Nor for your ſhilling chairmen ſling their poles;
Yet ſtill your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your ſaffron eye;
No waſting cough diſcharges ſounds of death,
Nor wheezing aſthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your reſtleſs couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or ſedentary ſtone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the ſtreet,
And truſt their ſafety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft' the ſudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and ſhifts the dangerous ſail;
Then ſhall the paſſenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithleſs oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel ſpurns,
The glaſſes ſhatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs diſjointed, and the broken arms?
I've ſeen a beau, in ſome ill-fated hour,
When o'er the ſtones choak'd kennels ſwell the ſhower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with diſdain
Views ſpatter'd paſſengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing ſteeds, lac'd charioteer:
The duſtman laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
His ponderous ſpokes thy painted wheel engage;
Cruſh'd is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
The ſlabby pavement cryſtal fragments ſtrow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So, when dread Jove the ſon of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
And the ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.
If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His ſickly hand is ſtor'd with friendly bills;
From hence he learns the ſeventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapeſt tailor's name.
Shall the large mutton ſmoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market beſt affords.
Would'ſt thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's ſends thee veal;
Thames-ſtreet gives cheeſes; Covent-garden fruits;
Moorfields old books; and Monmouth-ſtreet old ſuits.
Hence mayſt thou well ſupply the wants of life,
Support thy family and clothe thy wife.
Volumes on ſhelter'd ſtalls expanded lie,
And various ſcience lures the learned eye:
The bending ſhelves with ponderous ſcholiaſts groan,
And deep divines, to modern ſhops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on induſtrious wing
Collects the various odours of the ſpring,
Walkers' at leiſure, learning's flowers may ſpoil,
Nor watch the waſting of the midnight oil;
May morals ſnatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's ſage:
Here ſauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve ſmile, or over D'Urfey ſleep;
Pleas'd ſempſtreſſes the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold;
And * Squirts read Garth, till apozems grow cold.
O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy ſtall, for every curious eye!
So ſhall the poor theſe precepts gratis know,
And to my verſe their future ſafeties owe.
What walker ſhall his mean ambition fix
On the falſe luſtre of a coach and ſix?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring ſhow,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its braces ſwing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched ſpring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his ſiſter to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'ſcutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb ſhows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, ſunk in velvet, ſleeps;
The ſtarving orphan, as he paſſes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinſel ſlaves,
Who waſtes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a cluſtering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a ſordid mind!
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate!
Or rather give me ſweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good ſurtout!

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA, goddeſs! leave theſe low abodes,
And traverſe o'er the wide etherial roads;
Celeſtial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At ſight of thee, the villain ſheathes his ſword,
Nor ſcales the wall, to ſteal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy ſilver lamp from heaven's high bower
Direct my footſteps in the midnight hour!
When night firſt bids the twinkling ſtars appear.
Or with her cloudy veſt inwraps the air,

* *An apothecary's boy, in "The Diſpenſary."*

Then ſwarms the buſy ſtreet: with caution tread,
Where the ſhop-windows * falling threat thy head;
Now labourers home return, and join their ſtrength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And, as the paſſes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of St. Clement ſtand,
Whoſe ſtraiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouſe bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a poſt protects the narrow ſpace,
And, ſtrung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be reſolute, beware.
Forth iſſuing from ſteep lanes, the collier's ſteeds
Drag the black load; another cart ſucceeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement ſounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the ſtreet.
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harneſs; here a ponderous beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart: for ſlaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raiſe their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the ſmart blow provokes the ſturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining laſh their ſhins reſound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood guſhes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fiſts renew the fight;
Blow anſwers blow, their cheeks are ſmear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene † bred,
Or on Weſtphalia's fattening cheſnuts fed,
Gnaſh their ſharp tuſks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
Diſpute the reign of ſome luxurious mire,
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws diſtil with foam and gore.
Where the mob gathers, ſwiftly ſhoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noiſy throng:
Lur'd by the ſilver hilt, amid the ſwarm,
The ſubtle artiſt will thy ſide diſarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with ſafety worn;
High on the ſhoulder, in a baſket borne,
Lurks the fly boy, whoſe hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the ſkulking thief, with practis'd ſleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late ſnuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder theft ſome tradeſman ſpies,
Swift from his prey the ſcudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'ſcapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilſt every honeſt tongue "ſtop thief" reſounds.

So ſpeeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately ſilch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathleſs, he ſtumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honeſt work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout.
And ſtretch'd beneath the pump's inceſſant ſpout,
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gaſping lies,
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaiſters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-ſinger's ſhrilling ſtrain
Amid the ſwarm thy liſtening ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for theſe ſyrens ſtand
To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the ſong.
But ſoon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in ſhoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either ſide.
If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop ſhort; nor ſtruggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the paſſing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond), if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my ſide,
Impatient venture back; deſpiſing harm,
I force my paſſage where the thickeſt ſwarm.
Thus his loſt bride the Trojan ſought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of ſlain.
Thus Niſus wander'd o'er the pathleſs grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathleſs grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.
That walker, who, regardleſs of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damſel's face,
From ſide to ſide by thruſting elbows toſt,
Shall ſtrike his aching breaſt againſt a poſt;
Or water, daſh'd from ſiſhy ſtalls, ſhall ſtain
His hapleſs coat with ſpirts of ſcaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to ſtray
Where twirling turnſtiles intercept the way,
The thwarting paſſenger ſhall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathleſs to the ground.
Let conſtant vigilance thy footſteps guide,
And wary circumſpection guard thy ſide;
Then ſhalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous night,
Nor need th' officious linkboys ſmoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to croſs the road,
Where ale houſe benches reſt the porter's load,
Grievous to heedleſs ſhins; no barrows wheel,
That bruiſes oft' the truant ſchool-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with inſidious pace,
Shall mark thy ſtocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous ſteps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low ſteepy cellars lie.
Should thy ſhoe wrench aſide, down, down you fall,
And overturn the ſcolding huckſter's ſtall;
The ſcolding huckſter ſhall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

* *A ſpecies of window now almoſt forgotten.*
† *New Foreſt in Hampſhire, anciently ſo called.*

Though you through cleanlier allies wind by day,
To ſhun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to thoſe dark paths by night retire;
Mind only ſafety, and contemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haſte detain.
Nor ſneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-inn, wide ſpace, is rail'd around,
Croſs not with venturous ſtep; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light ſhone
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compaſſion mov'd, ſhall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet truſt him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And ſhare the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public ſtreets, where oily rays,
Shot from the cryſtal lamp, o'erſpread the ways.
Happy Auguſta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns ſhade the villain's frown;
No Spaniſh jealouſies thy lanes infeſt,
Nor Roman vengeance ſtabs th' unwary breaſt;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and juſtice guard the land;
No bravos here profeſs the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with aſſuming ſtride,
Preſs near the wall, and rudely thruſt thy ſide:
The laws have ſet him bounds; his ſervile feet
Should ne'er encroach where poſts defend the ſtreet.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whoſe flambeau gilds the ſaſhes of Pall-mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight viſits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman reſts with ſafety tread;
Whene'er I paſs, their poles (unſeen below)
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
If wheels bar up the road, where ſtreets are croſt,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accoſt:
He ne'er the threat or harſh command obeys,
But with contempt the ſpatter'd ſhoe ſurveys.
Now man with utmoſt fortitude thy ſoul,
To croſs the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy ſkill confide,
Nor raſhly riſk the kernel's ſpacious ſtride;
Stay till afar the diſtant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will ſlide upon the miry ſtone,
And paſſing coaches cruſh thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels incloſe the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midſt you ſtand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman ſwears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every ſide the preſſing ſpokes are nigh.
So ſailors, while Charybdis' gulf they ſhun,
Amaz'd on Scylla's craggy dangers run.
Be ſure obſerve where brown Oſtrea ſtands,
Who boaſts her ſhelly ware from Walfleet ſands;
There may'ſt thou paſs with ſafe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the ſtreet,
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyſter-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beſide the poſts; there ſtay thy haſte,
And with the ſavoury fiſh indulge thy taſte:
The damſel's knife the gaping ſhell commands,
While the ſalt liquor ſtreams between her hands.
The man had ſure a palate cover'd o'er
With braſs or ſteel, that on the rocky ſhore
Firſt broke the oozy oyſter's pearly coat,
And riſk'd the living morſel down his throat.
What will not luxury taſte Earth, ſea, and air,
Are daily ranſack'd for the bill of fare!
Blood ſtuff'd in ſkins is Britiſh Chriſtian's food;
And France robs marſhes of the croaking brood!
Spungy morels in ſtrong ragouts are found,
And in the ſoup the ſlimy ſnail is drown'd.
When from high ſpouts the daſhing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For ſhould'ſt thou quit thy ground, the ruſhing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All preſs to gain thoſe honours thou haſt loſt,
And rudely ſhove thee far without the poſt.
Then to retrive the ſhed you ſtrive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and ſoak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the ſhower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel riſk thy blood.
O think on Œdipus' dereſted ſtate,
And by his woes be warn'd to ſhun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd, he met his ſire unknown;
(Unhappy ſire, but more unhappy ſon!)
Each claim'd the way, their ſwords the ſtrife decide,
The hoary monarch fell he groan'd, and died!
Hence ſprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy curſed inceſt! and thy children ſlain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endleſs night to ſtray,
Through Theban ſtreets, and cheerleſs grope thy way.
Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether ſome heir attends in ſable ſtate,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb:
Why is the hearſe with 'ſcutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of oſtrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only ſerves to prove the living vain.
How ſhort is life! how frail is human truſt!
Is all this pomp for laying duſt to duſt?
Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted ſtall,
Bruſh not thy ſweeping ſkirt too near the wall:
Thy heedleſs ſleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And ſpot indelible thy pocket ſoil.
Has not wiſe nature ſtrung the legs and feet
With firmeſt nerves, deſign'd to walk the ſtreet?
Has ſhe not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidſt the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'ſt thou not the double noſtril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous ſcent?

Who can the various city frauds * recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?
O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand;
Say, vagrant muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scour'd manteau, and the slattern-air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flattering sounds she sooths the credulous ear,
"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"
In riding-hood, near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, she will oft' the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from sarsenet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket hagg'd with gold.
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd:
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence through the street he reels from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah, hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills!
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills
How wilt thou lift to heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye gods avert that worst disgrace!)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face!
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light,
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm.
But, if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scowering crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.
Thus, would you gain some favourite courtier's word,
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying nicker * flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black sleepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common shores descend;
Oft' by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the cracking axle flies the spoke.
So, when sam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed?
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?
But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigher,
And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
At first a glowing red inwraps the skies,
And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers;
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;

* *Various cheats formerly in practice.*

* *Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with halfpence.*

Mov'd by the mother's ſtreaming eyes and prayers,
The helpleſs infant through the flame he bears,
With no leſs virtue, than through hoſtile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged ſire.
See forceful engines ſpout their levell'd ſtreams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruin falls;
Blown by ſtrong winds, the fiery tempeſt roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a ſanguine dreadful light.
'Twas ſuch a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
The dire preſage of mighty Cæſar's doom,
When the ſun veil'd in ruſt his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the ſkies o'erſpread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds retire;
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous ſtore is laid, the ſmutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flames ſudden wrap the walls; with ſullen ſound
The ſhatter'd pile ſinks on the ſmoky ground.
So, when the years ſhall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her ſap'd foundations ſhall with thunders ſhake,
And heave and toſs upon the ſulphurous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood ſhall rend,
And in th' abyſs her plunging towers deſcend.

Conſider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wintery town;
What riots ſeen, what buſtling crowds I bore,
How oft' I croſs'd where carts and coaches roar;
Yet ſhall I bleſs my labours, if mankind
Their future ſafety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
Whoſe ſteps have printed Aſia's deſert ſoil,
The barbarous Arabs haunt; or ſhivering croſs
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal froſt;
Whom Providence in length of years reſtores
To the wiſh'd harbour of his native ſhores)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
'To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.
And now complete my generous labours lie,
Finiſh'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death ſhall entomb in duſt this mouldering frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W—— and G———, mighty names!* are dead;
Or but at Chelſea under cuſtards read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High rais'd on Fleet-ſtreet poſts, conſign'd to fame,
This work ſhall ſhine, and walkers bleſs my name.

* *Probably Ward and Gildon.*

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EPISTLES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPISTLE I.

To a Lady. Occaſioned by the Arrival of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales.

MADAM, to all your cenſures I ſubmit,
And frankly own I ſhould long ſince have writ.
You told me, ſilence would be thought a crime,
And kindly ſtrove to teaze me into rhyme:
No more let trifling themes your muſe employ,
Nor laviſh verſe, to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damſels ſport;
But ſing the glories of the Britiſh court.
By your commands and inclination ſway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling muſes to my aid:
Reſolv'd to write, the noble theme I choſe,
And to the princeſs thus the poem roſe.
" Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye ſacred nine!
" Exalt my genius, and my verſe refine.
" My ſtrains with Carolina's name I grace,
" The lovely parent of our royal race.
" Breathe ſoft, ye winds! ye waves, in ſilence ſleep!
" Let proſperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
" Swell the white ſails, and with the ſtreamers play,
" To waft her gently o'er the watery way."
Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
To rein the winds, and guard the royal fair;
Bid the blue tritons ſound their twiſted ſhells,
And call the nereids from their pearly cells.
Thus my warm zeal had drawn the muſe along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her ſong:
I then reſolv'd ſome model to purſue,
Perus'd French critics, and began anew.
Long open panegyric drags at beſt,
And praiſe is only praiſe when well addreſs'd.
Straight Horace for ſome lucky ode I ſought:
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought.
This new performance to a friend I ſhow'd:
For ſhame! ſays he; what, imitate an ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-ſtreet lays,
Than pillage Cæſar for my patron's praiſe:
One common fate all imitators ſhare,
To ſave mince-pyes, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, ſimilies, lords names, and ends of wit:
In blotted ſtanzas ſcraps of odes expire,
And fuſtian mounts in pyramids of fire.
Ladies! to you I next inſcrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way:
For ſtill impatient till the princeſs came,
You from deſcription wiſh'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleaſing labour larger grew,
For ſtill new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme;
And then I thus purſued the growing ſcheme:
" Beauty and wit were ſure by nature join'd,
" And charms are emanations of the mind:
" The ſoul, tranſpiercing through the ſhining frame,
" Forms all the graces of the princely dame:
" Benevolence her converſation guides,
" Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye reſides.
" Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
" As ſoftens Engliſh to Italian ſound:
" Yet in thoſe ſounds ſuch ſentiments appear,
" As charm the judgment, while they ſoothe the ear.
" Religion's cheerful flame her boſom warms,
" Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
" Henceforth, ye fair, at chapel mind your prayers,
" Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;
" Reſtrain your looks, kneel more, and whiſper leſs,
" Nor moſt devoutly criticiſe on dreſs.
" From her form all your characters of life,
" The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
" Oft have I ſeen her little infant-train,
" The lovely primroſe of a future reign;
" Obſerv'd with pleaſure every dawning grace,
" And all the mother opening in their face.
" The ſon ſhall add new honours to the line,
" And early with paternal virtues ſhine:
" When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
" His little heart with emulation beats;
" With conqueſts yet to come his boſom glows,
" He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquiſh'd foes;

" Each year with arts ſhall ſtore his ripening brain,
" And from his grandſire he ſhall learn to reign."
Thus far I'd gone: Propitious riſing gales
Now bid the ſailor hoiſt the ſwelling ſails.
Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar;
White Albion's cliffs reſound from ſhore to ſhore.
Behold the bright original appear,
All praiſe is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's coſt,
The princeſs came, and my new plan was loſt.
Since all my ſchemes were baulk'd (my laſt reſort),
I left the muſes, to frequent the court:
Penſive each night from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with the other talk'd;
Inquir'd what news, or ſuch a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the ſame.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly gazette mention'd Gay.
I aſk'd a friend what method to purſue;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another aſk'd me, why I had not writ;
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Straight I reply'd, with what a courtly grace
Flows eaſy verſe from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his ſtrains,
He ſtill had ſung of flocks and homely ſwains;
And, had not Horace ſweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to ſound.
Once ladies fair in homely guiſe I ſung, [rung.
And with their names wild woods and mountains
O teach me now to ſtrike a ſofter ſtrain!
The court refines the language of the plain.
You muſt, cries one, the miniſtry rehearſe,
And with each patriot's name prolong your verſe:
But ſure this truth to poets ſhould be known,
That praiſing all alike, is praiſing none.
Another told me, if I wiſh'd ſucceſs,
To ſome diſtinguiſh'd lord I muſt addreſs;
One whoſe high virtues ſpeak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and ſtrong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, reſolute in fight;
Whoſe generous temper prompts him to defend,
And patroniſe the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble patron ſhown;
But I, alas! am to Argyll unknown.
Still every one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to ſucceed;
But now preferments ſo poſſeſs'd my brain,
That ſcarce I could produce a ſingle ſtrain:
Indeed I ſometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection, as without deſign.
One morn upon the princeſs this I writ,
An epigram that boaſts more truth than wit.
" The pomp of titles eaſy faith might ſhake,
" She ſcorn'd an empire for religion's ſake:
" For this on earth the Britiſh crown was given,
" And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."
Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic fancy wrought.
" Methinks I ſee ſome bard, whoſe heavenly rage
" Shall riſe in ſong, and warm a future age;
" Look back through time, and, wrapt in wonder, trace
" The glorious ſeries of the Brunſwick race.
" From the firſt George theſe godlike kings deſcend,
" A line which only with the world ſhall end.
" The next a generous prince renown'd in arms,
" And bleſs'd, long bleſs'd, in Carolina's charms;
" From theſe the reſt. 'Tis thus, ſecure in peace,
" We plough the fields, and reap the year's increaſe:
" Now commerce, wealthy goddeſs, rears her head,
" And bids Britannia's fleets their canvas ſpread;
" Unnumber'd ſhips the peopled ocean hide,
" And wealth returns with each revolving tide."
Here paus'd the ſullen muſe; in haſte I dreſs'd,
And through the crowd of needy courtiers preſs'd;
Though unſucceſsful, happy whilſt I ſee
Thoſe eyes, that glad a nation, ſhine on me.

EPISTLE II.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Barlington.

A Journey to Exeter. 1716.

While you, my lord, bid ſtately piles aſcend,
Or in your Chiſwick bowers enjoy your friend;
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and bluſhing peach,
I journey far.—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, ſent me forth your truſty 'ſquire.
'Twas on the day when city-dames repair
To take their weekly doſe of Hyde-park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infeſt,
For ſtill on Sundays country horſes reſt.
Thy gardens, Kenſington, we leave unſeen;
Through Hammerſmith jog on to Turnham-green.
That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * Solomon is dead.
Three duſty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty ſtreets and white-legg'd chickens known:
Thence, o'er wide ſhrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
We come where Thames divides the meads of Stains.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagſhot-heath we croſs,
Where broken gameſters oft repair their loſs.
At Hartley-row the foaming bit we preſt,
While the fat landlord welcom'd every gueſt.
Supper was ended, healths the glaſſes crown'd,
Our hoſt extoll'd his wine at every round;
Relates the juſtices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his gueſts in days of yore,
And prais'd their wiſdom much, their drinking more.
Let travellers the morning-vigils keep:
The morning roſe, but we lay faſt aſleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the ſultry ſun,
And Popham-lane was ſcarce in ſight by one:
The ſtraggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the ſtage-coach'd laſs reſign'd her gold;
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And ſent her home a belle to country towns.

---

* *A man once famous for feeding pigeons.*

But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood:
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For should the maiden-mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.
Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy every visage wears;
What, no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of mayors, shall Snow * alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor coblers feast thee years upon one vote. [plain,
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bowers a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wond'rous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's o'clock.
How are your shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays!
From her no listening echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.
Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not prov'd thy sciffars good?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid † three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses, [ses?
Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kis-
O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reckoning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And, as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.
Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions eyes suppress,
And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile valleys lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to Morcombe's lake.

As hearses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.
We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlass-smocks.
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, every night!
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroak'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands:
"This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
"Here is for horses hay, and meat for men."
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he, that could not epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
But were his muse for elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit:
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tuttle-fields record his simple lays; [eyes,
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses
While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies:
"Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels
"sweet,
"For pies and cheese-cakes are for damsels meet."
Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's sign:
"This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
"I nam'd the brave deliverer to come *."
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land!—but I forbear
What other counties must with envy hear.

EPISTLE III.

To the Right Honourable William Pulteney, Esq 1717.

PULTENEY, methinks you blame my breach of word;
What! cannot Paris one poor page afford?

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* *Sir Richard Steele, member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise called "The Importance of Dunkirk consider-"ed," and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, bailiff of Stockbridge.*

† *There are three boarding-schools in this town.*

* *Blackmore's Prince Arthur, book* v.

Yes, I can fagely, when the times are paſt,
Laugh at thoſe follies which I ſtrove to taſte,
And each amuſement, which we ſhar'd, review,
Pleas'd with mere talking, ſince I talk to you.
But how ſhall I deſcribe in humble proſe
Their balls, aſſemblies, operas, and beaux?
In proſe? you cry: oh no, the muſe muſt aid,
And leave Parnaſſus for the Tuilleries' ſhade:
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled muſe, with pattens ſhod,
Through dirty lanes, and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuſe to write, when Paris aſks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Deſcend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow ſhine,
Let ſparkling ſtars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the bluſhes of the crimſon morn;
So may ye balls and gay aſſemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremoſt place.

Travellers ſhould ever fit expreſſion chooſe,
Nor with low phraſe the lofty theme abuſe.
When they deſcribe the ſtate of eaſtern lords,
Pomp and magnificence ſhould ſwell their words;
And, when they paint the ſerpent's ſcaly pride,
Their lines ſhould hiſs, their numbers ſmoothly ſlide;
But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Deſcribe alike Mockaws and Great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning ſatire,
Dreſs forth in ſimple ſtyle the *Petit-maitre*:

" In Paris there's a race of animals
" I've ſeen them at their operas and balls):
" They ſtand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
" Monkeys in action, parroquets in talk;
" They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
" And, like camelions, daily change their hue;
" From patches juſtly plac'd they borrow graces,
" And with vermilion lacquer o'er their faces.
" This cuſtom, as we viſibly diſcern,
" They, by frequenting ladies toilettes, learn."
Thus might the traveller eaſy truth impart.
Into the ſubject let me nobly ſtart.

How happy lives the man, how ſure to charm,
Whoſe knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies caſt the yielding glance,
Sigh in his ſongs, and languiſh in his dance:
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whoſe gummy hat no ſcarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flowers his worſted ankle grace,
Nor cane embroſs'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his ſword is hung;
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue,
His wit is ſpiritleſs and void of grace,
Who wants th' aſſurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
Like a court-lady though he write and ſpell,
His minuet-ſtep was faſhion'd by Marcell *;
He dreſſes, fences. What avails to know?
For women chooſe their men, like ſilks, for ſhow.
Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boaſts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toaſts?
For ſuch a fluttering ſight we need not roam;
Our own aſſemblies ſhine with theſe at home.

* *A famous dancing-maſter.*

Let us into the field of beauty ſtart;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye fair, that I the ſex accuſe:
How ſhall I ſpare you, prompted by the muſe?
(The muſes all are *prudes!*) She rails, ſhe frets,
Amidſt this ſprightly nation of coquettes:
Yet let not us their looſe coquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the ſame.

You aſk me, if Pariſian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice profane the Sunday's hours;
If they the gameſter's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And ſtake their honour while their huſbands ſleep?
Yes, Sir; like Engliſh toaſts, the dames of France
Will riſk their income on a ſingle chance.
Nannette laſt night a tricking *pharaon* play'd,
The cards the Taillier's ſliding hand obey'd:
To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an aſſembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the ſharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent loſſes burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
Ah, too raſh virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her perſon for the ſharper's loan.
Yet who with juſtice can their fair upbraid,
Whoſe debts of honour are ſo duly paid?

But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red's too pale, nor gives a diſtant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her opera face;
From this we ſcarce extract the milk maid's bloom:
Bring the deep dye that warms acroſs the room:
Now flames her cheek, ſo ſtrong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the ſilken roſe looks pale!
Not but that France ſome native beauty boaſts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toaſts.
When the ſweet breathing ſpring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the duſty town for ſhady woods.
Then Tottenham-fields with roving beauty ſwarm,
And Hamſtead balls the city virgin warm?
Then Chelſea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the preſt graſs defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the ſame; but in a higher ſphere,
For ev'n court-ladies ſin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would truſt his ſpouſe
Beneath the tempting ſhade of Greenwich boughs?
What peer of France would let his ducheſs rove,
Where Boulogne's cloſeſt woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blaſt her huſband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the graſs, the ſhepherd ſighs his pain;
And on the graſs what ſhepherd ſighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon laid along,
Melts with the languiſh of her amorous ſong;
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickeſt ſhade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breaſt,
For kiſſes are by ſtruggling cloſer preſt:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold:
Be wiſe; Alexis, what, ſo near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and huſbands are abroad!
Such were our pleaſures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's ſceptre bore;

The nightly ſcene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every ſhade.
But, ſince at court the rural taſte is loſt,
What mighty ſums have velvet couches coſt!
Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of ruſtling mantuas rove.
As here from ſide to ſide my eyes I caſt,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that paſt,
Sudden a fop ſteps forth before the reſt;
I knew the bold embroidery of his veſt.
He thus accoſts me with familiar air,
"Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!
"Quelle manche! ce galon eſt groſſiérement rangé;
"Voila quelque choſe de fort beau et degaggé!"
This ſaid: on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a ſoft minuet, and proceeds again:
"Well; now you've Paris ſeen, you'll frankly own
"Your boaſted London ſeems a country town.
"Has Chriſtianity yet reach'd your nation?
"Are churches built? Are maſquerades in faſhion?
"Do daily ſoups your dinners introduce?
"Are muſic, ſnuff, and coaches, yet in uſe?"
Pardon me, Sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather *politeſſe* from courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train
To load their coach, and tradeſmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch;
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:
Our ladies too ſupport the maſquerade;
The ſex by nature love th' intriguing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ignorant raptures cries,
"Paris the barbarous world will civilize!"
Pray, Sir, point out among the paſſing band
The preſent beauties who the town command.
"See yonder dame; ſtrict virtue chills her breaſt,
"Mark in her eye demure the prude profeſt;
"That frozen boſom native fire muſt want,
"Which boaſts of conſtancy to one gallant!
"This next the ſpoils of fifty lovers wears,
"Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
"The necklace Florio's generous flame beſtow'd,
"Clitander's ſparkling gems her finger load;
"But now her charms grow cheap by conſtant uſe,
"She ſins for ſcarfs, clock'd-ſtockings, knots, and
"ſhoes.
"This next, with ſober gait and ſerious leer,
"Wearies her knees with morn and evening prayer;
"She ſcorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
"But with three abbots in one night engages.
"This with the cardinal her night employs,
"Where holy ſinews conſecrate her joys.
"Why have I promis'd things beyond my power?
"Five aſſignations wait me at this hour!
"The ſprightly counteſs firſt my viſit claims,
"To-morrow ſhall indulge inferior dames.
"Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave;
"Gay Florimella ſlily twitch'd my ſleeve."
Adieu, Monſieur!—The opera hour draws near.
Not ſee the opera! all the world is there; [France
Where on the ſtage th' embroider'd youth of
In bright array attract the female glance:
This languiſhes, this ſtruts, to ſhow his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd ſtocking moves unſeen.
But hark! the full orcheſtra ſtrike the ſtrings;
The hero ſtruts, and the whole audience ſings.

My jarring ear harſh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarſe and confus'd, like Babel's mingled ſound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noiſy throat,
That in rough quivers bellow'd every note.
Pray, Sir, ſays I ſuſpend awhile your ſong;
The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous
ſtrong;
I wiſh to hear your Roland's ranting ſtrain,
While he with rooted foreſts ſtrows the plain.
Sudden he ſhrugs ſurpriſe, and anſwers quick,
"Monſieur apparement n'aime pas la muſique!"
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noiſe;
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.
O ſoothe me with ſome ſoft Italian air,
Let harmony compoſe my tortur'd ear!
When Anaſtaſia's voice commands the ſtrain,
The melting warble thrills through every vein;
Thought ſtands ſuſpenſe, and ſilence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heavenly choir deſcends.
But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So ſtrongly with this prejudice poſſeſt,
He thinks French muſic and French painting beſt.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some ſcraping fiddler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the ſpirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whoſe ſpeaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, ſays he, in colour and deſign,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!
'Tis true his country's love tranſports his breaſt
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profeſt.
Ulyſſes lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that ſage traveller left his native ſhore.
What ſtronger virtue in the Frenchman ſhines!
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I'm not ſo fond. There are, I muſt confeſs,
Things which might make me love my country leſs.
I ſhould not think my Britain had ſuch charms,
If loſt to learning, if enſlav'd by arms.
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
And then, I grant it, France in ſcience ſhone.
We too, I own, without ſuch aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.
But let me not forget Corneille, Racine, [ſcene.
Boileau's ſtrong ſenſe, and Moliere's humorous
Let Cambray's name be ſung above the reſt,
Whoſe maxims, Pulteney, warm thy patriot breaſt;
In Mentor's precepts wiſdom ſtrong and clear
Dictates ſublime, and diſtant nations hear.
Hear, all ye princes, who the world controul,
What cares, what terrors, haunt the tyrant's ſoul;
His conſtant train are, Anger, Fear, Diſtruſt.
To be a king, is to be good and juſt;
His people he protects, their rights he ſaves,
And ſcorns to rule a wretched race of ſlaves.
Happy, thrice happy, ſhall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws deſpotic power reſtrain!
There ſhall the ploughſhare break the ſtubborn land,
And bending harveſt tire the peaſant's hand:
There Liberty her ſettled manſion boaſts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coaſts.
O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend:
So ſhall theſe bleſſings to thy ſons deſcend!
You'll think 'tis time ſome other theme to chooſe,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the muſe:

Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

To the Right Honourable Paul Methuen, Esq.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science spread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said.
When learning droops and sickens in the land,
What patron's found, to lend a saving hand?
True generous spirits prosperous vice detest,
And love to cherish virtue when distrest:
But, ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty lords must think and act like you.
Why must we climb the Alpine mountain's sides,
To find the seat where harmony resides?
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the sound;
But there the patrons of her sons are found.
Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
He and Mæcenas lov'd the muse's strain.
But now that wight in poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the state:
Or, if you choose more sure and ready ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not—all men are dedication proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He, who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lifts an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er had seen.
Why then should authors mourn their desperate case?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? Exert the gifts to rise,
And banish timorous virtue from thy eyes.
All this seems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at court?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the muses' train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.
Ask Painting, why she loves Hesperian air?
Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temples lofty domes create.
The noble view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.
Why didst thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington unbiass'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace.
But, oh, consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear?
Censure will blame; her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good. [page,
Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown;
Poor slander-selling Curll would be undone.
He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.
A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.
The crow bespoke him thus, with solemn grace:
"Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race!
"What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you
"sing!
"And no bird soars upon a stronger wing."
The lark, who scorn'd soft flattery, thus replies:
"True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;
"Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
"For what advantage are these gifts to me?
"My song confines me to the wiry cage,
"My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
"But, as you pass, I hear the fowler's say,
"To shoot at crows is powder flung away."

EPISTLE V.

To her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, 1722.

EXCUSE me, madam, if amidst your tears
A muse intrudes, a muse who feels your cares;
Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief controul,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.
If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousand grieve;
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose,
To bless his country with a fix'd repose;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raise his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws and native rights;
No father (every generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly:
Then Marlborough came, defeated Gallia fled;
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head;
In him secure, as in her strongest mound
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.
O Germany! remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at every vein:
Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
Then think of Marlborough's death without a groan!
Apollo kindly whispers me: "Be wise:
"How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
"The force of verse another theme might raise,
"But here the merit must transcend the praise.
"Hast thou, presumptuous bard! that godlike flame
"Which with the sun shall last, and Marlborough's fame?
"Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire?
"Resign the task, and silently admire."
Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse:
Let punctual history his deeds rehearse;
Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.
Is this the comfort which the muse bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barbarous, to the sighing maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas?
Ev'n while I strive on Marlborough's fame to rise,
I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.
Think on the laurels that his temple's shade,
Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade.
Immortal honour has enroll'd his name;
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame.
Say, who can soar beyond his eagle flight;
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height.?
What could he more, had Heav'n prolong'd his date?
All human power is limited by fate.
Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your sorrow, and again offend.
Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime,
Which will be spread through every age and clime;
Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's name.
But vain are all the counsels of the muse;
A soul like yours could not a tear refuse:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise, and generous sorrow flow;
For, when from earth such matchless worth removes,
A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves.

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. Pope, on his having finished his Translation of Homer's Iliad.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

I.

Long hast thou, friend! been absent from my soil,
Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

II.

Did I not see thee when thou first set'st sail
To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Cheer up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
Hark! how the guns salute from either shore,
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud through every gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More visited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
Duke*! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V.

Come in, my friends! here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;
And sup and breakfast on (if ye comply),
For I have still some dozens of champaign:
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

VI.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy;
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's-day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near.—Oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd;
From siege, from battle, and from storm, return'd!

* *He was usually called "Duke Disney."*

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd veſt;
Yea peers, and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unſtained breaſt).
Others I ſee, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
Firſt ſee I Methuen, of ſincereſt mind,
As Arthur grave, as ſoft as womankind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! thoſe are Wortley's eyes:
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
For ſhe diſtinguiſhes the good and wiſe.
The ſweet-tongu'd Murray near her ſide attends;
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngeſt daughter, ſweet Lepell.

IX.

I ſee two lovely ſiſters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Tereſa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the talleſt of the land;
And ſmiling Mary, ſoft and fair as down.
Yonder I ſee the cheerful ducheſs ſtand, [known:
For friendſhip, zeal, and blitheſome humours
Whence that loud ſhout in ſuch a hearty ſtrain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelſea, ſtill meditating ſong:
With her perhaps Miſs Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why ſhe comes along.
Far off from theſe ſee Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolic Bicknell, and her ſiſter young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the ſhrill muſic of their voice is ſtill'd!
Methinks I ſee fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadſt not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to ſtrike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer ſkill'd,
Bathurſt impetuous haſtens to the coaſt,
Whom you and I ſtrive who ſhall love the moſt.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a ſoft ſedan;)
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muſe;
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath ſent excuſe;)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forſaken;
And Laughton whiſpering aſks—Is Troy town taken?

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honeſt mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whoſe heart was ne'er diſguis'd:
Ah why, ſweet St. John, cannot I thee find!
St. John, for every ſocial virtue priz'd.—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or elſe to ſee thee here I well ſurmis'd:
Thou too, my Swift, doſt breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I ſee, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of juſtice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beſide him found,
Another Simon, like as ſtraw to ſtraw.
How Lanſdown ſmiles, with laſting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rocheſter approving nods his head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

XV.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whoſe eloquence th' unbiaſs'd ſways;
Harley, whoſe goodneſs opens in his face,
And ſhows his heart the ſeat where virtue ſtays.
Ned Blount advances next, with buſy pace,
In haſte, but ſauntering, hearty in his ways:
I ſee the friendly Carylls come by dozens, [couſins.
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, ſons, and

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I ſee, in phyſic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or fam'd Hippocrate;
Whoſe company drives ſorrow from the heart,
As all diſeaſe his medicines diſſipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind loſt) anew create:
What can th' extent of his vaſt ſoul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robuſt and debonair, [cries:
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine, ſo fat with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of ſize)
Yea Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou haſt riches),
And honeſt, hatleſs Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'ſt thou with ſhorten'd hair,
And viſage from thy ſhelves with duſt beſprent;
"Forſooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
"For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
"Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
"But hither me hath my meekle lady ſent:—
"In manuſcript of Greeke rede we thilke ſame,
"But book yprint beſt pleſyth myn gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I ſee, among th' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocoſe, and tragic Young;
High-buſkin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles ſlow along.
See Digby faints at Southerne talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng:
Tickell, whoſe ſkiff (in partnerſhip they ſay)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo, the two Doncaſtles in Berkſhire known!
Lo Bickford, Forteſcue, of Devon land!
Lo Tooker, Eckerſhall, Sykes, Rawlinſon!
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand;
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the ſtars, the ſand?

Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo thousands more; but I want rhyme and room!

XXI.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

EPISTLE VII.

To Mr. Thomas Snow, Goldsmith, near Temple-Bar. A Panegyric, occasioned by his buying and selling of the third South-Sea subscriptions, taken in by the Directors at a thousand per cent.

Disdain not, Snow, my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers overawe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd!
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st; nor sent'st one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue),
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.
Why did 'Change-Alley waste thy precious hours
Among the fools who gap'd for golden showers?
No wonder if we found some poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air; [schemes,
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder they their third subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder, that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
Though chang'd throughout in substance and in name.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.
Let vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat.
I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.
Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale. [feat,
Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
There, in full opulence, a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His sideboard glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.
As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours,
In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers;
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well;
A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd, "Behold my castle walls,
"My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals;
"With land of twenty thousand acres round;
"All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law). [clear;
The banker's brain was cool'd, the mist grew
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good:
Yet, loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd.
"Shall I, ye gods (he cries), my debts compound!"
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally of ten thousand pound!"

EPISTLE VIII.

Mary Gulliver to Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

Argument.

The captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country; Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining epistle.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What! touch me not? What! shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne, [turn?
And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy re-
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away."
'Tis said that thou should'st cleave unto thy wife;
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan:
Be kind at least to these—they are thy own!
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws;
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these—they are thy own?
* Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love:

* *Names of the sea-captains mentioned in the Travels.*

There's Captain * Pannel, abſent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Miſtreſs Biddel ſure is fifty-three!
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me ſlut:
Was Flimnap's dame more ſweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume;
At leaſt thy conſort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty ſtable-boy thy care?
What mean thoſe viſits to the ſorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
Preferr'ſt thou litter to the marriage-bed?
Some ſay the devil himſelf is in that mare:
If ſo, our dean ſhall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad; ſome think you are poſſeſt;
That Bedlam and clean ſtraw will ſuit you beſt.
Vain means, alas, this phrenzy to appeaſe!
That ſtraw, that ſtraw would heighten the diſeaſe.
My bed (the ſcene of all our former joys,
Witneſs two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I preſs; in dreams I call my dear,
I ſtretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I riſe, and, ſhivering with the froſt,
Search all the houſe: my Gulliver is loſt!
Forth in the ſtreets I ruſh with frantic cries;
The windows open; all the neighbours riſe:
Where ſleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours anſwer, "With the ſorrel mare!"
At early morn, I to the market haſte
(Studious in every thing to pleaſe thy taſte);
A curious fowl and 'ſparagus I choſe
(For I remember'd you were fond of thoſe):
Three ſhillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſeven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treaſure to their houſes,
Something to deck their pretty babes and ſpouſes;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to ſee
The groom and ſorrel mare preferr'd to me!
Theſe for ſome moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my pleaſure thy paſt toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy conſort's breaſt,
And gaping infants ſquall to hear the reſt.
How did I tremble when, by thouſands bound,
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When ſcaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each ſtep they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, ſtaring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my huſband came!
And what extinguiſh'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Thoſe ſpectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to ſave,
Were once my preſent; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For, when he ſign'd thy death, he ſentenc'd me.
When folks might ſee thee all the country round
For ſixpence, I'd have given a thouſand pound.
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!

* *Names of the ſea-captains mentioned in the Travels.*

When in the marrow-bone I ſee thee ramm'd,
Or on the houſe-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her caſe;
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all diſgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to ſet him free?
My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to ſpeak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy beſt-lov'd name.
Whether the ſtyle of Grildrig pleaſe thee moſt,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's ſtupendous coaſt,
When on the monarch's ample hand you ſate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of ſtate;
Or Quinbus Fleſtrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings;
If Ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumblum's humbler title ſooth thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs ſo diſpoſe,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the noſe,
I'd call the Houyhnhnm, that high-ſounding name,
Thy children's noſes all ſhould twang the ſame.
So might I find my loving ſpouſe of courſe
Endued with all the virtues of a horſe.

EPISTLE IX.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

From a Dog at Twickenham, to a Dog at Court.

To thee, ſweet Fop, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, though no ſpaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail in wanton play,
Now friſking this, and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of juſt the tip,
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ſhip;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off,
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up ſtrings and ſticks.
We country dogs love nobler ſport,
And ſcorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fy, naughty Fop! where'er you come
To fart and piſs about the room,
To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—ſnap;
The worſt that envy, or that ſpite,
E'er ſaid of me is, I *can* bite;
That ſturdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touze ſuch things as *flutter*,
The honeſt Bounce is bread and butter.
While you and every courtly fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop;
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat:
And, let me tell you, have a noſe
(Whatever ſtinking fops ſuppoſe)

That, under cloth of gold or tiſſue,
Can ſmell a plaſter, or an iſſue.
Your pilfering lord, with ſimple pride,
May wear a pick-lock at his ſide:
My maſter wants no key of ſtate,
For Bounce can keep his houſe and gate.
When all ſuch dogs have had their days,
As knaviſh Pams, and fawning Trays:
When pamper'd Cupids, beaſtly Veni's,
And motly, ſquinting Harlequini's *,
Shall lick no more their lady's breech,
But die of looſeneſs, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames from either echoing ſhore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.
See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd,
With thundering off-ſpring all around,
Beneath, beſide me, and at top,
A hundred ſons! and not one Fop.
Before my children ſet your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permiſſion feed
(Though ſome of J——'s hungry breed);
But whatſoe'er the father's race,
From me they ſuck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to ſteal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.
My eldeſt-born reſides not far
Where ſhines great Stafford's glittering ſtar;
My ſecond (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates;
A third majeſtically ſtalks
(Happieſt of dogs) in Cobham's walks!
One uſhers friends to Bathurſt's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.
Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race:
And, oh! would fate the bliſs decree
To mine (a bliſs too great for me),
That two my talleſt ſons might grace,
Attending each with ſtately pace,
Iülus' ſide, as erſt Evander's †,
To keep off flatterers, ſpies, and panders;
To let no noble ſlave come near,
And ſcare Lord Fannies from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a friend——or two;
A treaſure, which, of royal kind,
Few but himſelf deſerve to find;
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the ſect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality aſſign'd
To any beaſt but Dryden's hind ‡:
Yet Maſter Pope, whom truth and ſenſe
Shall call their friend ſome ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he ſings,
Than to beſtow a word on kings,
Has ſworn by Styx *, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll ſoon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

* *Alii legunt Harvequini's.*
† *Virg. Æn.* viii.
‡ "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd."——*Hind and Panther, ver.* 1.

EPISTLE X.

To the Learned Ingenious Author † *of* "Licentia Po-
"etica Diſcuſſed;" *or, the* "True Teſt of Po-
"etry." *Written in* 1709.

The vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious art can ne'er aſpire,
Nor conſtant ſtudies the bright bays acquire;
And that high flights the unborn bard receives,
And only nature the due laurel gives:
But you, with innate ſhining flames endow'd,
To wide Caſtalian ſprings point out the god;
Through your perſpective we can plainly ſee
The new-diſcoverr'd road of poetry;
To ſteep Parnaſſus you direct the way
So ſmooth, that venturous travellers cannot ſtray,
But with unerring ſteps rough ways diſdain,
And by you led, the beauteous ſummit gain,
Where poliſh'd lays ſhall raiſe their growing fames,
And with their tuneful guide enrol their honour'd names.

EPISTLE XI.

To my Ingenious and Worthy Friend, WILLIAM LOWNDS, *Eſq. Author of that Celebrated Treatiſe, in folio, called* "The Land-Tax Bill."

When poets print their works, the ſcribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Chriſtmas-pew.
Can meagre poetry ſuch fame deſerve?
Can poetry, that only writes to ſtarve?
And ſhall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the ſenate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler ways and means true fame acquires.
O had I Virgil's force, to ſing the man,
Whoſe learned lines can millions raiſe *per ann.*,
Great Lownds's praiſe ſhould ſwell the trump of fame,
And rapes and weapontakes reſound his name!
If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By ſinging every Grecian chief and town;
Sure Lownds's proſe much greater fame requires,
Which ſweetly counts five thouſand knights and ſquires,
Their ſeats, their cities, pariſhes, and ſhires.
Thy copious preamble ſo ſmoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns: [obey;
Lords, knights, and 'ſquires, th' aſſeſſor's power
We read with pleaſure, though with pain we pay.
Ah! why did Coningſby thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name.
After his ſpeeches can his pen ſucceed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.
Under what ſcience ſhall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred.

* *Orig.* Sticks; *purpoſely mis-ſpelt, to make it* "the
"dread of dogs"
† *Dr. William Coward.*

Or doſt thou boaſt th' hiſtorian's laſting pen,
Whoſe annals are the acts of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each laſh
Makes the rich miſer tremble o'er his caſh.
What on the drunkard can be more ſevere,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?
Ev'n Button's wits are nought, compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea; [ſpread;
While thou through Britain's diſtant iſle ſhalt
In every hundred and diviſion read.
Critics in claſſics oft interpolate,
But every word of thine is fix'd as fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringes round a tallow-light.
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like Steele (when unaſſiſted by a friend):
But thou ſhalt live a year, in ſpite of fate;
And where's your author boaſts a longer date?
Poets of old had ſuch a wond'rous power,
That with their verſes they could raiſe a tower:
But in thy proſe a greater force is found;
What poet ever rais'd ten thouſand pound?
Cadmus, by ſowing dragons teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vaſt army from the poiſonous ſeed.
Thy labours, Lownds, can greater wonders do;
Thou raiſeſt armies and canſt pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals ceaſe;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way; [lay.
When once they're rais'd, they're curſed hard to

EPISTLE XII.

To a young Lady, with ſome Lampreys.

With lovers 'twas of old the faſhion
By preſents to convey their paſſion;
No matter what the gift they ſent,
The lady ſaw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her hero gave her;
Nor could the briſtly thing affront her;
'Twas a fit preſent from a hunter.
When 'ſquires ſend woodcocks to the dame,
It ſerves to ſhow their abſent flame.
Some by a ſnip of woven hair,
In poeſy'd lockets, bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have ſprung from diamond-rings and watches?
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket;
He ſhould ſend ſongs that coſt him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
Why then ſend lampreys? Fye, for ſhame!
'Twill ſet a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend ſixty-five a lift.
I know your maiden aunt will ſcold,
And think my preſent ſomewhat bold.
I ſee her lift her hands and eyes:
"What! eat it, niece; eat Spaniſh flies!
"Lamprey's a moſt immodeſt diet:
"You'll neither wake nor ſleep in quiet.
"Should I to-night eat Sago-cream,
"'Twould make me bluſh to tell my dream;
"If I eat lobſter, 'tis ſo warming,
"That every man I ſee looks charming.
"Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
"Laid Rocheſter upon your pillow?
"I vow and ſwear, I think the preſent
"Had been as modeſt and as decent.
"Who has her virtue in her power?
"Each day has its unguarded hour;
"Always in danger of undoing,
"A prawn, a ſhrimp, may prove our ruin!
"The ſhepherdeſs, who lives on ſallad,
"To cool her youth, controuls her palate.
"Should Dian's maids turn liquoriſh livers,
"And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
"Then, all beſide each glade and viſto,
"You'd ſee nymphs lying like Caliſto.
"The man, who meant to heat your blood,
"Needs not himſelf ſuch vicious food—"
In this, I own, your aunt is clear,
I ſent you what I well might ſpare:
For, when I ſee you (without joking),
Your eyes, lips, breaſts, are ſo provoking,
They ſet my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole ſeas of craw-fiſh ſoup.

EPISTLE XIII.

To a Lady, on her Paſſion for Old China.

What eccſtaſies her boſom fire!
How her eyes languiſh with deſire!
How bleſt, how happy, ſhould I be,
Were that fond glance beſtow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a china jar.
China's the paſſion of her ſoul:
A cup, a plate, a diſh, a bowl,
Can kindle wiſhes in her breaſt,
Inflame with joy, or break her reſt.
Some gems collect, ſome medals prize,
And view the ruſt with lovers eyes;
Some court the ſtars at midnight hours;
Some doat on nature's charms in flowers:
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My ſtars are in this brighter ſphere,
My lily and my roſe is here.
Philoſophers, more grave than wiſe,
Hunt ſcience down in butterflies;
Or, fondly poring on a ſpider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Foſſils give joy to Galen's ſoul;
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
In ſhells ſo learn'd, that all agree
No fiſh that ſwims knows more than he!
In ſuch purſuits if wiſdom lies,
Who, Laura, ſhall thy taſte deſpiſe?
Where I ſome antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or ſpeck'd with gold;
Veſſels ſo pure, and ſo refin'd,
Appear the types of womankind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for houſehold duty?
With flowers, and gold, and azure, dy'd,
Of every houſe the grace and pride?

How white, how poliſh'd is their ſkin,
And valued moſt when only ſeen!
She, who before was higheſt priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw deſpis'd.
I grant they're frail; yet they're ſo rare,
The treaſure cannot coſt too dear!
But man is made of coarſer ſtuff,
And ſerves convenience well enough;
He's a ſtrong earthen veſſel, made
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And, when wives loſe their other ſelf,
With eaſe they bear the loſs of pelf.
Huſbands, more covetous than ſage,
Condemn this china-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who ſets her heart on things ſo brittle.
But are thoſe wiſe men's inclinations
Fix'd on more ſtrong, more ſure foundations?
If all that's frail we muſt deſpiſe,
No human view or ſcheme is wiſe.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They ſwell like bubbles, ſhine, and break.
A courtier's promiſe is ſo ſlight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleaſure's ſure? The miſs you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your ſleep.
The man who loves a country life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And, if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like china ſold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly chooſe the prudent part,
Or elſe you break a faithful heart.

EPISTLE XIV.

On a Miſcellany of Poems. To Bernard Lintott.

" Ipſa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis, quæ-
" dam fortaſſe omnibus placeant." PLIN. Epiſt.

As when ſome ſkilful cook, to pleaſe each gueſt,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feaſt,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his diſh with different ſorts of fare,
Fiſhes and fowls deliciouſly unite,
To feaſt at once the taſte, the ſmell, and ſight.
So, Bernard, muſt a miſcellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The muſes olio, which all taſtes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.
Would'ſt thou for miſcellanies raiſe thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the muſes in the piece conſpire;
The lyric bard muſt ſtrike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroic ſtrains muſt here and there be found,
And nervous ſenſe be ſung in lofty ſound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill ſome pages with melodious woe;
Let not your amorous ſongs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satire muſt interfere, whoſe pointed rage
May laſh the madneſs of a vicious age;
Satire! the muſe that never fails to hit,
For if there's ſcandal, to be ſure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Thoſe ſwell the piece, but very rarely pleaſe;
Let ſhort-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And ſtrike at follies in a ſingle line. [ſown,
Tranſlations ſhould throughout the work be
And Homer's godlike muſe be made our own;
Horace in uſeful numbers ſhould be ſung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the Britiſh tongue.
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard diſdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain;
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the liſtening ear with tales of love.
Let every claſſic in the volume ſhine,
And each contribute to thy great deſign;
Through various ſubjects let the reader range,
And raiſe his fancy with a grateful change.
Variety's the ſource of joy below,
From whence ſtill freſh revolving pleaſures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end purſues,
And only change th' expiring flame renews.
Where Buckingham will condeſcend to give,
That honour'd piece to diſtant times muſt live;
When noble Sheffield ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
The little loves rejoice, and clap their wings;
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious ſwain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted ſtrain,
'Tis he—our loſt Anacreon lives again.
But, when th' illuſtrious poet ſoars above
The ſportive revels of the God of Love,
Like Maro's muſe, he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupid's ſight.
If thou would'ſt have thy volume ſtand the teſt,
And of all others be reputed beſt,
Let Congreve teach the liſtening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Paſtora's urn.
Let Prior's muſe with ſoftening accents move,
Soft as the ſtrains of conſtant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy chooſe ſome jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenſer's ſtrains.
Waller in Granville lives; when Mira ſings,
With Waller's hand he ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings,
With ſprightly turns his noble genius ſhines,
And manly ſenſe adorns his eaſy lines.
On Addiſon's ſweet lays attention waits,
And ſilence guards the place while he repeats;
His muſe alike on every ſubject charms,
Whether ſhe paints the god of love, or arms:
In him pathetic Ovid ſings again,
And Homer's Iliad ſhines in his campaign.
Whenever Garth ſhall raiſe his ſprightly ſong,
Senſe flows in eaſy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned ſon we ſee,
Alike in phyſic, as in poetry.
When Pope's harmonious muſe with pleaſure roves, [groves,
Amids the plains, the murmuring ſtreams, and

Attentive echo, pleas'd to hear his ſongs,
Through the glad ſhade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our raviſh'd ears,
His ſteady judgment far out-ſhoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.
From theſe ſucceſsful bards collect thy ſtrains;
And praiſe with profit ſhall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather-binding bears the ſway,
And ſheep-ſkin to its ſleeker gloſs gives way;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown ſheets and ſcurvy letter;
While print admirers careful Aldus chooſe,
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
So long ſhall live thy praiſe in books of fame,
And Tonſon yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPISTLE XV.

To the moſt honourable the Earl of Oxford, the Lord High Treaſurer.

The Epigrammatical Petition of your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant,

JOHN GAY.

I'm no more to converſe with the ſwains,
But go where fine people reſort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If when with the ſwains I did gambol,
I array'd me in ſilver and blue;
When abroad and in courts I ſhall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

ECLOGUES.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

In Imitation of the Pollio of Virgil.

YE ſylvan muſes, loftier ſtrains recite:
Not at all in ſhades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the diſtant grounds
The driving gales convey the ſwelling ſounds;
Th' attentive ſwain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What ſudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye ſtags, and all ye beaſts of chaſe;
This hour deſtruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geeſe, and grocer's ſweeteſt ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every noſe.
Beagles and ſpaniels round his cradle ſtand,
Kiſs his moiſt lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the ſhrill horn's echoing ſounds,
And learns to liſp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley ſhall in paternal acres grow;
The bee ſhall ſip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the cluſtering hop ſhall climb the poles,
And his own orchard ſparkle in his bowls.
His ſire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monſtrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth ſtrung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the ſtaring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny ſpoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this ſtag through three whole counties fled,
What rivers ſwam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Deſcribes the deſperate chaſe, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious ſpeed,
He tir'd ſeven courſers of the fleeteſt breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
Theſe ſtories, which deſcend from ſon to ſon,
The forward boy ſhall one day make his own.
Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How ſhall his ſpirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-ſchools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Laſh'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that ſmart diſgrace:
Why ſhould he wiſer prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'erſhades his chin,
And every female eye incites to ſin;
The milk-maid (thoughtleſs of her future ſhame)
With ſmacking lip ſhall raiſe his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conſcious of their ſtolen love.
But think, Priſcilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms ſhall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's preſt,
To ſee the white drops bathe thy ſwelling breaſt!
Nine moons ſhall publicly divulge thy ſhame,
And the young ſquire foreſtall a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reaper's ſweeping hand
With levell'd harveſts has beſtrown the land;
On ſam'd St. Hubert's feaſt, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager ſpeed
Shall urge with bloody heel the riſing ſteed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!

* *The moſt common accident to ſportſmen, to hunt a witch in the ſhape of a hare.*

Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the duſt his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged ſtone
Diſtorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O venturous youth, thy thirſt of game allay:
May'ſt thou ſurvive the perils of this day!
He ſhall ſurvive; and in late years be ſent
To ſnore away debates in parliament.
The time ſhall come, when his more ſolid ſenſe
With nod important ſhall the laws diſpenſe;
A Juſtice with grave Juſtices ſhall ſit;
He praiſe their wiſdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound ſhall attend the tenant's pace,
No ruſty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons ſhall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thieviſh net or triple ſpear;
Poachers ſhall tremble at his awful name, [game.
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd
Aſſiſt me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To ſing his friendſhips and his midnight hours!
Why doſt thou glory in thy ſtrength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd, or when Phœbus warms the fleecy ſign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio ſhine?
Think on the miſchiefs which from hence have ſprung!
It arms with curſes dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul ſcandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wiſdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The ſtate is cenſur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou ſtill, O Squire, brew ale ſo ſtrong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic ſong.
Methinks I ſee him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midſt mugs and glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his ſervile crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate brutes he ſtands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious fires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Lydia.

Now twenty ſprings had cloth'd the park with green,
Since Lydia knew the bloſſom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt,
And catch her at her toilette half undreſt;
The thundering knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her ſilent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! ſhe dreams away in bed.
Around her wait ſhocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of ſops and perjur'd beaux;
In theſe ſhe views the mimickry of man,
And ſmiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats, the ſounds deceive her ear
(For ſounds like his once told her Damon's care);
With theſe alone her tedious mornings paſs;
Or, at the dumb devotion of her glaſs,
She ſmooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dreſs gives youthful airs;
With crimſon wool ſhe fixes every grace,
That not a bluſh can diſcompoſe her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm, ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of youth too late.
O youth! O ſpring of life! for ever loſt!
No more my name ſhall reign the favourite toaſt;
On glaſs no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes miſ-ſpelt record a lover's flame:
Nor ſhall ſide-boxes watch my reſtleſs eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
With humble bows; nor white lov'd beaux encroach
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah, hapleſs nymph! ſuch conqueſts are no more;
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!
'Tis true, this Chloe boaſts the peach's bloom.
But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
I own, her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe.
Yet if you ſaw her unconfin'd by ſtays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.
What ſhall I do? how ſpend the hateful day?
At chapel ſhall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at theſe unmodiſh hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And gray religious maids? My preſence there
Amid that ſober train would own deſpair;
Nor am I yet ſo old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance. [range
Straight then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted
Through every Indian ſhop through all the Change;
Where the tall jar erects his coſtly pride,
With antic ſhapes in china's azure dy'd;
There careleſs lies the rich brocade unroll'd;
Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice falſe Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize;
'Twas there he firſt convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
Hence ſprung th' ill-fated cauſe of all my ſmart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But ſoon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The ſhiver'd china dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithleſs prove;
Frail was thy preſent, frailer is thy love.
O happy Poll, in wiry poiſon pent;
Thou ne'er haſt known what love or rivals meant,
And Pug with pleaſure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers ſwear!
How am I curſt (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's ſcorn!
Falſe are the looſe coquette's inveigling airs,
Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
Falſe is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
Falſe are the dice when gameſters ſtamp the board,
Falſe is the ſprightly widow's public tear;
Yet theſe to Damon's oaths are all ſincere.
Fly from perfidious man, the ſex diſdain;
Let ſervile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modiſh life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.

He games; he ſwears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Miſtreſs and wife can well ſupply his need;
A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for bread.
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with diamonds; free from thought and care,
A huſband's ſullen humours ſhe can bear. [eyes?
Why are theſe ſobs? and why theſe ſtreaming
Is love the cauſe? No, I the ſex deſpiſe;
I hate, I lothe his baſe perfidious name.
Yet if he ſhould but feign a rival flame?
But Chloe boaſts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.
Thus love-ſick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her ſteady hand ſhe bears.
How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face;
She cries, in raptuaes; then, ſo ſweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! ſo bright! ſo fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air.
Straight Lydia ſmil'd; the comb adjuſts her locks
And at the playhouſe Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Doris and Melanthe.

SAINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd,
When Doris roſe. And now through all the room
From flowery tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they ſipt, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe ſits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And ſooner gave than ſunk a circumſtance;
Lock'd in her memory, ſecrets never dy'd.
Doris begun: Melanthe thus reply'd.

Doris.

Sylvia the vain fantaſtic ſop admires;
The rake's looſe gallantry her boſom fires:
Sylvia like that is vain, like this ſhe roves;
In liking them, ſhe but herſelf approves.

Melanthe.

Laura rails on at men, the ſex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly ſmiles.
Why ſhould her tongue in juſt reſentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

Doris.

Laſt maſquerade was Sylvia nymph-like ſeen,
Her hand a crook ſuſtain'd, her dreſs was green;
An amorous ſhepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the ſhepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with ſhepherds truſt;
So both withdrew, as nymph and ſhepherd muſt.

Melanthe.

Name but the licence of the modern ſtage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love ſhe ſcarce can bear,
But nauſeous comedy ne'er ſhock'd her ear;
Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, ſhe ſits ſecure,
And laughs at jeſts that turn the box demure.

Doris.

Truſt not, ye ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a ſhrivel'd flower;
Yet thoſe fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with ſudden blights or winter's wind;
Like thoſe, her face defies the rolling years;
For art her roſes and her charms repairs.

Melanthe.

Laura deſpiſes every outward grace,
The wanton ſparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the ſoul are all her pride,
For other beauties nature has deny'd:
If affectation ſhow a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

Doris.

Sylvia be ſure defies the town's reproach,
Whoſe diſhabille is ſoil'd in hackney coach;
What though the ſaſh was clos'd, muſt we conclude,
That ſhe was yielding, when her ſop was rude?

Melanthe.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a coſt,
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour loſt?
Secret ſhe loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durſt not own a footman's vulgar flame?

Doris.

Though Laura's homely taſte deſcends ſo low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

Melanthe.

Yet why ſhould Laura think it a diſgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders lace?

Doris.

What though for muſic Cynthio boaſts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an opera air.
Cynthio can bow, takes ſnuff, and dances well;
Robin talks common-ſenſe, can write and ſpell.
Sylvia's vain fancy dreſs and ſhow admires;
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

Melanthe.

Plato's wiſe morals Laura's ſoul improve:
And this, no doubt, muſt be Platonic love!
Her ſoul to generous acts was ſtill inclin'd.
What ſhows more virtue than an humble mind?

Doris.

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool ſhade,
And wander in the duſk the ſecret glade?
Maſqu'd and alone (by chance) ſhe met her ſpark;
That innocence is weak which ſhuns the dark.

Melanthe.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in ſenſe.
All prudes I hate; and thoſe are rightly curſt
With ſcandal's double load, who cenſure firſt.

Doris.

And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter ty'd?
Who ſuch a foot and ſuch a leg would hide;
When crook-kneed Phyllis can expoſe to view
Her gold-clock'd ſtocking, and her tawdry ſhoe?

elanthe

If pure devotion centre in the face,
If cenſuring others ſhow intrinſic grace,

If guilt to public freedoms be combin'd,
Prudes (all muſt own) are of the holy kind!

Doris.

Sylvia diſdains reſerve, and flies conſtraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought, a ſaint.

Melanthe.

Love is a trivial paſſion, Laura cries:
May I be bleſt with friendſhip's ſtricter ties!
To ſuch a breaſt all ſecrets we commend;
Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

Doris.

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would truſt?
Yet huſbands' jealouſies are ſometimes juſt.
Her favours Sylvia ſhares among mankind:
Such generous love ſhould never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue.
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs ariſe;
"This unexpected viſit," Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was laſt ſo bleſt, my dear," ſhe ſaid,
"Sure 'tis an age." They ſate; the hour was ſet;
And all again that night at ombre met.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Sabina. Lucy.

Twice had the moon perform'd her earthly race,
Since firſt the veil o'ercaſt Sabina's face.
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But ſee the tribute of her tears ſhe gives;
Their abſent lord her rooms in ſable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of ſtate ſhe penſive lies,
While oft' the ſnowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: truſty Lucy knew
To roll a ſleeve, or bear a billet-doux;
Her ready tongue, in ſecret ſervice try'd,
With equal fluency ſpoke truth or ly'd;
She well could fluſh or humble a gallant,
And ſerve at once as maid and confidant!
A letter from her faithful ſtays ſhe took,
Sabina ſnatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in haſty words her grief confeſt;
While Lucy ſtrove to ſoothe her troubled breaſt.

Sabina.

What, ſtill Myrtillo's hand! his flame I ſcorn;
Give back his paſſion with the ſeal untorn.
To break our ſoft repoſe, has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the ſex my firm reſolves ſhall move;
My life's a life of ſorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleneſs ſicken o'er my face;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boaſt,
And coquettes triumph in my honour loſt;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May theſe curſt eyes behold a matadore;
Break china, periſh ſhock, die perroquet;
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget!
Fidelio's judgment ſcorn'd the foppiſh train;
His air was eaſy, and his dreſs was plain;
His words ſincere, reſpect his preſence drew,
And on his lips ſweet converſation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

Lucy.

Yet, when he liv'd, he wanted every grace;
That eaſy air was then an aukward pace:
Have not your ſighs in whiſpers often ſaid,
His dreſs was ſlovenly, his ſpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a ſecret tear,
Call that ſweet converſe ſullen and ſevere?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part:
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, ſhare his heart;
Let Chloe's love in every ear expreſs
His graceful perſon and genteel addreſs;
All well may judge what ſhaft has Daphne hit,
Who ſuffers ſilence, to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move;
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris, fondly love.
Sooner ſhall cits in faſhions guide the court,
And beaux upon the buſy Change reſort;
Sooner the nation ſhall from ſnuff be freed,
And fops apartments ſmoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wiſh and ſigh through nunnery grates;
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

Sabina.

Becauſe ſome widows are in haſte ſubdued;
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian ſong?
Did not his roſy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as ſteams from tea's imperial bloom?

Lucy.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curſe
Than ſqualls of children for an abſent nurſe.
Have you not fancy'd, in his frequent kiſs,
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy miſs?

Sabina.

Love, I thy power defy; no ſecond flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might loſe her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his preſence but at board.
And why ſhould ſorrow ſit on Leſbia's face?
Are there ſuch comforts in a ſot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Leſbia dead;
For Leſbia long had known a ſeparate bed.
Guſh forth, ye tears; waſte, waſte, ye ſighs, my breaſt;
My days, my nights, were by Fidelio bleſt!

Lucy.

You cannot ſure forget how oft' you ſaid,
His teazing fondneſs jealouſy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read ſuſpicion in his look.
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wiſh'd the abſence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedom of a wife's expence.

Sabina.

But why ſhould I Myrtillo's paſſion blame,
Since love's a fierce involuntary flame?

Lucy.

Could he the ſallies of his heart withſtand,
Why ſhould he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handſome; yet he ſlights her flame;
Laſt night ſhe fainted at Sabina's name.

Why, Daphne, doſt thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;
Doris was touch'd with ſpleen; her ſan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris, doſt thou curſe Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

Sabina.

Yet ſay, I lov'd; how loud would cenſure rail!
So ſoon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, ſooner plays and operas I'd forſwear,
And change theſe china jars for Tunbridge ware;
Or truſt my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendſhip with my maiden aunt;
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me ſee him, if he comes to-day!

THE ESPOUSAL,

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

Between two of the People called Quakers.

CALEB. TABITHA.

Beneath the ſhadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a ſilent meeting ſat;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb ſilence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings ſpoke.

Caleb.

Beloved, ſee how all things follow love;
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove diſports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence ſecure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
O faireſt of our ſiſters, let me be
The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

Tabitha.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the ſober kind;
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in ſcarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modeſt hearts aſide;
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popiſh ſhows,
Doateſt on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy falſe heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in ſummer-ſkies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the firſt, but paſſeth ſoon away.

Caleb.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice miſled me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look the ſex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All ſuch like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the ſpouſal love within,
And ſpouſal love no ſiſter holds a ſin.

Tabitha.

I know thou longeſt for the flaunting maid,
Thy falſehood own, and ſay I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is bliſter'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

Caleb.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaſe,
I too might blame—but love delights to pleaſe.
Why ſhould I tell thee, that, when laſt the ſun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Joſiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kiſſes with his talk?
Ah, jeajouſy! turn, turn thine eyes aſide:
How can I ſee that watch adorn thy ſide?
For verily no gift the ſiſters take,
For luſt of gain, but for the giver's ſake.

Tabitha.

I own, Joſiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ,
When Caleb hath aſſign'd ſome happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
And, when Joſiah would his love purſue,
On this I look, and ſhun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only preſent love demands is love.

Caleb.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear theſe words of thine,
My pulſe beats high, as if enflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren firſt with fervent zeal
The ſpirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to ſee
Red as the cherry from the Kentiſh tree!
When eceſtaſy had warm'd thy look ſo meek,
Gardens of roſes bluſhed on thy cheek! [eyes!
With what ſweet tranſport didſt thou roll thine
How did thy words provoke the brethren's ſighs!
Words that with holy ſighs might others move,
But, Tabitha, my ſighs were ſighs of love.

Tabitha.

Is Tabitha beyond her wiſhes bleſt?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breaſt?
Then hear me, Caleb, witneſs what I ſpeak,
This ſolemn promiſe death alone can break:
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodeſt favourites ſhade my face,
Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be dreſt
In flaring diamonds and a ſcarlet veſt,
Or make a curtſey in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconſtant, while my Caleb's true.

Caleb.

When I prove falſe, and Tabitha forſake,
Teachers ſhall dance a jig at country wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then ſhall bow their head,
And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

Tabitha.

If that Joſiah were with paſſion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when firſt inſpir'd;
In ſteady love though he might perſevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
Yet I for thee would all thy ſex reſign:
Siſters, take all the reſt—be Caleb mine.

Caleb.

Though I had all that ſinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whoſe couches creak with whoredom's ſinful ſhame,
Whoſe velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not ſip
The dew of lewdneſs from her lying lip;

I'd ſhun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More ſweet than powder which the merchants ſell.
O ſolace me with kiſſes pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The ſpring now calls us forth; come, ſiſter, come,
To ſee the primroſe and the daiſy bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair;
Siſters eſteem the brethren's words ſincere.

Tabitha.

Eſpouſals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For ſecret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw:
True love is nature unreſtrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy ſect allows;
So Tabitha took earneſt of a ſpouſe.

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

Long had Panthea felt love's ſecret ſmart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Conſenting glances had her flame confeſt:
In woman's eyes her very ſoul's expreſt.
Perjur'd Alexis ſaw the bluſhing maid,
He ſaw, he ſwore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Thoſe oaths, oft' whiſper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea ſwears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful ſolitude enjoys the ſhade; [ſtrains,
There with faint voice ſhe breath'd theſe moving
While ſighing zephyrs ſhar'd her amorous pains.
Pale ſettled ſorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear ſhepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my ſwain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move;
And think yet more—that all my fault was love.
Ah, could you view me in this wretched ſtate,
You might not love me, but you could not hate.
Could you behold me in this conſcious ſhade,
Where firſt thy vows, where firſt my love was paid,
Worn out with watching, ſullen with deſpair,
And ſee each eye ſwell with a guſhing tear;
Could you behold me on this moſſy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimſon fled,
Which in my ſofter hours you oft' have ſworn,
With roſy beauty far outbluſh'd the morn;
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not loſt Panthea claim a tear? [ſteal,
You could not, ſure—tears from your eyes would
And unawares thy tender ſoul reveal.
Ah no! thy ſoul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderneſs diſturbs thy ſavage thought;
Sooner ſhall tigers ſpare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner ſhall vultures from their quarry fly;
Than falſe Alexis for Panthea ſigh.
Thy boſom ne'er a tender thought confeſt,
Sure ſtubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breaſt;
But hardeſt flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the ſoft drops diſſolve their ſolid veins;
While thy relentleſs heart more hard appears,
And is not ſoften'd by a flood of tears.
Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reaſon, flown!
And when I view me in the watery glaſs,
I find Panthea now, not what ſhe was.
As northern winds the new-blown roſes blaſt,
And on the ground their fading ruins caſt;
As ſudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure ſpoil the mournful plain;
So hapleſs love on blooming features preys,
So hapleſs love deſtroys our peaceful days.
Come, gentle ſleep, relieve theſe weary'd eyes,
All ſorrow in thy ſoft embraces dies:
There, ſpite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithleſs Alexis languiſhingly kind:
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy ſtream,
And pleaſingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the ſecret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
Oh, could I thus conſume each tedious day,
And in ſweet ſlumbers dream my life away!
But ſleep, which now no more relieves theſe eyes,
To my ſad ſoul the dear deceit denies.
Why does the ſun dart forth its cheerful rays?
Why do the woods reſound with warbling lays?
Why does the roſe her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowſlips paint the ſmiling field?
Why do the ſtreams with murmuring muſic flow,
And why do groves their friendly ſhade beſtow?
Let fable clouds the cheerful ſun deface,
Let mournful ſilence ſeize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roſes, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowſlips, in the blaſted field;
No more, ye ſtreams, with murmuring muſic flow,
And let not groves a friendly ſhade beſtow:
With ſympathiſing grief let nature mourn,
And never know the youthful ſpring's return.

And shall I never more Alexis see?
Then what is spring, or grove, or stream, to me?
Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain?
Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.
Oh, lead me to some melancholy cave,
To lull my sorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall;
Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
And never know the seasons or the day?
Die, die, Panthea—fly this hateful grove;
For what is life without the swain I love?

ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

Now Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
Wak'd slumbering Delia from her pleasing dreams;
Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With secret joy she saw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that shall her bliss complete,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face;
Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine;
Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
And sporting loves surround th' expecting bride;
For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
Before the priest the solemn vows are paid;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.
Cease, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn:
Recal my love, and find a sure return.
But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with resentment cherishes her woes:
Alone she pines, and, in these mournful strains,
Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains:
Was it for this I sparkled at the Play,
And loiter'd in the Ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle shone,
Our mutual passion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I pass, thy grateful eyes pursue. [pain;
" Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
" For eyes the language of the soul explain."
Think, Daphnis, think that scarce five days are fled, [you said;
Since (O false tongue!) those treacherous things
How did you praise my shape and graceful air:
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling, say—I love? [pain;
" Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
" For eyes the language of the soul explain."
How could'st thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canst well recal that fatal night,
When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
My looks spoke love; while you, with answering eyes,
In killing glances made as kind replies. [said,
Think, Daphnis, think what tender things you
Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.
You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air;
And, when I sung, the syrens charm'd your ear:
My flame, blown up by flattery, stronger grew;
A gale of love in every whisper flew. [" pain;
" Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
" For eyes the language of the soul explain."
Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame, to sooth my spleen:
When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
Strait to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
And, when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.
Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love. [" pain;
" Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
" For eyes the language of the soul explain."
O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In some retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue.
Me let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human step is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove.
No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound:
Music, adieu! farewell, Italian airs!
The croaking raven now shall sooth my cares.
On some old ruin, lost in thought, I rest,
And think how Araminta once was blest;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
And all my grief in one kind sentence lose;
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears again!
Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas the Gordian knot has ty'd;
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide. [plain,
" Ah, faithless youth since eyes the soul ex-
" Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign."

AN ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more;
Ye muſes, mourn; ye chambermaids, deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy fair,
Doom'd to ſurvive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more ſhall deck,
And tie the favourite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand ſhall ſmooth his gloſſy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet ceaſe thy flowing grief, forſaken maid;
All mortal pleaſures in a moment fade;
Our ſureſt hope is in an hour deſtroy'd;
And love, beſt gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I ſee her frantic with deſpair,
Her ſtreaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor beſtrow,
And her torn fan gives real ſigns of woe.
Hence ſuperſtition, that tormenting gueſt,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breaſt;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy treſſes rend.
Though certain omens oft' forewarn a ſtate,
And dying lions ſhow the monarch's fate;
Why ſhould ſuch fears bid Cælia's ſorrow riſe?
For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.
Ceaſe, Cælia, ceaſe; reſtrain thy flowing tears;
Some warmer paſſion will diſpel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more ſubſtantial bliſs,
More grateful toying, and a ſweeter kiſs.
He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verſe renown'd:
"Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid:
"Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man be-
"tray'd."

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came aboard.
Oh! where ſhall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides ſwiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt
(If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lip thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye winds; my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind.
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eyes.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head.
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind;
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſtful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didſt thou, venturous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas;

Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant, robb'd of pleaſure,
Sees tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear;
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the ſtream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What alas! ſhould fill her head,
But a fountain, or a mead,
Water and a willow?

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which ſweet woodbine covers.
What are your aſſemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we ſee more men;
But much fewer lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the proſpect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
Coxcombs without number!
Moon and ſtars that ſhone ſo bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.

Pleaſant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

Though the favourite toaſt I reign;
Wine, they ſay, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Muſt I live 'twixt ſpite and fear,
Every day grow handſomer,
And loſe my reputation?

Thus the fair to ſighs gave way,
Her empty purſe beſide her lay.
Nymph, ah, ceaſe thy ſorrow.
Though curſt fortune frown to-night,
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

THE ſun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds home were ſpe'd;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread;
When Damon ſtay'd behind,
And ſaunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

Oh! thoſe were golden hours,
When love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodg'd ſwains and nymphs by pairs;
But now from wood and plain
Flies every ſprightly laſs;
No joys for me remain,
In ſhades, or on the graſs.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the ſwain reproves:
While beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves;
At court I never fail
To ſcatter round my arrows;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like ſparrows.

Then, ſwain, if me you need,
Straight lay your ſheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haſte away to town.
So well I'm known at court,
None aſks where Cupid dwells;
But readily reſort
To Bellenden's or Lepell's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
Looks, ſighs, and actions, ſeem'd to ſay,
My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet notes
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear;
But Chloe mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the ſound; my heart-ſtrings move.

'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's ſweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what ſays my love?

How fooliſh is the nymph (ſhe cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain;
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek:
Much, much thy muſic I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah, Chloe, thou art won!

The youth ſtepp'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt, in broken words, ſhe cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

THE COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SONG.

At the cloſe of the day,
When the bean-flower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damſels and ſwains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiſs'd, and ſat on each knee,
Fond ecſtaſy ſwam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near;
Hark! ſhe calls thee to hear
What age and experience adviſe.

Haſt thou ſeen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All gloſſy with purple and gold?
If a kiſs he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told.

Look ye, mother, ſhe cry'd,
You inſtruct me in pride,
And men by good manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is leſs likely to fall
Than ſhe who but trifles with one.

Pr'ythee, Molly, be wiſe,
Leſt by ſudden ſurpriſe
Love ſhould tingle in every vein:
Take a ſhepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You ſafely may trifle again.

Molly ſmiling reply'd,
Then I'll ſoon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his cheſt.
But I thought all you wives
Choſe a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the reſt.

MOLLY MOG:

Or, the Fair Maid of the Inn. A Ballad *.

Says my uncle, I pray diſcover
What hath been the cauſe of your woes;
Why you pine and you whine like a lover!
—I have ſeen Molly Mog of the Roſe.

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are beſt at a clog;
But I am not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving of ſweet Molly Mog.

The ſchool-boy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchoolmaſter's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on ſweet Molly Mog.

Will-a-wiſp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog;
But no light can ſet me a-madding
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet Molly Mog.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog;
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
And nothing can give ſatisfaction,
But thinking of ſweet Molly Mog.

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* *This ballad was written on an inn-keeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkſhire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toaſt: ſhe lived to a very advanced age, dying ſo lately as the month of March*, 1766.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe who toaſt all the Family Royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
And writing another eclogue;
Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for ſweet Molly Mog.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the Vicar.
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mog.

BALLAD

Of all the girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd neck, and ſmooth white ſkin,
Of lovely deareſt Nelly!
For many a ſwain it well had been
Had ſhe ne'er been at Calai-.

For when as Nelly came to France
(Invited by her couſins),
Acroſs the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his huſſar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected;
The men look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then ſaid the Duke de Villeroy,
"Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!"

But who's that great philoſopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it ſhould appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier fly)
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome papa's will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her roſe, and *lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françoiſes*).
Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the ſpring,
And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I ſaw this charming Nelly,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *allée*:
But Venus had a brazen face
Both at Verſailles and Meudon,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn Pygmalion:
For, ſpite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

When as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay ſaid ay, and No ſaid no,
Without or place or ſee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his ſpirit called Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore;
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er;
And every houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
Which well court cards they name,
And, ſtateſman-like, calls in the king,
To help out a bad game;
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to loſe Codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a Partie Quarrée;
But now, meet when and where you will,
A Partie Quarrée is Quadrille, &c.

The commoner, and knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good huſband's at Quadrille, &c.

When patients lie in piteous caſe,
In comes th' apothecary;
And to the doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
The patient dies without a pill;
For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muſcovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;

Muſt want both ſword and gun to kill:
For why? the general's at Quadrille, &c.

The king of late drew forth his ſword
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
And made, of many a 'ſquire and lord,
An unwaſh'd Knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Poſt-Boy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

And now God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke Hanover;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over;
But let the king go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILIES.

My paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
And kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled ale.

The God of Love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee;
Hearts, ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit and ſigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are,
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet:

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit, like pepper, bites:

Briſk as a body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But, falſe as hell! ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do;
Though ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor ſhould I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt;
Let us, like burs, together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye;
And wiſh me better ſped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh, perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

BEING A NEW BALLAD,

Showing how MR. JONATHAN WILD'S *Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by* MR. BLAKE, *alias* BLUESKIN, *the bold Highwayman, as he ſtood at his Trial in the Old-Bailey*, 1725.

To the Tune of—"The Cut-purſe."

Ye gallants of Newgate, whoſe fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe;
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you ſhall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

When to the Old-Bailey this Blueſkin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan ſtood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe,
And every man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the king's gold, and leave him but a crown; [men,
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-
Who meet once a year, to rob courtiers again:
Let them all take their ſwing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions, [ſions;
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pen-
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees:
Since this happy day,
Now every man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe,
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar:
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold, [cold.
And rob on the highway, ſince Jonathan's
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

MISCELLANIES.

PROLOGUE,

Deſigned for the Paſtoral Tragedy of Dione.

THERE was a time (O were thoſe days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant-laws had woman's will ſubdued;
Then nature rul'd; and love, devoid of art,
Spoke the conſenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroul'd! inſipid, poor delight!
'Tis the reſtraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beaſts who range the foreſts free;
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours ſee nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—one month in the year.
Were theſe the pleaſures of the golden reign?
And did free nature thus inſtruct the ſwain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your amorous bowers:
Such harmleſs ſwains!—I'm ev'n content with ours.
But yet there's ſomething in theſe ſylvan ſcenes,
That tells our fancy what the lover means.
Name but the moſſy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?
To-night we treat you with ſuch country fare:
Then for your lover's ſake our author ſpare.
He draws no Hemſkirk boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the ſoft ſhepherds of Arcadia's downs.
When Paris on the three his judgment paſs'd;
I hope you'll own the ſhepherd ſhow'd his taſte:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Caliſto break her duty;
Then was the country-nymph no aukward thing.
See what ſtrange revolutions time can bring!
Yet ſtill methinks an author's fate I dread,
Were it not ſafer beaten paths to tread
Of tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to ſtray,
And ſeeking ſtrange adventures loſe his way?
No trumpet's clangour makes his heroine ſtart,
And tears the ſoldier from her bleeding heart.
He, fooliſh bard! nor pomp nor ſhow regards.
Without the witneſs of a hundred guards
His lovers ſigh their vows.—If ſleep ſhould take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
What, no ſuch ſhifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet ſpare him, as he gives you ſomething new.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my ſenſe,
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year:
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty loſt:
No diſtant landſcapes draw our curious eyes;
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill, ev'n now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundleſs ſphere;
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes;
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether thoſe ſtars, that twinkling luſtre ſend,
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare;
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful word ſhall hear.
When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends;
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil.
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.
When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall night's alternate reign be known;
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh, may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame:
But thou, O God! for ever ſhine the ſame.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame
Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting ſkies,
Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee!
For thou wert preſent when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompaſs'd round,
Amidſt our hopes, fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
To-day the ſtateſman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death deſtroys his airy ſchemes;
Is mouldy treaſure in thy cheſt confin'd?
Think all that treaſure thou muſt leave behind;
Thy heir with ſmiles ſhall view thy blazon'd herſe,
And all thy hoards with laviſh hand diſperſe.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ſicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves diſarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wiſh to ſtretch this narrow ſpan,
To ſuffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous ſoul purſues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wiſhes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundleſs theme extends our thought,
Ten thouſand thouſand rolling years are nought.

AN EPIGRAMMATICAL EXPOSTULATION*.

From Mohock and from Hawkubite,
Good Lord deliver me!
Who wander through the ſtreets by night,
Committing cruelty.
They ſlaſh our ſons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall;
And if they raviſh not our wives,
We have good luck withal.
Coaches and chairs they overturn,
Nay carts moſt eaſily:
Therefore from Gog, and eke Magog,
Good Lord deliver me!

EPITAPH OF BYE-WORDS.

Here lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd [God.
Every word ſhe e'er heard in this church about
To convince her of God, the good dean did endeavour,
But ſtill in her heart ſhe held nature more clever.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon ſomething or other, ſhe found better fun.
For the dame, by her ſkill in affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world ſhe deſpis'd every ſoul ſhe met here,
And now ſhe's in t' other, ſhe thinks it but queer.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

Life is a jeſt, and all things ſhow it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

A MOTTO

For the Opera of Mutius Scævola †.

Who here blames words, or verſes, ſongs, or ſingers,
Like Mutius Scævola will burn his fingers.

WINE:

A POEM.

"Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
"Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus."

Of happineſs terreſtrial, and the ſource [muſe;
Whence human pleaſures flow, ſing, heavenly
Of ſparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whoſe quickening taſte adds vigour to the ſoul,
Whoſe ſoverein power revives decaying nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
A kindly warmth diffuſing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled viſage, ghaſtly wan before:
Cordial reſtorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods beſtow'd!

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* *Annexed, in* 1712, *to Gay's* "*Wonderful Prophecy*," *a humorous treatiſe on the Mohocks.*

† *An opera by Mr. Rolli, performed in* 1727.

Bacchus divine, and my adventurous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar.
Inſpir'd, ſublime, on Pegaſean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.
When fumy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns; when ſtupid, downcaſt eyes,
Th' external ſymptoms of remorſe within,
Expreſs our grief; or when in ſullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we ſit, in ſilent ſorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be diſſolv'd;
Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the ſtars,
And fix him there among the branched crew
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greateſt monſters of the zodiac):
Or for the loſs of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Cælia's ſcornful ſlights, and cold diſdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulſe;
The worſt events that mortals can befall:
By cares depreſs'd, in penſive hyppiſh mood,
With ſloweſt pace the tedious minutes roll.
Thy charming ſight, but much more charming guſt,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks, we raiſe our drooping fronts,
And pour in cryſtal pure, thy purer juice;—
With cheerful countenance and ſteady hand
Raiſe it lip-high, then fix the ſpacious rim
To the expecting mouth;—with grateful taſte,
The ebbing wine glides ſwiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou ſtraight
Diſpell'ſt thoſe clouds, that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladſome face;—
While dimpled cheeks, and ſparkling, rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues and thy worth proclaim.
So miſts and exhalations, that ariſe
From hills or ſteamy lake, duſky or gray,
Prevail; till Phœbus ſheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy ſkirts with ſhining gold:
Unable to reſiſt, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the ſurface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams diſperſe;
The earth again in former beauty ſmiles,
In gaudieſt livery dreſt, all gay and clear.
When diſappointed Strephon meets repulſe,
Scoff'd at, deſpis'd, in melancholic mood,
Joyleſs he waſtes in ſighs the lazy hours;
Till, reinforc'd by thy moſt potent aid,
He ſtorms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.
To pay thee homage, and receive thy bleſſing,
The Britiſh ſeamen quits his native ſhore,
And ventures through the trackleſs, deep abyſs,
Ploughing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
"With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;"
Shock'd by tempeſtuous jarring winds, ſhe rolls
In dangers imminent, till ſhe arrives [ſence.
At thoſe beſt climes thou favour'ſt with thy pre-
Whether at Luſitania's ſultry coaſt,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian ſhores;
With gazing pleaſure and aſtoniſhment
At Paradiſe (ſeat of our ancient ſire)
He thinks himſelf arriv'd; the purple grapes,
In largeſt cluſters pendant, grace the vines
Innumerous; in fields groteſque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his ſpreading boughs;
Sight moſt delicious! not an irkſome thought,
Or of left native iſle, or abſent friends,
Or deareſt wife, or tender ſucking babe,
His kindly-treacherous memory now preſents;
The jovial god has left no room for cares.
Celeſtial liquor! thou that didſt inſpire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic ſtrains
Unparallel'd; with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didſt enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demoſthenes renown'd:
Ennius, firſt fam'd in Latin ſong, in vain
Drew Heliconian ſtreams, ungrateful whet
To jaded muſe, and oft, with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains eſſay'd; but, abject ſtill and low,
His unrecruited muſe could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inſpiring nectarous juice
Her drooping ſpirits cheer'd;—aloft ſhe towers,
Borne on ſtiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftieſt numbers ſings.
'Tis thou the hero's breaſt to martial acts,
And reſolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'ſt: thou check'ſt inglorious, lolling eaſe,
And ſluggiſh minds with generous fires inflam'ſt.
O thou, that firſt my quicken'd ſoul didſt warm,
Still with thy aid aſſiſt me, that thy praiſe,
Thy univerſal ſway o'er all the world,
In everlaſting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and ſing thy matchleſs worth.
Had the Oxonian bard thy praiſe rehears'd,
His muſe had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field ſhe ſoar'd
Aërial: now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice, in vain attempts to riſe.
With what ſublimeſt joy from noiſy town,
At rural ſeat, Lucretelus retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine,
Join neighbouring boughs, ſweet hoſpitable ſhade
Creating, from Phœbean rays ſecure,
A cool retreat, with few well-choſen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent, ſpent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verſe!
With roſes interwoven, poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, dreſs of ſylveſtrian gods!
Choiceſt nectarean juice crown'd largeſt bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring ſight,
Of fragrant ſcent, attractive, taſte divine!
Whether from Formian-grape depreſs'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Maſſic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Leſbian, or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl
Mov'd briſkly round, and ſpurr'd their heighten'd wit
To ſing Mæcenas' praiſe, their patron kind.

But we not as our priſtine fires repair
T' umbrageous grot or vale; but, when the ſun
Faintly from weſtern ſkies his rays oblique
Darts ſloping, and to Thetis' watery lap
Haſtens in prone career, with friends ſelect
Swiftly we hie to Devil *, young or old,
Jocund and boon, where at the entrance ſtands
A ſtripling, who with ſcrapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning ſpeech, and accent bland;
With lighteſt bound, and ſafe, unerring ſtep,
He ſkips before, and nimbly climbs the ſtairs:
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols, and friſks before
His ſequent lord, from penſive walk return'd,
Whether in ſhady wood, or paſture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate—
Nigh to the ſtairs' aſcent, in regal port,
Sits a majeſtic dame, whoſe looks denounce
Command and ſovereignty; with haughty air,
And ſtudied mien, in ſemi-circular throne
Enclos'd, ſhe deals around her dread commands;
Behind her (dazzling ſight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, cryſtalline veſſels ſhine;
Attendant ſlaves with eager ſtrides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noiſe confus'd:
She knows the jargon ſounds, and ſtraight deſcribes,
In characters myſterious, words obſcure;
More legible are algebraic ſigns,
Or myſtic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke th' infernal ſpirits aid.
Drive hence the rude and barbarous diſſonance
Of ſavage Thracians, and Croation boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harſh and grating to Lenæan god;
Chaſe brutal feuds of Belgian ſkippers hence
(Amid their cups, whoſe innate temper's ſhown),
In clumſy liſt wielding ſcymmeterian knife,
Who laſh each other's eyes and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian, ſolemn rites:
Muſic's harmonious numbers better ſuit
His feſtivals, from inſtruments or voice,
Or Gaſperini's hand the trembling ſtring
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuſcan dames,
Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet Symphonies ſhould flow, the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is aſſociate meet.
The ſtairs aſcent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The doors of ſpacious room, and creeking chairs
(To ear offenſive) round the table ſets.
We ſit, when thus his florid ſpeech begins:
"Name, Sirs, the wine that moſt invites your taſte,
"Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
"Or Hock antique, or Liſbon new or old,
"Bourdeaux, or neat French wine, or Alicant."
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare (ſuch ſympathy's in hoon compeers).
He quits the room alert, but ſoon returns;
One hand capacious gliſtering veſſels bears
Reſplendent; t'other with a graſp ſecure;
A bottle (mighty charge)! upſtaid, full-fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth his ſanguine frothy juice,
O'erſpread with bubbles, diſſipated ſoon:
We ſtrait to arms repair, experien'd chiefs;
Now glaſſes claſh with glaſſes (charming ſound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the firſt, the beſt,
Crowns the full glaſs;—at her inſpiring name,
The ſprightly wine reſults, and ſeems to ſmile;
With hearty zeal, and wiſh unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.
A pauſe enſues; and now with grateful chat
W' improve the interval; and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd ſouls, pat repartee,
Or witty joke our airy ſenſes moves
To pleaſant laughter; ſtraight the echoing room
With univerſal peals and ſhouts reſounds.
The royal Dane, bleſt conſort of the queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whoſe bliſs
In Anna's plac'd:—with ſympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys,
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who ſhares the grateful hearts
Of loyal ſubjects with his ſovereign queen;
For by his prudent care, united ſhores
Were ſav'd from hoſtile fleets invaſion dire.
The hero Marlborough next, whoſe vaſt exploits
Fame's clarion ſounds; freſh laurels triumphs new,
We wiſh, like thoſe he won at Hochſtet's field.
Next Devonſhire illuſtrious, who from race
Of nobleſt patriots ſprang, whoſe worthy ſoul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd.
That ſhone in his moſt worthy anceſtors:
For then diſtinct in ſeparate breaſts were ſeen
Virtues diſtinct, but all in him unite.
Prudent Godolphin, of the *nation's* weal
Frugal, but free and generous of *his own*,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the muſes' darling ſon,
In whom conſpicuous, with full luſtre, ſhine
The ſureſt judgment, and the brighteſt wit,
Himſelf Mæcenas and a Flaccus too—
And all the worthies of the Britiſh realm,
In order rang'd, ſucceed; ſuch healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming guſt.
Now each his miſtreſs toaſts, by whoſe bright eye
He's fir'd; Coſmelia fair, or Dulcibel',
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing; or airy Celia, ſprightly maid!—
Inſenſibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glaſs ſucceeds glaſs, till the Dircean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that, like Arthur's knights,
Of rotund table, fam'd in old records,
Now moſt we ſeem'd—ſuch is the power of *Wine*.
Thus we the winged hours in harmleſs mirth
And joys unfully'd paſs, till humid night
Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
Is huſh'd and ſilent, nor the rumbling noiſe
Of coach or cart, or ſmoky link-boy's call,
Is heard—but univerſal ſilence reigns:
When we in merry plight, airy and gay,

* *The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his Grace.*

Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
Alarm the drowsy youth from slumbering nod;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
His yet clung eye-lids, and with staggering reel
Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
And homeward each his course with steady step
Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

For the Loss of Grildrig *.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers, like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears;
Her locks dishevel'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily care
"Within thy reach I set the vinegar;
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd,
"Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monsters of the brook?
"Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly's drown'd."—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
"But little creatures enterprise the most.
"Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
"Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
"Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew:
"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!
"Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
"Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
"To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
"Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
"As children tear the wings of flies away.
"From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
"And never will return or bring thee home.
"But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
"How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
"Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
"In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
"Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
"Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground?
"Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
"Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
"Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
"Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
"O showme, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flower,
"Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower!
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
"On little females, and on little loves;
"Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
"The baby-playthings that adorn thy house,
"Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms
"Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
"Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
"Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
"Or in thy box now bounding on the main?
"Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
"And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
"To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
"My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
"Mimic the actions of a real man?
"No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
"As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh? [tread,
"How wast thou wont to walk with cautious
"A dish of tea, like milk-pail on thy head!
"How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
"And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking trumpet's mellow noise.
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies:—
O! squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

* *In Faulkener's edition, this poem is ascribed to Pope, and the Lilliputian Ode to Arbuthnot.*

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

The Man-Mountain.—A Lilliputian Ode.

I.

In amaze
Lost, I gaze.
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell'd with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propt the skies: [eyes!
See! and believe your

II.

See him stride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed.
Troops, take heed!
Left and right
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

III.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand,
Let me stand,
So shall I
(I [illegible]

VERSES

To be placed under the Picture of SIR RICHARD BLAKMORE, *England's Arch-poet, containing a complete Catalogue of his Works.*

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read:
Who firſt ſang (1) Arthur, then ſang (2) Alfred,
Prais'd great (3) Eliza in God's anger,
Till all true Engliſhmen cry'd, Hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up Marlborough in (4) arras;
Then, hiſs'd from earth, grew heavenly quite;
Made every reader curſe the (5) light:
Maul'd human wit in one thick (6) ſatire,
Next in three books ſpoil'd (7) human nature;
Undid (8) creation at a jirk,
And of (9) redemption made damn'd work.
Then took his muſe at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man, grown old, did?
Sternhold himſelf, he out-Sternholded,
Made (10) David ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought king Achiſh.
No mortal read his (11) Solomon,
But judg'd Re'boam his own ſon.
Moſes he ſerv'd as Moſes Pharoah,
And Deborah (12), as ſhe Siſe-rah:
Made (13) Jeremy full ſore to cry,
And (14) Job himſelf curſe God and die.
What puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall Arthur uſe him like King Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah ſlay him?
Or dext'rous Deborah Siſera-him?
Or ſhall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her ſiſter Scot?
Shall William dub his better end *,
Or Marlborough ſerve him like a *friend?*
No!—none of theſe!—Heaven ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt Job, thy wife!

A RECEIPT FOR STEWING VEAL.

WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or ſteal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a ſtewing-pan put it.

Salt, pepper, and mace
Muſt ſeaſon this knuckle;
Then † when what's join'd to place
With other herbs muckle;
That which killed King ‡ Will.;
And what never ‖ ſtands ſtill.
Some § ſprigs of that bed
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both ſpinnage and endive,
And lettice, and beet,
With marigold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things ſmall,
Which, leſt it ſhould happen,
A cloſe cover clap on.
Put this pot of ** Wood's metal
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me ſee—
Thrice as long as you preach ††;
So ſkimming the fat off.
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then, with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

(1) *Two Heroic Poems, in folio, twenty books.*
(2) *Heroic Poem, in twelve books,*
(3) *Heroic Poem, in folio, ten books.*
(4) *Inſtructions to Vanderbank, a tapeſtry weaver.*
(5) *Hymn to the light.*
(6) *Satire againſt wit.*
(7) *Of the nature of man.*
(8) *Creation, a Poem, in ſeven books.*
(9) *Redemption, another Heroic Poem, in ſix books.*
(10) *Tranſlation of all the Pſalms.*
(11) *Canticles and Eccleſiaſtes.*
(12) *Paraphraſes of the Canticles of Moſes and Deborah, &c.*
(13) *The Lamentations.*
(14) *The whole Book of Job, a Poem.*

* *Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulder.*

† *Vulgo, ſalary.* ‡ *Suppoſed ſorrel.*
‖ *This is, by Dr. Bently, thought to be time, or thyme.*
§ *Parſley. Vide Chamberlayne.*
** *Of this compoſition, ſee the works of the Copper-farthing Dean.*
†† *Which we ſuppoſe to be near four hours.*

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A SERENATA.

The Muſic by Mr. Handel.

PART I.

[A rural proſpect, diverſified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea ſeated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and ſhepherds, diſtributed about the landſcape; and Polyphemus diſcovered ſitting upon a mountain.]

CHORUS.

O THE pleaſure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy ſwains
(Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and ſport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flowers diſplay their hue:

For us the winters rain;
For us the ſummers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling ſtreams, and bubbling fountains,

Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleaſures which you yield;
Too thin the ſhadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales, to cool my love.

AIR.

Huſh, you pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling ſtrains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce deſire:
Ceaſe your ſong, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my ſight.

Da Capo.

AIR.

Acis.

Where ſhall I ſeek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains;
O tell me if you ſaw my dear;
Seeks ſhe the groves, or bathes in cryſtal fountains?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Damon.

Stay, ſhepherd, ſtay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou purſuing,
Heedleſs running to thy ruin?
Share our joy, our pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy paſſion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from ſorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Acis.

Lo here, my love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft deſire;
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To ſet the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

O! didſt thou know the pains of abſent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked ſpray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, laſting love.

DUET.

Acis and Galatea.

Happy we!
What joys I feel!—What charms I ſee!
Of all youths, thou deareſt boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brighteſt fair!
Thou all my bliſs, thou all my joy!

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

PART II.

A Concerto on the Organ.

CHORUS.

Wretched lovers! fate has paſs'd
This ſad decree—no joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monſter Polypheme.
See what ample ſtrides he takes;
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the ſhores:
Hark, how the thundering giant roars!

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Polypheme.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble god has ſtabb'd me to the heart.
Thou truſty pine,
Prop of my godlike ſteps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reads, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In ſoft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O ſweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moon-ſhine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluſter!
No lily has ſuch luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as ſtorms that bluſter!

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Polyphemus, Galatea.

Poly. Whither, faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces ſhunning?

Gal. The lion calls not to his prey;
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin ſtay.

Poly. Thee Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire, and to love:
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of gloſſy blue;
Wildings which expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

Gal. Of infant-limbs to make my food,
And ſwill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monſter! bid ſome other gueſt:
I lothe the hoſt; I lothe the feaſt.

AIR.

Polyphemus.

Ceaſe to beauty to be ſuing:
Ever whining love diſdaining,
Let the brave, their aims purſuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.

Da Capo.

AIR.

Damon.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing,
Lifeleſs charms without the heart.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Acis.

His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I muſt engage:
Inſpir'd with thy victorious charms,
The god of love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love ſounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treaſure,
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleaſure;
For life is a pain.

Da Capo.

AIR.

Damon.

Conſider, fond ſhepherd,
How fleeting's the pleaſure.
That flatters our hopes
In purſuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it,
By moments we meaſure;
But life is too little
To meaſure our care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle youth;
Truſt my conſtancy and truth;
Truſt my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious ſtill to love.

TRIO.

Acis, Galatea, and Polypheme.

Acis and *Gal.* The flocks ſhall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forſake the fountains,
Ere I forſake my love.

Poly. Torture! fury! rage! deſpair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis and *Gal.* Not ſhowers to larks ſo pleaſing,
Nor ſun-ſhine to the bee;
Not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear ſmiles to me.

Poly. Fly ſwift, thou maſſy ruin, fly:
Die, preſumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.

Acis.

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes!

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye muſes; weep, ye ſwains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful ſtrains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring ſhore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Galatea.

Muſt I my Acis ſtill bemoan,
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that ſtone?
Muſt the lovely charming youth
Die for his conſtancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark deſpair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, ceaſe to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canſt relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddeſs ſoon can heal thy ſmart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart, thou ſeat of ſoft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal flood;
Rock, thy hollow womb diſcloſe:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring ſtill his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears.
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring ſtream,
Shepherds' pleaſure, muſes' theme;
Through the plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murmuring ſtill thy gentle love.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOUS AND HERCULES.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. BOOK IX.

The Argument.

Theſeus, returning from a great hunting-match in Calydon, is ſtopped from proceeding by the overflowing of the river Acheloüs. The god of the ſtream courteouſly invites him into his cave, where they paſs the time in diſcourſing of various metamorphoſes. At laſt, to prove the poſſibility of ſuch changes, he aſſerts that he has himſelf the power of varying his form within certain limitations, among which he mentions his having loſt one of his horns when in the ſhape of a bull; and this gives riſe to the following ſtory.

THESEUS requeſts the god to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans aroſe;
When thus the Calydonian ſtream reply'd,
With twining reeds his careleſs treſſes tied:
" Ungrateful is the tale; for who can bear,
" When conquer'd, to rehearſe the ſhameful war?
" Yet I'll the melancholy ſtory trace;
" So great a conqueror ſoftens the diſgrace;
" Nor was it ſtill ſo mean the prize to yield,
" As great and glorious to diſpute the field.
" Perhaps you've heard of Deïanira's name,
" For all the country ſpoke her beauty's fame.
" Long was the nymph by numerous ſuitors woo'd,
" Each with addreſs his envy'd hopes purſued:
" I join'd the loving band; to gain the fair,
" Reveal'd my paſſion to her father's ear.
" Their vain pretenſions all the reſt reſign;
" Alcides only ſtrove to equal mine:
" He boaſts his birth from Jove, recounts his ſpoils,
" His ſtep-dame's hate ſubdued, and finiſh'd toils.
" Can mortals then (ſaid I) with gods compare?
" Behold a god; mine is the watery care:
" Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
" Branch into ſtreams, and o'er the region ſtray:
" No foreign gueſt your daughter's charms adores,
" But one who riſes in your native ſhores.
" Let not his puniſhment your pity move;
" Is Juno's hate an argument for love?
" Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
" Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true.
" Chooſe then; confeſs thy mother's honour loſt,
" Or thy deſcent from Jove no longer boaſt."
While thus I ſpoke, he look'd with ſtern diſdain,
Nor could the ſallies of his wrath reſtrain,
Which thus broke forth: " This arm decides our right: [fight!"
" Vanquiſh'd in words; he mine the prize in
" Bold he ruſh'd on. My honour to maintain,
" I fling my verdant garments on the plain,
" My arms ſtretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
" And with bent hands expect the furious war.
" O'er my ſleek ſkin now gather'd duſt he throws,
" And yellow ſand his mighty muſcles ſtrows.
" Oft' he my neck and nimble legs aſſails,
" He ſeems to graſp me, but as often fails:
" Each part he now invades with eager hand;
" Safe in my bulk, immoveable I ſtand.
" So when loud ſtorms breaks high, and foam and roar
" Againſt ſome mole that ſtretches from the ſhore;
" The firm foundation laſting tempeſts braves,
" Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.
" Awhile we breathe, then forward ruſh amain,
" Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
" Foot ſtrove with foot, I prone extend my breaſt,
" Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead preſs'd.
" Thus have I ſeen two furious bulls engage,
" Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
" Each claims the faireſt heifer of the grove,
" And conqueſt only can decide their love:
" The trembling herds ſurvey the fight from far,
" Till victory decides th' important war.
" Three times in vain he ſtrove my joints to wreſt;
" To force my hold, and throw me from his breaſt;
" The fourth he broke my gripe, that claſp'd him round.
" Then with new force he ſtretch'd me on the ground;
" Cloſe to my back the mighty burden clung,
" As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
" Believe my tale; nor do I, boaſtful aim
" By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
" No ſooner from his graſp I freedom get,
" Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling ſweat,
" But quick he ſeiz'd me, and renew'd the ſtrife,
" As my exhauſted boſom pants for life;
" My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he ſtrains;
" I fall, and bite the ſand with ſhame and pains.

" O'er-match'd in ſtrength, to wiles and arts I take,
" And ſlip his hold, in form of ſpeckled ſnake;
" Who, when I wreath'd in ſpires my body round,
" Or ſhow'd my forky-tongue with hiſſing ſound,
" Smiles at my threats. Such foes my cradle knew,
" He cries; dire ſnakes my infant hand o'erthrew;
" A dragon's form might other conqueſts gain;
" To war with me you take that ſhape in vain.
" Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,
" Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented ſtrength?
" He rais'd a hundred hiſſing heads in air;
" When one I lopp'd, up ſprung a dreadful pair.
" By his wounds fertile, and with ſlaughter ſtrong,
" Singly I quell'd him, and ſtretch'd dead along.
" What canſt thou do, a form precarious, prone,
" To rouſe my rage with terrors not thy own?"
" He ſaid; and round my neck his hands he caſt,
" And with his ſtraining fingers wrung me faſt:
" My throat he tortur'd, cloſe as pincers claſp,
" In vain I ſtrove to looſe the forceful graſp.
" Thus vanquiſh'd too, a third form ſtill remains,
" Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
" Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
" Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down;
" Then deep he ſtruck my horn into the ſand,
" And fell'd my bulk along the duſty land.
" Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and ſcorn,
" From my maim'd front he tore the ſtubborn horn;
" This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naiads
" Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year."

He ſpoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt, like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn ſhe brings, in which all autumn's ſtor'd,
And ruddy apples for the ſecond board.

Now morn begins to dawn, the ſun's bright fire
Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
Nor ſtay'd they, till the troubled ſtream ſubſides,
And in its bound with peaceful current glides.
But Acheloüs in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform'd, and ruſtic head:
No real wound the victor's triumph ſhow'd,
But his loſt honours griev'd the watery god;
Yet ev'n that loſs the willow's leaves o'erſpread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

The Death of Neſſus the Centaur.

This virgin too, thy love, O Neſſus, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the ſtrong ſon of Jove his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raiſe;
Where from her ſlopy urn Evenus pours
Her rapid current, ſwell'd by wintery ſhowers,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all paſs deny'd.
As for himſelf, he ſtood unmov'd by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares.
The ſtrong-limb'd Neſſus thus officious cry'd
(For he the ſhallows of the ſtream had try'd),
Swim thou, Alcides, all thy ſtrength prepare;
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.
Th' Aonian chief to Neſſus truſts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life;
Cloth'd as he ſtood in the fierce lion's hide,
The laden quiver o'er his ſhoulder ty'd
(For croſs the ſtream his bow and club were caſt);
Swift he plung'd in; theſe billows ſhall be paſs'd.
He ſaid, nor ſought where ſmoother waters glide,
But ſtemm'd the rapid dangers of the tide.
The bank he reach'd: again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.
Neſſus, to thee I call (aloud he cries);
Vain is thy truſt in flight, be timely wiſe:
Thou monſter double-ſhap'd, my right ſet free:
If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred ſhould thy lawleſs luſt deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Though wing'd with horſe's ſpeed; wounds ſhall purſue;
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And through his breaſt the barbed weapon ſtood;
Which when, in anguiſh, through the fleſh he tore,
From both the wounds guſh'd forth the ſpumy gore
Mix'd with Lernæon venom; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breaſt forſook.
His garment, in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouſe love's paſſion, he preſents the bride.

The Death of Hercules.

Now a long interval of time ſucceeds,
When the great ſon of Jove's immortal deeds,
And ſtepdame's hate, had fill'd earth's utmoſt round;
He from Oechalia, with new laurels crown'd,
In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his prayers,
When Fame (who falſehood clothes in truth's diſguiſe,
And ſwells her little bulk with growing lies)
Thy tender ear, O Deïanira, mov'd,
That Hercules the fair Iole lov'd,
Her love believes the tale; the truth ſhe fears
Of his new paſſion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief,
Why ſeek I thus, from ſtreaming eyes, relief?
She cries; indulge not thus theſe fruitleſs cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
Let ſomething be reſolv'd, while yet there's time;
My bed not conſcious of a rival's crime.
In ſilence ſhall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I ſeek Calydon, or here remain?
What though, ally'd to Meleager's fame,
I boaſt the honours of a ſiſter's name?
My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to purſue
Some deſperate deed, by which the world ſhall view
How far revenge and woman's rage can riſe,
When weltering in her blood the harlot dies.
Thus various paſſions rul'd by turns her breaſt.
She now reſolves to ſend the fatal veſt, [move
Dy'd with Lernæan gore, whoſe power might
His ſoul anew, and rouſe declining love.
Nor knew ſhe what her ſudden rage beſtows,
When ſhe to Lichas truſts her future woes;
With ſoft endearments ſhe the boy commands
To bear the garment to her huſband's hands.

Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haſte,
And o'er his ſhoulders Lerna's poiſon caſt.
As firſt the fire with frankincenſe he ſtrows,
And utters to the gods his holy vows;
And on the marble altar's poliſh'd frame
Pours forth the grapy ſtream; the riſing flame
Sudden diſſolves the ſubtle poiſonous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
With wonted fortitude he bore the ſmart,
And not a groan confeſs'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was ſubdued by pain,
He rends the ſacred altar from the plain;
Oete's wide foreſts echo with his cries!
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
Where'er he plucks the veſt, the ſkin he tears,
The mangled muſcles and huge bones he bares,
(A ghaſtly ſight!) or, raging with his pain,
To rend the ſticking plague he tugs in vain.
As the red iron hiſſes in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And livid ſweats down all his body flow;
The cracking nerves burnt up are burſt in twain,
The lurking venom melts his ſwimming brain.
Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
Glut thy revenge, dread empreſs of the ſkies;
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleaſure, and enjoy my ſmart.
Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hoſtile breaſt
(For here I ſtand thy enemy profeſt),
Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.
Death is the gift moſt welcome to my woe,
And ſuch a gift a ſtepdame may beſtow.
Was it for this Buſiris was ſubdued, [blood?
Whoſe barbarous temples reek'd with ſtrangers'
Preſs'd in theſe arms, his fate Antæus found,
Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell?
Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?
Did not theſe hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold?
Are not our mighty toils in Elis told?
Did not Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?
And fair Parthenian woods reſound my name?
Who ſeiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
Could the fierce Centaur's ſtrength my force withſtand;
Or the fell boar that ſpoil'd th' Arcadian land?
Did not theſe arms the Hydra's rage ſubdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew?
What if the Thracian horſes, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I ſaw, and with their barbarous lord o'erthrew?
What if theſe hands Nemæa's lion ſlew?
Did not this neck the heavenly globe ſuſtain?—
The female partner of the thunderer's reign,
Fatigu'd, at length ſuſpends her harſh commands;
Yet no fatigue hath ſlack'd theſe valiant hands.
But now new plagues purſue me; neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can ſtop their raging courſe.
Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails ſtrays,
And on my lungs and ſhrivell'd muſcles preys;
Yet ſtill Euryſtheus breathes the vital air!
What mortal now ſhall ſeek the gods with prayer?

The Transformation of Lychas into a Rock.

The hero ſaid; and, with the torture ſtung,
Furious o'er Oete's lofty hills he ſprung:
Stuck with the ſhaft, thus ſcours the tiger round,
And ſeeks the flying author of his wound.
Now might you ſee him trembling, now he vents
His anguiſh'd ſoul in groans and loud laments;
He ſtrives to tear the clinging veſt in vain,
And with up-rooted foreſts ſtrews the plain;
Now, kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
And to his kindred gods directs his prayers.
When Lychas, lo, he ſpies, who trembling flew,
And, in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
Had ſhunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
His madneſs chaf'd, and thus he raves again:
Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe;
Who bore the gift, the cauſe of all my woe.
The youth all pale with ſhivering fear was ſtung,
And vain excuſes faulter'd on his tongue.
Alcides ſnatch'd him, as with ſuppliant face
He ſtrove to claſp his knees, and beg for grace.
He toſs'd him o'er his head with airy courſe,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloft he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the ſkies.
So ſhowery drops, when chilly tempeſts blow,
Thicken at firſt, then whiten into ſnow;
In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
In ſolid hail reſult upon the ground.
Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through diſtant air,
The purple tide forſook his veins with fear;
All moiſture left his limbs. Transform'd to ſtone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known:
Still in th' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
Still the ſmall rock in human form appears,
And ſtill the name of hapleſs Lychas bears.

The Apotheoſis of Hercules.

But now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Oete's foreſts on the groaning earth;
A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful inſtruments of war;
To him commits thoſe arrows, which again
Muſt ſee the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
The ſon of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
High round the ſtructure climbs the greedy fire;
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous ſhoulders ſpread
With the Nemæan ſpoils thy careleſs head;
Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
Here thou, dread hero of celeſtial line,
Waſt ſtretch'd at eaſe; as when, a cheerful gueſt,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples dreſt.
Now on all ſides the potent flames aſpire,
And crackle round thoſe limbs that mock the fire.
A ſudden tremor ſeiz'd th' immortal hoſt,
Who thought the world's profeſt defender loſt.
This when the thunderer ſaw, with ſmiles he cries,
'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleaſures riſe;
Joy ſwells my breaſt, that my all ruling hand
O'er ſuch a grateful people boaſts command,

That you my suffering progeny would aid;
Though to his deeds this just respect be paid,
Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborn,
Th' Oetean fires do thou, great hero, scorn.
Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the flame.
That part alone of gross maternal frame
Fire shall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force subdue;
That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above;
May all the powers the righteous act approve!
If any god dissent, and judge too great
The sacred honours of the heavenly seat,
Ev'n he shall own, his deeds deserve the sky,
Ev'n he, reluctant, shall at length comply.
Th' assembled powers assent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with passion vengeful Juno's brow.
Mean while whate'er was in the power of flame
Was all consum'd, his body's nervous frame
No more was known;—of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an old serpent casts his scaly vest,
Wreathes in the sun, in youthful glory dress;
So when Alcides mortal mould resign'd,
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
August his visage shone; almighty Jove
In his swift car his honour'd offspring drove;
High o'er the hollow clouds the courscrs fly,
And lodge the hero in the starry sky.

The Transformation of Galanthis.

Atlas perceiv'd the load of heaven's new guest.
Revenge still rancour'd in Eurystheus' breast
Against Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
To Iole, to vent maternal woes;
Here she pours forth her grief, recounts the spoils
Her son had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her swelling womb the teeming birth confess'd;—
To whom Alcmena thus her speech address'd:
O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
When 'midst thy throes thou call'st th' Ilithyan
May no delays prolong thy racking pain, [power!
As when I sued for Juno's aid in vain!
When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
And the tenth sign roll'd forward on the sky,
My womb extends with such a mighty load,
As Jove the parent of the burden show'd.
I could no more th' increasing smart sustain:
My horror kindles to recount the pain;
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale pursue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
Seven days and nights amidst incessant throes,
Fatigued with ills I lay, nor knew repose;
When lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
She came, but prejudic'd to give my fate
A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguish of my fits,
And on the altar at my door she sits;
O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them fast:
This stay'd the birth; in muttering verse she pray'd,
The muttering verse th' unfinish'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce struggles, raging with my pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wish for death! such groans I sent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.
Now the Gadmeian matrons round me press,
Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress.
Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my commands:
She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
From the persisting hate of Juno rose.
As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees
The seated goddess; on her close-press'd knees
Her fast-knit hands she leans: with cheerful voice
Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoice;
Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest,
At length the gods Alcmena's womb have blest.
Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.
Fame says, the goddess dragg'd the laughing maid
Fast by the hair; in vain her force essay'd
Her groveling body from the ground to rear;
Chang'd to fore feet her shrinking arms appear;
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is lost; her strength remains;
Who, since the lie did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed;
Nor shall she quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt those houses where she lov'd to roam.

The Story of Iolaüs Restored to Youth.

ARGUMENT.

Iolé having related the fable of her sister Dryope, who was changed into a tree for violating the blossoms of the plant Lotis (once a nymph); while she is discoursing on these matters with Alcmena, she finds new matter of wonder, in the sudden change of Ioalüs to a youth.

While Iolé the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft wip'd her tears. [flies,
Grief too stream'd down her cheeks; soon sorrow
And rising joy the trickling moisture dries:
Lo Iolaüs stands before their eyes.
A youth he stood; and the soft down began
O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man:
Hebe submitted to her husband's prayers,
Instill'd new vigour, and restor'd his years.

The Prophesy of Themis.

Now from her lips a solemn oath had pass'd,
That Iolaüs the gift alone should taste,
Had not just Themis thus maturely said
(Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming maid):
Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands
Invincible; but by the thunderer's hands
Ambition shall the guilty * brothers fire,
Both rush to mutual wounds, and both expire:

* *Eteocles and Polynices.*

The reeling earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the * yet breathing bard shall find his tomb.—
The † son shall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
And in one act be both unjust and good.
Of home and sense depriv'd, where'er he flies,
The furies and his mother's ghost he spies.
His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore,
And Phegeus stain his sword in kindred gore.
Callirhoe shall then with suppliant prayer
Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.
Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire.

The Debate of the Gods.

When Themis thus with prescient voice had spoke
Among the gods a various murmur broke;
Dissension rose in each immortal breast,
That one should grant what was deny'd the rest.
Aurora for her aged spouse complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew;
Her future race the care of Venus drew,
She would Anchises' blooming age restore;
A different care employ'd each heavenly power.
Thus various interests did their jars increase,
Till Jove arose;—he spoke, their tumults cease.
—Is any reverence to our presence given?
Then why this discord 'mong the powers of heaven?
Who can the settled will of Fate subdue?
'Twas by the fates that Iolaüs knew
A second youth. The fates' determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhoe's race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this power obtain:
Quell your desires; even me the fates restrain.
Could I their will controul, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs;
Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd,
And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd.
Jove's words the synod mov'd; the power give o'er,
And urge in vain unjust complaint no more.
Since Rhadamanthus' veins now slowly flow'd,
And Æacus and Minos bore the load;
Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years;
And now, regarding all his realms as lost,
He durst not force him from his native coast.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And your swift vessel plow'd th' Ægean main;
On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
Which still is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you Cyanëe knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's winding banks she stray'd:
Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

* *Amphiaraus.*
† *Alcmæon.*

The Story of Arachne,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

Pallas, visiting the muses on their hill to see the fountain Hippocrene, is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivaling the nine sisters in song.—This stimulating the goddess to take vengeance on Arachne, the daughter of Idmon, who defied her in her own art, gives rise to the following story.

Pallas, attentive, heard the muses' song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their wrong;
Reflecting thus—A vulgar soul can praise,
My fame let glorious emulation raise:
Swift vengeance shall pursue th' audacious pride
That dares my sacred deity deride:
Revenge the goddess in her breast revolves;
And, straight the bold Arachne's fate resolves;
Her haughty mind to Heaven disdain'd to bend,
And durst with Pallas in her art contend.
No famous town she boasts, or noble name;
But to her skilful hand owes all her fame;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
And thirsty wool in purple juices dy'd;
Her mother, whom the shades of death confine,
Was, like her husband, born of vulgar line.
At small Hypæpe though she did reside,
Yet industry proclaim'd what birth deny'd:
All Lydia to her name due honour pays,
And every city speaks Arachne's praise.
Nymphs of Timolus quit their shady woods,
Nymphs of Pactolus leave their golden floods,
And oft with pleasure round her gazing stand,
Admire her work, and praise her artful hand:
They view'd each motion, with new wonder seiz'd;
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.
Whether raw wool in its first orbs she wound,
Or with swift fingers twirl'd the spindle round;
Whether she pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like streaky clouds the stretching fleece;
Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
'Twas plain from Pallas she deriv'd her art.
But she, unable to sustain her pride,
The very mistress of her art defy'd.—
Pallas obscures her bright celestial grace,
And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.
Her head is scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
Which seems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, embos's'd with livid veins,
On trusty staff her feeble limbs sustains.
She thus accosts the nymph: "Be timely wise,
"Do not the wholesome words of age despise,
"For in the hoary head experience lies:
"On earth contend the greatest name to gain;
"To Pallas yield;—with Heaven you strive in "vain."
Contempt contracts her brow, her passions rise,
Wrath and disdain enflame her rolling eyes:
At once the tangling thread away she throws,
And scarce can curb her threatening hands from blows.

" Worn out with age, and by diſeaſe declin'd,
" (She cries) thy carcaſe has ſurviv'd thy mind;
" Theſe lectures might thy ſervile daughters move,
" And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove:
" My counſel 's from myſelf, my will commands,
" And my firſt reſolution always ſtands:
" Let her contend; or does her fear impart
" That conqueſt waits on my ſuperior art?"
The goddeſs ſtraight throws off her old diſguiſe,
And heavenly beauty ſparkles in her eyes,
A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
And Pallas ſmiles with every wonted grace.
The nymphs ſurpris'd, the Deity adore,
And Lydian dames confeſs her matchleſs power;
The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
Yet a ſwift bluſh her guilty feature ſtains;
In her unwilling cheek the crimſon glows,
And her check'd pride a ſhort confuſion knows.
So when Aurora firſt unveils her eyes,
A purple dawn inveſts the bluſhing ſkies;
But ſoon bright Phœbus gains th' horizon's height,
And gilds the hemiſphere with ſpreading light.
Deſire of conqueſt ſways the giddy maid,
To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd:
The goddeſs with her ſtubborn will comply'd,
And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.
Both take their ſtations, and the piece prepare,
And order every ſlender thread with care.
The web enwraps the beam; the reed divides,
While through the widening ſpace the ſhuttle glides,
Which their ſwift hands receive; then, pois'd with lead, [thread.
The ſwinging weight ſtrikes cloſe th' inſerted
They gird their flowing garments round the waiſt,
And ply their feet and arms with dext'rous haſte.
Here each inweaves the richeſt Tyrian dye,
There fainter ſhades in ſoften'd order lie;
Such various mixtures in the texture ſhine,
Set off the work, and brighten each deſign.
As when the ſun his piercing rays extends, [cends,
When from thin clouds ſome driſling ſhower deſ-
We ſee the ſpacious humid arch appear,
Whoſe tranſient colours paint the ſplendid air:
By ſuch degrees the deepening ſhadows riſe
As pleaſingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
And though the ſame th' adjoining colour ſeems,
Yet hues of different natures dye th' extremes.
Here heightening gold they 'midſt the woof diſpoſe,
And in the web this antique ſtory roſe.
Pallas the lofty mount of Mars deſigns,
Celeſtial judgment guides th' unerring lines;
Here, in juſt view, th' Athenian ſtructures ſtand,
And there the gods contend to name the land;
Twelves deities ſhe frames with ſtately mien,
And in the midſt ſuperior Jove is ſeen;
A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
The figures in the picture ſeem to live.
Heaven's thundering monarch ſits with awful grace,
And dread omnipotence imprints his face;
There Neptune ſtood, diſdainfully he frown'd,
And with his trident ſmote the trembling ground;
The parting rocks a ſpacious chaſm diſcloſe,
From whence a fiery, prancing ſteed aroſe;
And on that uſeful gift he founds his claim,
To grace the city with his honour'd name.
See her own figure next with martial air,
A ſhining helmet decks her flowing hair;
Her thoughtful breaſt her well-pois'd ſhield defends,
And her bare arm a glittering ſpear extends,
With which ſhe wounds the plain; from thence aroſe
A ſpreading tree; green olives load the boughs.
The powers her gift behold with wandering eyes,
And to the goddeſs give the rightful prize.
Such mercy checks her wrath, that, to diſſuade
By others fate the too preſumptuous maid,
With miniatures ſhe fills each corner ſpace,
To curb her pride, and ſave her from diſgrace.
Hæmus and Rhodope in this ſhe wrought,
The beauteous colours ſpoke her lively thought!
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the ſacred names of gods aſpir'd;
To mountains chang'd, their lofty heads ariſe,
And loſe their leſſening ſummits in the ſkies.
In that, in all the ſtrength of art was ſeen
The wretched fate of the Pygmæan queen;
Juno, enrag'd, reſents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquiſh'd dame;
In that voracious ſhape ſhe ſtill appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.
In this, Antigone for beauty ſtrove
With the bright conſort of imperial Jove;
Juno, incens'd, her royal power diſplay'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor Ilion's fervent prayer prevails,
But on her lovely ſkin white feathers riſe;
Chang'd to a clamorous ſtork, ſhe mounts the ſkies.
In the remaining orb, the heavenly maid
The tale of childleſs Cynaras diſplay'd;
A ſettled anguiſh in his look appears,
And from his bloodſhot eyes flow ſtreams of tears;
On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown,
He for his daughters claſp'd the poliſh'd ſtone.
And, when he ſought to hold their wonted charms,
The temple's ſteps deceiv'd his eager arms.
Wreathes of green olive round the border twine,
And her own tree encloſes the deſign.
Arachne paints th' amours of mighty Jove,
How in a bull the god diſguis'd his love;
A real bull ſeems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the ſhore:
In fair Europa's face appears ſurpriſe,
To the retreating land ſhe turns her eyes,
And ſeems to call her maids, who wondering ſtood,
And with her tears increas'd the briny flood.
Her trembling feet ſhe by contraction ſaves
From the rude inſult of the riſing waves.
Here amorous Jove diſſolving Læda trod,
And in the vigorous ſwan conceal'd the god.
Love lends him now an eagle's new diſguiſe,
Beneath his fluttering wings Aſteria lies,
Th' enlivening colours here with force expreſs'd
How Jove the fair Antiope careſs'd.
In a ſtrong ſatyr's muſcled form he came,
Inſtilling love tranſports the glowing dame,
And lufty twins reward his nervous flame.

Here how he sooth'd the bright Alcmena's love,
Who for Amphitryon took th' impostor Jove;
And how the god in golden shower allur'd
The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd:
How, in a swain, Mnemosyne he charms;
How lambent flame the fair Ægina warms:
And how with various glittering hues inlaid
In serpent's form Deois he betray'd.
Here you, great Neptune, with a short-liv'd flame
In a young bull enjoy th' Æolian dame.
Then in Enipeus' shape intrigues pursue:
'Tis thus th' Aloids boast descent from you.
Here to Bisaltis was thy love convey'd,
When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.
Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear;
And the dread dame, with hissing serpents hung,
(From whom the Pegasæan courier sprung)
Thee in a snuffling stallion's form enjoy,
Exhaust thy strength, and every nerve employ;
Melantho as a dolphin you betray,
And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea:
Such just proportion graces every part,
Nature herself appears improv'd by art.
Here in disguise was mighty Phœbus seen,
With clownish aspect, and a rustic mien;
Again transform'd, he's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
And now the lion's noble shape assumes;
Now in a shepherd's form, with treacherous smiles
He Macarean Isse's heart beguiles.
Here his plump shape enamour'd Bacchus leaves,
And in the grape Erigone deceives.
There Saturn, in a neighing horse, she wove,
And Chiron's double form rewards his love.
Festoons of flowers, inwove with ivy, shine,
Border the wondrous piece, and round the texture twine.
Not Pallas, nor ev'n spleen itself, could blame
The wondrous work of the Mæonian dame;
With grief her vast success the goddess bore,
And of celestial crimes the story tore.
Her boxen shuttle now, enrag'd, she took,
And thrice the proud Idmonian artist struck:
Th' unhappy maid, to see her labours vain,
Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain:
Around her neck a fatal noose she ty'd,
And sought by sudden death her guilt to hide.
Pallas with pity saw the desperate deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed:
"Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
"Suspended thus to waste thy future time;
"Thy punishment involves thy numerous race,
"Who for thy fault shall share in thy disgrace."
Her incantation magic juices aid,
With sprinkling drops she bath'd the pendent maid,
And thus the charm its noxious power display'd.
Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs,
With these her nose, and next her rising ears.
Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,
The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
Close to her sides her slender fingers clung,
There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung;
Her blotted belly swells to larger size,
Which now with smallest threads her work supplies;
The virgin in the spider still remains;
And in that shape her former art retains.

TALES.

AN ANSWER

TO THE SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE OF CHAUCER.

In Imitation of Chaucer's Style.

The Sompner lewdly hath his prologue told,
And saine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
How that in Hell they searchen near and wide,
And ne one Freer in all thilke place espyde:
But lo! the devil turn'd his erse about,
And twenty thousand Freers wend in and out.
By which in Geoffry's rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.
Now listneth lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
A misere that had londs and tenement,
Who taketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which emptye long ystood,
Full deeply sited in a derkning wood;
Murmring a shallow brook runneth along,
Moug the round stones it maken doleful song.
Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms yhaunted been by many a sprite;
The miller avoucheth, and all thereabout,
That they full oft hearen the hellish rout;
Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries straines;
At midnight some the heedless horse ymeet,
And some espien a corse in a white sheet,
And oother things, saye, elfin, and elfe,
And shapes that fear createn to itselfe.
Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,
Were liven a Freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerd pass.
This Freer would lye in thilke house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of saintes, and bookes of prayere,
He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
And haspen the door, to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *ave marye* said.
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cros on key-hole of the doore.

Ne was there not a mouſe-hole in-thilke place,
But he ycroſſed hath by God his grace:
He croſſed hath this, and eke he croſſed that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.
Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had juſt ſtricken the twelfth ſoun.
Bethinketh him now what the cauſe had ybeen,
Why many ſprites by mortals have been ſeen.
Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch hath yſed
That Cæſar's ſprite came to Brute his bed;
Of chains that frighten erſt Artemidore,
The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that ſome murdere here been done,
And he mought ſee ſome bloodye ghoſt anone,
Or that ſome orphlines writings here be ſtor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he might ſee no ſprite,
The Abbaye mought buy this houſe cheap outright.
As hem thus thinketh, anone aſleep he lies,
Up ſtarten Sathanas with faucer eyes.
He turned the Freer upon his face downright,
Diſplaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him ſore,
Thou didſt forget to guard thy poſtern-dore.
There is an hole which hath not croſſed been:
Farewell, from whence I came, I creepen in.
Now plain it is ytellen in my verſe,
If devils in hell bear Freers in their erſe,
On earth the devil in Freers doth ydwell;
Were there no Freers, the devil mought keep in hell.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife:
This long have luſty abbots known,
Who ne'er knew ſpouſes—of their own.
What though your houſe be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds complete;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he ſhould every diſh commend;
On Bagſhot-heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Though pureſt wine your cellars boaſt,
Wine worthy of the faireſt toaſt;
Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let's ſee the maid you hir'd.—
Bleſs me! thoſe hands might hold a broom.
Twirl round a mop, and waſh a room:
A bachelor his maid ſhould keep,
Not for that ſervile uſe to ſweep;
Let her his humour underſtand,
And turn to every thing her hand.
Get you a laſs that's young and tight,
Whoſe arms are, like her apron, white.
What though her ſhift be ſeldom ſeen,
Let that, though coarſe, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wriſt your ruffle mend;
Then, if you break a roguiſh jeſt,
Or ſqueeze her hand, or pat her breaſt,
She cries, Oh, dear Sir, don't be naught!
And bluſhes ſpeak her laſt night's fault.
To her your houſehold cares conſide,
Let your keys jingle at her ſide.
A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye;
Ev'n while you chide, you ſmile on Betty.
Diſcharge him then, if he's too ſpruce;
For Betty's for his maſter's uſe.
Will you your amorous fancy baulk,
For fear ſome prudiſh neighbour talk?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid.
Beſides, your wiſer heads will ſay,
That ſhe who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your ſilver ſpoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilfering trade?
For love all Betty's wants ſupplies,
Laces her ſhoes, her mantua dyes,
All her ſtuff-ſuits ſhe flings away,
And wears thread-ſattin every day.
Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire;
When all muſt own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the ſlut,
As well ſhe ſcours or ſcrubs a floor,
And ſtill is good for ſomething more?
Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a prieſt, of conſcience nice,
To quell his luſt for neighbour's ſpouſe,
Keep fornication in his houſe.
But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counſel, curſe my ryhme.
Be ſatisfy'd: I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins—Of yore
There dwelt at Blois a prieſt full fair,
With rolling eye and criſped hair;
His chin hung low, his brow was ſleek,
Plenty lay baſking on his cheek;
Whole days at cloyſter-grates he ſate,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the nuns lamented
That double bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confeſt,
With downcaſt eye, and heaving breaſt;
He ſtroak'd her cheek to ſtill her fear,
And talk'd of ſins *en cavalier*;
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At every jovial goſſip's feaſt
Pere Bernard was a welcome gueſt;
Mirth ſuffer'd not the leaſt reſtraint,
He could at will ſhake off the ſaint;
Nor frown'd he when they freely ſpoke,
But ſhook his ſides, and took the joke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jeſt,
And ſhar'd the ſins which they confeſt.
Yet, that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for every ſocial duty;
He meddled with no houſehold cares,
To her conſign'd his whole affairs:
She of his ſtudy kept the keys,
For he was ſtudious—of his eaſe:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage every cheſt and box.
Her honeſty ſuch credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was reſtrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly ſhow,
Lin'd with full hogſheads all a-row.
One veſſel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the reſt he lov'd;
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas ſet aſide,
To all but choiceſt friends deny'd.
He now and then would ſend a quart,
To warm ſome wife's retentive heart,
Againſt confeſſion's ſullen hour:
Wine has all ſecrets in its power.
At common feaſts it had been waſte,
Nor was it fit for layman's taſte.
If monk or friar were his gueſt,
They drank it; for they know the beſt.
Nay, he at length ſo fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.
Who ſhall recount his civil labours,
In pious viſits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak huſbands went aſtray,
He gueſs'd their wives were in the way:
'Twas then his charity was ſhown,
He choſe to ſee them when alone.
Now was he bent on cuckuldom:
He knew friend Dennis was from home:
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a huſband's duty)
Had often told him at confeſſion,
How hard ſhe ſtruggled 'gainſt tranſgreſſion,
He now reſolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue ſtood.
He knew that wine (to love beſt aid)
Has oft made bold the ſhame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd up at Smith's or Needham's.
A mighty bottle ſtrait he choſe,
Such as might give two friars their doſe.
Nannette he call'd: the cellar door
She ſtraight unlocks, deſcends before;
He follow'd cloſe. But when he ſpies
His favourite caſk; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
Heigh-day! my darling wine aſtoop!
It muſt alas! have ſprung a hoop.
That there's a leak is paſt all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid)—I'll find it out.
She ſets the candle down in haſte,
Tucks her white apron round her waiſt.
The hogſhead's mouldy ſide aſcends;
She ſtraddles wide, and downward bends:
So low ſhe ſtoops to ſeek the flaw,
Her coats roſe up, her maſter ſaw—
I ſee—he cries—(then claſpt her faſt)
The leak through which my wine has paſt.
Then all in haſte the maid deſcended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.
Ere ſi ice this time, all luſty friars
(Warm'd with predominant deſires,
Whene'er the fleſh with ſpirit quarrels)
Look on the ſex as leaky barrels.
Beware of theſe, ye jealous ſpouſes!
From ſuch like coopers guard your houſes;
For, if they find not work at home,
For jobs through all the town they roam,

THE EQUIVOCATION.

An abbot rich (whoſe taſte was good
Alike in ſcience and in food)
His biſhop had reſolv'd to treat;
The biſhop came, the biſhop eat.
'Twas ſilence, till their ſtomachs fail'd;
And now at heretics they rail'd.
What hereſy (the prelate ſaid)
Is in that church where prieſts may wed!
Do not we take the church for life?
But thoſe divorce her for a wife;
Like laymen, keep her in their houſes,
And own the children of their ſpouſes.
Vile practiſes! the abbot cry'd,
For pious uſe we're ſet aſide!
Shall we take wives? Marriage at beſt
Is but carnality profeſt!
Now, as the biſhop took his glaſs,
He ſpy'd our abbot's buxom laſs,
Who croſs'd the room; he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulſe beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the prelate cries)
A maid ſo young! for ſhame, be wiſe.
Theſe indiſcretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues, to give us ſcandal.
For your vow's ſake, this rule I give t' ye;
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte precept well obſerv'd:
That laſs full twenty-five has told;
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids have fifty paſt.
The prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his lordſhip did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers,
Firſt mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

Sceptics (whoſe ſtrength of argument makes
out,
That wiſdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this aſſertion poſitive and clear,
That ſprites are poor deluſions, rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghoſt, which in preſaging ſound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary ſhade,
Theſe ever-doubting diſputants perſuade.
Straight they with ſmiles reply, thoſe tales of old
By viſionary prieſts were made and told.
Oh, might ſome ghoſt at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your ſneers my eaſy faith accuſe,
Which with ſuch idle legends ſcares the muſe:
But think not that I tell thoſe vulgar ſprites,
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights,
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How heedleſs horſes drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghoſts, by faucer eye-balls known,
The common ſpectres of each country-town.
No, I ſuch fables can like you deſpiſe,
And laugh to hear theſe nurſe-invented lies.
Yet has not oft the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to reſtore an orphan's right?

And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murderer's steps attend?
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A traveller took his solitary way,
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gathering darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heaven discharges all its watery stores.
The wandering traveller shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near.
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and, as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame
That trembled through the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies.
Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands:
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.
What, not a garret, and no straw to spare?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the servant's right,
Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
The count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learn'd the weary stranger's fate.
Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest;
Our haunted room was ever held the best;
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb;
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall:
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid, [laid
The watch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door:
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo! the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood.
Then, silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then muttering hasty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud—say, whence and who thou art?
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!
See, still the planks the bloody mark retain.
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest:
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And when beneath these boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in some sacred ground. [bed.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from
And boldly follows where the phantom led:
The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they pass, [grass.
Now through wet meads their steps imprint the
At length amidst a spacious field they came:
There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
Amaz'd he stood, no bush or brier was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground.
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
But a short vision and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes: but, for a garter, finds a rope.

THE MAD-DOG.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,
Had worn her velvet-cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
And, when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None sung, or smote their breast so loud:
Pale penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace,

Her mass book was completely lin'd
With painted saints of various kind:
But when in every page she view'd
Fine ladies who the flesh subdu'd,
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cry'd—such wonders are no more!
She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression;
But every week set all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with heaven.
Behold her now in humble guise,
Upon her knees with down-cast eyes
Before the priest: she thus begins,
"And, sobbing, blubbers forth her sins:
"Who could that tempting man resist;
"My virtue languish'd as he kiss'd;
"I strove—till I could strive no longer:
"How can the weak subdue the stronger?"
The father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench:
The judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.
And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft to tell her beads;
Shows her what saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts, to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips, perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past;
And, on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.
Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same.
The priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.
But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.
Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out.
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes:
"What now, my child?" the father cries.
"Again!" says she.—With threatening looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes:
"Madam, I grant there's something in it,
"That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
"But pray now tell me what are whores,
"But women of unguarded hours?
"Then you must sure have lost all shame.
"What! every day, and still the same,
"And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
"A woman to one sin confin'd!
"Pride is this day her darling passion,
"The next day slander is in fashion;
"Gaming succeeds; if fortune crosses,
"Then virtue's mortgaged for her losses;
"By use her favourite vice she loathes,
"And loves new follies like new clothes:
"But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
"Have all sin center'd near your waist!
"Whence is this appetite so strong?
"Say, madam, did your mother long?
"Or is it luxury and high diet
"That won't let virtue sleep in quiet?"
She tells him now, with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice;
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.
That she a favourite lap-dog had,
Which (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.
The priest reply'd, with zealous fury,
"You should have fought the means to cure ye.
"Doctors by various ways, we find,
"Treat these distempers of the mind.
"Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
"To her who raves with scornful pride;
"And, if religion crack her notions,
"Lock up her volumes of devotions;
"But, if for man her rage prevail,
"Bar her the sight of creatures male.
"Or else, to cure such venom'd bites,
"And set the shatter'd thoughts aright;
"They send you to the ocean's shore,
"And plunge the patient o'er and o'er."
The dame reply'd, "Alas! in vain
"My kindred forc'd me to the main;
"Naked, and in the face of day:
"Look not, ye fishermen, this way!
"What virgin had not done as I did?
"My modest hand, by nature guided,
"Debarr'd at once from human eyes
"The seat where female honour lies;
"And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
"I still secur'd the post below,
"And guarded it with grasp so fast
"Not one drop through my fingers past.
"Thus owe I to my bashful care,
"That all the rage is settled there."
Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, reader, canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad—save you and me,
Do not the statesman, sop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they're bit?
And, when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part still kept above the tide?
Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save:
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive:
Or, more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.
Plunge in a courtier; straight his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears.
And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the slanderer's whispering voice;
He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulsome praise is right.
All women dread a watery death:
They shut their lips, to hold their breath;

And, though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one felt drop e'er wets their tongue:
'Tis hence they ſcandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies ſtill.

THE QUIDNUNKI'S:

Occaſioned by the Death of the Duke Regent of France.

How vain are mortal man's endeavours?
(Said, at Dame Elliot's *, Maſter Travers)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh, may all ſtateſmen die prepar'd!
I do foreſee (and for foreſeeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be diſbanded.
—I wiſh the king were ſafely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land;
All France and England at a ſtand!
There's Merowcis—mark! ſtrange work!
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk;
The Pope—an Indian merchant by,
Cut ſhort the ſpeech with this reply:
" All at a ſtand? You ſee great changes?
" Ah, Sir! you never ſaw the Ganges.
" There dwell the nations of Quidnunki's
" (So Monomotapa calls monkies):
" On their bank, from bough to bough,
" They meet and chat (as we may now).
" Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
" They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
" And, juſt as chance or whim provoke them,
" They either bite their friends, or ſtroke them.
" There have I ſeen ſome active prig,
" To ſhow his parts, beſtride a twig:
" Lord! how the chattering tribe admire,
" Not that he's wiſer, but he's higher:
" All long to try the venturous thing
" (For power is but to have one's ſwing);
" From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
" And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
" Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
" Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
" Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
" Never, ah never, to return!
" Zounds! what a fall had our dear brother;
" Morbleu! cries one; and Damme! t' other.
" The nations give a general ſcreech;
" None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
" Each trembles for the public weal,
" And for a while forgets to ſteal.
" A while, all eyes, intent and ſteady,
" Purſue him, whirling down the eddy.
" But, out of mind when out of view,
" Some other mounts the twig anew;
" And buſineſs, on each monkey-ſhore,
" Runs the ſame track it went before."

* *A coffee-houſe near St. James's.*

FABLES. IN TWO PARTS.

" Shall not my fables cenſure vice,
" Becauſe a knave is over-nice?—
" If I laſh vice in general fiction,
" Is't I apply, or ſelf-conviction?
" Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
" If men in morals are the ſame?
" I no man call or ape or aſs;
" 'Tis his own conſcience holds the glaſs.
" Thus void of all offence I write:
" Who claims the fable, knows his right."

Prologue to the Shepherd's Week.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

PART I.

The Shepherd and the Philoſopher.

Remote from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The ſhepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,

Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners, weigh'd?
The ſhepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry:
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I took my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule,
I never, with important air,
In converſation overbear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent-kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And, from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.

Accept, young prince! the moral lay,
And in theſe Tales mankind ſurvey;
With early virtues plant your breaſt,
The ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.
Princes, like beauties from their youth
Are ſtrangers to the voice of truth.
Learn to contemn all praiſe betimes,
For flattery's the nurſe of crimes:
Friendſhip by ſweet reproof is ſhown
(A virtue never near a throne):
In courts ſuch freedom muſt offend;
There none preſumes to be a friend.
To thoſe of your exalted ſtation,
Each courtier is a dedication.
Muſt I, too flatter like the reſt,
And turn my morals to a jeſt?
The muſe diſdains to ſteal from thoſe
Who thrive in courts by fulſome proſe.
But ſhall I hide your real praiſe,
Or tell you what a nation ſays?
They in your infant boſom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind,
Diſcern you generous, mild, and kind:
They ſee you grieve to hear diſtreſs,
And pant already to redreſs.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we juſtly may preſage
The virtues of a riper age
True courage ſhall your boſom fire,
And future actions own your ſire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to ſave.
A tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a traveller in the way;
The proſtrate game a lion ſpies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar reſounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, diſtil with blood;
Till, vanquiſh'd by the lion's ſtrength,
The ſpotted foe extends his length,
The man beſought the ſhaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the generous hero gave,
Together walking to his cave,
The lion thus beſpoke his gueſt:
"What hardy beaſt ſhall dare conteſt
"My matchleſs ſtrength? You ſaw the fight,
"And muſt atteſt my power and right.
"Forc'd to forego their native home,
"My ſtarving ſlaves at diſtance roam.
"Within theſe woods I reign alone;
"The boundleſs foreſt is my own.
"Bears, wolves, and all the ſavage brood,
"Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
"Theſe carcaſes on either hand,
"Thoſe bones that whiten all the land,
"My former deeds and triumphs tell,
"Beneath theſe jaws what numbers fell."
"True," ſays the man, "the ſtrength I ſaw
"Might well the brutal nation awe;
"But ſhall a monarch, brave, like you,
"Place glory in ſo falſe a view?
"Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
"Be lov'd; let juſtice bound your might.
"Mean are ambitious heroes' boaſts
"Of waſted lands and ſlaughter'd hoſts.

" Pirates their power by murders gain;
" Wife kings by love and mercy reign.
" To me your clemency hath fhown
" The virtue worthy of a throne.
" Heaven gives you power above the reft,
" Like heaven, to fuccour the diftreft."
" The cafe is plain," the monarch faid;
" Falfe glory hath my youth mifled;
" For beafts of prey, a fervile train,
" Have been the flatterers of my reign.
" You reafon well. Yet tell me, friend,
" Did ever you in courts attend?
" For all my fawning rogues agree,
" That human heroes rule like me."

FABLE II.

The Spaniel and the Cameleon.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to difobey command,
In pamper'd eafe his hours were fpent;
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, fo pert, fo fmart,
Were fure to win his lady's heart;
Each little mifchief gain'd him praife;
How pretty were his fawning ways!
The wind was fouth, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round;
And rolls upon the fofteft ground;
When near him a cameleon feen,
Was fcarce diftinguifh'd from the green.
" Dear emblem of the flattering hoft,
" What, live with clowns! a genius loft!
" To cities and the court repair;
" A fortune cannot fail thee there:
" Preferments fhall thy talents crown;
" Believe, me, friend; I know the town."
" Sir," fays the fycophant, " like you,
" Of old, politer life I knew:
" Like you, a courtier born and bred,
" Kings lean'd their ear to what I faid.
" My whifper always met fuccefs;
" The ladies prais'd me for addrefs.
" I knew to hit each courtier's paffion,
" And flatter'd every vice in fafhion.
" But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
" At once cut fhort my profperous days,
" And, fentenc'd to retain my nature,
" Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
" Doom'd to a life obfcure and mean,
" I wander in the fylvan fcene:
" For Jove the heart alone regards;
" He punifhes what man rewards.
" How different is thy cafe and mine!
" With men at leaft you fup and dine;
" While I, condemn'd to thinneft fare,
" Like thofe I flatter'd, feed on air."

FABLE III.

The Mother, the Nurfe, and the Fairy.

GIVE me a fon. The bleffing fent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half fo fair and wife.
Wak'd to the morning's pleafing care,
The mother rofe, and fought her heir.
She faw the nurfe like one poffeft,
With wringing hands and fobbing breaft.
" Sure fome difafter has befel!
" Speak, nurfe; I hope the boy is well."
" Dear madam, think not me to blame;
Invifibly the fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nofe?
The mother's eyes, as black as floes?
See, here, a fhocking aukward creature,
That fpeaks a fool in every feature!"
" The woman's blind," the mother cries,
" I fee wit fparkle in his eyes."
" Lord! madam, what a fquinting leer!
No doubt the fairy hath been here."
Juft as fhe fpoke, a pigmy fprite
Pops through the key-hole fwift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he ftands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
" Whence fprung this vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools fupply?
What! give our fprightly race away
For the dull helplefs fons of clay!
Befides, by partial fondnefs fhown
Like you, we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And, fhould we change with human breed,
Well might we pafs for fools indeed."

FABLE IV.

The Eagle and the Aſſembly of Animals.

As Jupiter's all-feeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the fky,
From this fmall fpeck of earth were fent
Murmurs and founds of difcontent;
For every thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardeft life fuftain'd.
Jove calls his eagle. At the word,
Before him ftands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.
" Ungrateful creatures! whence arife
Thefe murmurs which offend the fkies?
Why this diforder? fay the cauſe;
For juft are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his difcontent reveal;
To you' four dog I firft appeal."
" Hard is my lot, the hound replies;
On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies!
While I, with weary ftep and flow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning fees my chafe begun,
Nor ends it till the fetting fun."
" When (fays the greyhound) I purfue,
My game is loft, or caught in view;
Beyond my fight the prey's fecure;
The hound is flow, but always fure;

And, had I his ſagacious ſcent,
Jove ne'er had heard my diſcontent."
The lion crav'd the fox's art;
The fox the lion's force and heart:
The cock implor'd the pigeon's flight,
Whoſe wings were rapid, ſtrong, and light:
The pigeon ſtrength of wing deſpis'd,
And the cock's matchleſs valour priz'd.
The fiſhes wiſh'd to graze the plain;
The beaſts, to ſkim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's ſtate,
Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.
The bird of heaven then cry'd aloud:
"Jove bids diſperſe the murmuring crowd;
The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What! ſilent all, and none conſent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the reſtleſs mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind."

FABLE V.

The Wild Boar and the Ram.

AGAINST an elm a ſheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in ſilent fright,
From far beheld the horrid ſight.
A ſavage boar, who near them ſtood,
Thus mock'd to ſcorn the fleecy brood.
"All cowards ſhould be ſerv'd like you.
See, ſee your murderer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He ſtrips the ſkin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd ſires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmleſs lambs,
Call for revenge. O ſtupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is baſe."
"I grant, an ancient ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Inſenſible of every ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill.
Know, thoſe, who violence purſue,
Give to themſelves the vengeance due;
For in theſe maſſacres they find
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind,
Our ſkin ſupplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their ſlumbering ſons to war;
And well revenge may reſt contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented."

FABLE VI.

The Miſer and Plutus.

THE wind was high, the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the miſer wakes;
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt;
By conſcience ſtung, he wildly ſtares,
And thus his guilty ſoul declares:
"Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue's ſold. Good gods! what price
Can recompenſe the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold ſow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's ſword to kill:
'Twas gold inſtructed coward-hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!"
He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him ſtood.
The miſer, trembling, lock'd his cheſt:
The viſion frown'd, and thus addreſs'd:
"Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant?
Did I, baſe wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt;
'Tis avarice, inſolence, and pride,
And every ſhocking vice beſide:
But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the dews of heaven:
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
Their crimes on gold ſhall miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay?
Let bravos, then, when blood is ſpilt,
Upbraid the paſſive ſoul with guilt."

FABLE VII.

The Lion, the Fox, and the Geeſe.

A LION, tir'd with ſtate-affairs,
Quite ſick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Reſolv'd (remote from noiſe and ſtrife)
In peace to paſs his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was ſet;
Behold the general council met.
The fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And ſtrive who moſt ſhall condeſcend.
He ſtraight aſſumes a ſolemn grace,
Collects his wiſdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his ſenſe;
Each word hath weight and conſequence,
The flatterer all his art diſplays:
He who hath power is ſure of praiſe.

A fox ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the ſervile throng addreſt:
"How vaſt his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honeſt ſchool!
What clemency his temper ſways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine ſhall ceaſe to waſte the land.
His brain hath ſtratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What bleſſings muſt attend the nation
Under this good adminiſtration."
He ſaid. A gooſe who diſtant ſtood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me ſhun his worthy friend.
What praiſe! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a fox who ſpoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wiſe;
If they enjoy the ſweets, 'tis plain
We geeſe muſt feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now ſhall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taſte, and ſeem polite,
Will feed on geeſe both noon and night!"

FABLE VIII.

The Lady and the Waſp.

What whiſpers muſt the beauty bear!
What hourly nonſenſe haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes diſpenſe their charms,
Impertinence around her ſwarms.
Did not the tender nonſenſe ſtrike,
Contempt and ſcorn might look diſlike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The ſlighteſt flap a fly can chaſe:
But who can drive the numerous breed?
Chaſe one, another will ſucceed.
Who knows a fool, muſt know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague ſhe's rightly curſt.
Becauſe ſhe liſten'd to the firſt.
As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was penſive, now was gay,
And lull'd the ſultry hours away.
As thus in indolence ſhe lies,
A giddy waſp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aſpires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulſe he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and ſipt the dew.
She frowns; ſhe frets. "Good gods! ſhe cries,
Protect me from theſe teazing flies!
Of all the plagues that heaven hath ſent,
A waſp is moſt impertinent."
The hovering inſect thus complain'd:
"Am I then ſlighted, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd?
Can ſuch offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold miſtake.
Thoſe cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek ſo ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with ſtrong deſire purſue
The faireſt peach that ever grew."
"Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder waſps like vulgar flies!
For though he's free (to do him right),
The creature's civil and polite."
In ecſtaſies away he poſts;
Where'er he came, the favour boaſts;
Brags how her ſweeteſt tea he ſips,
And ſhows the ſugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of ſucceſs away they flew:
They ſhare the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy muſic play:
And now they flutter, now they reſt,
Now ſoar again, and ſkim her breaſt.
Nor were they baniſh'd, till ſhe found
That waſps have ſtings, and felt the wound.

FABLE IX.

The Bull and the Maſtiff.

Seek you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care employ;
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and ſcope;
On theſe depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A maſtiff paſs'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire.
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirſt of blood.
Spurning the ground, the monarch ſtood,
And roar'd aloud: "Suſpend the fight;
In a whole ſkin go ſleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice, that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſprings
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings."
The ſurly maſtiff thus returns:
"Within my boſom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets ſing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's ſpirit-ſtirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed."
"Curs'd dog, the bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirſt of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whoſe hands with cruelty are ſtain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Muſt, like thy tutor, blood purſue.
Take, then, thy fate." With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the ſprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

FABLE X.

The Elephant and the Bookſeller

The man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown ſeas to unknown ſoils;

With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you
I grant are strange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those, who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read?
As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,
Not like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were every beast and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd;
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit:
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:
"Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd:
But, let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the power of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatterer nature made!
Go, man! the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtiers' tricks and lawyers' arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood.
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay."
The bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus address'd with bow profound:
"Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam;
No man is better pay than I am.
Or, since you 're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity."
When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the elephant, you' re drunk:
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are game cocks to one another."

FABLE XI.

The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Goose.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the heavens' o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
"Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We turkeys have the whiter skin!"
From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing goose:
"What hideous legs! what filthy claws;
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squaling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."
"True. Those are faults, the peacock cries;
My scream, my shanks, you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain.
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The turkey or the goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.
Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of love.
Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amid their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,

Addreſs'd the god: "Thou purblind chit,
Of aukward and ill-judging wit.
If matches are not better made,
At once I muſt forſwear my trade.
You ſend me ſuch ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a ſhame to ſell them yokes.
They ſquabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The huſband's ſullen, dogged, ſhy,
The wife grows flippant in reply:
He loves command and due reſtriction;
And ſhe as well likes contradiction:
She never ſlaviſhly ſubmits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, ſhe th' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cauſe.
Nothing can ſave him but divorce;
And here the wife complains of courſe."
"When, ſays the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly ſpend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For ſettlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witneſs to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."
Plutus appear'd, and ſaid, "Tis true,
In marriage, gold is all their view;
They ſeek not beauty, wit, or ſenſe,
And love is ſeldom the pretence.
All offer incenſe at my ſhrine,
And I alone the bargain ſign.
How can Belinda blame her fate
She only aſk'd a great eſtate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord muſt give her title too:
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune aſks, and aſks no more."
Avarice, whatever ſhape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

The tame Stag.

As a young ſtag the thicket paſt,
The branches held his antlers faſt.
A clown who ſaw the captive hung,
Acroſs the horns his halter flung.
Now ſafely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the preſent to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
The ſtag was brought before his wife.
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How ſleek's the ſkin! how ſpeck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was ſo charming!
At firſt within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And diſtant awe, preſumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He ſteals my little maſter's bread
Follows the ſervants to be fed;
Nearer and nearer now he ſtands,
To feel the praiſe of patting hands;
Examines every fiſt for meat,
And, though repuls'd, diſdains retreat;
Attacks again with level'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, ſcorns.
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When firſt a redcoat is in ſight;
Behind the door ſhe hides her face,
Next time at diſtance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrors ſtand,
Nor from his ſqueeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every ſoldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent ſhe ſpreads her flame;
For cuſtom conquers fear and ſhame.

FABLE XIV.

The Monkey who had ſeen the World.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes;
For men in diſtant regions roam,
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune ſerves to make us wiſe.
At length the treacherous ſnare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to town convey'd;
There ſold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In viſits too, his parts and wit,
When jeſts grew dull, were ſure to hit.
Proud with applauſe he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey-weal;
So watch'd occaſion, broke his chain,
And ſought his native woods again.
The hairy ſylvans round him preſs,
Aſtoniſh'd at his ſtrut and dreſs.
Some praiſe his ſleeve, and others glote
Upon his lich embroider'd coat,
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary froſts, or fleecy ſnow;
But all, with envy and deſire,
His fluttering ſhoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wiſe.
Weigh your own worth; ſupport your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I paſs'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dreſs, their courtly manners ſee;
Reform your ſtate, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flattery deal;
Your ſcorn, your hate, with that conceal,

Seem only to regard your friends,
But uſe them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Pend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit,
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents ſhall commend.
I knew the great. Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow, like man, polite.
He ſpoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applauſe.
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And, ſond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

The Philoſopher and the Pheaſants.

The ſage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep foreſt took his way;
Drawn by the muſic of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the ſweet alternate notes:
But, where he paſt, he terror threw,
The ſong broke ſhort, the warblers flew;
The thruſhes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his ſight:
All animals before him ran,
To ſhun the hateful ſight of man.
Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature!
As thus he walk'd in muſing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious ſtep he nearer drew,
By the thick ſhade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a pheaſant ſtood,
Around her all her liſtening brood;
Proud of the bleſſings of her neſt,
She thus a mother's care expreſs'd.
"No dangers here ſhall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture truſt
Than man, of animals the worſt.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The ſheep whoſe annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and ſerve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel ſhambles ſlain.
The ſwarms who with induſtrious ſkill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole ſummer-days employ'd,
Their ſtores are ſold, the race deſtroy'd.
What tribute from the gooſe is paid!
Does not her wing all ſcience aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raiſe the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general uſe?
He takes the quills, and eats the gooſe.
Man then avoid, deteſt his ways,
So ſafety ſhall prolong your days.
When ſervices are thus acquitted,
Be ſure we pheaſants muſt be ſpitted."

FABLE XIV.

The Pin and the Needle.

A pin who long had ſerv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her ſleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a ſmarter air,
Now neareſt to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her mantua's tail diſgrac'd:
But could ſhe partial fortune blame,
Who ſaw her lovers ſerv'd the ſame?
At length from all her honours caſt,
Through various turns of life ſhe paſt;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miſer's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She viſits in the doctor's coach:
Here, there, by various fortune toſt,
At laſt in Greſham hall was loſt.
Charm'd with the wonders of the ſhow,
On every ſide, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What leaſt was underſtood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing ſo ſtruck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoſo kind.
"And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?"
"A needle," ſays th' interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Addreſs'd her as a tailor's tool.
"A needle with that filthy ſtone,
Quite idle, all with ruſt o'ergrown;
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the ſempſtreſs in her arts;
But tell me how the friendſhip grew
Between that paltry flint and you."
"Friend, ſays the needle, ceaſe to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'ſt thou the loadſtone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake:
Who then can ſuch a friend forſake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To ſhun the rocks and treacherous ſand:
By me the diſtant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
Of no more conſequence than you."

FABLE XVII.

The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.

A wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;

Deep in the wood ſecure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the ſhepherd's wakeful care
Had ſpread the toils, and watch'd the ſnare;
In vain the dog purſued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chaſe.
As Lightfoot rang'd the foreſt round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
Let us a while the war ſuſpend,
And reaſon as from friend to friend.
" A truce?" replies the wolf. 'Tis done.
The dog the parley thus begun.
" How can that ſtrong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceleſs kind?
Thoſe jaws ſhould prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar and lion's blood.
Great ſouls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmleſs is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy ſpare."
" Friend, ſays the wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature deſign'd us beaſts of prey;
As ſuch, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis neceſſary wolves ſhould eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy boſom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beſeech;
To him repeat the moving ſpeech:
A wolf eats ſheep but now and then,
Ten thouſands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curſe,
But a pretended friend is worſe."

FABLE XVIII.

The Painter who pleaſed nobody and every body.

Lest men ſuſpect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er thoſe bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.
But flattery never ſeems abſurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impoſſibilities ſeem juſt;
They take the ſtrongeſt praiſe on truſt.
Hyperboles, though ne'er ſo great,
Will ſtill come ſhort of ſelf-conceit.
So very like a painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew,
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So juſt, the life itſelf was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom reſtor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muſcle all its ſtrength;
The mouth, the chin, the noſe's length;
His honeſt pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He loſt his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth ſhould not always be reveal'd:
In duſty piles his pictures lay,
For no one ſent the ſecond pay.
Two buſtos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; reſolv'd to pleaſe,
Whoever ſat he drew from theſe,
From theſe corrected every feature,
And ſpirited each aukward creature.
All things were ſet; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.
My lord appear'd; and ſeated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he ſketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Thoſe eyes, my lord, the ſpirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with ſenſe and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you ſhall view
As much as paint and art can do."
Obſerve the work. My Lord replied,
" Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Beſides, my noſe is ſomewhat long:
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
" Oh! pardon me, the artiſt cry'd;
In this we painters muſt decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes muſt ſtrike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glaſs ſeem'd half ſo true.
A lady came with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age ſome charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almoſt content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His cuſtom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeneſs ſhown,
Would any man the picture own?
But, when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeneſs in his thought.

FABLE XIX.

The Lion and the Cub.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and baſe!
Theſe cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from ſuperior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And loſe their hours in ale and ſmoke.
There o'er ſome petty club preſide;
So poor, ſo paltry, is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will ſit,
In hopes to be ſupreme in wit.
If theſe can read, to theſe I write,
To ſet their worth in trueſt light.
A lion cub, of ſordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applauſe he ſought the feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble beaſts;
With aſſes all his time he ſpent,
Their clubs perpetual preſident.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An aſs in every thing but ears!

If e'er his Highneſs meant a joke,
They grinn'd applauſe before he ſpoke;
But at each word what ſhouts of praiſe!
Good gods! how natural he brays!
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He ſeeks his royal ſire's retreat;
Forward and fond to ſhow his parts,
His Highneſs brays; the lion ſtarts.
"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converſation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noiſy race,
Are trumpets of their own diſgrace."
"Why ſo ſevere? the cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe."
"How weak is pride: returns the ſire:
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what ſtupid aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe."

FABLE XX.

The Old Hen and the Cock.

RESTRAIN your child; you'll ſoon believe
The text which ſays we ſprung from Eve.
As an old hen led forth her train,
And ſeem'd to peck to ſhow the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, ſhe ſcratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the ſpacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin ſprings,
And prone ſhe drops. The mother's breaſt
All day with ſorrow was poſſeſt.
A cock ſhe met; her ſon ſhe knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
"My ſon, ſays ſhe, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I ſee you vigorous, ſtrong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is ſure perdition to our race.
Print this my counſel on thy breaſt:
To the juſt gods I leave the reſt."
He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His boſom burn'd to diſobey,
And every time the well he ſaw,
Scorn'd in his heart the fooliſh law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.
"Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears deſpiſe.
Or did ſhe doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave:
Or does her harveſt ſtore the place
A treaſure for her younger race?
And would ſhe thus my ſearch prevent?
I ſtand reſolv'd, and dare th' event."
Thus ſaid, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He ſtretch'd his neck; and from below
With ſtretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears.
Threat anſwer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But, when the watery death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:
"I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition."

FABLE XXI.

The Rat-catcher and Cats.

THE rats by night ſuch miſchief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
They undermin'd whole ſides of bacon,
Her cheeſe was ſapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her paſties, fenc'd with thickeſt paſte,
Were all demoliſh'd and laid waſte:
She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
Who left her foes a conſtant booty.
An engineer, of noted ſkill,
Engag'd to ſtop the growing ill.
From room to room he now ſurveys
Their haunts, their works, their ſecret ways;
Finds where they 'ſcape an ambuſcade,
And whence the nightly ſally's made.
An envious Cat from place to place,
Unſeen, attends his ſilent pace:
She ſaw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race muſt be undone;
So ſecretly removes his baits,
And every ſtratagem defeats.
Again he ſets the poiſon'd toils;
And Puſs again the labour foils.
"What foe (to fruſtrate my deſigns)
My ſchemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd, he cries, this very hour
The wretch ſhall bleed beneath my power."
So ſaid, a ponderous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puſs was caught.
"Smuggler, ſays he, thou ſhalt be made
A victim to our loſs of trade."
The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom ſues.
"A ſiſter of the ſcience ſpare;
One intereſt is our common care."
"What inſolence! the Man reply'd;
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguiſh'd, or expell'd the land.
We Rat-catchers might raiſe our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheeſe!"
A Cat, who ſaw the lifted knife,
Thus ſpoke, and ſav'd her ſiſter's life.
"In every age and clime we ſee,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching:
'Squire ſtigmatizes 'ſquire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And ſcandal pelts each others charms;
Kings, too, their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own:
But let us limit our deſires,
Not war like beauties, kings, and 'ſquires;
For though we both one prey purſue,
There's game enough for us and you."

FABLE XXII.

The Goat without a Beard.

'Tis certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkies, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs,
I say that these are proud: what then?
I never said they equal men.
A Goat (as vain as goat can be)
Affected singularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowzy beard, he cries,
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they lothe this reverend figure."
Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art:
His pole with pewter-basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags to look like blood;
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.
"I hope your custom, Sir, says Pug,
Sure never face was half so snug!"
The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws.
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.
"Heigh-day! what's here? without a beard!
Say, Brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"
"Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,"
Replies a bearded chief. "Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!"
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

FABLE XXIII.

The Old Woman and her Cats.

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Ravag'd a partner in the trade.
The matron, who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And, if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sat hovering, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a numerous brood
Of cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd,
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd. "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horse shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard);
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat."
"To hear you prate, would vex a saint;
Who hath most reason of complaint?"
Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beasts of chase.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because 'tis said your cats have nine."

FABLE XXIV.

The Butterfly and the Snail.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn
A butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardner cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?

Were they to feaſt his taſte deſign'd,
That vermin of voracious kind!
Cruſh then the flow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from diſgrace."
"What arrogance! the ſnail reply'd;
How inſolent is upſtart pride!
Hadſt thou not thus, with inſult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the ſcum of earth:
Or ſcarce nine ſuns have wak'd the hours,
To ſwell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Ere I thy humbler life ſurvey'd,
In baſe, in ſordid guiſe array'd;
A hideous inſect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a ſlow and noiſome train;
And from your ſpider bowels drew
Foul film, and ſpun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and ſnail ſhall end.
And what's a butterfly? at beſt
He's but a caterpillar dreſt;
And all thy race (a numerous ſeed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

FABLE XXV.

The Scold and the Parrot.

The huſband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in ſlander, lives in ſtrife.
Art thou the herald of diſgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race;
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which ſpares nor friend, nor ſex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual diſcord ſowing:
Like fame, it gathers ſtrength by going."
"Heigh-day!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How ſolemn is the fool! how wiſe!
Is nature's choiceſt gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praiſe his talk, his ſqualling ſong;
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, huſſy, drunkard, ſlattern, whore;
On all the ſex ſhe vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
All join their forces to confound her,
Puſs ſpits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels aſſaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outſcream'd her rage.
"A parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are deſpis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, madam, when you ſtretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One ſlander muſt ten thouſand get;
The world with intereſt pays the debt."

FABLE XXVI.

The Cur and the Maſtiff.

A sneaking cur, the maſter's ſpy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With ſecret jealouſies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puſs to-day was in diſgrace,
Another cat ſupply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the maſtiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his deareſt friend grew ſhy,
And none could tell the reaſon why.
A plan to rob the houſe was laid:
The thief with love ſeduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the cur, and ſtroak'd his head,
And bought his ſecrecy with bread;
He next the maſtiff's honour try'd,
Whoſe honeſt jaws the bribe deſy'd;
He ſtretch'd his hand to proffer more:
The ſurly dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the cur; with indignation
The maſter took his information.
"Hang him, the villain's curs'd," he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The dog his humble ſuit preferr'd,
And beg'd in juſtice to be heard.
The maſter ſate. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting ſtand;
The cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
"Judge not unheard (the maſtiff cry'd),
But weigh the cauſe of either ſide.
Think not that treachery can be juſt;
Take not informers' words on truſt;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."
He ſpoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The cur was hang'd, the maſtiff clear'd.

FABLE XXVII.

The Sick Man and the Angel.

"Is there no hope?" the ſick man ſaid.
The ſilent doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the man, with gaſping breath;
"I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion:
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands

Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need;
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply ſhown."
An angel came. "Ah, friend! (he cry'd).
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere:
This inſtant give a hundred pound:
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why ſuch haſte, the ſick man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill,
That ſum and more are in my will."
"Fool, ſays the viſion, now 'tis plain
Your life, your ſoul, your Heaven, was gain.
From every ſide, with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſuch haſte?" ſo groan'd and dy'd.

FABLE XXVII.

The Perſian, the Sun, and the Cloud.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whoſe every thought the god inſpires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, ſhe rails, ſhe raves, ſhe pines;
Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The ſervile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curll's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and ſpite:
Thus ſhadow owes its birth to light.
As, proſtrate to the god of day,
With heart devout, a Perſian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
"Parent of light! all-ſeeing ſun!
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praiſe, our daily prayer;
Smile on our fields, and bleſs the year."
A cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.
"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows nor incenſe know?
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow."
With fervent zeal the Perſian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
"It was that god who claims my prayer
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown:
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind,
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd."
The gale aroſe; the vapour toſt
(The ſport of winds) in air was loſt;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

FABLE XXIX.

The Fox at the point of Death.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick, and faint, expiring lay:
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him ſtand,
To learn their dying ſire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
"Ah! Sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, ſee, the murder'd geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding turkeys there;
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken ſlain?"
The hungry foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd.
"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, gooſe, nor hen, is here.
Theſe are the phantoms of your brain;
And your ſons lick their lips in vain."
"O gluttons! ſays the drooping ſire,
Reſtrain inordinate deſire.
Your liquoriſh taſte you ſhall deplore,
When peace of conſcience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns deſtroy our race?
Thieves dread the ſearching eye of power!
And never feel the quiet hour
Old age (which few of us ſhall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happineſs attain,
Let honeſty your paſſions rein;
So live in credit and eſteem,
And the good name you loſt redeem."
"The counſel's good, a fox replies,
Could we perform what you adviſe.
Think what our anceſtors have done;
A line of thieves from ſon to ſon.
To us deſcends the long diſgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmleſs ſheep, ſhould feed,
Honeſt in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-rooſt is decreas'd,
We ſhall be thought to ſhare the feaſt.
The change ſhall never be believ'd.
A loſt good name is ne'er retriev'd."
"Nay, then, replies the feeble fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks)
Go; but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

FABLE XXX.

The ſetting Dog and the Partridge.

The ranging dog the ſtubble tries,
And ſearches every breeze that flies;
The ſcent grows warm: with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men in ſilence, far behind,
Conſcious of game, the net unbind.
A partridge, with experience wiſe,
The fraudful preparation ſpies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey ſprings and ſeeks the wood;
But ere, her certain wings ſhe tries:
Thus, to the creepng ſpaniel cries:
"Thou fawning ſlave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxry, ſneaking cheat,
Of thy whole ſpecies thou diſgrace;
Dogs ſhould diſown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honeſt open hearts;
And, ere they ſerv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."
When thus the dog, with ſcornful ſmile:
"Secure of wing, thou dar'ſt revile.
Clowns are to poliſh'd manners blind;
How ignoraut is the ruſtic mind!
My worth ſagacious courtiers ſee,
And to preferment riſe, like me.
The thriving pimp who beauty ſets,
How oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend ſets his friend, without regard,
And miniſters his ſkill reward.
Thus train'd by man, I learn'd his ways;
And growing favour feaſts my days."
"I might have gueſs'd, the partridge ſaid,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their maſter's vice.
You came from court, you ſay. Adieu!"
She ſaid, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

The univerſal Apparition.

A rake, by every paſſion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Diſeaſe his tainted blood aſſails;
His ſpirits droop, his vigour fails:
With ſecret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he penſive ſits,
And raves, and prays, and ſwears, by fits,
A ghaſtly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him roſe, and thus began:
"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is loſt. Be timely wiſe:
With health all taſte of pleaſure flies."
Thus ſaid, the phantom diſappears.
The wary counſel wak'd his fears:
He now from all exceſs abſtains,
With phyſic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a ſober life,
Reſolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the ſprite aſcends,
Where'er he walks, his ear attends,
Inſinuates that beauty's frail,
That perſeverence muſt prevail;
With jealouſies his brain inflames,
And whiſpers all her lovers names.
In other hours ſhe repreſents
His houſehold charge, his annual rents,
Increaſing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger ſons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirſt of lucre burns.
But, when poſſeſs'd of fortune's ſtore,
The ſpectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and miſery in view,
Bold thieves and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Inſeſt his dream, or wakes his nights.
How ſhall he chaſe this hideous gueſt?
Power may perhaps protect his reſt.
To power he roſe. Again the ſprite
Beſets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of ambition's tottering ſeat,
How envy perſecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what diſgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And ſeeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But care again his ſteps purſues,
Warns him of blaſts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering inſects, ſnails, and rains,
And droughts that ſtarv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the ſpectre's there;
In vain we ſeek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the ghoſt addreſt:
"Since thou muſt be my conſtant gueſt,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, ſhould go before."

FABLE XXXII.

The two Owls and the Sparrow.

Two formal owls together ſat,
Conferring thus in ſolemn chat:
"How is the modern taſte decay'd!
Where's the reſpect to wiſdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian ſages knew;
They gave our ſires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of owls.
Athens, the ſeat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name,
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."
"Brother, you reaſon well, replies
The ſolemn mate with half-ſhut eyes.
Right. Athens was the ſeat of learning,
And truly wiſdom is diſcerning.
Beſides, on Pallas' helm we ſit,
The type and ornament of wit:

But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert ſparrow's more reſpected."
A ſparrow, who was lodg'd beſide,
O'erhears them ſooth each other's pride;
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
"Who meets a fool muſt find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd;
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the ſky,
Except an owl, can tell you why:
From hence they taught their ſchools to know
How falſe we judge by outward ſhow;
That we ſhould never looks eſteem,
Since fools as wiſe as you might ſeem.
Would ye contempt and ſcorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be deſtroy'd;
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Purſue the ways by nature taught:
So ſhall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praiſe your care;
So ſhall ſleek mice your chaſe reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

FABLE XXXIII.

The Courtier and Proteus.

Whenever a courtier's out of place,
The country ſhelters his diſgrace;
Where, doom'd to exerciſe and health,
His houſe and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new ſchemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's ſon, would fain be doing,
And ſighs for other realms to ruin.
As one of theſe (without his wand)
Penſive along the winding ſtrand
Employ'd the ſolitary hour,
In projects to regain his powrr,
The waves in ſpreading circles ran,
Proteus aroſe, and thus began:
"Came you from court? for in your mien
A ſelf-important air is ſeen."
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
"Know, ſays the god, by matchleſs ſkill
I change to every ſhape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you ſee
Thoſe who preſume to rival me"
Thus ſaid: a ſnake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his ſcaly mail.
"Know, ſays the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Baſk in the ſun, and fly the ſtorm;
With malice hiſs, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got luſtre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."
Sudden the god a lion ſtands;
He ſhakes his mane, he ſpurns the ſands.
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare;
A wolf, an aſs, a fox, a bear.
"Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformations might ſurpriſe;
But there, in queſt of daily game,
Each able courtier acts the ſame;
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chaſe.
They play the bear's and foxe's part,
Now rob by force, now ſteal with art.
They ſometimes in the ſenate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beaſts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practiſe the frauds of every ſhape."
So ſaid: upon the god he flies,
In cords the ſtruggling captive ties.
"Now, Proteus! now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confeſs thy art excell'd.
Uſe ſtrength, ſurpriſe, or what you will,
The courtier finds evaſions ſtill;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies."

FABLE XXXIV.

The Maſtiff.

Those who in quarrels interpoſe,
Muſt often wipe a bloody noſe.
A maſtiff, of true Engliſh blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were ſnarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpoſe obtain'd his end.
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The ſcars of honour ſeam'd his face;
In every limb a gaſh appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noiſy war,
Away he ſcours, and lays about him,
Reſolv'd no fray ſhould be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:
"A cudgel ſhall correct your manners:
Whence ſprung this curſed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your ſpite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."
To ſee the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher, vex'd,
Hoarſe-screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd maſtiff cries aloud:
Both Hockleyhole and Marybone
The combats of my dog have known:
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, raſh fool, to ſhare his fame;
Be his the honour, or the ſhame."
Thus ſaid, they ſwore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their faſten'd dogs aſunder;
While clubs and kicks from every ſide
Rebounding from the maſtiff's hide.
All reeking now with ſweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors ſtood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and ſprawl'd below.
He roſe; and limping from the fray,
By both ſides mangled, ſneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

The Barley-mow and the Dunghill.

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street!
Proud rogues, who shared the South-sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.
As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd; and, leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.
A barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd:
"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence;
A thing so mean must give offence."
The humble dunghill thus reply'd:
"Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But up-starts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation."

FABLE XXXVI.

Pythagoras and the Countryman.

Pythagoras rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way,
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmost round
A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?"
The clown, with surly voice replies,
"Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd:
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuse fat the breed."
"Friend, says the sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies:
But, if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite.
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner"
"Hold, cry'd the clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."
"Thus tyrants boast, the sage reply'd,
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain,
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For "Petty rogues submit to fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their state*!"

FABLE XXXVII.

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death apply'd;
Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread:
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!
Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.
Betwixt her swagging panniers' load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.
"That raven on yon left hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd. "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note"
"Dame, quoth the raven, spare your oaths.
Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths,

* *Garth's Dispensary.*

But why on me thoſe curſes thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old ſure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the Hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, ſav'd your eggs."

FABLE XXXVIII.

The Turkey and the Ant.

In other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find;
To our own ſtronger errors blind.
A turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and fought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my birds! the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold the buſy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me, with freedom eat;
An ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envy'd, were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days.
Sometimes with oyſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſavoury chine;
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The turkey ſmokes on every board,
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſeven deadly ſins the worſt."
An ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighbouring beech:
"Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill."

FABLE XXXIX.

The Father and Jupiter.

The man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing;
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent; two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view;
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
"Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my firſt hope, my favourite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aſpire,
Till he the ſtep of power aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a father's bleſs'd."
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines, and dies.
When Jove the father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the god: "By outward ſhow
Men judge of happineſs and woe.
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that poſſeſt,
To Providence reſign the reſt."

FABLE XL.

The two Monkies.

The learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward ſhow deride;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the ſcience:
The Don, a formal ſolemn ſtrutter,
Deſpiſes Monſieur's airs and flutter;
While Monſieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and ſpeaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiſer than the reſt,
Laughs at them both, of both the jeſt.
Is not the poet's chiming cloſe
Cenſur'd by all the ſons of proſe?
While bards of quick imagination
Deſpiſe the ſleepy proſe narration.
Men laugh at apes: they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?
Two monkies went to Southwark fair;
No critics had a ſourer air;
They ſore'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the ſhow,
And got by chance the foremoſt row.
To ſee their grave obſerving face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.
"Brother, ſays Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monſtrouſly ill-bred."
Now through the booth loud hiſſes ran,
Nor ended till the ſhow began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arm ascends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.
With smiles, quoth pug, "If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring;
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
"Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise:
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But, when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

FABLE XLI.

The Owl and the Farmer.

An owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think by fits.
So have I seen a man of news
Or post-boy or gazette peruse,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor:
At dawn of morn to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus expresst:
"Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow, is his sense!
To tread with scorn the bird of night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then, too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind."
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen: know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an owl.
Besides, proud blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train:
Few follow wisdom or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools."

FABLE XLII.

The Jugglers.

A juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers ends.
Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and frown the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.
"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."
Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, "'Tis done;
In science I submit to none."
Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But, when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
"This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.
Next, to a senator addressing,
"See this bank-note: observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows.
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addrest.
"This picture see; her shape, her breast:

What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.
"Can I such matchless sleight withstand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE XLIII.

The Council of Horses.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state,
The council met in grand debate.
A colt whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng address.
"Good gods, how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends! your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heavens! reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.
"When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by heaven assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

The Hound and the Huntsman.

Impertinence at first is borne
With heedless light, or smiles of scorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?
The morning wakes, the huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds;
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase:
Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his bubbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
The huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan:
"I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts."
"When puppies prate, the huntsman cry'd,
They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise;
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."

FABLE XLV.

The Poet and the Rose.

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raiſe their own.
Thus ſcribblers, covetous of praiſe,
Think ſlander can tranſplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praiſes Leſbia's eyes and ſcature,
Muſt call her ſiſter aukward creature;
For the kind flattery's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other nymph diſarm.
As in the cool of early day
A poet ſought the ſweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,
And every ſtalk with odour bends;
A roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus ſinging, as the muſe inſpir'd:
"Go, roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace;
"How happy ſhall I prove,
"Might I ſupply that envy'd place
"With never-fading love!
"There, phœnix like, beneath her eye,
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
"Know, hapleſs flower! that thou ſhalt find
"More fragrant roſes there;
"I ſee thy withering head reclin'd
"With envy and deſpair!
"One common fate we both muſt prove;
"You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your compariſons, reply'd
An angry roſe, who grew beſide.
Of all mankind you ſhould not flout us;
What can a poet do without us?
In every love-ſong roſes bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To ſound her praiſe on our abuſe?
Muſt we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

FABLE XLVI.

The Cur, the Horſe, and the Shepherd's Dog.

The lad of all-ſufficient merit
With modeſty ne'er damps his ſpirit;
Preſuming on his own deſerts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noiſy jokes at random throws,
And pertly ſpatters friend and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own diſgrace:
Too late the forward youth ſhall find
That jokes are ſometimes paid in kind;
Or, if they canker in the breaſt,
He makes a foe who makes a jeſt.
A village cur, of ſnappiſh race,
The perteſt puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was bleſt with muſic's ſweeteſt note;
In the mid road he baſking lay,
The yelping nuiſance of the way;
For not a creature paſs'd along,
But had a ſample of his ſong.
Soon as the trotting ſteed he hears,
He ſtarts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he ſcowers, aſſaults his hoof;
Now near him ſnarls, now barks aloof;
With ſhrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A pad came pacing down the way;
The cur, with never-ceaſing tongue,
Upon the paſſing traveller ſprung.
The horſe, from ſcorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The pad in peace purſu'd his way.
A ſhepherd's dog, who ſaw the deed,
Deteſting the vexatious breed,
Beſpoke him thus: "When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teazing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadſt not like a puppy dy'd."

FABLE XLVII.

The Court of Death.

Death, on a ſolemn night of ſtate,
In all his pomp of terror ſate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diſeaſes dire, a ghaſtly train!
Crowd the vaſt court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our miniſter we name,
Let every ſervant ſpeak his claim;
Merit ſhall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, ſtretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat poſſeſt,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addreſt.
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let thoſe expreſs my fervent zeal;
On every ſlight occaſion near,
With violence I perſevere."
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he ſhifts from place to place;
From head to foot how ſwift he flies,
And every joint and ſinew plies;
Still working when he ſeems ſuppreſt,
A moſt tenacious ſtubborn gueſt.
A haggard ſpectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus aſſerts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the ſweeteſt joy,
And in the ſhape of love deſtroy:
My ſhanks, ſunk eyes, and noſeleſs face,
Prove my pretenſion to the place."
Stone urg'd his over-growing force;
And, next, Conſumption's meagre corſe,
With feeble voice that ſcarce was heard,
Broke with ſhort coughs, his ſuit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, ſecure, though ſlow."
Plague repreſents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All ſpoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation huſh'd the band;
When thus the monarch from the throne:
"Merit was ever modeſt known.
What, no phyſician ſpeak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.

You. Fever, Gout, and all the reſt,
(Whom wary men, as foes, deteſt)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is eſteem'd a friend;
He ſhares their mirth, their ſocial joys,
And as a courted gueſt deſtroys.
The charge on him muſt juſtly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

FABLE XLVIII.

The Gardener and the Hog.

A GARDENER, of peculiar taſte,
On a young hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his maſter's chamber ſnor'd,
Who fondly ſtroak'd him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleaſure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The maſter thus addreſs'd the ſwine:
"My houſe, my garden, all is thine,
On turnips feaſt whene'er you pleaſe,
And riot in my beans and peaſe;
If the potatoe's taſte delights,
Or the red carrot's ſweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours;
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vaſt expence thoſe beds ſupply'd!"
The hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the veſſels foam'd:
He munches now the ſteaming grains,
Now with full ſwill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes ariſe;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then ſtaggering through the garden ſcours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving ſnout he turns the ſoil,
And cools his palate with the ſpoil.
The maſter came, the ruin ſpy'd;
"Villain! ſuſpend thy rage (he cry'd.)
Haſt thou, thou moſt ungrateful ſot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" No more he ſaid,
But gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and hung his head.
The hog with fluttering ſpeech returns:
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips ſtrown,
For I devour'd the roots alone."
At this the gardener's paſſion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The ſtubborn brute the blows ſuſtains,
Aſſaults his leg, and tears the veins.
"Ah, fooliſh ſwain! too late you find
That ſtyes were for ſuch friends deſign'd!"
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on paſt diſgrace:
"Who cheriſhes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly ſoon or late."

FABLE XLIX.

The Man and the Flea.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls ſurvey,
As deſtin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for ſlaves to kings?
When the crab views the pearly ſtrands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden ſands,
Or crawls beſide the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above,
"Nature is too profuſe (ſays he),
Who gave all theſe to pleaſure me!"
When bordering pinks and roſes bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when bluſhes riſe;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend;
The ſnail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, "all theſe were made for me!"
"What dignity's in human nature!"
Says man, the moſt conceited creature,
As from a cliff he caſt his eye,
And view'd the ſea and arched ſky.
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the ſtarry train
Hung the vaſt vault of heaven. The man
His contemplation thus began:
"When I behold this glorious ſhow,
And the wide watery world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year;
And know all theſe by heaven deſign'd
As gifts to pleaſure human-kind;
I cannot raiſe my worth too high;
Of what vaſt conſequence am I!"
"Not of th' importance you ſuppoſe,
Replies a flea upon his noſe.
Be humble, learn thyſelf to ſcan;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that ſwells thy mind.
What, heaven and earth for thee deſign'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important fleas might feed."

FABLE L.

The Hare and Many Friends.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view!
"Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."
The horse reply'd, "Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind."
The goat remark'd "her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
"His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said, he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."
She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
"Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view."

PART II.

Advertisement.

These Fables were finished by Mr. Gay, and intended for the press a short time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of Queensberry. His Grace has accordingly permitted them to the press; and they are here printed from the originals in the author's own hand-writing. We hope they will please equally with his former Fables, though mostly on subjects of a graver and more political turn. They will certainly show him to have been (what he esteemed the best character) a man of a truly honest heart, and a sincere lover of his country.

FABLE I.

The Dog and the Fox.—To a Lawyer.

I know you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the see directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face:
For scepticism's your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.
Hence is the bar with fees supply'd;
Hence eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paltry gleaning,
Could every man express his meaning.
Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engrost.
And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
Read o'er a will. Was't ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For, when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
I bar fallacious *inuendo*.
Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is't I or you then fix the satire?
So, Sir, I beg you, spare your pains
In making comments on my strains.
All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.
Shall not my fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over-nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I lash vice in general fiction,
Is't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men and morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.

Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable, knows his right.
A ſhepherd's dog unſkill'd in ſports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all ſorts;
Among the reſt a fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendſhip grew.
Says Reynard "'Tis a cruel caſe,
That man ſhould ſtigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honeſt men and true.
Thus ſlander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all diſguiſe;
My honour as my life I prize."
By talk like this from all miſtruſt
The dog was cur'd, and thought him juſt.
As on a time the fox held forth
On conſcience, honeſty, and worth,
Sudden he ſtopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his bruſhy tail with fear.
"Bleſs us the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road."
"Hold, ſays the dog, we're ſafe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a falſe alarm.
At yonder town 'tis market day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis ſo (I know her pyebald mare),
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This ſneer
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I ſee.
Pray, what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner!
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."
"Friend, quoth the cur, I meant no harm;
Then why ſo captious? why ſo warm?
My words in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."
At this, gall'd Reynard wince'd, and ſwore
Such language ne'er was given before.
"What's lamb to me? this ſaucy hint
Shows me, baſe knave, which way you ſquint.
If th' other night your maſter loſt
Three lambs, am I to pay the coſt?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lie."
"Thou knave, thou fool! (the dog reply'd)
The name is juſt, take either ſide;
Thy guilt theſe applications ſpeak:
Sirrah, 'tis conſcience makes you ſqueak."
So ſaying, on the fox he flies:
The ſelf-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

Ere I begin, I muſt premiſe,
Our miniſters are good and wiſe;
So, though malicious tongues apply.
Pray what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts, be't known,
I ne'er preſume to mean our own.
If general morals ſeem to joke
On miniſters, and ſuch-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence,
I meddle with no ſtate-affairs,
But ſpare my jeſt to ſave my ears.
Our preſent ſchemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himſelf to ſound:
To cenſure them I 'ave no pretenſion;
I own they're paſt my comprehenſion.
You ſay your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's caſe)
And that he very ſoon intends
To ply the court, and teaze his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whoſe conſtant actions prove him juſt
To both a king's and people's truſt,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his riſe to ſuch a friend!
You praiſe his parts, for buſineſs fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But thoſe alone will never do,
Unleſs his patron have them too.
I'ave heard of times (pray God defend us!
We're not ſo good but he can mend us)
When wicked miniſters have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no intereſt but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with luſt,
The firſt in favour's pimp the firſt.
His doors are never clos'd to ſpies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and ſhame.
If ſchemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors ſwell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All conſciences muſt bend and ply?
You muſt vote on, and know not why:
Through thick and thin you muſt go on;
One ſcruple, and your place is gone.
Since plagues like theſe have curs'd a land,
And favourites cannot always ſtand,
Good courtiers ſhould for change be ready,
And not have principles too ſteady;
For, ſhould a knave engroſs the power,
(God ſhield the realm from that ſad hour!)
He muſt have rogues or ſlaviſh fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?
Wherever thoſe a people drain,
And ſtrut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and ſtate,
And ſcorn to ſhare the public hate.
Let their own ſervile creatures riſe,
By ſcreening fraud, and venting lies;

Give me, kind Heaven, a private ſtation *,
A mind ſerene for contemplation :
Title and profit I reſign;
The poſt of honour ſhall be mine.
My fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with ſuch a crew.
In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the preſent times)
A greedy vulture, ſkill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by ſhame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And ſtep by ſtep intrudes to power :
When at the royal eagle's ear,
He longs to eaſe the monarch's care.
The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him miniſter of ſtate !
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends muſt be ſerv'd, and ſome muſt out :
Each thinks his own the beſt pretenſion ;
This aſks a place, and that a penſion ;
The nightingale was ſet aſide,
A forward daw his room ſupply'd.
" This bird (ſays he) for buſineſs fit,
Hath both ſagacity and wit :
With all his turns, and ſhifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing ſticks:
Then with his neighbours one ſo free
At all times will connive at me."
The hawk had due diſtinction ſhown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thouſands of hireling cocks attend him,
As bluſtering bullies to defend him.
At once the ravens were diſcarded,
And magpies with their poſts rewarded.
Thoſe fowls of omen I deteſt,
That pry into another's neſt.
State-lies muſt loſe all good intent,
For they foreſee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and ſo to vote.
" When rogues like theſe (a ſparrow cries)
To honours and employments riſe
I court no favour, aſk no place ;
From ſuch preferment is diſgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What theſe ne'er feel) true peace of mind."

FABLE III.

The Baboon and the Poultry.

TO A LEVEE-HUNTER.

We frequently miſplace eſteem,
By judging men by what they ſeem.
To birth, wealth, power, we ſhould allow
Precedence, and our loweſt bow :
In that is due diſtinction ſhown;
Eſteem is virtue's right alone.
With partial eye we're apt to ſee
The man of noble pedigree :
We're prepoſſeſt my lord inherits,
In ſome degree his grandſire's merits;
For thoſe we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my lord.
When we, with ſuperficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well underſtood,
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor.
The cringing train of power ſurvey;
What creatures are ſo poor as they !
With what obſequiouſneſs they bend !
To what vile actions condeſcend !
Their riſe is on their meanneſs built,
And flattery is their ſmalleſt guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have ſycophants to power addreſs'd !
No matter who the power poſſeſs'd.
Let miniſters be what they will,
You find their levees always fill :
Ev'n thoſe who have perplex'd a ſtate,
Whoſe actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their ſchemes,
Though more abſurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only ſmok'd !
But here (unleſs all hiſtory lies)
Whole realms have been a ſacrifice.
Look through all courts : 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;
There worſhipp'd under every ſhape,
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-ſerving ſlaves ;
Rich proſtitutes and needy knaves.
Who then ſhall glory in his poſt ?
How frail his pride, how vain his boaſt !
The followers of his proſperous hour
Are as unſtable as his power.
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurſt,
The more it ſwells is nearer burſt;
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear deſcends.
Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wiſhes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of reſtleſs thought,
In birds and beaſts amuſement ſought :
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With theſe alone ſhe talk'd and toy'd.
A huge baboon her fancy took
(Almoſt a man in ſize and look)
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimick'd all the ſervants round;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every buſineſs fit.
With all theſe talents 'twas but juſt
That pug ſhould hold a place of truſt;
So to her favourite was aſſign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend them eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn
Beh ld him now, with haughty ſtride,
Aſſume a miniſterial pride.
The morning roſe. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,

---

* —" When impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation."
ADDISON.

Fowls of all ranks ſurround his hut,
To worſhip his important ſtrut.
The miniſter appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obſequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
Th' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bears it like a man;
For, when we flatter ſelf-conceit,
We but his ſentiments repeat.
If we're too ſcrupulouſly juſt,
What profit's in a place of truſt;
The common practice of the great
Is to ſecure a ſnug retreat.
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
An apple-woman's ſtall was near,
Well ſtock'd with fruits through all the year:
Here every day he cramm'd his guts,
Hence were his hordes of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments ſhould in corn be made.
The ſtock of grain was quickly ſpent,
And no account which way it went.
Then, too, the poultry's ſtarv'd condition
Caus'd ſpeculations of ſuſpicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond diſpute;
Pug muſt refund his hordes of fruit;
And, though then miniſter in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Diſgrac'd, deſpis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
A gooſe paſs'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.
"What, no reſpect! no reverence ſhown!
How ſaucy are theſe creatures grown!
Not two days ſince (ſays he) you bow'd
The loweſt of my fawning crowd."
"Proud fool! (replies the gooſe) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And ſold thee flattery for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited ape,
We ſaw thee in thy proper ſhape."

FABLE IV.

The Ant in Office.—To a Friend.

You tell me that you apprehend
My verſe may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never ſquint at courtiers crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?
You aſk me if I ever knew
Court chaplains thus the lawn purſue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to riſe muſt fawn;
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never ſhock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney-path deſpiſe;
'Tis my ambition not to riſe.
If I muſt proſtitute the muſe,
The baſe conditions I refuſe.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to ſhame.
If I corruption's hand expoſe,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I ſhame bribery out of uſe.
I know 'twould cramp moſt politicians
Were they ty'd down to theſe conditions.
'Twould ſtint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts ſeem leſs profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the caſe, let's take a view
What dreadful miſchiefs would enſue.
Though it might aggrandize the ſtate,
Could private luxury dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But miniſters find leſs regard.
Informers, ſycophants, and ſpies,
Would not augment the year's ſupplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual job or two might drop.
Beſides, if penſions were deny'd,
Could avarice ſupport its pride?
It might ev'n miniſters confound,
And yet the ſtate be ſafe and ſound.
I care not though 'tis underſtood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wiſh all courtiers did the ſame.
Nay, though ſome folks the leſs might get,
I wiſh the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a miniſter diſgrac'd.
I ſtrike at vice, be't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, penſion,
One may with deteſtation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *ſcandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no ſlander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conſcience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare againſt all vice declaim.
Shall I not cenſure breach of truſt,
Becauſe knaves know themſelves unjuſt?
That ſteward, whoſe account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never ſhun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd, upright.
But then you think my Fable bears
Alluſion, too, to ſtate affairs.
I grant it does: and who's ſo great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For miniſters may thirſt for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.
An ant there was, whoſe forward prate
Controul'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;

For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill.
Ambition was his point in view:
Thus by degrees to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He's made chief treasurer of the grain.
But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the solemn day was sat;
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (since he could not refuse them)
Some scraps of paper to amuse them.
An honest Pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke: "The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profusion flow?
I know our annual funds amount;
Why such expence? and where's th' account?"
With wonted arrogance and pride,
The ant in office thus reply'd.
"Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best schem'd projects hold?
Should we state mysteries disclose,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."
They past th' account as fair and just,
And voted him implicit trust.
Next year again, the granary drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.
"Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from every hand;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Consider, when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.
The year revolves. Their treasure, spent,
Again in secret service went.
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To satisfy the charge alleg'd.
When thus, with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd.
"What are we? ministerial tools!
We little knaves are greater fools.
At last this secret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For every grain we touch'd, at least
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and favourite spies,
A hundred hardly could suffice.
Thus, for a paltry sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains."
They vote th' account shall be inspected;
The cunning plunderer is detected;
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to public use restor'd.

FABLE V.

The Bear in a Boat.—To a Coxcomb.

That man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.
If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in every view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A coxcomb claims distinction most.
Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity besots them all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Those most assume, who know the least;
Their own false balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.
Not that all coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To different merits each pretends:
This in love vanity transcends;
That, smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape;
Th' other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.
All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with coxcombs of ambition:
For those, puff'd up with flattery, dare
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flattery their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own:
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controuls in every charge.
Does commerce suffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He'll be an admiral when he will.
Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;

And annual taxes muſt ſuffice
The current blunders to diſguiſe.
When his crude ſchemes in air are loſt,
And millions ſcarce defray the coſt,
His arrogance (nought undiſmay'd)
Truſting in ſelf-ſufficient aid.
On other rocks miſguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er ſuſpects his want of ſkill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeſeen event.
Leſt you miſtake the application,
The fable calls me to relation.

A bear of ſhag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dext'rouſly, and ſafe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the ſwarm.
Thus thriving on induſtrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd ſpoil.

This trick ſo ſwell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprize too great.
Alike in ſciences and arts,
He boaſted univerſal parts:
Pragmatic, buſy, buſtling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroul'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.

The beaſts, with admiration, ſtare,
And think him a prodigious bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preſide.
No taſk too difficult was found:
His blundering noſe miſleads the hound.
In ſtratagem and ſubtle arts
He over-rules the fox's parts.

It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boar, with rudder, ſail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the ſhore.
He ſtopt, and, turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting ſtrain.

"What blundering puppies are mankind,
In every ſcience always blind!
I mock the pedantry of ſchools:
What are their compaſſes and rules?
From me that helm ſhall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance diſcern."

So ſaying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the ſide.
The beaſts, aſtoniſh'd, line the ſtrand:
The anchor's weigh'd; he drives from land:
The ſlack ſail ſhifts from ſide to ſide;
The boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random toſt,
His oar breaks ſhort, the rudder's loſt.
The bear, preſuming in his ſkill,
Is here and there officious ſtill;
Till, ſtriking on the dangerous ſands,
Aground the ſhatter'd veſſel ſtands.

To ſee the bungler thus diſtreſt,
The very fiſhes ſneer and jeſt:
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamorous watermen appear;
Threats, curſes, oaths, inſult his ear:
Seiz'd, thraſh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
Deriſion ſhouts along the ſtrand.

FABLE VI.

The Squire and his Cur.—To a country Gentleman.

The man of pure and ſimple heart
Through life diſdains a double part:
He never needs the ſcreen of lies,
His inward boſom to diſguiſe.
In vain malicious tongues aſſail;
Let envy ſnarl, let ſlander rail,
From virtue's ſhield (ſecure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd ſhafts rebound.
So ſhines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honeſt mind.
If in his country's cauſe he riſe,
Debating ſenates to adviſe,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honeſt dictates of his heart.
No miniſterial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perſeveres.

But would you play the politician,
Whoſe heart's averſe to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reaſon,
Muſt be controul'd by place and ſeaſon.
What ſtateſman could his power ſupport,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What miniſter could gain his end?
How could he raiſe his tools to place,
And how his honeſt foes diſgrace?

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is ſtrong, his fortune's made.
By that the intereſt of the throne
Is made ſubſervient to his own:
By that, have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his ſelfiſh ſchemes purſuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus *, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chaſe;
And, loſt from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathleſs plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal gueſt;
The Parthian clown brought forth his beſt.
The king unknown his feaſt enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what ſudden friendſhip ſprings!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

"We country-folks (the clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king, (as all our neighbours ſay)
Might he (God bleſs him!) have his way,
Is ſound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.

* *Plutarch.*

If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in power, we need not doubt him;
But, that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to coblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the king knew as much as we?"
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought,
The peasant slept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd at early dawn,
Where their lost sovereign was withdrawn,
The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the king,
The clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks express.
The king then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke. "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here conversing: hence, ye crew;
For now I know myself and you."

Whene'er the royal ear's engrost,
State-lies but little genius cost.
The favourite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares instil;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames and sooths the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear;
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse;
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursued by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country squire, by whim directed,
The true staunch dogs of chase neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed:
His hand ne'er stroak'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish cur, alone caress,
By lies had banish'd all the rest;
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferr'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.

The cur on every creature flew
(As other great men's puppies do)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known:
No honest tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy cur his heels pursued.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarl'd, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
"Who knows but truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd."

Now, in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his power,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd in amorous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus by untimely love pursuing,
Like Antony he fought his ruin.

For now the squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
"Be free, (says he;) your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants shun my gate;
Why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd."

"Turn off your cur (the farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends;
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy check't,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true estate;
'Tis that curs'd cur alone we hate."

The squire heard truth. Now Yap rush'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din;
Yet truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
The dog was cudgel'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

The Countryman and Jupiter.

TO MYSELF.

Have you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I?

Your faults, ſo obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When by the breath of fortune blown,
Your airy caſtles were o'erthrown,
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with ſhame?
Was I e'er known to damp your ſpirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not ſo ſtrange that fortune's frown
Still perſeveres to keep you down.
Look round, and ſee what others do.
Would you be rich and honeſt too?
Have you (like thoſe ſhe rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and baſe?
Have you (as times requir'd) reſign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If theſe are ſcruples, give her o'er;
Write practiſe morals, and be poor.
The gifts of fortune truly rate,
Then tell me what would mend your ſtate.
If happineſs on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miſer's hoarded ſtore,
His fears, his wants, increaſe the more.
Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the caſe)
Should fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happineſs augment?
What can ſhe give beyond content?
Suppoſe yourſelf a wealthy heir,
With a vaſt annual income clear!
In all the affluence you poſſeſs,
You might not feel one care the leſs.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind;
Perhaps, profuſe beyond all rule,
You might ſtart out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horſes, ſtewards, hounds,
Might ſwell your debts: then, luſt of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs aſſail,
And doom your future life to jail.
Or, were you dignify'd with power,
Would that avert one penſive hour?
You might give avarice its ſwing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cauſe
Though daily fed with falſe applauſe,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happineſs your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinſic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts reſides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every ſphere;
Who finds content will find her there.
O'erſpent with toil, beneath the ſhade,
A peaſant reſted on his ſpade.
"Good gods! (he cries,) 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
Induſtrious labour bids me riſe.
With ſweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care"
Jove heard the diſcontented ſtrain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring ſwain.

"Speak out your wants, then, honeſt friend:
Unjuſt complaints the gods offend,
If you repine at partial fate,
Inſtruct me what could mend your ſtate.
Mankind in every ſtation ſee.
What wiſh you? tell me what you'd be."
So ſaid, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown ſurvey'd the anxious crowd.
"Yon' face of care, (ſays Jove,) behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That ſum to-day hath ſwell'd his ſtore."
"Were I that man, (the peaſant cry'd)
What bleſſing could I aſk beſide?"
"Hold, (ſays the god;) firſt learn to know
True happineſs from outward ſhow.
This optic glaſs of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."
He look'd, and ſaw the miſer's breaſt
A troubled ocean, ne'er at reſt;
Want ever ſtares him in the face,
And fear anticipates diſgrace:
With conſcious guilt he ſaw him ſtart;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breaſt admits one happy gleam.
"May Jove, (he cries,) reject my prayer,
And guard my life from guilt and care!
My ſoul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble ſtate!
But ſee, amidſt a gawdy crowd,
Yon' miniſter ſo gay and proud;
On him what happineſs attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"
"Firſt take the glaſs, (the god replies;)
Man views the world with partial eyes."
"Good gods! (exclaims the ſtartled wight,)
Defend me from this hideous ſight!
Corruption with corroſive ſmart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I ſee him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now avarice with inſatiate jaws,
Now rapine with her harpy claws,
His boſom tears. His conſcious breaſt
Groans with a load of crimes oppreſt.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in ſpeeches vain and proud,
His boaſts inſult the nether crowd;
Now, ſeiz'd with giddineſs and fear,
He trembles leſt his fall is near."
"Was ever wretch like this! (he cries;)
Such miſery in ſuch diſguiſe!
The change, O Jove! I diſavow;
Still be my lot the ſpade and plough."
He next, confirm'd by ſpeculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the ſtateſman ſeem'd in part,
And bore ſimilitude of heart.
Nor did the ſoldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirſt of ſpoil and fame.
The miſeries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deſerts turn'd.
"By theſe have laws and rights been brav'd;
By theſe was free-born man enſlav'd:

When battles and invaſion ceaſe,
Why ſwarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (ſays he) may I decline;
The ſcythe and civil arms be mine!"
Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The clown withdrew his raſh petition.
When thus the god; "How mortals err!
If you true happineſs prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honeſt mind.
Be juſtice, then, your ſole purſuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."
So Jove, to gratify the clown,
Where firſt he found him, ſet him down.

FABLE VIII.

The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

HAIL, happy land! whoſe fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous nature ſet apart,
The ſeat of induſtry and art!
O Britain! choſen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy ſons invade!
May never miniſter (intent
His private treaſures to augment)
Corrupt thy ſtate! If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppoſe,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't preſcribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring ſtates contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory ſtands;
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffuſing good among mankind:
That firſt gave luſtre to thy reigns,
And ſcatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth ſupplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy ſole deſign;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic ploughs the main,
Who ſhares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that ſupports the regal ſtate,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that clothe the land
Can ſcarce ſupply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields;
And the bare heath a harveſt yields.
Nature expects mankind ſhould ſhare
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for ſloth? * To ſome we find
The ploughſhare's annual toil aſſign'd:
Some at the founding anvil glow;
Some the ſwift-gliding ſhuttle throw;
Some, ſtudious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by induſtry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While ſome, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue aſſiſt mankind.

* *Barrow.*

Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's uſeful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
The monarch, when his table's ſpread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And, when in all his glory dreſt,
Owes to the loom his royal veſt.
Do not the maſon's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art ſupply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All theſe, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cauſe)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honeſt toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or ſmall,
'Tis induſtry ſupports us all.
The animals, by want oppreſs'd,
To man their ſervices addreſs'd:
While each purſu'd their ſelfiſh good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and ſtarv'd the next:
They ſaw that plenty, ſure and rife,
Was found alone in ſocial life;
That mutual induſtry profeſs'd,
The various wants of man redreſs'd.
The cat, half famiſh'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to ſpeak.
"Well, puſs, (ſays man) and what can you
To benefit the public do?"
The cat replies, "Theſe teeth, theſe claws,
With vigilance ſhall ſerve the cauſe,
The mouſe deſtroy'd by my purſuit,
No longer ſhall your feaſts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuſcade,
With waſteful teeth your ſtores invade."
"I grant, ſays man, to general uſe
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threſhers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the cat, a foe to ſpoil,
Protect the farmer's honeſt toil."
Then turning to the dog, he cry'd,
"Well, ſir, be next your merits try'd."
"Sir, (ſays the dog,) by ſelf-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if diſtruſt
E'er found me treacherous or unjuſt?
Did I e'er faith or friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe creatures; let them ſpeak.
My vigilance and truſty zeal
Perhaps might ſerve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in ſafety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you ſleep?
The man replies. "'Tis juſt and right;
Rewards ſuch ſervice ſhould requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The firſt diſtinction is your due.

Such merits all reward tranſcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."
Addreſſing now the fly: "From you
What public ſervice can accrue?"
"From me! (the fluttering inſect ſaid)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
That I to induſtry ſubmit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By buſineſs earn ignoble bread;
Loſt in exceſs of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I ſip the tea's delicious flower.
On cates luxurioufly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe."
The man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs coxcomb chides:
"Hence, from that peach, that downy feat;
No idle fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing rind,
And on that pulp ambroſial din'd;
Had not ſome hand, with ſkill and toil,
To raiſe the tree, prepar'd the ſoil?
Conſider, ſot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs things as you.
You'd ſoon be forc'd (by hunger ſtung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which ſuch deſpicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh inſect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong diſcern)
That he who, with induſtrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly underſtood."
So ſaying, with a ſudden blow
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Cruſh'd in his luxury and pride,
The ſpunger on the public dy'd.

FABLE IX.

The Jackall, Leopard, and other Beaſts.

TO A MODERN POLITICIAN.

I GRANT corruption ſways mankind;
That intereſt, too, perverts the mind;
That bribes have blinded common ſenſe,
Foil'd reaſon, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you, too, our preſent crimes
Can equal thoſe of former times.
Againſt plain facts ſhall I engage,
To vindicate our rightcous age?
I know that in a modern fiſt
Bribes in full energy ſubſiſt.
Since, then, theſe arguments prevail,
And itchi g palms are ſtill ſo frail,
Hence politicians, you ſuggeſt,
Should drive the nail that goes the beſt;
That it ſhows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly muſt diſſent,
Premiſing no reflection's meant.
Does juſtice or the client's ſenſe
Teach lawyers either ſide's defence?
The fee gives eloquence and ſpirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wiſdom, or addreſs,
Obtain the proſtitute's careſs?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike perſuades.
Man, ſcripture ſays, is prone to evil;
But does that vindicate the devil?
Beſides, the more mankind are prone,
The leſs the devil's parts are ſhown.
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been try'd in every ſtate;
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd;
By places, penſions. bribes diſpens'd;
By theſe they glory'd in ſucceſs,
And impudently dar'd oppreſs;
By theſe deſpoticly they ſway'd,
And ſlaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By theſe alone were realms deſtroy'd.
Now ſee theſe wretches in diſgrace,
Stript of their treaſures, power, and place;
View them abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to ſuch reproach and ſcorn.
What now is all your pride, your boaſt?
Where are your ſlaves, your flattering hoſt!
What tongues now feed you with applauſe?
Where are the champions of your cauſe?
Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which ſhar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Preſs foremoſt who ſhall firſt accuſe
Your ſelfiſh jobs, your paltry views,
Your narrow ſchemes, your breach of truſt,
And want of talents to be juſt.
What fools were theſe amidſt their power!
How thoughtleſs of their adverſe hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it theſe ſycophants to get,
Your bounty ſwell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit: for theſe, like Swiſs, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.
The lion is (beyond diſpute)
Allow'd the moſt majeſtic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him ſuperior of his kind:
Yet to jackalls (as 'tis averr'd)
Some lions have their power transferr'd;
As if the parts of pimps and ſpies
To govern foreſts could ſuffice.
Once, ſtudious of his private good,
A proud jackall oppreſs'd the wood;
To cram his own inſatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The foreſt groans with diſcontent,
Freſh wrongs the general hate foment.
The ſpreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His ſecret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the caſe,
And feels the terrors of diſgrace.
"By friends (ſays he) I'll guard my ſeat,
By thoſe malicious tongues defeat;
I'll ſtrengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes deſpiſe."

To make the generous beaſts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condeſcends;
But thoſe repuls'd his abject court,
And ſcorn'd oppreſſion to ſupport,
Friends muſt be had. He can't ſubſiſt.
Bribes ſhall new proſelytes inliſt:
But theſe nought weigh'd in honeſt paws;
For bribes confeſs a wicked cauſe;
Yet think not every paw withſtands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.
A tempting turnip's ſilver ſkin
Drew a baſe hog through thick and thin:
Bought with a ſtag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary wolf was ſtaunch:
The convert fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden-pippin in his fiſt,
A chattering monkey join'd the liſt.
But ſoon expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redreſs the ſtate.
The leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his ſecret frauds to light.
As rats, before the manſion falls,
Deſert late hoſpitable walls,
In ſhoals the ſervile creatures run,
To bow before the riſing ſun.
The hog with warmth expreſs'd his zeal,
And was for hanging thoſe that ſteal;
But hop'd though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip ſtill afford.
Since ſaving meaſures were profeſt,
A lamb's head was the wolf's requeſt.
The fox ſubmitted, if to touch
A goſling would be deem'd too much.
The monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might aſk a nut, or ſome ſuch matter.
"Ye hirelings! hence! (the leopard cries)
Your venal conſcience I deſpiſe.
He, who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchaſe friends.
Who acts this juſt, this honeſt part,
Is propt by every honeſt heart.
Corruption now too late has ſhow'd,
That bribes are always ill-beſtow'd;
By you your bubbled maſter's taught,
Time-ſerving tools, not friends, are bought."

FABLE X.

The degenerate Bees.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Though courts the practiſe diſallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendſhip may be kept too long;
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear intereſt next the heart.
As the times take a different face,
Old friendſhips ſhould to new give place.
I know, too, you have many foes,
That owning you is ſharing thoſe;
That every knave in every ſtation,
Of high and low denomination.
For what you ſpeak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you ſpite.
Such freedoms in your works are ſhown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and ſtate,
In frothy nonſenſe ſhow their hate;
With all the petty ſcribbling crew
(And thoſe pert ſots are not a few),
'Gainſt you and Pope their envy ſpurt,
The bookſellers alone are hurt
Good Gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have power and place)
Are ſcandals rais'd, and libels writ!
To prove your honeſty and wit!
Think with yourſelf: thoſe worthy men,
You know, have ſuffered by your pen.
From them you've nothing but your due,
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myſelf, I know of none,
Beſides the wife and good alone.
To ſet the caſe in fairer light,
My fable ſhall the reſt recite,
Which (though unlike our preſent ſtate)
I for the moral's ſake relate.
A bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption ſow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.
As power and wealth his views ſupply'd,
'Twas ſeen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The bee of conſcience wanted ſpirit;
And thoſe who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to ſcorn for ſqueamiſh fools.
Wealth claim'd diſtinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was baſe.
He treated induſtry with ſlight,
Unleſs he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
To bring his ſelfiſh ſchemes in play.
The ſwarm forgot the common toil,
To ſhare the gleanings of his ſpoil.
While vulgar ſouls, of narrow parts,
Waſte life in low mechanic arts,
Let us (ſays he) to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers ſcorn.
The waſp and drone, you muſt agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they ſport and play;
No buſineſs interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.
A ſtubborn bee, among the ſwarm,
With honeſt indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:
"I ſlight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I thoſe reſpect;
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none againſt the torrent ſtrive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his riſe on your diſgrace.
'Tis induſtry our ſtate maintains;
'Twas honeſt toil and honeſt gains
That rais'd our ſires to power and fame.
Be virtuous; ſave yourſelves from ſhame.

Know that, in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin."
He spoke; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.
With him a friend or two resign'd,
Disdaining the degenerate kind.
"These drones (says he), these insects vile,
(I treat them in their proper style)
May for a time oppress the state:
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

FABLE XI.

The Pack-horse and the Carrier.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's style reject;
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.
The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit.
Be virtue, then, your first pursuit;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with less plate their sideboard shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light.
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your sires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A carrier, every night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gains would rise from greater places.
The manger now had all its measure;
He heard their grinding teeth with pleasure;
When all at once confusion rung;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.
Good gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high descent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudgery and disgrace
(A life unworthy of my race),
Must I, too, hear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head!
Shall I, who boast of noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a foe?
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandsire's fame;
All jockeys still revere his name:
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates inroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a livery train;
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due, for I have blood."
"Vain-glorious fool!" (the carrier cry'd)
Respect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part,
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is't to me by whom begot,
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot?
Your sires, I reverence; 'tis their due;
But, worthless fool, what's that to you?
Ask all the carriers on the road,
They'll say, thy keeping's ill bestow'd;
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.
What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass has more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated."

FABLE XII.

Pan and Fortune.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.

SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if th' estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly express
The decent joy within your breast.
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.
" No houſe (ſays he) is more complete;
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble ſize.
Then count his jewels and his plate.
Beſides, 'tis no entail'd eſtate.
If caſh run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for ſale or mortgage free."
Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.
Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treaſures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the ſtealth,
Who raſhly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.
Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gameſters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To ſave your worthy gang from ſhame?
Unleſs you furniſh'd daily bread,
Which way could idleneſs be fed?
Could theſe profeſſors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They muſt run bolder riſks for prey,
And ſtrip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they ſhare,
And 'ſcape the nooſe from year to year.
Conſider, ere you take the bet,
That ſum might croſs your tailor's debt.
When you the pilfering rattle ſhake,
Is not your honour, too, at ſtake?
Muſt you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade;
By promiſes ſo often paid,
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
Muſt you not pitifully fawn
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This muſt be done. In debts of play,
Your honour ſuffers no delay;
And not this year's and next year's rent
The ſons of rapine can content.
Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Eſtates diſmember'd, mortgag'd, ſold!
Their owners now, to goals confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the ſpoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of power;
And, with the mercenary liſt,
Upon court-charity ſubſiſt.
You'll find at laſt this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves purſue.
The foreſt (a whole century's ſhade)
Muſt be one waſteful ruin made:
No mercy's ſhown to age or kind;
The general maſſacre is ſign'd.
The park, too, ſhares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'ſquire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the ſtroke;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak,
Through the long wood loud axes ſound,
And echo groans with every wound.
To ſee the deſolation ſpread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His boſom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he ſpurns.
Cards, too, in peeviſh paſſion torn,
The ſport of whirling winds are borne.
" To ſnails inveterate hate I bear,
Who ſpoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I deteſt,
The blooming ſpring's voracious peſt;
The locuſt, too, whoſe ravenous band
Spreads ſudden famine o'er the land.
But what are theſe? the dice's throw
At once hath laid a foreſt low.
The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
And the wide park hath loſt its ſhade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its ancient glories waſte.
All this (he cries) is fortune's doing:
'Tis thus ſhe meditates my ruin,
By fortune, that falſe, fickle jade,
More havock in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry inſect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface."
Fortune, by chance, who near him paſt,
O'erheard the vile aſperſion caſt.
" Why, Pan, (ſays ſhe) what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroneſs of vice?
Is't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the ſhuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men purſue,
I mind the leaſt what gameſters do.
There may (if computation's juſt)
One now and then my conduct truſt.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
Theſe truſt alone their fingers' ends,
And not one ſtake on me depends,
Whene'er the gaming-board is ſet,
Two claſſes of mankind are met;
But, if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater ſpace.
'Tis a groſs error held in ſchools,
That fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears diſpute;
That doctrine theſe fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me ſuch rancour ſhow?
'Tis folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late eſtate he won,
But he by folly was undone."

FABLE XIII.

Plutus, Cupid, and Time.

Of all the burdens man muſt bear,
Time ſeems moſt galling and ſevere:
Beneath this grievous load oppreſs'd,
We daily meet ſome friend diſtreſs'd.
" What can one do? I roſe at nine?
'Tis full ſix hours before we dine;

Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two!"
A pamphlet is before him ſpread,
And almoſt half a page is read;
Tir'd with the ſtudy of the day,
The fluttering ſheets are toſs'd away.
He opes his ſnuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and ſtretches in his chair.
"Not twenty, by the minute-hand!
Good gods, ſays he, my watch muſt ſtand!
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to riſe too late."
To make the minutes faſter run,
Then, too, his tireſome ſelf to ſhun,
To the next coffee-houſe he ſpeeds,
Takes up the news, ſome ſcraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He ſpies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they ſhare,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.
Says Tom, "Since all men muſt confeſs,
That time lies heavy, more or leſs,
Why ſhould it be ſo hard to get,
Till two, a party at piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintery nights are borne.
Does not quadrille amuſe the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and ſpleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."
"My caſe, (ſays Will), then muſt be hard,
By want of ſkill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy theſe, whoſe time ne'er ſtands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this curſed ſhower,
The park had will'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily loſe an hour or two:
It fully anſwers my deſign,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At ſix (hard caſe!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From ſix till ten! unleſs in ſleep,
One cannot ſpend the hours ſo cheap.
The comedy's no ſooner done,
But ſome aſſembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I ſtray,
Converſe, but nothing hear or ſay:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So ſoon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken ſlow-pac'd night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings paſs,
Till drowſy ſleep retard the glaſs."
Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's caſe their own.
Conſider, friends, no hour rolls on
But ſomething of your grief is gone.

Were you to ſchemes of buſineſs bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too faſt;
You'd then regret the minute paſt.
Time's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your ſpirits ſhake,
You'll own, and grieve for—your miſtake.
A while your thoughtleſs ſpleen ſuſpend,
Then read, and, if you can, attend.
As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his ſtrutting pace.
Each ſtar'd upon the ſtranger's face,
Till recollection ſet them right,
For each knew th' other but by ſight.
After ſome complimental talk,
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various ſubjects ran,
But moſt, what each had done for man.
Plutus aſſumes a haughty air,
Juſt like our purſe-proud fellows here.
"Let kings, (ſays he), let cobblers tell,
Whoſe gifts among mankind excel.
Conſider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That ſtateſman hath the ſtrongeſt hold,
Whoſe tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis ſaid,
The knave in power hath ſenates led:
By that alone he ſway'd debates,
Enrich'd himſelf, and beggar'd ſtates.
Forego your boaſt. You muſt conclude,
That's moſt eſteem'd that's moſt purſued.
Think, too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch muſt live whoſe pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want depreſt?
Penurious care corrodes his breaſt.
Without reſpect, or love, or friends,
His ſolitary day deſcends."
"You might, (ſays Cupid), doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold diſpute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing elſe prevails,
Perſuaſive money ſeldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conſcience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profeſt)
Is but a money-job at beſt.
Conſent, compliance, may be ſold;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retail,
Expoſe what they call love to ſale;
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchaſe flattery and deceit.
Thoſe who true love have ever try'd
(The common cares of life ſupply'd)
No wants endure, no wiſhes make,
But every real joy partake.
All comfort on themſelves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliſs in ſtore;
'Tis friendſhip, and 'tis ſomething more.
Each other every wiſh they give:
Not to know love, is not to live."

"Or love, or money, (Time reply'd)
Were men the queſtion to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon's neglected or miſ-ſpent.
'Tis I who meaſure vital ſpace,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and ſeldom ſought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miſer time employ?
Did I e'er ſee him life enjoy?
By me forſook, the hoards he won
Are ſcatter'd by his laviſh ſon.
By me all uſeful arts are gain'd:
Wealth, learning, wiſdom, is attain'd.
Who then would think (ſince ſuch my power)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So ſubtle and ſo ſwift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, miſ-ſpent in vain?
For time miſus'd they pine and waſte,
And love's ſweet pleaſures never taſte.
Thoſe who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each purſuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedleſs then are mortals grown!
How little is their intereſt known!
In every view they ought to mind me,
For, when once loſt, they never find me."
He ſpoke. The gods no more conteſt,
And his ſuperior gift confeſs'd,
That time (when truly underſtood)
Is the moſt precious earthly good.

FABLE XIV.

The Owl, the Swan, the Cock, the Spider, the Aſs, and the Farmer.—To a Mother.

Conversing with your ſprightly boys,
Your eyes have ſpoke the mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their ſayings in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profuſely kind.
Truſt not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint juſt morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents ſcan:
Juſt education forms the man.
Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this ſhall plead, the next ſhall fight,
The laſt aſſert the church's right.
I cenſure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents miſapply'd and croſt,
Conſider, all your ſons are loſt.
One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus addreſs'd his friend:
"To train my boy, and call forth ſenſe,
You know I've ſtuck at no expence;
I've try'd him in the ſeveral arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet, trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice ſhall fix my ſon."
"Sir, (ſays the friend), I've weigh'd the matter
Excuſe me, for I ſcorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius check'd)
A herald or an architect."
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he's ſent to ſchool,
Where learning but improves the fool.
The college next muſt give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by licence or degree
The ſexton ſhare the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonſenſe pour;
We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)
A tailor or a butcher ſpoil'd.
Thus miniſters have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In ſpite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every poſt were fit.
But now let every muſe confeſs
That merit finds its due ſucceſs.
Th' examples of our days regard;
Where's virtue ſeen without reward?
Diſtinguiſh'd and in place you find
Deſert and worth of every kind.
Survey the reverend bench, and ſee
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honeſty diſgrac'd and poor?
What is't to us what was before?
We of all times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were preferr'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, ſons, and couſins.
What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing underſtood?
In church and ſtate the ſorry race
Grew more conſpicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobler's trade.
Conſider, patrons, that ſuch elves
Expoſe your folly with themſelves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its ſphere.
Your partial hand can wealth diſpenſe,
But never give a blockhead ſenſe.
An owl of magiſterial air,
Of ſolemn voice, of brow auſtere,
Aſſum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wiſdom in his face;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I've ſeen a pedant look as wiſe.
Within a barn, from noiſe retir'd,
He ſcorn'd the world, himſelf admir'd;
And, like an ancient ſage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.
Philoſophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to ſcience bred,

Their manners form'd for every ſtation,
And deſtin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people ſav'd,
That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by Socrates was ſown.
To Ariſtotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.
Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit.
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for maſter of a ſchool.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite ſentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears ſeem'd ſo profound,
They fancy'd learning in the ſound.
The ſchool had fame; the crowded place
With pupils ſwarm'd of every race.
With theſe the ſwan's maternal care
Had ſent her ſcarce-fledg'd cygent heir:
The hen (though fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The ſpider, of mechanic kind,
Aſpir'd to ſcience more refin'd:
The aſs learnt metaphors and tropes,
But moſt on muſic fix'd his hopes.
The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's buſy ſtage;
And to the maſter 'twas ſubmitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.
"The ſwan, (ſays he), in arms ſhall ſhine;
The ſoldier's glorious toil be thine.
The cock ſhall mighty wealth attain:
Go, ſeek it on the ſtormy main.
The court ſhall be the ſpider's ſphere:
Power, fortune, ſhall reward him there.
In muſic's art, the aſs's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name."
Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally deſpis'd.
A farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd.
"Blockhead, (ſays he), by what you've done,
One would have thought them each your ſon;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Conſult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what th' other ſon ſhall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the caſe,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place:
The ſwan had learn'd the ſailor's art;
The cock had play'd the ſoldier's part;
The ſpider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the foal, in every claſs,
The blockhead had appear'd an aſs."

FABLE XV.

The Cook-maid, the Turn-ſpit, and the Ox.

TO A POOR MAN.

Consider man in every ſphere,
Then tell me, is your lot ſevere?
'Tis murmur, diſcontent, diſtruſt,
That makes you wretched. God is juſt.

I grant, the hungry muſt be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are ſeen and known;
But every mortal feels his own.
We're born a reſtleſs, needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.
Adam, though bleſt above his kind,
For want of ſocial woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the ſubtle ſerpent ſaw,
Her fickle taſte tranſgreſs'd the law:
Thus fell our ſire; and their diſgrace
The curſe entail'd on human race.
When Philip's ſon, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire ſpread;
When altars to his name were dreſs'd;
That he was man, his tears confeſs'd.
The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants reſpect.
What various wants on power attend!
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of ſurfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from every uſe of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's ſtrength and health.
Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miſeries of life:
Domeſtic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is loſt:
Why was that vain entail engroſt?
Canſt thou diſcern another's mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when ſhe would annoy,
That thouſands want what you enjoy.
"The dinner muſt be diſh'd at one.
Where's this vexatious turnſpit gone?
Unleſs the ſkulking cur is caught,
The ſurloin's ſpoilt, and I'm in fault."
Thus ſaid, (for ſure you'll think it fit
That I the cook-maid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forſook:
The broom-ſtick o'er her head ſhe waves;
She ſweats, ſhe ſtamps, ſhe puffs, ſhe raves;
The ſneaking cur before her flies;
She whiſtles, calls? fair ſpeech ſhe tries.
Theſe nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fiſt and cudgel threat by turns.
With haſty ſtride ſhe preſſes near;
He ſlinks aloof, and howls with fear.
"Was ever cur ſo curs'd! (he cry'd)
What ſtar did at my birth preſide!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious taſk! of all our race
No ſlave is half ſo mean and baſe.
Had fate a kinder lot aſſign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and eaſe enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman, careſt,
Had been the lady's favourite gueſt:
Or were I ſprung from ſpaniel line,
Was his ſagacious noſtril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feaſts ſupply'd,

Knights, 'squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endued with native strength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion sire?
A lion! such mean views I scorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reason's power contend?
On man we brutal slaves depend:
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."
An ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.
"Dare you at partial fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life;
Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumb'rous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain:
Yet! without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;
And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean, shall pick my bones at least."
"Till now, (th' astonish'd cur replies),
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their several cares.
If thus yon mighty beast complains;
Perhaps man knows superior pains,
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the ox, and learn content."
Thus said, close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

FABLE XVI.

The Raven, the Sexton, and the Earth-worm.

TO LAURA.

LAURA, methinks you're over-nice.
True; flattery is a shocking vice:
Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by every tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways!
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
Since, then, I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind;
Though in full lustre every grace
Distinguish your celestial face;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade; I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.
If you the tribute due disdain,
The muse's mortifying strain
Shall, like a woman in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face;
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the fame through every stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by reason's light?
Those eyes, of so divine a ray,
What are they? Mouldering, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;
Like common grass, the fairest flower
Must feel the hoary season's power.
How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch, who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
What's beauty? Call ye that your own?
A flower that fades as soon as blown.
What's man in all his boast of sway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.
Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal power!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?
Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar, is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.
Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two ravens sate. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.
"Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale:
I taste the carcase in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!
To birds of taste, delicious meat!"
A sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
"Was ever two such blundering fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!

Blockheads, (says he), learn more respect;
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The 'squire, that yon fair hall possest,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The 'squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray;
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcases (say what we can),
Or where's the dignity of man?"
With due respect to human race,
The ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their savoury words to eat,
They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food!
The venison of the prescient brood.
The sexton's indignation, mov'd,
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.
Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supply'd:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.
"Hold, (says the fowl); since human pride
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point, for taste may err."
As thus he spoke, from out the mould
An earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length: they strait agree
To choose him as their referee:
So to th' experience of his jaws
Each states the merits of the cause.
He paus'd; and, with a solemn tone,
Thus made his sage opinion known:
"On carcases of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such small distinction 's in the savour,
By turns I choose the fancy'd flavour:
Yet I must own (that human beast!)
A glutton is the rankest feast.
Man, cease this boast; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beside.
The prince who kept the world in awe,
The judge whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd; death confounds them all.
Then think not that we reptiles share
Such cates, such elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermins food;
'Tis seated in th' immortal mind;
Virtue distinguishes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the soul we know not where.
So, Good-man, sexton, since the case
Appears with such a dubious face,
To neither I the cause determine,
For different tastes please different vermin."

AYE AND NO.

A FABLE *.

In Fable all things hold discourse,
Then words, no doubt, must talk of course,
Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hostile adverbs, Aye and No,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Aye, the more courteous knight, began.
"Stop, peevish Particle! beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon folks awhile to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Aye, and Aye gives No;
Yet, in expensive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension.
Why then should kinsfolks quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury lord, not Maister Young.
Obsequious at his high command,
Aye shall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Aye support the Civil list:
Aye, quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay,
Sometimes in mutual fly disguise,
Let Aye's seem No's, and No's seem Aye's;
Aye's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in bishops give consent."
Thus Aye propos'd—and, for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd Aye.
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

DUKE UPON DUKE †:

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.—TO THE TUNE OF CHEVY-CHACE.

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bower or hall:
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall.

Now that this fame it is right sooth,
Full plainly doth appear,

* *Taken from the Miscellanies published by Swift and Pope.*

† *This humorous Ballad is ascribed to Gay on conjecture only. It is among the Miscellanies published by Swift and Pope; is there marked as* not *the Dean's and has never been considered as Pope's.*

From what befel John Duke of Guiſe*,
And Nic of Lancaſtere †.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And, if your a—ſe, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your noſe,
At every turn fell to 't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of theſe the Duke of Lancaſtere
Stood paramount in pride:
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His foes, and friends beſide.

Firm on his front his beaver ſate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his ſkin.

With Spaniſh wool he dy'd his cheek,
With eſſence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat ſo ſweet,
Nor could ſo ſcratch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Though made ſuil ſhort by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair,
To Guiſe's Duke was he:
Was ever ſuch a loving pair?
How could they diſagree?

Oh, thus it was: he lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his deſperate quill,
And thus he did endite:
"This eve at whiſt ourſelf will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to-night."

"Ah no! ah no!" the guileleſs Guiſe
Demurely did reply;
"I cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
"So ſore the gout have I."

The duke in wrath call'd for his ſteeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! lord! how rattled then thy ſtones,
O kingly Kenſington ‡!

All in a trice he ruſh'd on Guiſe,
Thruſt out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his noſe, trod on his toes,
And ſmote him on the ear.

But mark, how midſt of victory
Fate plays her old dog trick!
Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic! oh Nic, alas!
Right did thy goſſip call thee:
As who ſhould ſay, alas the day
When John of Guiſe ſhall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did ſit;
And look as if he meant therein
To do —— what was not fit.

Up didſt thou look, oh woful duke!
Thy mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d inſtead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guiſe,
"No ſheet is here to ſave thee:
"The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
"Beneath my feet I have thee.

"If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out,"
Then Lancaſtere did cry,
"Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
"Who thou, and who am I?

"Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
"Have brawl'd and quarrell'd more,
"Than all the line of Lancaſtere,
"That battled heretofore?

"In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
"And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
Though laid thus low beneath thy breach)
"Still of the council privy;

"Still of the duchy chancellor:
"Durante life I have it;
"And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
"Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And Duke Nic, up leap'd he:
"I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
"But, Guiſe! I'll fight with thee:

"To-morrow with thee will I fight
"Under the green-wood tree."
"No, not to-morrow, but to-night"
(Quoth Guiſe) "I'll fight with thee."

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtreak'd with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guiſe.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn,
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

---

* *Sir John Guiſe.*

† *Nicholas Lord Lechmere, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaſter.*

‡ *Lord Lechmere lived at Camden-houſe, near Kenſington.*

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was Lancaſtere to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a ſee :

And ſo he did—for to New Court
His rolling wheels did run :
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtriſe ;
But buſineſs muſt be done,

Back in the dark, by Brampton-park,
He turn'd up through the Gore !
So ſlunk to Camden-houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean while Duke Guiſe did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,

Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore muttering all the way,
" The day I meet him, Nic ſhall rue
" The cudgel of that day.

" Mean time on every piſſing poſt
" Paſte we this recreant's name,
" So that each piſſer-by ſhall read
" And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from Duke Nic.
That *pride will have a fall !*

DIONE.

A PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

" Sunt numina amanti.
" Sævit et injuſtâ lege relicta Venus.'

TIBUL. Eleg. v. Lib. I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
EVANDER *under the name of* LYCIDAS.	DIONE *under the name of* ALEXIS.
CLEANTHES.	PARTHENIA.
SHEPHERDS.	LAURA.

Scene, Arcadia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain, at the Foot of a ſteep craggy Mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

Laura.

WHY doſt thou fly me ? Stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not theſe horrid caverns of deſpair ;
To trace thy ſteps, the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown deſert, and unſhelter'd moor :
Three times the lark has ſung his matin lay,
And roſe on dewy wing to meet the day,
Since firſt I found thee, ſtretch'd in penſive mood,
Where laurels border Ladon's ſilver flood.

Dione.

O let my ſoul with grateful thanks o'erflow !
'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
Like the weak lamb, you rais'd me from the plain,
Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain ;

Each day I ſhare thy bowl and clean repaſt,
Each night thy roof defends the chilly blaſt.
But vain is all thy friendſhip, vain thy care ;
Forget a wretch abandon'd to deſpair.

Laura.

Deſpair will fly thee, when thou ſhalt impart
The fatal ſecret that torments thy heart ;
Diſcloſe thy ſorrows to my faithful ear,
Inſtruct theſe eyes to give thee tear for tear.
Love, love's the cauſe ; our foreſts ſpeak thy flame,
The rocks have learnt to ſigh Evander's name.
If faultering ſhame thy baſhful tongue reſtrain,
If thou haſt look'd, and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd in vain ;
Say, in what grove thy lovely ſhepherd ſtrays,
Tell me what mountains warble with his lays ;
Thither I'll ſpeed me, and with moving art
Draw ſoft confeſſions from his melting heart.

Dione.

Thy generous care has touch'd my ſecret woe,
Love bids theſe ſcalding tears inceſſant flow,

Ill fated love! O say, ye sylvan maids,
Who range wide forests and sequester'd shades,
Say where Evander bled, point out the ground
That yet is purple with the savage wound.
Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
High o'er those cliffs the raven wings his way;
Hark how he croaks! he scents the murder near.
O may no greedy beak his visage tear!
Shield him, ye Cupids; strip the Paphian grove,
And strow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
Down, heaving heart.

Laura.

—The mournful tale disclose.

Dione.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repose.
Yet if thy friendship still the cause request;
I'll speak, though sorrow rend my labouring breast.
Know then, fair shepherdess, no honest swain
Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain;
Unus'd to sweet content, no flocks I keep,
Nor browzing goats that overhang the steep.
Born where Orchomenos' proud turrets shine,
I trace my birth from long illustrious line,
Why was I train'd amidst Arcadia's court?
Love ever revels in that gay resort.
Whene'er Evander past, my smitten heart
Heav'd frequent sighs, and felt unusual smart.
Ah! hadst thou seen with what sweet grace he mov'd!
Yet why that wish? for Laura then had lov'd.

Laura.

Distrust me not; thy secret wrongs impart,

Dione.

Forgive the sallies of a breaking heart.
Evander's sighs his mutual flame confest,
The growing passion labour'd in his breast;
To me he came; my heart with rapture sprung.
To see the blushes, when his faultering tongue
First said, I love. My eyes consent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful passion seal:
Where's now the lovely youth; he's lost, he's slain,
And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain!

Laura.

Are thus the hopes of constant lovers paid?
If thus—ye powers, from love defend the maid.

Dione.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple east,
Since my dear hunter rous'd the tusky beast;
Swift flew the foaming monster through the wood,
Swift as the wind, his eager steps pursued:
'Twas then the savage turn'd; then fell the youth,
And his dear blood distain'd the barbarous tooth.

Laura.

Was there none near? no ready succour found?
Nor healing herb to staunch the spouting wound?

Dione.

In vain through pathless woods the hunters croft,
And sought with anxious eye their master lost;
In vain their frequent hollows echo'd shrill,
And his lov'd name was sent from hill to hill;
Evander hears you not. He's lost, he's slain,
And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain.

Laura.

Has yet no clown (who, wandering from the way,
Beats every bush to raise the lamb astray)
Observ'd the fatal spot?

Dione.

—— O, if ye pass
Where purple murder dyes the wither'd grass,
With pious finger gently close his eyes,
And let his grave with decent verdure rise.

[*Weeps.*

Laura.

Behold the turtle who has lost her mate;
Awhile with drooping wing she mourns his fate;
Sullen, awhile she seeks the darkest grove,
And cooing meditates the murder'd dove;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again she's cheer'd, again she seeks the day.
Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

Dione.

Yet sure some turtle's love has equal'd mine,
Who, when the hawk has snatch'd her mate away,
Hath never known the glad return of day.
When my fond father saw my faded eye,
And on my livid cheek the roses die;
When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
My looks, my sighs, confirm'd him that I lov'd.
He knew not that Evander was my flame,
Evander dead! my passion still the same!
He came, he threaten'd; with paternal sway,
Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day:
O cruel kindness! too severely prest!
I scorn his honours, and his wealth detest.

Laura.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

Dione.

Though bound my duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spies,
And the pale moon had journey'd half the skies,
Softly I rose and dress'd; with silent tread,
Unbarr'd the gates, and to these mountains fled.
Here let me soothe the melancholy hours!
Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bowers!
Where my calm soul may settled sorrow know,
And no Cleanthes interrupt my woe
With importuning love—

[*Melancholy Music is heard at a distance.*

On yonder plain
Advances slow a melancholy train;
Black cypress boughs their drooping heads adorn.

Laura.

Alas! Menalcas to his grave is borne.
Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride!
He saw, he sigh'd, he lov'd, was scorn'd, and dy'd.

Dione.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
Where may I see her?

Laura.

—— Ask the sighing swains.
They best can speak the conquests of her eyes;
Whoever sees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

Dione.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath crost,
And she, like me, hath her Evander lost.
How my soul pities her!

Laura.

—— If pity move
Your generous bosom, pity those who love.
There late arriv'd among our sylvan race
A stranger shepherd, who with lonely pace

Viſits thoſe mountain-pines at dawn of day,
Where oft Parthenia takes her early way
To rouſe the chaſe; mad with his amorous pain,
He ſtops and raves; then ſullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is borne by paſſing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of ſorrow go,
Nor let the mournful ſcene prolong thy woe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II *.

Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes (crowned with garlands of cypreſs and yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.

1ſt Shepherd.

Here gently reſt the corſe—With faultering breath
Thus ſpake Menalcas on the verge of death.
" Belov'd Palemon, hear a dying friend;
" See, where yon hills with craggy brows aſcend,
" Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
" There firſt I ſaw her, there began my woes.
" When I am cold, may there this clay be laid!
" There often ſtrays the dear, the cruel maid;
" There as ſhe walks, perhaps you'll hear her ſay,
" (While a kind guſhing tear ſhall force its way)
" How could my ſtubborn heart relentleſs prove?
" Ah, poor Menalcas—all thy fault was love!"

2d Shepherd.

When pitying lion's o'er a carcaſe groan,
And hungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;
When the lean wolf laments the mangled ſheep;
Then ſhall Parthenia o'er Menalcas weep.

1ſt Shepherd.

When famiſh'd panthers ſeek their morning food,
And monſters roar along the deſert wood;
When hiſſing vipers ruſtle through the brake,
Or in the path-way rears the ſpeckled ſnake;
The wary ſwain th' approaching peril ſpies,
And through ſome diſtant road ſecurely flies.
Fly then, ye ſwains, from beauty's furer wound.
Such was the fate our poor Menalcas found.

2d Shepherd.

What ſhepherd does not mourn Menalcas ſlain!
Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud diſdain!
Whoe'er attempts to bend her ſcornful mind,
Cries to the deſerts, and purſues the wind.

1ſt Shepherd.

With every grace Menalcas was endow'd,
His merits dazzled all the ſylvan crowd.
If you would know his pipe's melodious ſound,
Aſk all the echoes of theſe hills around,
For they have learnt his ſtrains; who ſhall rehearſe
The ſtrength, the cadence of his tuneful verſe?
Go, read thoſe lofty poplars; there you'll find
Some tender ſonnet grow on every rind.

2d Shepherd.

Yet what avails his ſkill? Parthenia flies.
Can merit hope ſucceſs in woman's eyes?

1ſt Shepherd.

Why was Parthenia form'd of ſofteſt mould?
Why does her heart ſuch ſavage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart—ſo ſpare the ſhepherd race.

* *This and the following ſcene are formed upon the novel of Marcella in Don Quixote.*

2d Shepherd.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I caſt;
So may Parthenia's tranſient beauty waſte!

1ſt Shepherd.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
Or ſees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
Thinking her features never ſhall decay,
This ſwain ſhe ſcorns, from that ſhe turns away.
But know, as when the roſe her bud unfolds,
Awhile each breaſt the ſhort-liv'd fragrance holds;
When the dry ſtalk lets drop her ſhrivell'd pride,
The lovely ruin's ever thrown aſide.
So ſhall Parthenia be.

2d Shepherd.

— See, ſhe appears,
To boaſt her ſpoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia appears from the mountain.

PARTHENIA. SHEPHERDS.

1ſt Shepherd.

Why this way doſt thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious baſiliſk? Lo! there he lies.
There lies the youth thy curſed beauty ſlew;
See, at thy preſence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

Parthenia.

—Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I'm a baſiliſk, the danger fly,
Shun the ſwift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I'm a murderer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your boſom bare?

1ſt Shepherd.

What heart is proof againſt that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

Parthenia.

—Is love in mine?
If e'er I trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Or with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain;
Then might you juſtly curſe my ſavage mind,
Then might you rank me with the ſerpent kind:
But I ne'er trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Nor with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain:
'Tis to his raſh purſuit he owes his fate;
I was not cruel; he was obſtinate.

1ſt Shepherd.

Hear this, ye ſighing ſhepherds, and deſpair.
Unhappy Lycidas, thy hour is near! [doom,
Since the ſame barbarous hand hath ſign'd thy
We'll lay thee in our lov'd Menalcas' tomb.

Parthenia.

Why will intruding man my peace deſtroy?
Let me content and ſolitude enjoy;
Free was I born; my freedom to maintain,
Early I fought the unambitious plain.
Moſt women's weak reſolves, like reeds, will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every ſigh;
Mine, like an oak, whoſe firm roots deep deſcend,
Nor breath of love can ſhake, nor ſigh can bend.
If ye unhappy Lycidas would ſave;
Go ſeek him, lead him to Menalcas' grave;
Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
Like him Menalcas wept, but wept in vain:

Bid him his heart-consuming groans give o'er:
Tell him, I heard such piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O Lycidas, be wise,
Prevent thy fate.—Lo! there Menalcas lies.

1st Shepherd.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;
Let's seek our charge; the flocks, dispersing wide,
Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's side.
Trust not, ye swains, the lightning of her eye,
Lest ye, like him, should love, despair, and die.

[*Exeunt Shepherds, &c. Parthenia remains in a melancholy posture, looking on the grave of Menalcas.*

SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA.

Lycidas.

When shall my steps have rest? through all the wood,
And by the winding banks of Ladon's flood,
I sought my love. O say, ye skipping fawns
(Who range entangled shades and daisy'd lawns)
If ye have seen her! say, ye warbling race
(Who measure on swift wing th' aerial space,
And view below hills, dales, and distant shores)
Where shall I find her whom my soul adores!

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[*Dione and Laura at a distance.*

Lycidas.

What do I see? no.. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding vision rise.
'Tis she. My springing heart her presence feels.
See, prostrate Lycidas before thee kneels.

[*Kneeling to Parthenia.*

Why will Parthenia turn her face away?

Parthenia.

Who calls Parthenia? hah!

[*She starts from her melancholy: and, seeing Lycidas, flies into the wood.*

Lycidas.

——Stay, virgin, stay.
O wing my feet, kind love. See, see, she bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when prest by hounds.

[*He pursues her, Dione faints in the arms of Laura.*

Laura.

What means this trembling? All her colour flies,
And life is quite unstrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And answer me; speak, speak, 'tis Laura calls.
Speech has forsook her lips.—She faints, she falls.
Fan her, ye zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the shades of death:
Blow, ye cool gales. See, she the forest shakes
With coming winds! she breathes, she moves, she wakes.

Dione.

Ah, false Evander!

Laura.

——Calm thy sobbing breast.
Say, what new sorrow has thy heart oppress?

Dione.

Didst thou not hear his sighs and suppliant tone?
Didst thou not hear the pitying mountain groan?
Didst thou not see him bend his suppliant knee?
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his soul! See how he strains,
And listens to the sight o'er yonder plains,
To keep the fair in view! Run, virgin run,
Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undone!

Laura.

Let not imaginary terror fright;
Some dark delusion swims before thy sight.
I saw Parthenia from the mountain's brow,
And Lycidas with prostrate duty bow;
Swift, as the falcon's wing, I saw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why stream thy tears for sorrows not thy own?

Dione.

Oh! where are honour, faith, and justice flown?
Perjur'd Evander!

Laura.

——Death has laid him low.
Touch not the mournful string that wakes thy woe.

Dione.

That amorous swain, whom Lycidas you name,
(Whose faithless bosom feels another flame)
Is my once kind Evander—yes—'twas he.
He lives—but lives, alas! no more for me.

Laura.

Let not thy frantic words confess despair.

Dione.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air?
Yes, I that treacherous voice with joy believ'd,
That voice, that mien, that air, my soul deceiv'd.
If my dear shepherd love the lawns, and glades,
With him I'll range the lawns, and seek the shades,
With him through solitary deserts rove.
But could he leave me for another love?
O base ingratitude!

Laura.

——Suspend thy grief,
And let my friendly counsel bring relief
To thy desponding soul. Parthenia's ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts disdain, he follows scorn,
And in the passing winds his vows are borne.
Soon will he find that all in vain he strove
To tame her bosom; then his former love
Shall wake his soul; then will he sighing blame
His heart inconstant, and his perjur'd flame:
Then shall he at Dione's feet implore,
Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

Dione.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
To raise his passion. Such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts!

Laura.

Parthenia's breast is steel'd with real scorn.

Dione.

And dost thou think Evander will return?

Laura.

Forego thy sex, lay all thy robes aside,
Strip off these ornaments of female pride:
The shepherd's vest must hide thy graceful air,
With the bold manly step a swain appear;

Then with Evander may'ſt thou rove unknown,
Then let thy tender elegance be ſhown;
Then the new fury of his heart controul,
And with Dione's ſufferings touch his ſoul.

Dione.

Sweet as refreſhing dews, or ſummer ſhowers,
To the long parching thirſt of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting ſwains.
And ſoft as trickling balm to bleeding pains;
Such are thy words. The ſex ſhall be reſign'd,
No more ſhall braided gold theſe treſſes bind;
The ſhepherd's garb the woman ſhall diſguiſe.
If he has loſt all love, may friendſhip's ties
Unite me to his heart!

Laura.

—— Go, proſperous maid,
May ſmiling love thy faithful wiſhes aid!
Be now Alexis call'd. With thee I'll rove,
And watch thy wanderer through the mazy grove:
Let me be honour'd with a ſiſter's name;
For thee, I feel a more than ſiſter's flame.

Dione.

Perhaps my ſhepherd has outſtript her haſte.
Think'ſt thou, when out of ſight, ſhe flew ſo faſt?
One ſudden glance might turn her ſavage mind;
May ſhe like Daphne fly, nor look behind,
Maintain her ſcorn, his eager flame deſpiſe,
Nor view Evander with Dione's eyes!

ACT II. SCENE I.

LYCIDAS *lying on the grave of* MENALCAS.

Lycidas.

WHEN ſhall theſe ſcalding fountains ceaſe to flow?
How long will life ſuſtain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? Roll back, thou ſource of light,
And feed my ſorrows with eternal night.
Come, ſable Death! give, give the welcome ſtroke;
The raven calls thee from yon blaſted oak,
What pious care my ghaſtful lid ſhall cloſe?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compoſe?
O happy ſhepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandering in the ſighing plains
Of bleſt Elyſium; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghoſts bemoan their former loves.
Open, thou ſilent grave; for lo! I come
To meet Menalcas in the fragrant gloom;
There ſhall my boſom burn with friendſhip's flame,
The ſame our paſſion, and our fate the ſame;
There, like two nightingales on neighbouring boughs,
Alternate ſtrains ſhall mourn our fruſtrate vows.
But if cold death ſhould cloſe Parthenia's eye,
And ſhould her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendſhip would ſoon in jealous fear be loſt,
And kindling hate purſue thy rival ghoſt.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE *in a Shepherd's habit.*

Lycidas.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wiſe;
Truſt not thy ſafety to Parthenia's eyes.
As from the bearing falcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, Parthenia flies from love.

Dione.

If in theſe vales the fatal beauty ſtray,
From the cold marble riſe; let's haſte away.
Why lie you panting, like the ſmitten deer?
Truſt not the dangers which you bid me fear.

Lycidas.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets ſurpriſe,
On ſoaring pinion rove the ſpacious ſkies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get looſe from love.
The ſnares of death are o'er me. Hence! beware;
Leſt you ſhould ſee her, and like me deſpair.

Dione

No. Let her come; and ſeek this vale's receſs,
In all the beauteous negligence of dreſs;
Though Cupid ſend a ſhaft in every glance,
Though all the Graces in her ſtep advance,
My heart can ſtand it all. Be firm, my breaſt;
Th' enſnaring oath, the broken vow deteſt:
That flame, which other charms have power to move,
O give it not the ſacred name of love!
'Tis perjury, fraud, and meditated lies.
Love's ſeated in the ſoul, and never dies.
What then avail her charms? My conſtant heart
Shall gaze ſecure, and mock a ſecond dart.

Lycidas.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found,
And the ſame hand that gave, now heals the wound.
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the ſport of pride and ſcorn?

Dione.

O tell me, ſhepherd, hath thy faithleſs maid,
Falſe to her vow, thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her ſmooth ſpeech engage thee to believe?
Did ſhe proteſt and ſwear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

Lycidas.

——The haughty fair
Contemns my ſufferings, and diſdains to hear.
Let meaner beauties, learn'd in female ſnares,
Entice the ſwain with half-conſenting airs;
Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conquering eyes;
And yet, where'er ſhe turns, a lover ſighs.
Vain is the ſteady conſtancy you boaſt;
All other love at ſight of her is loſt.

Dione.

True conſtancy no time, no power, can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
Though the dear author of my hapleſs flame
Purſue another; ſtill my heart's the ſame.
Am I for ever left? (excuſe theſe tears)
May your kind friendſhip ſoften all my cares!

Lycidas.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, beſtow?

Dione.

He beſt can pity who hath felt the woe.

Lycidas.

Since different objects have our ſouls poſſeſt,
No rival fears our friendſhip ſhall moleſt.

Dione.

Come, let us leave the ſhade of theſe brown hills,
And drive our flocks beſide the ſtreaming rills.

Should the fair tyrant to these vales return,
How would thy breast with double fury burn!
Go hence, and seek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

Laura.

——Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudest of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the steep the winding path declines,
I saw the nymph descend.

Lycidas.

——She comes, she comes;
From her the passing zephyrs steal perfumes,
As from the violet's bank with odours sweet
Breathes every gale; spring blooms beneath her feet.
Yes, 'tis my fairest; here she's wont to rove.

Laura.

Say, by what signs I might have known thy love?

Lycidas.

My love is fairer than the snowy breast
Of the tall swan, whose proudly swelling chest
Divides the wave; her tresses, loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.
Know'st thou Parthenia?

Laura.

——Wretched is the slave
Who serves such pride! Behold Menalcas' grave!
Yet if Alexis and this sighing swain
Wish to behold the tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind these myrtles twining arms
Retire unseen; from thence survey her charms.
Wild as the chaunting thrush upon the spray,
At man's approach, she swiftly flies away.
Like the young hare, I've seen the panting maid
Stop, listen, run; of every wind afraid.

Lycidas.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart.

[*To* Dione.

[Lycidas, Dione, *and* Laura, *retires behind the boughs.*

SCENE IV.

PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

Parthenia.

This melancholy scene demands a groan.
Hah! what inscription marks the weeping stone?
"O power of beauty! here Menalcas lies,
"Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Why did Heaven form me with such polish'd care?
Why cast my features in a mould so fair?
If blooming beauty was a blessing meant,
Why are my sighing hours deny'd content?
The downy peach, that glows with sunny dyes,
Feeds the black snails, and lures voracious flies;
The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
And pecking finches scoop the golden rind;
But beauty suffers more pernicious wrongs,
Blasted by envy, and censorious tongues.

How happy lives the nymph whose comely face
And pleasing glances boast sufficient grace
To wound the swain she loves! No jealous fears
Shall vex her nuptial state with nightly tears;
Nor amorous youths, to push their foul pretence,
Infest her days with dull impertinence.
But why talk I of love? My guarded heart
Disowns his power, and turns aside the dart.
Hark! from his hollow tomb Menalcas cries,
"Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Come, Lycidas, the mournful lay peruse,
Lest thou, like him, Parthenia's eyes accuse.

[*She stands in a melancholy posture, looking on the tomb.*

Lycidas.

Call'd she not Lycidas?—I come, my fair;
See generous pity melts into a tear,
And her heart softens. Now's the tender hour;
Assist me, Love! exert thy sovereign power
To tame the scornful maid.

Dione.

——Rash swain, be wise;
'Tis not from thee or him; from Love she flies.
Leave her, forget her. [*They hold* Lycidas.

Laura.

——Why this furious haste?

Lycidas.

Unhand me; loose me.

Dione.

——Sister, hold him fast.
To follow her, is, to prolong despair.
Shepherd, you must not go.

Lycidas.

——Bold youth, forbear.
Hear me, Parthenia.

Parthenia.

——From behind the shade
Methought a voice some listening spy betray'd.
Yes, I'm observ'd. [*She runs out.*

Lycidas.

——Stay, nymph; thy flight suspend.
She hears me not—when will my sorrows end!
As over-spent with toil, my heaving breast
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me rest.

[*He remains in a fixt melancholy.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

Laura.

Recall thy scatter'd sense, bid reason wake,
Subdue thy passion.

Lycidas.

——Shall I never speak?
She's gone, she's gone—Kind shepherd, let me rest
My troubled head upon thy friendly breast.
The forest seems to move—O cursed state!
I doom'd to love, and she condemn'd to hate!
Tell me, Alexis, art thou still the same?
Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
Of thy first love? did not thy fluttering heart,
Whene'er she rais'd her look, confess the dart?

Dione.

I own, the nymph is fairest of her race,
Yet I unmov'd can oh this beauty gaze,
Mindful of former promise; all that's dear,
My thoughts, my dreams, my every wish is there.

Since then our hopes are loſt; let friendſhip's tie
Calm our diſtreſs, and ſlighted love ſupply;
Let us together drive our fleecy ſtore,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

Lycidas.

'Tis death alone can 'raſe her from my breaſt.

Laura.

Why ſhines thy love ſo far above the reſt?
Nature, 'tis true, in every outward grace,
Her niceſt hand employ'd; her lovely face
With beauteous feature ſtampt; with roſy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her eyes:
But, if thou ſearch the ſecrets of her mind,
Where ſhall thy cheated ſoul a virtue find?
Sure hell with cruelty her breaſt ſupply'd:
How did ſhe glory when Menalcas dy'd!
Pride in her boſom reigns; ſhe's falſe, ſhe's vain;
She firſt entices, then inſults the ſwain.
Shall female cunning lead thy heart aſtray?
Shepherd, be free; and ſcorn for ſcorn repay.

Lycidas.

How woman talks of woman:

Dione.

——Hence depart;
Let a long abſence cure thy love-ſick heart.
To ſome far grove retire, her ſight diſclaim,
Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
Let not an hour thy happy flight ſuſpend;
But go not, Lycidas, without thy friend.
Together let us ſeek the cheerful plains,
And lead the dance among the ſportive ſwains,
Devoid of care.

Laura.

——Or elſe the groves diſdain,
Nor with the ſylvan walk indulge thy pain.
Haſte to the town; there (I have oft been told)
The courtly nymph her treſſes binds with gold,
To captivate the youths; the youths appear
In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair
Rich with ambroſial ſcents, the fair to move,
And all the buſineſs of the day is love.
There from the gaudy train ſelect a dame,
Her willing glance ſhall catch an equal flame.

Lycidas.

Name not the court.—The thought my ſoul confounds,
And with Dione's wrongs my boſom wounds.
Heaven juſtly vindicates the faithful maid;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps ſhe now laments my fancy'd death
With tears unfeign'd; and thinks my gaſping breath
Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more upbraid!
Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aſide.*

DIONE *and* LAURA *apart.*

Dione.

Hark! how reflection wakes his conſcious heart.
From my pale lids the trickling ſorrows ſtart.
How ſhall my breaſt the ſwelling ſighs confine!

Laura.

O ſmooth thy brow, conceal our juſt deſign:
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief ariſe,
And force a paſſage through thy guſhing eyes,
Quickly retire, thy ſorrows to compoſe;
Or with a look ſerene diſguiſe thy woes.

[Dione *is going out.* Laura *walks at a diſtance.*

Lycidas.

Canſt thou, Alexis, leave me thus diſtreſt?
Where's now the boaſted friendſhip of thy breaſt?
Haſt thou not oft ſurvey'd the dappled deer
In ſocial herds o'erſpread the paſtures fair?
When opening hounds the warmer ſcent purſue,
And force the deſtin'd victim from the crew,
Oft he returns, and fain would join the band,
While all their horns the panting wretch withſtand.
Such is thy friendſhip; thus might I confide.

Dione.

Why wilt thou cenſure what thou ne'er haſt try'd?
Sooner ſhall ſwallows leave their callow brood,
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food;
Sooner ſhall hens expoſe their infant care,
When the ſpread kite ſails wheeling in the air;
Than I forſake thee when by danger preſt.
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breaſt.

Lycidas.

If thy fair-ſpoken tongue thy boſom ſhows,
There let the ſecrets of my ſoul repoſe.

Dione.

Far be ſuſpicion; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

Lycidas.

Know then, Alexis, that in vain I ſtrove
To break her chain, and free my ſoul from love:
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in their clammy ſtrings.
The flow-pac'd days have witneſs'd my deſpair,
Upon my weary couch ſits wakeful care;
Down my fluſh'd cheek the flowing ſorrows run,
As dews deſcend to weep the abſent ſun.
O loſt Parthenia!

Dione.

——Theſe wild thoughts ſuſpend;
And in thy kind commands inſtruct thy friend.

Lycidas.

Whene'er my faultering tongue would urge my cauſe,
Deaf is her ear, and ſullen ſhe withdraws.
Go then, Alexis; ſeek the ſcornful maid,
In tender eloquence my ſufferings plead;
Of ſlighted paſſion you the pangs have known;
O judge my ſecret anguiſh by your own!

Dione

Had I the ſkill inconſtant hearts to move,
My longing ſoul had never loſt my love.
My feeble tongue, in theſe ſoft arts untry'd,
Can ill ſupport the thunder of her pride;
When he ſhall bid me to thy bower repair,
How ſhall my trembling lips her threats declare!
How ſhall I tell thee that ſhe could behold,
With brow ſerene, thy corſe all pale and cold
Beat on the daſhing billow? Should'ſt thou go
Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
Near thee the tyrant could unpitying ſtand,
Nor call thee back, nor ſtretch a ſaving hand.
Wilt thou then ſtill perſiſt to tempt thy fate,
To feed her pride, and gratify her hate?

Lycidas.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
Oft ſhifts her paſſions, like th' inconſtant wind;

Sudden ſhe rages, like the troubled main,
Now ſinks the ſtorm, and all is calm again.
Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
And the ſoft tale ſhall glide into her heart.

Dione.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
And never hear the tender voice of love.
Let her awhile, neglected by the ſwain,
Paſs by, nor ſighs moleſt the cheerful plain:
Thus ſhall the fury of her pride be laid;
Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

Lycidas.

Vain are attempts my paſſion to controul.
Is this the balm to cure my fainting ſoul?

Dione.

Deep then among the green-wood ſhades I'll rove,
And ſeek with weary'd pace thy wander'd love;
Proſtrate I'll fall, and with inceſſant prayers
Hang on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears.
If ſighs of pity can her ear incline,
(O Lycidas, my life is wrapt in thine)! [*Aſide.*
I'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale,
Thy voice more ſweet than notes along the vale
Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving ſtrain
Shall ſtay her flight, and conquer her diſdain.
Yet if ſhe hear, ſhould love the meſſage ſpeed,
Then dies all hope—then muſt Dione bleed. [*Aſide.*

Lycidas.

Haſte then, dear faithful ſwain. Beneath thoſe yews,
Whoſe ſable arms the browneſt ſhade diffuſe,
Where all around, to ſtate the fervent ſky,
The panting flocks in ſerny thickets lie;
There with impatience ſhall I wait my friend,
O'er the wide proſpect frequent glances ſend
To ſpy thy wiſh'd return. As thou ſhalt find
A tender welcome, may thy love be kind!

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE VI.

DIONE, LAURA.

Dione.

Methinks I'm now ſurrounded by deſpair,
And all my withering hopes are loſt in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempeſt blow,
With hallow blaſts the claſhing branches bend;
And yellow ſhowers of ruſtling leaves deſcend;
She ſees the friendly ſhelter from her fly;
Nor dare her little pinions truſt the ſky;
But on the naked ſpray in wintery air,
All ſhivering, hopeleſs, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? raſh, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wiſhes are betray'd!

[Laura *advances.*

Laura.

Why walk'ſt thou thus diſturb'd with frantic air?
Why roll thy eyes with madneſs and deſpair?

Dione. [*Muſing.*

How wilt thou bear to ſee her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph ſhall bid thee ſay,
"Let not the ſhepherd ſeek the ſilent grave,
"Say, that I bid him live—if hope can ſave!"

Laura.

Hath he diſcern'd thee through the ſwain's diſguiſe,
And now alike thy love and friendſhip flies?

Dione.

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promiſe made,
I'll range each ſunny hill, each lawn and glade.

Laura.

'Tis Laura ſpeaks. O calm your troubled mind.

Dione.

Where ſhall my ſearch this envy'd beauty find?
I'll go, my faithleſs ſhepherd's cauſe to plead,
And with my tears accuſe the rival maid.
Yet ſhould her ſoften'd heart to love incline!

Laura.

If thoſe are all thy fears, Evander's thine.

Dione.

Why ſhould we both in ſorrow waſte our days?
If love unfeign'd my conſtant boſom ſways,
His happineſs alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in Parthenia's eyes.
Haſte then, with earneſt zeal her love implore,
To bleſs his hours—when thou ſhalt breathe no more.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DIONE *lying on the ground by the ſide of a Fountain.*

Dione.

HERE let me reſt; and in the liquid glaſs
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are Parthenia's ſtriking beauties priz'd?
And why Dione's weaker glance deſpis'd?
Nature in various moulds has beauty caſt,
And form'd the feature for each different taſte:
This ſighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloſs of ſable treſſes, dies.
Let all mankind theſe locks, theſe eyes deteſt,
So I were lovely in Evander's breaſt!
When o'er the garden's knot we caſt our view,
While ſummer paints the ground with various hue;
Some praiſe the gaudy tulip's ſtreaky red,
And ſome the ſilver lily's bending head;
Some the jonquil in ſhining yellow dreſt,
And ſome the fring'd carnation's varied veſt;
Some love the ſober violet's purple dyes,
Thus beauty fares in different lovers' eyes.
But bright Parthenia like the roſe appears,
She in all eyes ſuperior luſtre bears.

SCENE II.

DIONE, LAURA.

Laura.

Why thus beneath the ſilver willow laid,
Weeps fair Dione in the penſive ſhade?
Haſt thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards Parthenia from the ſultry hour?

Dione.

With weary ſtep in paths unknown I ſtray'd,
And ſought in vain the ſolitary maid.

Laura.

Seeſt thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whoſe aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And waſh the ſoil from the big roots below;

From the tall rock the dashing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the rushing billows sound!
There, lost in thought, and leaning on her crook,
Stood the sad nymph, nor rais'd her pensive look;
With settled eye the bubbling waves survey'd,
And watch the whirling eddies as they play'd.

Dione.

Thither to know my certain doom I speed,
For by this sentence life or death's decreed. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

Laura.

But see! some hasty stranger bends this way;
His broider'd vest reflects the sunny ray:
Now through the thinner boughs I mark his mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker shades he moves unseen.
Hither he turns; I hear a muttering sound;
Behind this reverend oak with ivy bound,
Quick I'll retire; with busy thought possest,
His tongue betrays the secrets of his breast.
[*She hides herself.*

Cleanthes.

The skilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The subtle fox (who breathes the weary hound
O'er hills and plains) in distant brakes is found;
With ease we track swift hinds and skipping roes.
But who th' inconstant ways of woman knows?
They say, she wanders with the sylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wish without offence,
Nor blush the nymphs—for love is innocence.
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the slope hills the warbling voice repeat.
Perhaps on daisy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her side some rival clown is laid.
Yet, yet I love her.—O lost nymph return;
Let not thy sire with tears incessant mourn;
Return, lost nymph; bid sorrow cease to flow,
And let Dione glad the house of woe.

Laura.

Call'd he not lost Dione? hence I'll start,
Cross his slow steps, and sift his opening heart.
[*Aside.*

Cleanthes.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandering way?
Where, in close bowers, to shun the sultry ray,
Repose the swains; whose flocks with bleating fill
The bordering forest and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join those sylvan bands,
Thyself can answer what my soul demands.

Laura.

Seven years I trod these fields, these bowers, and glades,
And by the lessening and the lengthening shades
Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to lead
To sunny mountains, or the watery mead:
Train'd in the labours of the sylvan crew,
Their sports, retreats, their cares and loves I knew.

Cleanthes.

Instruct me, then, if late among your race
A stranger nymph is found, of noble grace,
In rural arts unskill'd, no charge she tends;
Nor when the morn and evening dew descends
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dress
The polish'd manners of the court confess.

Laura.

Each day arrive the neighbouring nymphs and swains,
To share the pastime of our jovial plains;
How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race!

Cleanthes.

If yet she breathes, what tortures must she find!
The curse of disobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breast with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you sorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
Tell her, I charge you, with incessant groans
Her drooping sire his absent child bemoans.

Laura.

Unhappy man!

Cleanthes.

——With storms of passion tost,
When first he learn'd his vagrant child was lost,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow bosom rung;
Then up he started, and with fix'd surprise,
Upon her picture threw his frantic eyes,
While thus he cry'd: In her my life was bound,
" Warm in each feature is her mother found!
" Perhaps despair has been her fatal guide,
" And now she floats upon the weeping tide;
" Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
" All pale and cold she wavers in the wind.
" Did I not force her hence by harsh commands?
" Did not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?"

Laura.

Teach not, ye sires, your daughters to rebel.
By counsel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

Cleanthes.

Ye duteous daughters, trust these tender guides;
Nor think a parent's breast the tyrant hides.

Laura.

From either lid the scalding sorrows roll;
The moving tale runs thrilling to my soul.

Cleanthes.

Perhaps she wanders in the lonely woods,
Or on the sedgy borders of the floods;
Thou know'st each cottage, forest, hill, and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.
Search each sequester'd dell to find the fair;
And just reward shall gratify thy care.

Laura.

O ye kind boughs, protect the virgin's flight,
And guard Dione from his prying sight! [*Aside.*

Cleanthes.

Mean while, I'll seek the shepherd's cool abodes,
Point me, fair nymph, along these doubtful roads.

Laura.

Seest thou yon mountain rear his shaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There every gale with warbling music floats,
Shade answers shade, and breathes alternate notes.
[*Exit* Cleanthes.
He's gone; and to the distant vale is sent,
Nor shall his force Dione's love prevent.
But see, she comes again with hasty pace,
And conscious pleasure dimples on her face.

SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

Dione.

I found her laid beſide the cryſtal brook,
Nor rais'd ſhe from the ſtream her ſettled look,
Till near her ſide I ſtood; her head ſhe rears,
Starts ſudden, and her ſhrieks confeſs her fears.

Laura.

Did not thy words her thoughtful ſoul ſurpriſe,
And kindle ſparkling anger in her eyes?

Dione.

Thus ſhe reply'd, with rage and ſcorn poſſeſt:
"Will importuning love ne'er give me reſt?
"Why am I thus in deſerts wild purſu'd,
"Like guilty conſciences when ſtain'd with blood?
"Sure boding ravens, from the blaſted oak,
"Shall learn the name of Lycidas to croak,
"To ſound it in my ears! As ſwains paſs by,
"With look aſkance, they ſhake their heads and cry,
"Lo! this is ſhe for whom the ſhepherd dy'd!
"Soon Lycidas, a victim to her pride, [glade,
"Shall ſeek the grave; and in the glimmering
"With look all pale, ſhall glide the reſtleſs ſhade
"Of the poor ſwain; while we with haggard eye
"And briſtled hair the fleeting phantom fly."
Still let their curſes innocence upbraid:
Heaven never will forſake the virtuous maid.

Laura.

Didſt thou perſiſt to touch her haughty breaſt?

Dione.

She ſtill the more diſdain'd, the more I preſt.

Laura.

When you were gone, theſe walks a ſtranger croſt,
He turn'd through every path, and wander'd loſt;
To me he came; with courteous ſpeech demands
Beneath what bowers repos'd the ſhepherd bands;
Then further aſks me, if among that race
A ſhepherdeſs was found of courtly grace;
With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue eſſays;
But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.
In me Dione's ſafe. Far hence he ſpeeds,
Where other hills reſound with other reeds.

Dione.

Should he come back; ſuſpicion's jealous eyes
Might trace my feature through the ſwain's diſguiſe.
Now every noiſe and whiſtling wind I dread,
And in each ſound approaches human tread.

Laura.

He ſaid, he left your houſe involv'd in cares,
Sighs ſwell'd each breaſt, each eye o'erflow'd with tears;
For his loſt child thy penſive father mourns,
And, ſunk in ſorrow, to the duſt returns.
Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,
And ſtill the ſighs that tear his anxious heart.
Soon ſhall Evander, wearied with diſdain,
Forego theſe fields, and ſeek the town again.

Dione.

Think, Laura, what thy haſty thoughts perſuade.
If I return, to love a victim made,
My wrathful ſire will force his harſh command,
And with Cleanthes join my trembling hand.

Laura.

Truſt a fond father; raiſe him from deſpair.

Dione.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care.
On the high nuptials of the court look round;
Where ſhall, alas, one happy pair be found!
There marriage is for ſervile intereſt ſought:
Is love for wealth, or power, or title bought?
'Tis hence domeſtic jars their peace deſtroy,
And looſe adultery ſteals the ſhameful joy.
But ſearch we wide o'er all the bliſsful plains,
Where love alone, devoid of intereſt, reigns.
What concord in each happy pair appears!
How ſondneſs ſtrengthens with the rolling years!
Superior power ne'er thwarts their ſoft delights,
Nor jealous accuſations wake their nights.

Laura.

May all thoſe bleſſings on Dione fall.

Dione.

Grant me Evander, and I ſhare them all.
Shall a fond parent give perpetual ſtrife,
And doom his child to be a wretch for life?
Though he bequeath'd me all theſe woods and plains,
And all the flocks the ruſſet down contains;
With all the golden harveſts of the year,
Far as where yonder purple mountains rear;
Can theſe the broils of nuptial life prevent?
Can theſe, without Evander, give content?
But ſee, he comes.

Laura.

—— I'll to the vales repair,
Where wanders by the ſtream my fleecy care.
May'ſt thou the rage of this new flame controul,
And wake Dione in his tender ſoul! [*Exit* Laura.

SCENE V.

DIONE, LYCIDAS.

Lycidas.

Say, my Alexis, can thy words impart
Kind rays of hope to clear a doubtful heart?
How didſt thou firſt my pangs of love diſcloſe?
Did her diſdainful brow confirm my woes?
Or did ſoft pity in her boſom riſe,
Heave on her breaſt, and languiſh in her eyes?

Dione.

How ſhall my tongue the faultering tale explain!
My heart drops blood to give the ſhepherd pain.

Lycidas.

Pronounce her utmoſt ſcorn; I come prepar'd
To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd?

Dione.

Why ſhould thy fate depend on woman's will!
Forget this tyrant, and be happy ſtill.

Lycidas.

Didſt thou beſeech her not to ſpeed her flight,
Nor ſhun with wrathful glance my hated ſight?
Will ſhe conſent my ſighing plaint to hear,
Nor let my piercing cries be loſt in air?

Dione.

Can mariners appeaſe the toſſing ſtorm,
When foaming waves the yawning deep deform?
When o'er the ſable cloud the thunder flies,
Say, who ſhall calm the terror of the ſkies?

Who shall the lion's famish'd roar assuage?
And can we still proud woman's stronger rage?
Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
Sudden her glances shot resentful flame:
Be dumb, she cries, this whining love give o'er,
And vex me with the teazing theme no more.

Lycidas.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her scorn.
Can the mean swain, in humble cottage born,
Can poverty that haughty heart obtain,
Where avarice and strong ambition reign?
If poverty pass by in tatter'd coat,
Curs vex his heels, and stretch their barking throat;
If chance he mingle in the female crowd,
Pride tosses high her head, scorn laughs aloud;
Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
And wonders at the impudence of want.
'Tis vanity that rules all womankind,
Love is the weakest passion of their mind.

Dione.

Though one is by those servile views possest,
O Lycidas, condemn not all the rest.

Lycidas.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
And seventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
Yet, if my olive branches dropt with oil,
And crooked shares were brighten'd in my soil,
If lowing herds my fattening meads possest,
And my white fleece the tawny mountain dreſt;
Then would she lure me with love-darting glance,
Then with fond mercenary smiles advance.
Though hell with every vice my soul had stain'd,
And froward anger in my bosom reign'd,
Though avarice my coffers cloth'd in rust,
And my joints trembled with enfeebled lust;
Yet, were my ancient name with titles great,
How would she languish for the gaudy bait!
If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
What virtuous woman can her heart defend?

Dione.

Conquests, thus meanly bought, men scon despise,
And justly slight the mercenary prize.

Lycidas.

I know these frailties in her breast reside,
Direct her glance, and every action guide.
Still let Alexis' faithful friendship aid,
Once more attempt to bend the stubborn maid.
Tell her, no base-born swain provokes her scorn,
No clown, beneath the sedgy cottage horn;
Tell her, for her this sylvan dress I took,
For her my name and pomp of courts forsook;
My lofty roofs with golden sculpture shine,
And my high birth descends from ancient line.

Dione.

Love is a sacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaste desire.
Who thinks true love for lucre to possess,
Shall grasp false flattery and the feign'd caress;
Can we believe that mean, that servile wife,
Who vilely sells her dear-bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour resign,
If in her sight the prosser'd treasure shine.

Lycidas.

Can reason (when by winds swift fires are borne
O'er waving harvests of autumnal corn)
The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then shall reason with a heart in love?

Dione.

Yet let me speak; O may my words persuade
The noble youth to quit this sylvan maid!
Resign thy crook, no more to plains resort,
Look round on all the beauties of the court;
There shall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.
Think, if these offers should thy wish obtain,
And should the rustic beauty stoop to gain;
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The sudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy rash folly thou too late shalt chide,
To poverty and base-born blood ally'd;
Her vulgar tongue shall animate the strife,
And hourly discord vex thy future life.

Lycidas.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That like the galling goad they pierce my heart,
You think fair virtue in my breast resides,
That honest truth my lips and actions guides.
Deluded shepherd, could you view my soul,
You'd see it with deceit and treachery foul;
I'm base, perfidious. Ere from court I came,
Love singled from the train a beauteous dame;
The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd.
Why dost thou tremble? why thus heave thy sighs?
Why steal thy silent sorrows from thy eyes?

Dione.

Sure the soft lamb hides rage within his breast,
And cooing turtles are with hate possest;
When from so sweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
And those meek looks a perjur'd heart disguise.
Ah! who shall now on faithless man depend?
The treacherous lover proves as false a friend.

Lycidas.

When with Dione's love my bosom glow'd,
Firm constancy and truth sincere I vow'd;
But since Parthenia's brighter charms were known,
My love, my constancy and truth are flown.

Dione.

Are not thy hours with conscious anguish stung?
Swift vengeance must o'ertake the perjur'd tongue,
The gods the cause of injur'd love assert,
And arm with stubborn pride Parthenia's heart.

Lycidas.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and state,
Stronger ambition will subdue her hate.

Dione.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that lost maid,
Whose hourly sighs thy faithless oath upbraid;
Think you behold her at the dead of night,
Plac'd by the glimmering taper's paly light,
With all your letters spread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing she reads the perjuries o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful sleep no more.

Lycidas.

Let me forget her.

Dione.

O false youth, relent;
Think should Parthenia to thy hopes consent;

When Hymen joins your hands, and muſic's voice
Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoice,
Then ſhall Dione force the crowded hall,
Kneel at thy feet, and loud for juſtice call:
Could you behold her weltering on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound;
Could you, unmov'd, this dreadful ſight ſurvey?
Such fatal ſcenes ſhall ſtain the bridal day.

Lycidas.

The horrid thought ſinks deep into my ſoul,
And down my cheek unwilling ſorrows roll.

Dione

From this new flame you may as yet recede,
Or have you doom'd that guiltleſs maid ſhall bleed?

Lycidas.

Name her no more.—Haſte, ſeek the ſylvan fair.

Dione.

Should the rich proffer tempt her liſtening ear,
Bid all your piece adieu. O barbarous youth,
Can you forego your honour, love, and truth?
Yet ſhould Parthenia wealth and title ſlight,
Would juſtice then reſtore Dione's right?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears;
And bleſs with honeſt love your future years?

Lycidas.

I'll in yon ſhade thy wiſh'd return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy ſighing friend.
[*Exit* Lycidas.

Dione.

Should her proud ſoul reſiſt the tempting bait,
Should ſhe contemn his proffer'd wealth and ſtate;
Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his boſom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
All trembling in the judgment-hall appears;
So ſhall I ſtand before Parthenia's eyes,
For as ſhe dooms, Dione lives or dies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, *aſleep in a Bower.*

Lycidas.

MAY no rude wind the ruſtling branches move;
Breathe ſoft, ye ſilent gales, nor wake my love.
Ye ſhepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the diſtant echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud ſhake prolong the ſhriller note,
Leſt ſhe awake; O ſleep, ſecure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for, if ſhe wake, ſhe flies.
While eaſy dreams compoſe her peaceful ſoul,
What anxious cares within my boſom roll!
If tir'd with ſighs beneath the beech I lie,
And languid ſlumber cloſe my weeping eye,
Her lovely viſion riſes to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and ſwift would I purſue;
I ſtrive to call, my tongue has loſt its ſound;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumb'd are bound;
Struggling I wake. Again my ſorrows flow,
And not one flattering dream deludes my woe.
What innocence! how meek is every grace!
How ſweet the ſmile that dimples on her face,
Calm as the ſleeping ſeas! but ſhould my ſighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry ſtorms would riſe!
Though the fair roſe with beauteous bluſh is crown'd,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach, that with inviting crimſon blooms,
Deep at the heart the cankering worm conſumes;
'Tis thus, alas! thoſe lovely features hide
Diſdain and anger and reſentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

Lycidas.

Hath proffer'd greatneſs yet o'ercome her hate?
And does ſhe languiſh for the glittering bait?
Againſt the ſwain ſhe might her pride ſupport.
Can ſhe ſubdue her ſex, and ſcorn a court?
Perhaps in dreams the ſhining viſion charms,
And the rich bracelet ſparkles on her arms;
In fancy'd heaps the golden treaſure glows:
Parthenia, wake; all this thy ſwain beſtows.

Dione.

Sleeps ſhe in theſe cloſe bowers?

Lycidas.

——Lo! there ſhe lies.

Dione.

O may no ſtartling ſound unſeal her eyes,
And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.
Hence, Lycidas; beyond thoſe ſhades repoſe,
While I thy fortune and thy birth diſcloſe.

Lycidas.

May I Parthenia to thy friendſhip owe?

Dione.

O rather think on loſt Dione's woe!
Muſt ſhe thy broken faith for ever mourn,
And will that juſter paſſion ne'er return?

Lycidas.

Upbraid me not; but go. Her ſlumbers chaſe;
And in her view the bright temptation place.
[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

Dione.

Now flames the weſtern ſky with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quivering ſtreams;
Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their food,
Now ſeek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender graſs with dewy cryſtal bends,
And gathering vapour from the heath aſcends.
Shake off this downy reſt; wake, gentle maid,
Truſt not thy charms beneath the noxious ſhade.
Parthenia, riſe.

Parthenia.

——What voice alarms my ear?
Away. Approach not. Hah! Alexis there!
Let us together to the vales deſcend,
And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
But let me hear no more that ſhepherd's name,
Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

Dione.

Can I behold him gaſping on the ground,
And ſeek no healing herb to ſtaunch the wound?
For thee continual ſighs conſume his heart,
'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding ſmart:
Once more I come the moving cauſe to plead,
If ſtill his ſufferings cannot intercede,
Yet let my friendſhip do his paſſion right,
And ſhow thy lover in his native light.

Parthenia.

Why in dark myſtery are thy words involv'd?
If Lycidas you mean; know, I'm reſolv'd.

Dione.

Let not thy kindling rage my words reſtrain.
Know then, Parthenia ſlights no vulgar ſwain.
For thee he bears the ſcrip and ſylvan crook,
For thee the glories of a court forſook.
May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
His honours, his poſſeſſions, all are thine.

Parthenia.

If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs, beware;
Thoſe who moſt promiſe are the leaſt ſincere.
The quick-ey'd hawk ſhoots headlong from above,
And in his pounces bears the trembling dove;
The pilfering wolf o'erleaps the fold's defence.
But the falſe courtier preys on innocence.
If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs, beware:
Thoſe who moſt promiſe are the leaſt ſincere.

Dione.

Alas! thou ne'er haſt prov'd the ſweets of ſtate,
Nor known that female pleaſure, to be great.
'Tis for the town ripe cluſters load the poles,
And all our autumn crowns the courtier's bowls;
For him our woods the red-ey'd pheaſant breed,
And annual coveys in our harveſt feed;
For him with fruit the bending branch is ſtor'd,
Plenty pours all her bleſſings on his board.
If (when the market to the city calls)
We chance to paſs beſide his palace-walls,
Does not his hall with muſic's voice reſound,
And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?
Such are the pleaſures Lycidas ſhall give,
When thy relenting boſom bids him live.

Parthenia.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Who ſings a farewell to the parting day;
At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
Is not each buſh, each ſpreading tree his own?
And canſt thou think he'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
What then are honours, pomp and gold to me?
Are thoſe a price to purchaſe liberty?

Dione.

Think, when the Hymeneal torch ſhall blaze,
And on the ſolemn rites the virgins gaze;
When thy fair locks with glittering gems are grac'd,
And the bright zone ſhall ſparkle round thy waiſt;
How will their hearts with envious ſorrow pine,
When Lycidas ſhall join his hand to thine!

Parthenia.

And yet, Alexis, all that pomp and ſhow
Are oft the varniſh of internal woe.
When the chaſte lamb is from her ſiſters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head;
The gazing flock, all envious of her pride,
Behold her ſkipping by the prieſteſs' ſide;
Each hopes the flowery wreath with longing eyes;
While ſhe, alas! is led to ſacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her ſtate array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtleſs maid.

Dione.

As yet her tongue reſiſts the tempting ſnare,
And guards my panting boſom from deſpair.
[*Aſide.*
Can thy ſtrong ſoul this noble flame forego?
Muſt ſuch a lover waſte his life in woe?

Parthenia.

Tell him, his gifts I ſcorn; not all his art,
Not all his flattery ſhall ſeduce my heart.
Courtiers, I know, are diſciplin'd to cheat,
Their infant lips are taught to liſp deceit;
To prey on eaſy nymphs they range the ſhade,
And vainly boaſt of innocence betray'd;
Chaſte hearts, unlearn'd in falſehood, they aſſail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.
No. Lycidas ſhall ne'er my peace deſtroy,
I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

Dione.

So ſtrong a paſſion in my boſom burns,
Whene'er his ſoul is griev'd, Alexis mourns!
Canſt thou this importuning ardor blame? [fame?
Would not thy tongue for friendſhip urge the

Parthenia.

Yes, blooming ſwain. You ſhow an honeſt mind;
I ſee it, with the pureſt flame refin'd.
Who ſhall compare love's mean and groſs deſire
To the chaſte zeal of friendſhip's ſacred fire?
By whining love our weakneſs is confeſt!
But ſtronger friendſhip ſhows a virtuous breaſt.
In folly's heart the ſhort-liv'd blaze may glow,
Wiſdom alone can purer friendſhip know.
Love is a ſudden blaze which ſoon decays,
Friendſhip is like the ſun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhauſt the flame,
It ſtill is giving, and ſtill burns the ſame;
And could Alexis from his ſoul remove
All the low images of groſſer love;
Such mild, ſuch gentle looks thy heart declare,
Fain would my breaſt thy faithful friendſhip ſhare.

Dione.

How dare you in the different ſex confide?
And ſeek a friendſhip which you ne'er have try'd?

Parthenia.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
From thy chaſte eye no wanton glances dart;
Thy modeſt lips convey no thought impure,
With thee may ſtricteſt virtue walk ſecure.

Dione.

Yet can I ſafely on the nymph depend,
Whoſe unrelenting ſcorn can kill my friend!

Parthenia.

Accuſe me not, who act a generous part;
Had I, like city maids, a fraudful heart,
Then had his proffers taught my ſoul to feign,
Then had I vilely ſtoopt to ſordid gain,
Then had I ſigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
And for unhappy chains my freedom ſold.
If you would ſave him, bid him leave the plain,
And to his native city turn again;

There, ſhall his paſſion find a ready cure,
There not one dame reſiſts the glittering lure.

Dione.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
Alas! thou only canſt aſſuage his pain!

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

Lycidas. [*Liſtening.*

Why ſtays Alexis? can my boſom bear
Thus long alternate ſtorms of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow diſguiſe,
But love-conſenting ſparkles in her eyes;
Here will I liſten, here, impatient wait.
Spare me, Parthenia, and reſign thy hate. [*Aſide.*

Parthenia.

When Lycidas ſhall to the court repair,
Still let Alexis love his fleecy care;
Still let him chooſe cool grots and ſylvan bowers,
And let Parthenia ſhare his peaceful hours.

Lycidas.

What do I hear? my friendſhip is betray'd;
The treacherous rival has ſeduc'd the maid.
[*Aſide.*

Parthenia.

With thee, where bearded goats deſcend the ſteep,
Or where, like winter's ſnow, the nibbling ſheep
Clothe the ſlope hills; I'll paſs the cheerful day,
And from thy reed my voice ſhall catch the lay.
But ſee, ſtill evening ſpreads her duſky wings,
The flock, ſlow-moving from the miſty ſprings,
Now ſeek their fold. Come, ſhepherd, let's away,
To cloſe the lateſt labours of the day.
[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire diſaſters rend?
A ſcornful miſtreſs, and a treacherous friend!
Would ye be cozen'd, more than woman can,
Unlock your boſom to perfidious man.
One faithful woman have theſe eyes beheld,
And againſt her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
But ſearch as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
Where ſhall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

Lycidas.

Why ſtarts the ſwain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidſt his path the viper lay?
Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not truſt thee near Parthenia's ſide,
As here ſhe ſlept?

Dione.

——She ſtraight my call obey'd,
And downy ſlumber left the lovely maid;
As in the morn awakes the folded roſe,
And all around her breathing odour throws;
So wak'd Parthenia,

Lycidas.

——Could thy guarded heart,
When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
Yet on Alexis let my ſoul depend;
'Tis moſt ungenerous to ſuſpect a friend.
And thou, I hope, haſt well that name profeſt,

Dione.

O could thy piercing eye diſcern my breaſt!
Could'ſt thou the ſecrets of my boſom ſee,
There every thought is fill'd with cares for thee.

Lycidas.

Is there, againſt hypocriſy, defence.
Who clothes her words and looks with innocence!
[*Aſide.*
Say, ſhepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and ſtate,
Did not her ſcorn and ſupplied pride abate?

Dione.

As ſparkling diamonds to the feather'd train,
Who ſcrape the winnow'd chaff in ſearch of grain;
Such to the ſhepherdeſs the court appears:
Content ſhe ſeeks, and ſpurns thoſe glittering cares.

Lycidas.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to deſpiſe,
'Tis not from courts, from me alone ſhe flies.
Did not my paſſion ſuffer like diſgrace,
While ſhe believ'd me born of ſylvan race?
Doſt thou not think, this proudeſt of her kind
Has to ſome rival ſwain her heart reſign'd?

Dione.

No rival ſhepherd her diſdain can move;
Her frozen boſom is averſe to love.

Lycidas.

Say, art thou ſure, that this ungrateful fair
Scorns all alike, bids all alike deſpair?

Dione.

How can I know the ſecrets of her heart?

Lycidas.

Anſwer ſincere, nor from the queſtion ſtart.
Say, in her glance was never love confeſt,
And is no ſwain diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?

Dione.

O Lycidas, bid all thy troubles ceaſe;
Let not a thought on her diſturb thy peace.
May juſtice bid thy former paſſion wake;
Think how Dione ſuffers for thy ſake:
Let not a broken oath thy honour ſtain,
Recal thy vows, and ſeek the town again.

Lycidas.

What means Alexis? where's thy friendſhip flown?
Why am I baniſh'd to the hateful town?
Hath ſome new ſhepherd warm'd Parthenia's breaſt?
And does my love his amorous hours moleſt?
Is it for this thou bid'ſt me quit the plain?
Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'ſt this rival ſwain.
When firſt my cheated ſoul thy friendſhip woo'd,
To my warm heart I took the viperous brood.
O falſe Alexis!

Dione.

——Why am I accus'd?
Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

Lycidas.

Was not thy boſom fraught with falſe deſign?
Didſt thou not plead his cauſe, and give up mine?

Let not thy tongue evaſive anſwer ſeek;
The conſcious crimſon riſes on thy cheek:
Thy coward conſcience by thy guilt diſmay'd,
Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

Dione.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O ſpare thy friend!

Lycidas.

Seek not detected falſehood to defend.

Dione.

Beware, leſt blind ſuſpicion raſhly blame.

Lycidas.

Own thyſelf then the rival of my flame.
If this be ſhe for whom Alexis pin'd,
She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
Behind the thicket's twiſted verdure laid,
I witneſs'd every tender thing ſhe ſaid;
I ſaw bright pleaſure kindle in her eyes,
Love warm'd each feature at thy ſoft replies.

Dione.

Yet hear me ſpeak.

Lycidas.

——In vain is all defence.
Did not thy treacherous hand conduct her hence?
Haſte, from my ſight. Rage burns in every vein;
Never approach my juſt revenge again.

Dione.

O ſearch my heart; there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

Lycidas.

Talk not of truth; long ſince ſhe left mankind.
So ſmooth a tongue! and yet ſo falſe a heart!
Sure courts firſt taught thee fawning friendſhip's arts!
No. Thou art falſe by nature.

Dione.

——Let me clear
This heavy charge, and prove my truſt ſincere.

Lycidas.

Boaſt then her favours; ſay what happy hour
Next calls to meet her in the appointed bower;
Say, when and where you met.

Dione.

——Be rage ſuppreſt.
In ſtabbing mine, you wound Parthenia's breaſt.
She ſaid, ſhe ſtill defy'd Love's keeneſt dart;
Yet purer friendſhip might divide her heart,
Friendſhip's ſincerer bands ſhe wiſh'd to prove.

Lycidas.

A woman's friendſhip ever ends in love.
Think not theſe fooliſh tales my faith command;
Did not I ſee thee preſs her ſnowy hand?
O may her paſſion like thy friendſhip laſt!
May ſhe betray thee ere a day be paſt!
Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my ſight,
And thus I ſpurn the fawning hypocrite.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE VII.

Dione.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendſhip wrong'd! my conſtant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my ſteps where'er I go,
And all my days are overcaſt with wo.
Long have I ſtrove th' increaſing load to bear,
Now faints my ſoul, and ſinks into deſpair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's celf,
In whoſe brown cliffs the fowls of darkneſs dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my ſorrows with the tinkling fall.
There ſeek thy grave. How canſt thou bear the light,
When baniſh'd ever from Evander's ſight!

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

Laura.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept Evander's vows?

Dione.

Can I bear life with theſe new pangs oppreſt!
Again he tears me from his faithleſs breaſt:
A perjur'd lover firſt he fought theſe plains,
And now my friendſhip like my love diſdains.
As I new offers to Parthenia made,
Conceal'd he ſtood behind the woodbine ſhade.
He ſays, my treacherous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my falſe ſpeeches have miſled the maid;
With groundleſs fear he thus his ſoul deceives;
What frenzy dictates, jealouſy believes.

Laura.

Reſign thy crook, put off this manly veſt,
And let the wrong'd Dione ſtand confeſt;
When he ſhall learn what ſorrows thou haſt borne,
And find that nought relents Parthenia's ſcorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

Dione.

——No, Laura, no.
Should I, alas! the ſylvan dreſs forego,
Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love inſtructs me to reſent;
Our ſecret enterpriſe might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of perſecuting love.

Laura.

Avoid Parthenia; leſt his rage grow warm,
And jealouſy reſolve ſome fatal harm.

Dione.

O Laura, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful preſence ſeek,
The ſilent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By riſing ſighs my faultering voice be ſtay'd,
And trembling fear too ſoon confeſs the maid.
Haſte, Laura, then; his vengeful ſoul aſſuage,
Tell him, I'm guiltleſs; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him that truth ſincere my friendſhip brought,
Let him not cheriſh one ſuſpicious thought.
Then, to convince him his diſtruſt was vain.
I'll never, never ſee that nymph again.
This way he went.

Laura.

——See, at the call of night,
The ſtar of evening ſheds his ſilver light
High o'er yon weſtern hill: the cooling gales
Freſh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our ſhepherds ſtray,
To cloſe with cheerful walk the ſultry day.
Methinks from far I hear the piping ſwain;
Hark, in the breeze now ſwells, now ſinks the ſtrain!

Thither I'll seek him.

Dione.

——While this length of glade
Shall lead me pensive through the sable shade;
Where on the branches murmur rushing winds,
Grateful as falling floods to love-sick minds;
O may this path to death's dark vale descend!
There only can the wretched hope a friend.
[*Ex. severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE, CLEANTHES *(who lies wounded in a distant part of the stage).*

Dione.

THE moon serene now climbs th' aerial way;
See, at her sight ten thousand stars decay:
With trembling gleam she tips the silent grove,
While all beneath the chequer'd shadows move.
Turn back thy silver axles, downward roll,
Darkness best fits the horrors of my soul.
Rise, rise, ye clouds: the face of heaven deform,
Veil the bright goddess in a sable storm:
O look not down upon a wretched maid!
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,
And light his wandering footsteps to the bower
Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour.
Yet thou hast seen unhappy love like mine;
Did not thy lamp in heaven's blue forehead shine,
When Thisbe sought her love along the glade?
Didst thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
And gild that fatal point that stabb'd her breast?
Soon I, like her, shall seek the realms of rest.
Let groves of mournful yew a wretch surround!
O soothe my ear with melancholy sound!
The village-curs now stretch their yelling throat,
And dogs from distant cots return the note;
The ravenous wolf along the valley prowls,
And with his famish'd cries the mountain howls.
But hark! what sudden noise advances neat?
Repeated groans alarm my affrighted ear!

Cleanthes.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the glade.
A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

Dione.

Say then, unhappy stranger, how you bled;
Collect thy spirits, raise thy drooping head.
[Cleanthes *raises himself on his arm.*
O horrid sight! Cleanthes gasping lies;
And death's black shadows float before his eyes.
Unknown in this disguise, I'll check my wo,
And learn what bloody hand has struck the blow.
[*Aside.*
Say, youth, ere fate thy feeble voice confounds,
What led thee hither? whence these purple wounds?

Cleanthes.

Stay, fleeting life; may strength a while prevail,
Lest my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale.
Ere the streak'd east grew warm with amber ray,
I from the city took my doubtful way;
Far o'er the plains I sought a beauteous maid,
Who, from the court, in these wide forests stray'd;
Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain,
Try'd every path, and opening glade, in vain;
A band of thieves, forth rushing from the wood
Unsheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
Deep in my breast the barbarous steel is dy'd,
And purple hands the golden prey divide. [swain,
Hence are these mangling wounds. Say, gentle
If thou hast known among the sylvan train
The vagrant nymph I seek?

Dione.

——What mov'd thy care,
Thus, in these pathless wilds, to search the fair?

Cleanthes.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
Ye Naïads, who the mossy fountains love,
Ye happy swains, who range the pastures wide,
Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beside;
If my last gasping breath can pity move,
If e'er ye knew the pangs of slighted love,
Show her, I charge you, where Cleanthes dy'd;
The grass yet reeking with the sanguine tide.
A father's power to me the virgin gave,
But she disdain'd to live a nuptial slave;
So fled her native home.

Dione.

——'Tis then from thee
Springs the foul source of all her misery
Could'st thou, thy selfish appetite to please,
Condemn to endless woes another's peace?

Cleanthes.

O spare me; nor my hapless love upbraid,
While on my heart death's frozen hand is laid!
Go, seek her, guide her where Cleanthes bled;
When she surveys her lover pale and dead,
Tell her, that, since she fled my hateful sight,
Without remorse I sought the realms of night.
Methinks I see her view these poor remains,
And on her cheek indecent gladness reigns!
Full in her presence cold Cleanthes lies,
And not one tear stands trembling in her eyes!
O let a sigh my hapless fate deplore!
Cleanthes now controuls thy love no more.

Dione. [*Aside.*
How shall my lids confine these rising woes?

Cleanthes.

O might I see her, ere death's finger close
These eyes forever! might her soften'd breast
Forgive my love with too much ardour prest!
Then I with peace could yield my latest breath.

Dione.

Shall I not calm the sable hour of death,
And show myself before him!—Ha! he dies.
See from his trembling lip the spirit flies! [*Aside.*
Stay yet a while. Dione stands confest.
He knows me not. He faints, he sinks to rest.

Cleanthes.

Tell her, since all my hopes in her were lost,
That death was welcome—— [*Dies.*

Dione.

What sudden gusts of grief my bosom rend!
A parent's curses o'er my head impend,
For disobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Those very vows Evander hath betray'd,

See, at thy feet, Cleanthes bath'd in blood!
For love of thee he trode this lonely wood;
Thou art the cruel authoreſs of his fate;
He falls by thine; thou by Evander's hate.
When ſhall my ſoul know reſt? Cleanthes ſlain
No longer ſighs and weeps for thy diſdain.
Thou ſtill art curſt with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed.
How ſhall a wretch from anxious life be freed!
My troubled brain with ſudden frenzy burns,
And ſhatter'd thought now this, now that way turns.
What do I ſee thus glittering on the plains?
Ha! the dread ſword yet warm with crimſon ſtains! [*Takes up the dagger.*

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

Parthenia.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
This path directs me to my ſylvan bower. [*Aſide.*

Dione.

Why is my ſoul with ſudden fear diſmay'd?
Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade?
O ſtring my arm with force! [*Aſide.*

Parthenia.

——Methought a noiſe
Broke through the ſilent air, like human voice. [*Aſide.*

Dione.

One well-aim'd blow ſhall all my pangs remove,
Graſp firm the fatal ſteel, and ceaſe to love. [*Aſide.*

Parthenia.

Sure 'twas Alexis. Ha! a ſword diſplay'd!
The ſtreaming luſtre darts acroſs the ſhade. [*Aſide.*

Dione.

May Heaven new vigour to my ſoul impart,
And guide the deſperate weapon to my heart! [*Aſide.*

Parthenia.

May I the meditated death arreſt! [*Holds* Dione's *hand.*
Strike not, raſh ſhepherd; ſpare thy guiltleſs breaſt.
O give me ſtrength to ſtay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

Dione.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my wo.
O may not thus th' expected ſtroke impend!
Unlooſe thy graſp, and let ſwift death deſcend.
But if yon murder thy red hands hath dy'd;
Here. Pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[Dione *quits the dagger.*

Parthenia.

Wait not thy fate; yet this way turn thy eyes:
My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.
Turn then, Alexis; and Parthenia know,
'Tis ſhe protects thee from the fatal blow.

Dione.

Muſt the night-watches by my ſighs be told?
And muſt theſe eyes another morn behold
Through dazzling floods of tears? Ungenerous maid,
The friendly ſtroke is by thy hand delay'd;
Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
'Tis but to torture me with lingering death.

Parthenia.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
Whence are theſe gnawing pangs that tear thy heart?
Is that that thy friend that lies before thee ſlain?
Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain?
Is't Lycidas?

Dione.

——No. I the ſtranger found,
Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
He ſaid, "As at the roſy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murdering band pour'd on him from the wood,
Firſt ſeiz'd his gold, then bath'd their ſwords in blood."

Parthenia.

You, whoſe ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the ſhepherd's paths; when ſober even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of heaven,
From danger free, through deſerts wild he hies,
The riſing ſmoke far o'er the mountain ſpies,
Which marks his diſtant cottage; on he fares,
For him no murderers lay their nightly ſnares;
They paſs him by, they turn their ſteps away;
Safe poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies ſecure in eaſy ſleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;
Nor ſtarts he from his couch aghaſt and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he, whoſe iron coffers ruſt with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof deceit and ſtealth;
Treachery with lurking pace frequents his walks,
And cloſe behind him horrid murder ſtalks.
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold:
There lies a bleeding ſacrifice to gold.

Dione.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of tears.
Had you not ruſh'd between, my life had flown;
And I, like him, no more had ſorrow known.

Parthenia.

When anguiſh in the gloomy boſom dwells,
The counſel of a friend the cloud diſpels.
Give thy breaſt vent, the ſecret grief impart,
And ſay what wo lies heavy at thy heart.
To ſave thy life, kind Heaven has ſuccour ſent,
The gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

Dione.

No. To prevent, it is beyond thy power;
Thou only canſt defer the welcome hour.
When you the lifted dagger turn'd aſide,
Only one road to death thy force deny'd;
Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
Deep in whoſe ſhadow craggy ruins lie,
Can I not headlong fling this weight of wo,
And daſh out life againſt the flints below?
Are there not ſtreams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
Where my laſt breath may bubble on the tide?
No. Life ſhall never flatter me again,
Nor ſhall to-morrow bring new ſighs and pain.

Parthenia.

Can I this burden of thy soul relieve,
And calm thy grief?

Dione.

——If thou wilt comfort give,
Plight me thy word, and to that word be just;
When poor Alexis shall be laid in dust,
That pride no longer shall command thy mind,
That thou wilt spare the friend I leave behind.
I know his virtue worthy of thy breast.
Long in thy love may Lycidas be blest!

Parthenia.

That swain (who would my liberty controul,
To please some short-liv'd transport of his soul)
Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
That 'tis not me, himself alone he loves.
O live, nor leave him by misfortune prest:
'Tis shameful to desert a friend distrest.

Dione.

Alas! a wretch like me no loss would prove,
Would kind Parthenia listen to his love.

Parthenia.

Why hides thy bosom this mysterious grief?
Ease thy o'erburden'd heart, and hope relief.

Dione.

What profits it to touch thy tender breast,
With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redrest?
Let in my heart the fatal secret die,
Nor call up sorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

Lycidas.

If Laura right direct the darksome ways,
Along these paths the pensive shepherd strays.
[*Aside.*

Dione.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek,
O would my throbbing sighs my heart-strings break!
Why was my breast the lifted stroke deny'd?
Must then again the deathful deed be try'd?
Yes. 'Tis resolv'd.
[*Snatches the dagger from* Parthenia.

Parthenia.

——Ah, hold; forbear, forbear!

Lycidas.

Methought distress with shrieks alarm'd my ear.

Parthenia.

Strike not. Ye gods, defend him from the wound!

Lycidas.

Yes. 'Tis Parthenia's voice, I know the sound.
Some sylvan ravisher would force the maid,
And Laura sent me to her virtue's aid.
Die, villain, die; and seek the shades below.
[Lycidas *snatches the dagger from* Dione, *and stabs her.*

Dione.

Whoe'er thou art, I bless thee for the blow.

Lycidas.

Since Heaven ordain'd this arm thy life should guard,
O hear my vows! be love the just reward.

Parthenia.

Rather let vengeance, with her swiftest speed,
O'ertake thy flight, and recompense the deed!
Why stays the thunder in the upper sky?
Gather, ye clouds; ye forky lightnings, fly:
On thee may all the wrath of Heaven descend,
Whose barbarous hand hath slain a faithful friend.
Behold Alexis!

Lycidas.

——Would that treacherous boy
Have fore'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
What rous'd his passion to this bold advance?
Did e'er thy eyes confess one willing glance?
I know, the faithless youth his trust betray'd;
And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

Dione [*Raising herself on her arm.*

Breaks not Evander's voice along the glade?
Ha! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
There needed not or poison, sword, or dart;
Thy faithless vows, alas! had broke my heart.
[*Aside.*

Parthenia.

O tremble, shepherd, for thy rash offence,
The sword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
His gentle soul no brutal passion seiz'd,
Nor at my bosom was the dagger rais'd;
Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
Whelm'd in despair, and stay'd the falling wound.

Dione.

Into what mischiefs is the lover led,
Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
O may he ne'er bewail this desperate deed,
And may, unknown, unwept, Dione bleed.
[*Aside.*

Lycidas.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
His conscience had reveng'd an injur'd friend,
Hadst thou not held the stroke. In death he sought
To lose the heart-consuming pain of thought.
Did not the smooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
Plead his own passion, and betray my love?

Dione.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
Lest his rash transport, to revenge the blow,
Should in his dearer heart the dagger stain!
That wound would pierce my soul with double pain.
[*Aside.*

Parthenia.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

Lycidas.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendship true?
Then I'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, speak; unclose those lids again.
[*Flings himself on the ground near* Dione.
See at thy feet the barbarous villain kneel!
'Tis Lycidas who grasps the bloody steel,
Thy once-lov'd friend.—Yet, ere I cease to live,
Canst thou a wretched penitent forgive?

Dione.

When low beneath the sable mould I rest,
May a sincerer friendship share thy breast!
Why are those heaving groans? ah! cease to weep!)
May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep;

Let this ſad tale no ſpeaking ſtone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.
Let o'er my grave the levelling ploughſhare paſs,
Mark not the ſpot; forget that e'er I was.
Then may'ſt thou with Parthenia's love be bleſt,
And not one thought on me thy joys moleſt!
My ſwimming eyes are overpow'rd with light,
And darkening ſhadows fleet before my ſight:
May'ſt thou be happy! ah! my ſoul is free. [*Dies.*

Lycidas.

O cruel ſhepherdeſs, for love of thee [*To* Parthenia.
This fatal deed was done.

SCENE THE LAST.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, LAURA.

Laura.

——Alexis ſlain!

Lycidas.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimſon ſtain!
My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the moon her ſilver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my ſoul abhors the light;
Shade, ſhade the murderer in eternal night!

Laura.

No rival ſhepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chaſteſt, the ſincereſt maid
That ever ſigh'd for love. On her pale face,
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace
Of thy once dear Dione? With wan care
Sunk are thoſe eyes, and livid with deſpair!

Lycidas.

Dione!

Laura.

——There pure conſtancy lies dead!

Lycidas.

May Heaven ſhower vengeance on this perjur'd head!
As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blaſted be the hand that gave the wound!
Off; hold me not. This heart deſerves the ſtroke;
'Tis black with treachery. Yes: the vows are broke. [*Stabs himſelf.*
Which I ſo often ſwore. Vain world, adieu!
Though I was falſe in life, in death I'm true.
[*Dies.*

Laura.

To-morrow ſhall the funeral rites be paid,
And theſe love-victims in one grave be laid.

Parthenia.

There ſhall the yew her ſable branches ſpread,
And mournful cypreſs rear her fringed head.

Laura

From thence ſhall thyme and myrtle ſend perfume,
And laurel ever-green o'erſhade the tomb.

Parthenia.

Come, Laura, let us leave this horrid wood,
Where ſtreams the purple graſs with lovers blood;
Come to my bower. And, as we ſorrowing go,
Let poor Dione's ſtory feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.——

Laura. [*Pointing to* Dione.

——Unhappy maid!
Hadſt thou a parent's juſt command obey'd,
Thou yet hadſt liv'd—But who ſhall Love adviſe?
Love ſcorns command, and breaks all other ties.
Henceforth, ye ſwains, be true to vows profeſt;
For certain vengeance ſtrikes the perjur'd breaſt.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS TICKELL, Esq.

Containing

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE,
THE ROYAL PROGRESS,
OXFORD,
LETTER TO AVIGNON,
KENSINGTON GARDENS,

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON,
COLIN AND LUCY,
ODES,
EPISTLES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF TICKELL.

Of Thomas Tickell, it is to be regretted, that the particulars which have been tranſmitted by his contemporaries, are inſufficient to gratify the curioſity which his reputation muſt excite, and diſproportionate to his rank in poetry and literature.

He was the ſon of the Rev. Richard Tickell, who poſſeſſed a conſiderable living in Cumberland; and was born at Bridekirk, near Carliſle, in 1686.

He was educated in his native country; and in April 1701, he became a member of Queen's College in Oxford.

In 1707, he expreſſed his gratitude to the Univerſity, in a poem, intituled *Oxford*, addreſſed to Lord Viſcount Lonſdale.

> Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
> In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.

In 1708, he took the degree of Maſter of Arts; and two years afterwards he was choſen Fellow. As he had not complied with the ſtatutes which required him to be in orders before he could be choſen to a Fellowſhip, he obtained a diſpenſation from the Crown.

At the univerſity he acquired the character of excelling in claſſical learning, and in academical exerciſes; and was diſtinguiſhed for his ability in verſification.

He entered early into life, and became known to Addiſon and Steele, and other men of high character for talents and literature.

He is ſaid to have firſt gained the notice of Addiſon, by his verſes in praiſe of *Roſamond;* in which he cenſures the Italian opera as a vehicle of melodious abſurdity, and compares his ſoftneſs to Corelli, and his ſtrength to Virgil.

> The opera firſt Italian maſters taught,
> Enrich'd with ſongs, but innocent of thought;
> Britannia's learned theatre diſdains
> Melodious trifles, and enervate ſtrains;
> And bluſhes, on her injur'd ſtage to ſee
> Nonſenſe well tun'd, and ſweet ſtupidity.
> No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
> Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil ſtrong.

The cenſure of the Italian opera is well founded and ſtrong; and the panegyric on *Roſamond* does not very much exaggerate its merits, except perhaps, in the concluſion.

To thoſe verſes, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, it would not have been juſt to deny regard, for they contain ſome of the moſt elegant encomiaſtic ſtrains; and among the innumerable poems of the ſame kind, it will be hard to find one with which they need to fear a compariſon.

It may deſerve obſervation, that when Pope wrote long afterwards in praiſe of Addiſon, he has copied, at leaſt has reſembled, Tickell.

> Let joy ſalute fair Roſamonda's ſhade,
> And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.

While now perhaps with Dido's ghoſt ſhe roves,
And hears and tells the ſtory of their loves.
Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their fate,
Since love which made them wretched made them great.
Nor longer that relentleſs doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addiſon.——*Tickell.*

When future ages with delight ſhall ſee,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's, looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.——*Pope.*

When Steele began the *Spectator*, with the aſſiſtance of Addiſon and the other wits, Tickell is believed to have contributed frequently to it; but his papers have not been aſcertained. Thoſe marked with the letter R, are all Steele's, as are many of thoſe marked with T. It has been ſaid that the latter mark was ſometimes uſed by Tickell. There are more papers marked with R and T, than with any other ſignature; of theſe, it is probable, Tickell wrote many, as he was very much with Steele, as well as with Addiſon, and might be often ſolicited, as Steele was often in a hurry, to eke out the ſcanty materials which he had time to provide. He wrote a copy of *Verſes to the ſuppoſed author of the Spectator*, inſerted in No. 632, in which a high praiſe is beſtowed on Steele's papers in the "Tatler," againſt ſharpers, which produced moſt beneficial effects.

From felon gameſters the raw ſquire is free,
And Britain owes her reſcued oaks to thee.

He was alſo a contributor to the *Guardian*. All the papers on *Paſtoral Poetry*, except one by Pope, in his own praiſe, are written by Tickell.

When the Tory Miniſtry were negociating with France, before the concluſion of the peace of Utrecht, he publiſhed *The Proſpect of Peace*, a poem, addreſſed to Dr. Robinſon, Biſhop of Briſtol, the Lord Privy-Seal, one of the negociators, the tendency of which was to reclaim the nation from the pride of conqueſt, to the pleaſures of tranquillity.

To the Whigs, who diſapproved of the peace then negociating, the tendency of Tickell's poem could not be pleaſing. Addiſon, however, in the candor of liberal criticiſm, overlooking the politics, beſtowed in the "Spectator" very great praiſe on the poetry.

It was read at that time with ſo much eagerneſs, that ſix editions were ſold. The quick ſale of a compoſition on a temporary ſubject is no teſt of its intrinſic merit; the deſpicable bigotry of Sacheverell had a much more extenſive ſale, than Tickell's poem, which deſerved a favourable reception, though Dr. Johnſon "found it a piece to be approved rather than admired."

On the appearance of *Cato*, when ſo many made offerings of verſes to the author, Tickell, who loved and venerated Addiſon as a father, contributed a copy of verſes, ſuperior, perhaps, to any written on the ſubject, except the prologue by Pope, and the verſes by Jeffries.

Tickell had been a ſtrenuous ſupporter of the Hanover ſucceſſion, and other meaſures, reſulting from principles of freedom; and on the acceſſion and arrival of King George, he produced a poem, intituled *the Royal Progreſs*, which was inſerted and praiſed in "the Spectator," No. 620. The pleaſing emotions excited in a benevolent king, by the view of national induſtry and proſperity, conſtitute the moſt beautiful and intereſting parts of the poem.

When the friends of the reigning family were apprehenſive of deſigns to its prejudice, he wrote *An Epiſtle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon*, againſt the Pretender and his abettors, which, Dr. Johnſon ſays, "ſtands high among party poems; it expreſſes contempt without coarſeneſs, and ſuperiority without inſolence. It had the ſucceſs which it deſerved, being five times printed."

He was now patroniſed at Court; and when Addiſon went into Ireland as Secretary to Lord Sunderland, he took him thither, and employed him in public buſineſs.

At the time of the publication of the firſt volume of Pope's "Homer," he publiſhed the *firſt Book of the Iliad*, as tranſlated by himſelf, in apparent oppoſition to Pope's tranſlation, with an elegant dedication, to the memory of Halifax.

To apologiſe for preſenting his verſion to the public at ſuch a juncture, this advertiſement was prefixed: "I muſt inform the reader, that when I began this firſt book, I had ſome thoughts of tranſlating the whole Iliad; but I had the pleaſure of being diverted from that deſign, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand; I would not, therefore, be thought to have any other view in publiſhing this ſmall ſpecimen of Homer's Iliad, than to beſpeak, if poſſible, the favour of the public to a tranſlation of *Homer's Odyſſey*, wherein I have already made ſome progreſs."

Addiſon declared that the verſions were both good, but that Tickell's was the beſt that ever was made; and with Addiſon, the wits, his adherents and followers, concurred in opinion.

Pope did not long think Addiſon an impartial judge; for he conſidered him as the writer of Tickell's verſion, and appealed to the people as his proper judges, "and if they are not inclined to condemn me," ſays he, "I am in little care about the highfliers at Button's."

The reaſons for his ſuſpicion have been tranſcribed by Dr. Johnſon, from Spence's MS. Collections.

"There had been a coldneſs (ſaid Mr. Pope,) between Mr. Addiſon and me for ſome time; and we had not been in company together for a good while, any where but at Button's Coffeehouſe, where I uſed to ſee him almoſt every day.—On his meeting me there one day in particular, he took me aſide; and ſaid he would be glad to dine with me at ſuch a tavern, if I ſtaid till thoſe people were gone (Budgell and Philips). He went accordingly; and, after dinner, Mr. Addiſon ſaid, that he had wanted for ſome time to talk with me; that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilſt at Oxford, tranſlated the *firſt Book of the Iliad*; that he deſigned to print it; and had deſired him to look it over; that he muſt therefore beg that I would not deſire him to look over my firſt book; becauſe, if he did, it would have the air of double dealing. I aſſured him, that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell, that he was going to publiſh his tranſlation; that he certainly had as much right to tranſlate any author as myſelf; and that publiſhing both was entering on a fair ſtage. I then added, that I would not deſire him to look over my firſt book of the Iliad, becauſe he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but could wiſh to have the benefit of his obſervations on my ſecond, which I had then finiſhed, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly, I ſent him the ſecond book the next morning; and, Mr. Addiſon, a few days after, returned it, with very high commendations. Soon after, it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publiſhing the *firſt Book of the Iliad*, I met Dr. Young in the ſtreet; and, upon our falling into that ſubject, the Doctor expreſſed a great deal of ſurpriſe at Tickell's having had ſuch a tranſlation ſo long by him. He ſaid, that it was inconceivable to him; and that there muſt be ſome miſtake in the matter; that each uſed to communicate to each other whatever verſes they wrote, even to the leaſt things; that Tickell could not be buſied in ſo long a work there, without his knowing ſomething of the matter; and that he had never heard a ſingle word on it, till on this occaſion. This ſurpriſe of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has ſaid againſt Tickell, in relation to this affair, make it highly probable, that there was ſome underhand dealing in that buſineſs; and indeed, Tickell himſelf, who is a very fair, worthy man, has ſince, in a manner, as good as owned it to me. When it was introduced into a converſation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope, by a third perſon, Tickell did not deny it; which, conſidering his honour and zeal for his departed friend, was the ſame as owning it."

Upon theſe ſuſpicions, Pope, always in his "Art of Sinking," quotes this verſion as the work of Addiſon; though the circumſtances of the publication, not only do not prove that Addiſon was the tranſlator, but do not even render probable the charge of meanneſs and diſingenuity alleged by Pope againſt him; the opinions of Young and Steele are no proof.

Addiſon had a very great affection for Tickell, and might have reviſed his verſion, and approved of the publication, to confer a pecuniary obligation on him, by promoting a ſubſcription for his *Odyſſey*. But, it is evident, that he had no intention to oppoſe Pope; for, at the time of the appearance of Tickell's verſion, oppoſition to Pope could not do him any material injury. His ſubſcription

was full, and his contract with his bookſeller completely performed. Had Addiſon wiſhed to obſtruct Pope's tranſlation, the time for effecting his purpoſe, would have been when the ſubſcription was beginning. He might then have promoted a ſubſcription for Tickell, which would have interfered with Pope's. The influence of Addiſon with the Whigs, was fully equal to that of Swift with the Tories. With thoſe, who were of neither party, his recommendation would have had more weight than Swift's, becauſe he was in greater eſtimation, for elegant literature in general, and particularly for claſſical knowledge.

The circumſtance of the time of publication, which provoked the irritable diſpoſition of Pope, who ſuppoſed his character and intereſt ſo much concerned, is ſufficiently explained by the advertiſement above quoted. This advertiſement was induſtriouſly ſuppreſſed, in Pope's publication on the ſubject. That Addiſon had any intention of publiſhing a verſion of the Iliad, there is no evidence even probable. Had he been actuated by jealouſy, envy, or malevolence, it is not probable he would have ſpoke ſo highly of Pope's Iliad as he did in "The Freeholder."

"The tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad," ſays Mr. Nichols, "which has been aſcribed to Tickell, was ſaid to be in reality the production of Addiſon, to prejudice that which Pope had undertaken; a notion certainly without foundation. Mr. Watts the printer, aſſured a friend of mine, that *the tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad was in Tickell's hand-writing, but much corrected and interlined by Addiſon.*

To compare the two tranſlations would be tedious; the ſuperiority is univerſally allowed to Pope. Tickell has, perhaps, more of the ſimple majeſty of Homer; but his verſion is inferior to that of Pope, in force, animation, elegance, and harmony.

In 1717, when Addiſon was appointed Secretary of State, he made Tickell under-ſecretary. When Addiſon's ill health obliged him to reſign, he ſo effectually recommended Tickell to the patronage of Craggs, his ſucceſſor, that he was continued in place till that gentleman's death.

Addiſon's appointment of Tickell to be his under-ſecretary, is ſaid to have been diſpleaſing, on ſome account, to Steele, who warmly oppoſed it; and his oppoſition having been reported to Tickell, produced a coldneſs between them, which might be aggravated by the controverſy between Addiſon and Steele, on the Peerage bill.

His friendſhip with Addiſon ſeems to have continued without abatement; for when that great man died, he left him the charge of publiſhing his works, which, on his death-bed, he had dedicated to Craggs.

To the works of Addiſon, which appeared ſoon after his death, in 4 vols. 4to, he prefixed an account of his life, and an *elegy* on his death, addreſſed to the Earl of Warwick, his ſon-in-law, replete with genuine tenderneſs. It is the effuſion of a refined mind, lamenting the death of a friend of the higheſt intellectual and moral excellence; whoſe value it completely comprehended, and whoſe loſs it poignantly felt.

In his life of Addiſon he charged Steele with aſſuming the credit of Addiſon's papers in the "Spectator," an imputation from which Steele vindicated himſelf in the dedication of "the Drummer," to Congreve.

It is a remarkable circumſtance, that Craggs, to whom Addiſon had dedicated his works, died before they were publiſhed; and that Lord Warwick, to whom the verſes on Addiſon were dedicated, died likewiſe before their publication.

Tickell's intereſt with the great did not expire with his friend. His merit enabled him to retain and improve the footing on which he had been placed by Addiſon. In 1725, he was appointed ſecretary to the Lord Juſtices of Ireland, a place of great honour, truſt, and emolument, in which he continued till his death, which happened at Bath, April 23, 1740, in the 54th year of his age.

He was married, and had children; the eldeſt of whom was the father of Richard Tickell, Eſq. one of the Commiſſioners of the Stamp-office, and author of "The Wreath of Faſhion," a poem; "Anticipation of the Debates of the Houſe of Commons," 1778; "The Carnival of Venice," an opera; and other ingenious performances.

He died at Hampton Court, Nov. 4. 1793, univerſally beloved and lamented, leaving three children by his wife, Miſs Linley, the ſiſter of the lovely Mrs. Sheridan, wife of the celebrated Richard Brinſley Sheridan, Eſq. who died in 1787.

His poems were printed in the ſecond volume of "The Minor Poets," 1749, and have been frequently reprinted.

Tickell is ſaid to have been a man of moſt pleaſing manners, and of unqueſtioned honour and integrity. His converſation was gay and lively; he was a very agreeable companion, at leaſt a temperate lover of wine and conviviality, and in domeſtic relations without cenſure. His writings diſcover a good underſtanding, an extenſive knowledge of claſſical literature, a refined taſte, and a feeling heart.

As a poet, he is characteriſed by elegance of diction, correctneſs of judgment, tenderneſs of ſentiment, opulence of alluſion, and harmony of numbers.

His verſification exceeds Addiſon's, and is inferior to few of the Engliſh poets, except Dryden and Pope.

Moſt of his pieces, particularly *the Proſpect of Peace; the Royal Progreſs; the Letter to Avignon; Oxford; Kenſington Gardens; Epiſtle to a Lady before Marriage*, and *the Elegy on the death of Addiſon*, are diſtinguiſhed by a judicious combination of ornament and ſimplicity; a happy mixture of ſentiment and deſcription, and a rare union of the beauties of ſtyle, and the elegancies of verſification, with the niceties of method, connection, and arrangement.

Of Tickell, it has been ſaid by Goldſmith, that through all his poetry, there is a ſtrain of *Ballad-thinking* to be found: The remark is juſt, and to that ſtrain he is not a little indebted for the reception he has met with; whether he had it from reading, or from nature, cannot now be known, as no memoirs of his life are ſatisfactory enough to inform us of his particular ſtudies. His beautiful ballad of *Colin and Lucy*, probably aſſumed a tincture of tenderneſs and ſimplicity, from his taſte for our obſcurer writers; a taſte which his friend Addiſon undoubtedly poſſeſſed in a degree ſuperior to any of his contemporaries, except Rowe, as appears by his elegant critique on "Chevy Chace," and various ſcattered notices of a congenial nature in his periodical papers.

"In the few things that Tickell wrote," ſays Dr. Warton, "there appear to be a peculiar terſeneſs and neatneſs. Highly elegant and poliſhed are his *Verſes on Addiſon's death*."

"The *Elegy on Addiſon*," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "could owe none of its beauties to the aſſiſtance which might be ſuſpected to have ſtrengthened or embelliſhed his earlier compoſitions; but neither he nor Addiſon ever produced nobler lines than are contained in the third and fourth paragraphs; nor is a more ſublime or more elegant funeral poem to be found in the whole compaſs of Engliſh literature.

"Of his *Royal Progreſs*, it is juſt to ſay, that it is neither high nor low. Of his *Kenſington Gardens*, the verſification is ſmooth and elegant, but the fiction unſkilfully compounded of Grecian deities and Gothic fairies. Neither ſpecies of theſe exploded beings could have done much; and when they are brought together, they only make each other contemptible.

"To Tickell, however, cannot be denied a high place among the minor poets; nor ſhould it be forgotten that he was one of the contributors to the *Spectator*."

If by the term *minor poet*, the quantity of his poetry is meant, he is not improperly ſo called; but if the quality is thereby underſtood, it is a diſparagement. If he cannot be placed in the firſt rank of poets, he has at leaſt an unexceptionable claim to the ſecond.

POEMS.

On Queen Caroline's rebuilding the Lodgings of the Black Prince, and Henry V. at Queen's College, Oxford.

WHERE bold and graceful ſoars, ſecure of fame,
The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth, [youth;
Where the Black Edward paſs'd his beardleſs
And the Fifth Henry, for his firſt renown,
Out-ſtripp'd each rival in a ſtudent's gown.
In that coarſe age were princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the ſilent cell:
Sent from the monarch's to the muſe's court,
Their meals were frugal, and their ſleeps were ſhort;
To couch at curfeu-time they thought no ſcorn,
And froze at matins every winter morn;
They read, an early book, the ſtarry frame,
And liſp'd each conſtellation by its name;
Art after art ſtill dawning to their view,
And their mind opening as their ſtature grew.
Yet, whoſe ripe manhood ſpread our fame ſo far,
Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war!
Who, ſtern in fight, made echoing Creſſi ring,
And, mild in conqueſt, ſerv'd his captive king!
Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays;
Nor took himſelf, but gave good heaven, the praiſe!
Thy nurſelings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd;
To mercy liſtening, whilſt in fields they ſtorm'd;
Fierce to the fierce; and warm th' oppreſt to ſave;
Through life rever'd, and worſhip'd in the grave!
In tenfold pride the mouldering roofs ſhall ſhine,
The ſtately work of bounteous Caroline;
And bleſt Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
From heaven behold her rival's fabric riſe.
If ſtill, bright ſaint, this ſpot deſerves thy care,
Incline thee to th' ambitious muſe's prayer:
O! could'ſt thou win young William's bloom to grace
His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
How would that genius, whoſe propitious wings
Have here twice hover'd o'er the ſons of kings,
Deſcend triumphant to his ancient ſeat,
And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

TO THE

SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

In courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs ſtage,
How long the war ſhall wit with virtue wage?
Inchanted by this proſtituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal ſnare;
In height of rapture claſp unheeded pains,
And ſuck pollution through their tingling veins?
Thy ſpotleſs thoughts unſhock'd the prieſt may hear;
And the pure veſtal in her boſom wear.
To conſcious bluſhes and diminiſh'd pride, [hide;
Thy glaſs betrays what treacherous love would
Nor harſh thy precepts, but infus'd by ſtealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor ſhare the fopling's heart:
Laſh'd in thy ſatire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himſelf, and finds no harm in wit:
From felon gameſters the raw 'ſquire is free,
And Britain owes her reſcued oaks to thee.
His miſs the frolic viſcount dreads to toaſt,
Or his third cure the ſhallow templar boaſt;
And the raſh fool, who ſcorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confeſs his God.
The brainleſs ſtripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the ſtiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A ſauntering tribe! ſuch born to wide eſtates,
With yea and no in ſenates hold debates:
At length deſpis'd each to his fields retires,
Firſt with the dogs, and king amidſt the 'ſquires;
From pert to ſtupid, ſinks ſupinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
Such reader's ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring flight,
Above the ſtare, and tread'ſt the fields of light;
Fame, heaven, and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And viſions ſuch as Jove himſelf might dream;
Man ſunk to ſlavery, though to glory born, [ſcorn.
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his
Such hints alone could Britiſh Virgil lend,
And thou alone deſerve from ſuch a friend;
A debt ſo borrow'd is illuſtrious ſhame,
And fame, when ſhar'd with him, is double fame.
So, fluſh'd with ſweets by beauty's queen beſtow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:
Such generous ſtrifes Eugene and Marlborough try,
And as in glory, ſo in friendſhip vie.
Permit theſe lines by thee to live—nor blame
A muſe that pants and languiſhes for fame;
That fears to ſink when humbler themes ſhe ſings,
Loſt in the maſs of mean forgotten things:

Receiv'd by thee, I propheſy, my rhymes,
The praiſe of virgins in ſucceeding times: [ſee,
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds ſhall
But ſtand protected, as inſpir'd, by thee. [riſe,
So ſome weak ſhoot, which elſe would poorly
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the ſkies;
Through the new pupil ſoftering juices flow,
Thruſt forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A POEM,

To his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal, on the Proſpect of Peace.

" ——— Sacerdos
" Fronde ſuper Mitram, et felici comptus Oliva."——VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the ſubject of the Britiſh ſong.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with ſlain!
Exhauſted themes! a gentler note I raiſe,
And ſing returning peace in ſofter lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the ſylvan ſhade:
Diſbanding hoſts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While eaſe and pleaſure make the nations ſmile,
And heaven and Anna bleſs Britannia's iſle.

Well ſends our queen her mitred Briſtol forth,
For early counſels fam'd, and long-try'd worth;
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the duſty field;
Completely form'd to heal the Chriſtian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds;
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
By leagues to ſoften earth, and heaven by prayer,
To gain by love, where rage and ſlaughter fail,
And make the croſier o'er the ſword prevail.

So when great Moſes, with Jehovah's wand,
Had ſcatter'd plagues o'er ſtubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now ſpread an hoſt of locuſts round the ſhore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening ſtreams to putrid gore;
Plenty and gladneſs mark'd the prieſt of God,
And ſudden almonds ſhot from Aaron's rod.
O thou, from whom theſe bounteous bleſſings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To ſtyle companion, and to make their friend,
Great Stafford, rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the ſecond place)
From Britain's iſle, and Iſis' ſacred ſpring,
One hour, oh, liſten while the muſes ſing!
Though miniſters of mighty monarchs wait,
With beating hearts to learn their maſters fate,
One hour forbear to ſpeak thy queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected ſtands;
The bleſſful proſpects, in my verſe diſplay'd,
May lure the ſtubborn, the deceiv'd perſuade:
Ev'n thou to peace ſhalt ſpeedier urge the way,
And more be haſten'd by this ſhort delay.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
Now ceas'd to think the weſtern world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boaſting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks ſmoking on the ground:
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the ſaints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and ſkulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feaſts he ſtarts, and ſeems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory paſt reflects with ſecret pain,
On mines exhauſted, and on millions ſlain.

To Britain's queen the ſcepter'd ſuppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Chriſtian blood to buy,
Nor aſks for glory at a price ſo high.
At her decree, the war ſuſpended ſtands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands;
Their open brows no threatening frowns diſguiſe,
But gentler paſſions ſparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt if they're thoſe, whom dreadful to the view
In forms ſo fierce their fearful fancies drew;
At whoſe dire names ten thouſand widows preſt
Their helpleſs orphans clinging to the breaſt.
In ſilent rapture each his foe ſurveys;
They vow firm friendſhip, and give mutual praiſe.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are ſecret friends;
Their generous diſcord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence diſſenſion roſe,
And aſk how ſouls ſo like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly ſhouts rebound,
And ſocial clarions mix their ſprightly ſound.
The Britiſh flags are furl'd, her troops diſband,
And ſcatter'd armies ſeek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a ſcar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to ſhare his friends illuſtrious doom,
And in the battle find a ſoldier's tomb,
Leans on his ſpear to take his farewell view,
And, ſighing, bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with ſmiles,
O'erpay their ſleepleſs nights, and crown their toils;
Soft beauty is the gallant ſoldier's due,
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boaſtful Spain conſpires,
When Engliſh valour Engliſh beauty fires;
The nations dread your eyes, and kings deſpair
Of chiefs ſo brave, till they have nymphs ſo fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of tranſport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And ſmiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then ſets th' inveſted fort before her eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the ſkies:
His little liſtening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire atchievements ſings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic ſpells,

Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.
Our eager youth to diſtant nations run,
To viſit fields, their valiant fathers won; [trace,
From Flandria's ſhore their country's fame they
Till far Germania ſhows her blaſted face.
Th' exulting Briton aſks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the loſt Bavaria try'd;
Where Stepney grav'd the ſtone to Anna's fame,
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;
Here fled the houſehold, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
On thoſe ſteep banks, near Danube's raging flood:
The Gauls thrice ſtarted back, and trembling ſtood:
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they ſtood not long,
But plung'd amidſt the waves, a deſperate throng,
Crowds whelm'd on crowds daſh'd wide the watery bed,
And drove the current to its diſtant head.
As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courſer on the canvas ſtands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or ſet young Ammon on the Granic ſhore;
If chance a generous ſteed the work behold,
He ſnorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:
So, Hocſtet ſeen, tumultuous paſſions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's ſoul,
In fancy'd fights he ſees the troops engage,
And all the tempeſt of the battle rage. [bright,
Charm me, ye powers, with ſcenes leſs nobly
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious muſe delight,
Content to ſee the honours of the field
By ploughſhares levell'd, or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er ſhatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And graſs luxuriant clothe the harmleſs mine.
Tame flocks aſcend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the baſtion, now a fruitful ground;
While ſhepherds ſleep, along the rampard laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable ſhade.
Who was the man? Oblivion blaſt his name,
Torn out, and blotted from the liſt of fame!
Who, fond of lawleſs rule, and proudly brave,
Firſt ſunk the filial ſubject to a ſlave,
His neighbour's realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
In guiltleſs blood the ſacred ermine ſtain'd, [heart,
Laid ſchemes for death, to ſlaughter turn'd his
And fitted murder to the rules of art.
Ah, curſt ambition! to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below.
Curſt by the hind, when to the ſpoil he yields
His year's whole ſweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curſt by the maid, torn from her lover's ſide,
When left a widow, though not yet a bride;
By mothers curſt, when floods of tears they ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead.
Oh, ſacred Briſtol! then, what dangers prove
The arts, thou ſmil'ſt on with paternal love?
Then, mix'd with rubbiſh by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows;
To ſhades obſcure the glittering ſword purſues
The gentle poet, and defenceleſs muſe.

A voice like thine, alone, might then aſſuage
The warrior's fury, and controul his rage;
To hear thee ſpeak, might the fierce Vandal ſtand,
And fling the brandiſh'd ſabre from his hand.
Far hence be driven to Scythia's ſtormy ſhore
The drum's harſh muſic, and the cannon's roar;
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawleſs plain,
Where Tartar clans and grizly Coſſacks reign;
Let the ſteel'd Turk be deaf to matrons cries,
See virgins raviſh'd with relentleſs eyes,
To death gray heads and ſmiling infants doom,
Nor ſpare the promiſe of the pregnant womb,
O'er waſted kingdoms ſpread his wide command,
The ſavage lord of an unpeopled land.
Her guiltleſs glory juſt Britannia draws
From pure religion, and impartial laws,
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid ſhe brings,
And holds in equal ſcales the rival kings:
Her generous ſons in choiceſt gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.
As when ſweet Venus (ſo the fable ſings)
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean ſprings,
With ſmiles ſhe ſees the threatening billows riſe,
Spread ſmooth the ſurge, and clears the louring ſkies.
Light, o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd,
The pearly couch and ſilver turtles bound;
Her treſſes ſhed ambroſial odours round.
Amidſt the world of waves ſo ſtands ſerene
Britannia's iſle, the ocean's ſtately queen;
In vain the nations have conſpir'd her fall,
Her trench the ſea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceleſs barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader, or what land oppreſt,
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redreſt!
Say, where have e'er her union-croſſes ſail'd,
But much her arms, her juſtice more prevail'd!
Her labours are, to plead th' Almighty's cauſe,
Her pride, to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
Who conquers wins by brutal ſtrength the prize;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.
Have we forgot how from great Ruſſia's throne
The king, whoſe power half Europe's regions own,
Whoſe ſceptre waving, with one ſhout ruſh forth
In ſwarms the harneſs'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice purſued his tedious way
To court our friendſhip, and our fame ſurvey!
Hence the rich prize of uſeful arts he bore,
And round his empire ſpread the learned ſtore:
(T' adorn old realms is more than new to raiſe,
His country's parent is a monarch's praiſe.)
His bands now march in juſt array to war,
And Caſpian gulfs unuſual navies bear;
With Runick lays Smolenſko's foreſts ring,
And wondering Volga hears the muſes ſing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our Queen, and lay their ſceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hoſtile blood had quaff'd,
Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd ſhaft,
Whoſe haughty brows made ſavages adore,
Nor bow'd to leſs than ſtars or ſun before.
Her pitying ſmile accepts their ſuppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Chriſtian name.

Bleſt uſe of power! O virtuous pride in kings
And like his bounty, whence dominion ſprings!
Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence ſhine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine!
Well bought with all that thoſe ſweet regions hold,
With groves of ſpices, and with mines of gold.
Fearleſs our merchant now purſues his gain,
And roams ſecurely o'er the boundleſs main.
Now o'er his head the polar bear he ſpies,
And freezing ſpangles of the Lapland ſkies;
Now ſwells his canvas to the ſultry line,
With glittering ſpoils where Indian grottos ſhine,
Where fumes of incenſe glad the ſouthern ſeas,
And wafted citron ſcents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer ſuns prepare the ripening gem,
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,
And here the ore, whoſe melted maſs ſhall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear diſputes, and teach the times to come.
In circling beams ſhall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's ſword hang o'er the proſtrate foe;
In comely wounds ſhall bleeding worthies ſtand,
Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful band,
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies dreſt,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntleſs breaſt,
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's ſpoils enroll'd,
And Guiſcard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the muſe, O Briſtol, might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre ſhould be,
The lyre for Granville, and the croſs for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays;
So patriots merit, and ſo monarchs praiſe.
O'er diſtant times ſuch records ſhall prevail,
When Engliſh numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling ſong the muſe can only yield,
And ſooth her ſoldiers panting from the field.
To ſweet retirements ſee them ſafe convey'd,
And raiſe their battles in the rural ſhade,
From fields of death to Woodſtock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my muſe, and ſoftly touch the ſtring:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to ſing.
Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elyſian ſoil!
Thou faireſt ſpot of fair Britannia's iſle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to ſhine unknown;
Where love and war by turns pavillions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull in ſoft alcoves,
The nobleſt boaſt of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the muſe preſage, ſhall he be ſeen
By Roſamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty ſhades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name ſhall bound,
And hill on hill reflect the favourite ſound.
Here, here at leaſt thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wiſh for more.
Vice of great ſouls alone! O thirſt of fame!
The muſe admires it, while ſhe ſtrives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chaſe the bounding deer,
Or view the courſers ſtretch in wild career.
This lovely ſcene ſhall ſoothe thy ſoul to reſt,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breaſt.
With pleaſure, by thy conqueſts ſhalt thou ſee
Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free,
No cares, henceforth, ſhall thy repoſe deſtroy,
But what thou giv'ſt the world thyſelf enjoy.
Sweet ſolitude! when life's gay hours are paſt,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at laſt;
Toſt through tempeſtuous ſeas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bleſs thy friendly ſhore.
Our own ſtrict judges our paſt life we ſcan,
And aſk if glory hath enlarg'd the ſpan;
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die.
When ſtrangers from far diſtant climes ſhall come,
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where rear'd aloft diſſembled trophies ſtand,
And breathing labours of the ſculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art ſhall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes ſhall fill the ſtory'd wall;
Heirs of thy blood ſhall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental ſword,
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gaſping Gauls.
Fair dames ſhall oft, with curious eye, explore
The coſtly robes that ſlaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirpools brought,
(Heſperian nuns the gorgeous broidery wrought,
Belts ſtiff with gold, the Boian horſeman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers, in human crimſon dy'd)
Of Churchill's race, perhaps, ſome lovely boy
Shall mark the burniſh'd ſteel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze tranſported on its glittering charms,
And reach it ſtruggling with unequal arms,
By ſigns the drum's tumultuous ſound requeſt,
Then ſeek, in ſtarts, the huſhing mother's breaſt.
So, in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the ſoft Paphian dame,
The little loves in ſport his fauchion wield,
Or join their ſtrength to heave his ponderous ſhield:
One ſtrokes the plume in Tityon's gore embrued,
And one the ſpear, that reeks with Typhon's blood:
Another's infant brows the helm ſuſtain,
He nods his creſt, and frights the ſhrieking train.
Thus, the rude tempeſt of the field o'erblown,
Shall whiter rounds of ſmiling years roll on,
Our victors, bleſt in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy paſt dangers, and abſolve the ſtars.
But, oh! what ſorrows ſhall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd ſhades, whom widow'd Albion mourns!
If your thin forms yet diſcontented moan,
And haunt the mangled manſions, once your own!
Behold what flowers the pious muſes ſtrow,
And tears which in the midſt of triumph flow;
Cypreſs and bays your envy'd brows ſurround,
Your names the tender matrons heart ſhall wound,
And the ſoft maid grow penſive at the ſound.

Accept, great Anne, the tears their memory draws,
Who nobly periſh'd in their ſovereign's cauſe:
For thou in pity bid'ſt the war give o'er,
Mourn'ſt thy ſlain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vaſt price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath muſt tell,
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.
Great Queen! whoſe name ſtrikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whoſe juſt ſceptre hangs Europa's ſcale,
Whoſe arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
On whoſe decree the nations anxious wait:
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vaſt a tract whoſe wide domain ſhall run,
Its circling ſkies ſhall ſee no ſetting ſun.
Thee, thee an hundred languages ſhall claim,
And ſavage Indians ſwear by Anna's name;
The line and poles ſhall own thy rightful ſway,
And thy commands the ſever'd globe obey.
Round the vaſt ball thy new dominions chain
The watery kingdoms, and controul the main;
Magellan's ſtraits to Gibraltar they join,
Acroſs the ſeas a formidable line;
The ſight of adverſe Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd ſee Dunkirk now a guiltleſs ſhore;
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;
Her giant genius takes a mighty ſtride,
And ſets his foot beyond the encroaching tide;
On either bank the land its maſter knows,
And in the midſt the ſubject ocean flows.
So near proud Rhodes, acroſs the raging flood,
Stupenduous form! the vaſt Coluſſus ſtood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,
A whole hour's ſail ſcare reach the farther ſide)
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in looſe array,
Ten thouſand ſtreamers on the billows play.
By Harley's counſels Dunkirk now reſtor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which ſwell'd that patriot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his ſovereign's frown,
And ſcorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
His ſon was born the raviſh'd prey to claim,
And France ſtill trembles at an Harley's name.
A fort ſo dreadful to our Engliſh ſhore,
Our fleets ſcarce fear'd the ſands or tempeſts more,
Whoſe vaſt expences to ſuch ſums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul ſcarce furniſh'd out th' account,
Whoſe walls ſuch bulwarks, ſuch vaſt towers restrain,
Its weakeſt ramparts are the rocks and main,
His boaſt great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendſhip, Anna, with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief caſt down,
Sees the new glories of the Britiſh crown:
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite,
Soon may they hold the olive, ſoon aſſuage
Their ſecret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage,
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm, the ſea, o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the ſkies,
Scorn'd worth to raiſe, and vice in robes chaſtiſe,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chaſe the brib'd judge, and huſh the wordy war,
Deny the curſt blaſphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Bleſt change! the ſoldier's late deſtroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Miſtaken zealots ſhall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our ſacred fold;
On her own works the pious queen ſhall ſmile,
And turn her cares upon her favourite iſle.
So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames;
He bears a tempeſt on his ſounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;
At length, heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
To roll his orb, and guide his deſtin'd ſtar,
To ſhed kind fate, and lucky hours beſtow,
And ſmile propitious on the world below.
Around thy throne ſhall faithful nobles wait,
Theſe guard the church, and thoſe direct the ſtate.
To Briſtol, graceful in maternal tears,
The church her towery forehead gently rears,
She begs her pious ſon t' aſſert her cauſe,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws;
With holy zeal the ſacred work begin,
To bend the ſtubborn, and the meek to win.
Our Oxford's earl in careful thought ſhall ſtand,
To raiſe his queen, and ſave a ſinking land.
The wealthieſt glebe to ravenous Spaniards known,
He marks, and makes the golden prize our own,
Content with hands unſoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the ſhore with undeſiring eyes.
So round the tree, that bore Heſperian gold,
The ſacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes uprearing to th' untaſted prey,
The ſleepleſs guardian waſted life away.
Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride ſhall every art renew,
(The arts with you, ſam'd Harcourt, ſhall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke the muſe's friend.)
With piercing eye ſome ſearch where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darkſome maze,
Whence health from herbs; from ſeeds how groves begun,
How vital ſtreams in circling eddies run.
Some teach why round the ſun the ſpheres advance,
In the fix'd meaſures of their myſtic dance,
How tides, when heav'd by preſſing moons, o'erflow,
And ſun-born Iris paints her ſhowery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall ſport no more in arbitrary ſound,
But buſkin'd bards henceforth ſhall wiſely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's ſtage:
Till Congreve bids her ſmile, Auguſta ſtands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's ſpectators ſhall their ſtrength combine
To mend our morals, and our taſte refine,
Fight virtue's cauſe, ſtand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into ſenſe.
Nor, Prior, haſt thou huſh'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre ſhall now revive her mirthful ſtrain,

New tales shall now be told; if right I see,
The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
Shall raise mock heroes, and fantastic wars;
Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy name
Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;
With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a second Spenser sing. [fine,
That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's wall con-
To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.
Ev'n mine, a bashful muse, whose rude essays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
Cherish'd by you in time may grow to fame,
And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.
Fir'd with the views this glittering scene displays,
And smit with passion for my country's praise,
My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
In cloister'd domes the great Philippa's pride;
Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preside,
Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unfought,
Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
The seat of sages. and the nurse of kings.
Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame
My eager breast to raise the British name,
Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,
To woo the muse, whom Addison enjoy'd,
See that bold swain to heaven sublimely soar,
Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

" ———Ne fortè pudori
" Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo."

The opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong,
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
Landskips how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze?
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd the dome.
Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
When hards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain);
Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great.
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison,
Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.
Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage:
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mix'd with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steel a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with generous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes, he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade

Amidſt the joys triumphant peace beſtows,
Our patriots ſadden at his glorious woes;
Awhile they let the world's great buſineſs wait,
Anxious for Rome, and ſigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes roſe to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where ſtates and ſenates well might lend an ear,
And kings and prieſts without a bluſh appear.
France boaſts no more, but fearful to engage,
Now firſt pays homage to her rival's ſtage,
Haſtes to learn thee, and learning ſhall ſubmit
Alike to Britiſh arms, and Britiſh wit:
No more ſhe'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford ſmiles this glorious work to ſee,
And fondly triumphs in a ſon like thee.
The ſenates, conſuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word expreſt,
And every thought that ſwell'd a Roman breaſt,
We trace each hint that could thy ſoul inſpire
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boaſt,
We moſt admire, becauſe we know thee moſt.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

When Brunſwick firſt appear'd, each honeſt heart,
Intent on verſe, diſdain'd the rules of art;
For him the ſongſters, in unmeaſur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the ſultan's head.
One, in old fables, and the Pagan ſtrain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes ſome druid, to foretel
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind naufeates what ſhe can't believe.
My muſe th' expected hero ſhall purſue
From clime to clime, and keep him ſtill in view;
His ſhining march deſcribe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth ſupplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties riſe.
By longing nations for the throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
With ſecret grief his godlike ſoul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyleſs luſtre ſhines,
While prayers and tears his deſtin'd progreſs ſtay,
And crowds of mourners choke their ſovereign's way.
Not ſo he march'd, when hoſtile ſquadrons ſtood
In ſcenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courſer paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverſe legions ſtood the ſhock in vain.
His frontiers paſt, the Belgian bounds he views,
And croſs the level fields his march purſues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the thirſt of boundleſs ſway.
O'er the thin ſoil, with ſilent joy, he ſpies
Tranſplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure riſe
Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind ſupplies,
And clothes the marſhes in a rich diſguiſe.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
And ſuch thy gift, celeſtial Liberty!
Through ſtately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main,
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with inſatiate eyes.
In Haga's towers he waits, till eaſtern gales
Propitious riſe to ſwell the Britiſh ſails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendſhips of the neighbouring kings;
Mature in wiſdom, his extenſive mind
Takes in the blended intereſts of mankind,
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breaſt,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy reſt;
Henceforth thy kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
By rocks or ſtreams, the mounds which heaven deſign'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch ſhall reſtrain,
Nor ſhall thy hills, Pirene, riſe in vain.
But ſee! to Britain's iſle the ſquadrons ſtand,
And leave the ſinking towers, and leſſening land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vaſt deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A watery proſpect bounded by the ſkies:
Ten thouſand veſſels, from ten thouſand ſhores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's ſtores:
Behold the tributes haſtening to thy throne,
And ſee the wide horizon all thy own.
Still is it thine; though now the cheerful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs; juſt whitening to the view.
Before the wind with ſwelling ſails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarſe-reſounding main.
As in the flood he ſails, from either ſide
He views his kingdom in his rural pride;
A various ſcene the wide ſpread landſkip yields,
O'er rich encloſures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile paſture fills,
And diſtant flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
Shade above ſhade, now riſes to the ſight;
His woods ordain'd to viſit every ſhore,
And guard the iſland which they grac'd before.
The ſun now rolling down the weſtern way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge enfold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Leſs thick the finny ſhoals, a countleſs fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vaſt ſhout he ſeeks the crowded ſtrand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
Welcome, great ſtranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king deſir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the eaſt breath'd out a proſperous breeze,
Bright were the ſuns, and gently ſwell'd the ſeas.
Thy preſence did each doubtful heart compoſe,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.

That joyful day they loſt each hoſtile name,
The ſame their aſpect, and their voice the ſame.
So two fair twins, whoſe features were deſign'd
At one ſoft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the ſame beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled ſtranger which is which inquire;
Deluſion grateful to the ſmiling ſire.
From that fair * hill, where hoary ſages boaſt
To name the ſtars, and count the heavenly hoſt,
By the next dawn doth great Auguſta riſe,
Proud town! the nobleſt ſcene beneath the ſkies.
O'er Thames her thouſand ſpires their luſtre ſhed,
And a vaſt navy hides his ample bed,
A floating foreſt. From the diſtant ſtrand
A line of golden cars ſtrikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright proceſſion, ſhines along the plain. [ways
So, haply, through the heaven's wide pathleſs
A comet draws a long extended blaze; [frame,
From eaſt to weſt burns through the ethereal
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.
Now to the regal towers ſecurely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Reſumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and reſtores the brave.
Whom ſhall the muſe from out the ſhining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her ſong?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth conſign'd.
Her coin, while Naſſau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we ſee,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every ſcene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with eaſe:
Though call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on arts thyſelf did once adorn:
For this thy name ſucceeding time ſhall praiſe,
And envy leſs thy garter, than thy bays.
The muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler ſtrain,
And ſing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant conſort, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful loves ſupplies,
A glorious ſcene to Albion's raviſh'd eyes;
Who ſees by Brunſwick's hand her ſceptre ſway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

AN IMITATION OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XV.

" Dicam inſigne, recens, adhuc
" Indictum ore alio; non ſecus in jugis
" Ex ſomnis ſtupet Euias
" Hebrum proſpiciens, et nive candidam
" Thracen, ac pede barbaro
" Luſtratam Rhodopen." HOR.

As Mar his round one morning took,
(Whom ſome call earl, and ſome call duke)

* *Mr. Flamſteed's houſe.*

And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and froſt, ſurvey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to ſpy
An aged wizard ſix foot high,
With briſtled hair and viſage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and ſecond-ſighted.
The griſly ſage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back ſo round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of ſnow,
And into theſe tremendous ſpeeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.
Into what ills betray'd, by thee,
This ancient kingdom do I ſee!
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn!
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
Proud Engliſh loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottiſh pads ſhall amble home;
I ſee them dreſt in bonnets blue
(The ſpoils of thy rebellious crew);
I ſee the target caſt away,
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
For many a laſs in London town.
In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike gears,
The ſhield, the piſtol, durk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to ſwagger,
And oft have ſally'd out to pillage
The hen-rooſts of ſome peaceful village,
Or, while their neighbours were aſleep,
Have carry'd off a lowland ſheep.
What boots thy high-born hoſt of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With popiſh cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Foſter's troop of raggamuffins.
In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy,
Doth not bold Sutherland the truſty,
With heart ſo true, and voice ſo ruſty,
(A loyal ſoul) thy troops affright,
While hoarſely he demands the fight?
Doſt thou not generous Ilay dread,
The braveſt hand, the wiſeſt head?
Undaunted doſt thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol ſheath'd in arms?
Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From Thanes and Peers of high renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontroul'd,
With knights, and 'ſquires, and barons bold,
(His noble houſehold band) advances,
And on the milk-white courſer prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown ſwarthy in Iberian wars:
And Monro, kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er ſo many,
And horſe to boot—if thou hadſt any.
But ſee Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies!
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
He waits to ſpring upon his prey;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army ſhakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's ſkill,
From frith to frith, from hill to hill,

Is thus thy haughty promiſe paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didſt oaths and duty barter,
For dukedom, generalſhip, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy ſhall command,
With Highland ſceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,
——Then down ſhall fall the king of Perth.
'Tis ſo decreed: for George ſhall reign,
And traitors be foreſworn in vain.
Heaven ſhall for ever on him ſmile,
And bleſs him ſtill with an Argyll.
While thou, purſued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and ſnows,
And hinder'd paſſing Inverlocky,
Shall burn the clan, and curſe poor Jocky.

AN EPISTLE

From a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon.

To thee, dear rover, and thy vanquiſh'd friends,
The health, ſhe wants, thy gentle Chloe ſends.
Though much you ſuffer, think I ſuffer more,
Worſe than an exile on my native ſhore.
Companions in your maſter's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the royal outlaw's ſide
You ſhare his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
On glorious ſchemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles ſwell.
Say, for thou know'ſt I own his ſacred line,
The paſſive doctrine, and the right divine,
Say, what new ſuccours does the chief prepare?
The ſtrength of armies? or the force of prayer?
Does he from heaven or earth his hopes derive?
From ſaints departed, or from prieſts alive?
Nor ſaints nor prieſts can Brunſwick's troops withſtand,
And beads drop uſeleſs through the zealot's hand;
Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But ſkill and courage win the crowns below
Ere to thy cauſe, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had ſeduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:
But now, with fears and public cares poſſeſt,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my reſt.
The poſtboy on my pillow I explore,
And ſift the news of every foreign ſhore,
Studious to find new friends, and new allies;
What armies march from Sweden in diſguiſe;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her bleſſings, and her gold
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to ſtray,
Croſs many a region marks the winding way;
From ſea to ſea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a mere geographer by love:
But ſtill Avignon, and the pleaſing coaſt
That holds thee baniſh'd, claims my care the moſt:
Oft on the well-known ſpot I fix my eyes,
And ſpan the diſtance that between us lies. [pair,
Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, deſpair,
Whilſt on his ſide he reckons half the fair:
In Britain's lovely iſle a ſhining throng
War in his cauſe, a thouſand beauties ſtrong.
With unthinking victors vainly boaſt their powers;
Be theirs the muſket, while the tongue is ours.
We reaſon with ſuch fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,
Againſt her prelates plead the church's cauſe,
And from our judges vindicate the laws
Then mourn not, hapleſs prince, thy kingdoms loſt;
A crown, though late, thy ſacred brows may boaſt;
Heaven ſeems through us thy empire to decree;
Thoſe who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.
Haſt thou not heard that when, profuſely gay,
Our well-dreſt rivals grac'd their ſovereign's day,
We ſtubborn damſels met the public view
In loathſome wormwood, and repenting rue?
What Whig but trembled, when our ſpotleſs band
In virgin roſes whiten'd half the land!
Who can forget what fears the foe poſſeſt,
When oaken boughs mark'd every loyal breaſt!
Leſs fear'd than Medway's ſtream the Norman ſtood,
When croſs the plain he ſpy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of ſwords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering ſhade?
Thoſe who the ſuccours of the fair deſpiſe,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
The female bards, O prince by fortune croſt,
At leaſt more courage than thy men can boaſt:
Our ſex has dar'd the mug-houſe chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought ſtreet,
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots ſallying oft have put to flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And bore, with ſcreams of triumph, to their ſide
The leader's ſtaff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the diſcontented ſtateſman's thought,
Though red with ſtripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore ſmitten for the love of ſacred ſong,
The tuneful ſiſters ſtill purſue their trade,
Like Philomela darkling in the ſhade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his eaſy chair.
Mean while, regardleſs of the royal cauſe,
His ſword for James no brother ſovereign draws.
The Pope himſelf, ſurrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corſu ſends his arms,
And though he hears his darling ſon's complaint,
Can hardly ſpare one tutelary ſaint,
But liſts them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntleſs Swede, purſued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary ſnows;
Nor muſt the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feaſts regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy ſilent grove
The pheaſant now may perch, the hare may rove:
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the ſylvan war:
Thy brinded boars may ſlumber undiſmay'd,
Or grunt ſecure beneath the cheſnut ſhade.
Inconſtant Orleans (ſtill we mourn the day,
That truſted Orleans with imperial ſway,)

Far o'er the Alps our helpleſs monarch ſends,
Far from the call of his deſponding friends.
Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace!
And ſuch the terror of the Brunſwick race!
Was it for this the ſun's whole luſtre fail'd,
And ſudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd!
For this did heaven diſplay to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the ſkies!
Was it for this Northumbrian ſtreams look'd red!
And Thames driv'n backward ſhow'd his ſecret bed!
Falſe auguries! th' inſulting victor's ſcorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies againſt us turn!
O portents conſtrued on our ſide in vain!
Let never Tory truſt eclipſe again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye ſkies!
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders riſe!

To Rome then muſt the royal wanderer go,
And fall a ſuppliant at the papal toe?
His life in ſloth inglorious muſt he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in prayer?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with eaſe,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may pleaſe.
Shall he, whoſe ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In ſolemn conclave ſit, devoid of thought,
And pole for points of faith his truſty vote!
Be ſummon'd to his ſtall in time of need,
And with his caſting ſuffrage fix a creed!
Shall he in robes on ſtated days appear,
And Engliſh heretics curſe once a year!
Garnet and Faux ſhall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may ſmoke!
Forbid it, heaven! my ſoul, to fury wrought,
Turns almoſt Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunſwick, 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet ſtill his ſhare thy rival will conteſt,
And ſtill the double claim divides my breaſt.
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wiſh my homage were not Brunſwick's due:
To James my paſſion and my weakneſs guide,
But reaſon ſways me to the victor's ſide.
Though griev'd I ſpeak it, let the truth appear!
You knew my language, and my heart, ſincere.
In vain did falſehood his fair fame diſgrace;
What force had falſehood, when he ſhow'd his face!
In vain to war our boaſtful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire ſhock they fled:
France ſhuns his wrath, nor raiſes to our ſhame
A ſecond Dunkirk in another name:
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious town ſees fifty churches riſe:
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And ſits more firmly on his ſhaken throne.

To my ſad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long proſpect of ſucceeding years.
The ſon, aſpiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his fire: another and the ſame.
He, bleſt in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms;
With pain and joy at ſtrife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half ſickening at the ſight, too well I ſpy
The father's ſpirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And ſtrive to hate their innocence in vain.

O princeſs! happy by thy foes confeſt!
Bleſt in thy huſband! in thy children bleſt!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe laſts, ſhall Europe's thrones adorn.
Tranſplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy ſmile celeſtial and unfading bloom,
Great Auſtria's ſons with ſofter lines ſhall grace,
And ſmooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair deſcendents of thy ſacred bed,
Wide-branching o'er the weſtern, world ſhall ſpread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whoſe pliant ſhoot
To earthward bending of itſelf takes root,
Till, like their mother plant, ten thouſand ſtand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her ſhade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom theſe mournful lines I ſend,
My promis'd huſband, and my deareſt friend;
Since heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign;
And blood has drench'd the Scottiſh fields in vain,
Muſt I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's ſake,
Tir'd out at length, ſubmit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunſwick, O return to me!
Proſtrate before the victor's mercy bend:
What ſpares whole thouſands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunſwick's virtue ſhall ſecure thy fame:
Say theſe invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch, heaven vouchſafes to own:
The world, convinc'd, thy reaſons will approve;
Say this to them; but ſwear to me 'twas love.

AN ODE,

Occaſioned by his Excellency the Earl of Stanhope's Voyage to France, 1718.

" Idem
" Pacis eras mediuſque belli." HOR.

FAIR daughter once of Windſor's woods!
In ſafety o'er the rolling floods,
Britannia's boaſt and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
May winds propitious on his way
The miniſter of peace convey;
Nor rebel wave, nor riſing ſtorm,
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded ſails
Already ſwell with weſtern gales;
Already Albion's coaſt retires,
And Calais multiplies her ſpires:
At length has royal Orleans preſt,
With open arms, the well-known gueſt;
Before in ſacred friendſhip join'd,
And now in counſels for mankind:

Whilſt his clear ſchemes our patriot ſhows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repoſe,

They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bleſs whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth great Brunſwick ſhall decree
What flag muſt awe the Tyrrhene ſea;
From whom the Tuſcan grape ſhall glow,
And fruitful Arethuſa flow.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maeſe, and diſtant Rhine!
Nor, Ebro, let thy ſingle rage
With half the warring world engage.
Oh! call to mind thy thouſands ſlain,
And Almanara's fatal plain;
While yet the Gallic terrors ſleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

PROLOGUE

To the Univerſity of Oxford, 1713.

What kings henceforth ſhall reign, what ſtates be free,
Is fix'd at length by Anna's juſt decree:
Whoſe brows the muſe's ſacred wreath ſhall fit,
Is left to you the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
Till you, Athenians, ſhall decide their fate;
Secure, when to theſe learned ſeats they come,
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whoſe whole renown
Is but the praiſe of a capricious town;
While, with mock-majeſty, and fancy'd power,
He ſtruts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
Oft wide of nature muſt he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombaſt break his heart:
In turn and ſimile reſign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We bluſh, when plays like theſe receive applauſe;
And laugh, in ſecret, at the tears we cauſe;
With honeſt ſcorn our own ſucceſs diſdain,
A worthleſs honour, and inglorious gain.
No trifling ſcenes at Oxford ſhall appear;
Well, what we bluſh to act, may you to hear.
To you our fam'd, our ſtandard plays we bring,
The work of poets, whom you taught to ſing:
Though crown'd with fame, they dare not think it due,
Nor take the laurel till beſtow'd by you.
Great Cato's ſelf the glory of the ſtage,
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Begs here he may be try'd by Roman laws;
To you, O fathers, he ſubmits his cauſe;
He reſts not in the people's general voice,
Till you, the ſenate, have confirm'd his choice.
Fine is the ſecret, delicate the art,
To wind the paſſions, and command the heart;
For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous ſoul in love with woe;
To raiſe the ſhades of heroes to our view;
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew.
How hard the taſk! how rare the godlike rage!
None ſhould preſume to dictate for the ſtage,
But ſuch as boaſt a great extenſive mind,
Enrich'd by nature, and by art refin'd; [bring,
Who from the ancient ſtores their knowledge
And taſted early of the muſes' ſpring.
May none pretend upon her throne to ſit,
But ſuch as, ſprung from you, are born to wit:
Choſen by the mob, their lawleſs claim we flight:
Yours is the old hereditary right.

THOUGHTS

Occaſioned by the ſight of an Original Picture of King Charles I. Taken at the time of his Trial.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

" ——Animum pictura paſcit inani
" Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine
" vultum." VIRG.

Can this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be ſunk by heaven to ſuch a diſmal ſtate!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What ſteady ſadneſs, and auguſt deſpair!
In thoſe ſunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And ſorrow ſeems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart diſdain'd, from me o'erflow,
Thus to ſurvey God's ſubſtitute below,
In ſolemn anguiſh, and majeſtic woe.
When ſpoil'd of empire by unhallowed hands,
Sold by his ſlaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had ſweeten'd anxious life,
His helpleſs children, and his boſom wife;
Doom'd for the faith, plebeian rage to ſtand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
Then thus was ſeen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The king, the father, and the ſaint to mourn.
How could'ſt thou, artiſt, then thy ſkill diſplay?
Thy ſteady hands thy ſavage heart betray:
Near thy bold work the ſtunn'd ſpectators faint,
Nor ſee unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'ſt paint.
What brings to mind each various ſcene of woe,
Th' inſulting judge, the ſolemn-mocking ſhow,
The horrid ſentence, and accurſed blow.
Where then, juſt heaven, was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine ſhield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treaſon and fraud ſhall thus the ſtars regard!
And injur'd virtue meet this ſad reward!
So ſad, none like, can time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell!
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs, or blaſphemy.
O power ſupreme! How ſecret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man, would trace thy myſtic maze,
With fooliſh wiſdom, arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;
New-mould the ſpheres, and mend the ſky's deſign,
And found th' immenſe with his ſhort ſcanty line.
Do thou, my ſoul, the deſtin'd period wait,
When God ſhall ſolve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal diſpenſations clear,
And make all wiſe and beautiful appear;
When ſuffering ſaints aloft in beams ſhall glow,
And proſperous traitors gnaſh their teeth below.
Such boding thoughts did guilty conſcience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:

Then this pale image ſeem'd t' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to ſtone, and warn'd him to the tomb.
While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
And the ſtorm wings his ſpotted ſoul away.
A blaſt more bounteons ne'er did heaven command
To ſcatter bleſſings o'er the Britiſh land. [Spain,
Not that more kind, which daſh'd the pride of
And whirl'd her cruſh'd Armada round the main;
Not thoſe more kind, which guide our floating towers,
Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours:
That only kinder, which to Britain's ſhore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race reſtore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.
O Clarke, to whom a Stuart truſts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main;
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath ſworn,
Tranſmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
This ſight ſhall damp the raging ruffian's breaſt,
The poiſon ſpill, and half-drawn ſword arreſt;
To ſoft compaſſion ſtubborn traitors bend,
And, one deſtroy'd, a thouſand kings defend.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON HUNTING.

" Dona cano divûm, lætas venantibus artes,
" Auſpicio, Diana, tuo——" GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beaſts, that range the rural chaſe,
The huntſman's choſen ſcenes, his friendly ſtars,
The laws and glory of the ſylvan wars,
I firſt in Britiſh verſe preſume to raiſe;
A venturous rival of the Roman praiſe.
Let me, chaſte queen of woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and ſprightly train:
If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouſe the foe, and preſs the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the taſk to join,
And grant me genius for the bold deſign.
In this ſoft ſhade, O ſooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-ſtring to the trembling lyre;
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we ſing,
The groves to echo and the vales to ring.
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
Thy care be firſt the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers diſtinct the different clans excel,
In ſight, or ſwiftneſs, or ſagacious ſmell;
By wiles ungenerous ſome ſurpriſe the prey,
And ſome by courage win the doubtful day.
Seeſt thou the gaze-hound! how with glance ſevere
From the cloſe herd he marks the deſtin'd deer!
How every nerve the greyhound's ſtretch diſplays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckleſs prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntleſs wolf-dogs ſhake the lion's mane;
O'er all, the blood-hound boaſts ſuperior ſkill,
To ſcent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with ſcorn,
True to the maſter's voice, and learned horn.
His noſtrils oft, if ancient ſame ſing true,
Trace the ſly felon through the tainted dew:
Once ſnuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the choſen game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views.
Springs on reſiſtleſs, and to death purſues.
Some hounds of manners vile (nor leſs we find
Of ſops in hounds, than in the reaſoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain,
And from the ſcent divert the wiſer train;
For the foe's footſteps fondly ſnuff their own,
And mar the muſic with their ſenſeleſs tone;
Start at the ſtarting prey, or ruſtling wind,
And, hot at firſt, inglorious lag behind.
A ſauntering tribe! may ſuch my foes diſgrace!
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I ſing, and make Athenian arts our own.
Doſt thou in hounds aſpire to deathleſs fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient ſtem.
Each tribe with joy old ruſtic heralds trace,
And ſing the choſen worthies of their race;
How his ſire's features in the ſon were ſpy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride,
Leſs ſure thick lips the fate of Auſtria doom,
Or eagle noſes rul'd almighty Rome.
Good ſhape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praiſe the Greek, and ſome the Roman line;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,
As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.
Immenſe to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thouſand families of hounds:
Firſt count the ſands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough ſent to ſhades below.
The taſk be mine, to teach Britannia's ſwains,
My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.
Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'ſt to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
Of fillet ſtretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind;
Truſs-thigh'd, ſtraight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large-leg'd, dry ſol'd, and of protended claw.
His flat, wide noſtrils ſnuff the ſavoury ſteam,
And from his eyes he ſhoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and cheſt that daſh the morning dew:
He beſt to ſtem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the ſylvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whoſe womb ſhall beſt produce
The hopes and fortune of th' illuſtrious houſe,
Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign ſeed,
For various nature lothes inceſtuous breed,
Is like the ſire throughout. Nor yet diſpleaſe
Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer eaſe.
In ſpring let looſe thy pairs. Then all things prove
The ſtings of pleaſure, and the pangs of love:

Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial ſhowers,
Earth's mighty womb, and ſtrews her lap with flowers.
Hence juices mount, and huds embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a ſofter ſky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough,
In lulling ſtrains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tigers ſoften in th' infectious flames,
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great love pervades the deep; to pleaſe his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monſtrous weight,
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.
All nature ſmiles; come now, nor fear, my love,
To taſte the odours of the woodbine grove,
To paſs the evening glooms in harmleſs play,
And, ſweetly ſwearing, languiſh life away.
An altar, bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, beſt ſeaſon of the various year;
All hail! ſuch days in beauteous order ran,
So ſwift, ſo ſweet, when firſt the world began,
In Eden's bowers, when man's great fire aſſign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wond'rous to tell! but when, with luckleſs hand,
Our daring mother broke the ſole command.
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls enſnar'd the nightly prey;
Rude arts at firſt; but witty want refin'd
The huntſman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.
Bold Nimrod firſt the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the briſtling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courſer in his mid career:
Ah, had he there reſtrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.
No pomps I aſk, which crowns and ſceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the duſty field;
Faſt by the foreſt, and the limpid ſpring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to ſing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful preſs the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltleſs name.
And now thy female bears in ample womb
The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
No ſport, I ween, nor blaſt of ſprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,
To range thy courts, and baſk before the ſun;
Near thy full table let the favourite ſtand,
Strok'd by thy ſon's, or blooming daughter's hand.
Careſs, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
T' improve her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe.
So, if ſmall things may be compar'd with great,
And nature's works the muſes imitate,
So, ſtretch'd in ſhades, and lull'd by murmuring ſtreams,
Great Maro's breaſt receiv'd the heavenly dreams.
Recluſe, ſerene, the muſing prophet lay,
Till thoughts in embryo, ripening, burſt their way.
Hence bees in ſtate, and foaming courſers come
Heroes, and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.
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TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin purſued,
When his wiſdom, in manner moſt ample, expreſs'd
The long liſt of the graces his godſhip poſſeſs'd:
I'm the god of ſweet ſong, and inſpirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor ſweet ſong, the fair fugitive ſtays;
I'm the god of the harp—ſtop my faireſt—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.
Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of phyſic below:
At the dreadful word phyſic, the nymph fled more faſt;
At the fatal word phyſic ſhe doubled her haſte.
Thou fond god of wiſdom, then, alter thy phraſe,
Bid her view the young bloom, and thy raviſhing rays,
Tell her leſs of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damſel will fly to thy arms.

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The laviſh praiſes of the babler, fame:
I thought them ſuch, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye.
Reſolv'd to find ſome fault, before unſpy'd,
And diſappointed, if but ſatisfy'd.
Love pierc'd the vaſſal heart, that durſt rebel,
And, where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
On thoſe dear eyes, with ſweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and ſoul away;
All o'er I felt the luſcious poiſon run,
And, in a look, the haſty conqueſt won.
Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And ſports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Raviſh'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in ſo clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright deſtruction, and a ſhining tomb.

TO A LADY;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix ſhines;
A thouſand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more ſtrange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play ſo wild a part.
Each fabled charm in matchleſs Cælia meets,
The heavenly colours, and ambroſial ſweets;
Her virgin boſom chaſter fires ſupplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.

Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom
disclose,
Th' untainted lily, and unfolding rose;
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a syren, and you move a grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
While virtue gives, what years shall steal away:
The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

In utmost ocean lies a lovely isle,
Where spring still blooms, and greens for ever smile,
Which sees the sun put on his first array,
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day;
When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course;
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.
In these soft shades, unpress'd by human feet,
The happy phœnix keeps his balmy seat,
Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill;
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
Still he renews his life in these abodes,
Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play;
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds outfly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs enfold,
Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live.
For when a thousand times the summer sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.
So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow.
When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'erspread,
It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.
Then, as the silver empress of the night,
O'erclouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So, froz'n with age, and shut from light supplies,
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
And those fleet wings, for strength and speed renown'd,
Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.
Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his fire the sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.
On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.
The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
And stops the progress of his heavenly car.
" O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
" Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
" An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
" Thou, on whom heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous
" doom
" To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,
" Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
" And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view."
Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic bed
A golden beam he tosses from his head;
Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies.
And straight devours the willing sacrifice,
Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
Sink into strength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
The moon and stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
And nature startles at the doubtful sight;
For, whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
The noblest product of the skill she claims.
Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phœnix starting from the flame,
Obtains at once a son's, and father's name;
And the great change of double life displays,
In the short moment of one transient blaze.
On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,
The balmy nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;
In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
Obstruct his journey through th' ethereal space;
The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king.
Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch
Commanding legions to the dusty field; [yield,
Though sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head surround;

Though rich embroidery paint his purple veſt,
And his ſteed bound in coſtly trappings dreſt,
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.
Fam'd for the worſhip of the ſun, there ſtands
A ſacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis ſaid, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god;
Upon whoſe altar's conſecrated blaze
The ſeeds and relics of himſelf he lays,
Whence flaming incenſe makes the temple ſhine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
The wafted ſmell to far Peluſian flies,
To cheer old Ocean, and enrich the ſkies,
With nectar's ſweets to make the nations ſmile,
And ſcent the ſeven-fold channels of the Nile.
Thrice happy Phœnix! heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyſelf thyſelf's ſurviving heir;
By death thy deathleſs vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to ruin all the world beſide;
Thy age, not thee, aſſiſting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away;
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging Ocean burſt his bed,
O'ertop'd the mountains, and the earth o'erſpread;
When the raſh youth enflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the ſkies, and ſcar'd the deathleſs gods.
When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond chaos bound thy endleſs reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot ſhall brave,
Baffle deſtruction, and elude the grave.

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER

ON HER MARRIAGE.

From Menage.

The greateſt ſwain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
Our ſhepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his ſofter fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He, 'midſt the graceful, of ſuperior grace,
And ſhe the loveliеſt of the loveliеſt race.
Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno, ſhed,
And crown the pleaſures of the genial bed:
Raiſe thence, their future joy, a ſmiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'ſt thou ſhower thy choiceſt gifts on thoſe,
Who boldly rival thy moſt hated foes;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes;

TO A LADY;

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

The fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choiceſt ſtores that youthful ſummer yields,
Strephon to fair Eliza hath convey'd,
The ſweeteſt garland to the ſweeteſt maid.
O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them reſt
On the Elyſium of thy ſnowy breaſt,
And there regale the ſmell, and charm the view,
With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
Thy form divine, and beauty's matchleſs power:
Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips outbluſh the opening roſe:
The lily's ſnow betrays leſs pure a light,
Loſt in thy boſom's more unſullied white;
And wreathes of jaſmine ſhed perfumes, beneath
Th' ambroſial incenſe of thy balmy breath.
Ten thouſand beauties grace the rival pair,
How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
But ah! too ſoon theſe fleeting charms decay,
The fading luſtre of one haſtening day.
This night ſhall ſee the gaudy wreath decline,
The roſes wither, and the lilies pine.
The garlands fate to thine ſhall be apply'd,
And what advance thy form, ſhall check thy pride;
Be wiſe, my fair, the preſent hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waſte of love;
Each drooping bloom ſhall plead thy juſt excuſe,
And that which ſhow'd thy beauty, ſhow its uſe.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE.

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQUIRE.

As Damon Chloe's painted form ſurvey'd,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for the jilting ſhade:
For Cupid taught the artiſt hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
Now he laments a look ſo falſely fair,
And almoſt damns, what yet reſembles her;
Now he devours it with his longing eyes;
Now fated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips preſume to kiſs,
And his bold hands the ſwelling boſom preſs;
The ſwain drinks in deep draughts of vain deſire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inſpires, may life itſelf impart.
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;
Claſp, new Pygmalion, claſp the ſeeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enlivening image warms,
Deſtin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
Thy arms, which ſhall with fire ſo fierce invade,
That ſhe at once ſhall be, and ceaſe to be a maid.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæſar, having reſolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the ſame field. The behaviour of their ſoldiers, at their ſeeing and knowing one another, is the ſubject of the following verſes.

Their ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering ſoldiers knew;
Brother, with brother in unnatural ſtrife,
And the ſon arm'd againſt the father's life:
Curſt civil war! then conſcience firſt was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb ſorrow all at once they ſtand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltleſs hand;

To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run with transport, to the longing foe:
Here the long lost acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,
Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.
Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
And kisses, broke by sobs, the words of grief;
Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.
Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitless pain,
Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in vain?
Why blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate?
Why dread the tyrant, whom yourselves make great?
Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight.
Bids he the standards move? refuse the fight.
Your generals, left by you, will love again
A son and father, when they're private men.
Kind Concord, heavenly born! whose blissful reign
Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain,
Whose laws the jarring elements controul,
And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
This lucky hour, thy aid fair goddess bring!
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times.
No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
They know their duty, now their friends are known.
Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be,
New crimes, by love enhanc'd, this night shall see:
Such is the will of fate, and such the hard decree.
'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare:
On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk, one shows his scars,
One tells what chance first led him to the wars;
Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle listens to the tale;
They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate,
Deny their guilt and lay the blame on fate;
Their love revives to make them guiltier grow,
A short-liv'd blessing, but to heighten woe.
When to Petreius first the news was told,
The jealous general thought his legions sold.
Swift with the guards, his headstrong fury drew,
From out his camp he drives the hostile crew;
Cuts clasping friends asunder with his sword,
And stains with blood each hospitable board.
Then thus his wrath breaks out. 'Oh! lost to fame
'Oh! false to Pompey, and the Roman name!
'Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands?
'Oh! die at least; 'tis all that Rome demands.
'What! will you own, while ye can wield the sword,
'A rebel standard, and usurping lord?
'Shall he be sued to take you into place
'Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace?
'What? shall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
'And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought!
'The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,
'Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife;
'But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
'A fair amusement, and a specious name.
'Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
'Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,
'Ne'er had the steed in harness fought the plain,
'Or fleets encounter'd on th' unstable main;
'Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd,
'Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
'By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
'Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground;
'Are you perfidious, who espouse the laws,
'And traitors only in a righteous cause?
'Oh shame! in vain through nations far and wide,
'Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
'Fall'n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
'Thy cheap bought life, and treat thy fame away.'
He ended fierce. The soldier's rage returns,
His blood flics upward, and his bosom burns.
So, haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar.
He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.
Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright
On stubborn fate, or undiscerning night,
Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
And breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
Pity a while their hands from slaughter kept.
Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept.
But every blow their wavering rage assures,
In murder hardens, and to blood inures,
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends descry,
But sires by sons, and sons by fathers die.
Black, monstrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
Exults in guilt, that throws the only shame
On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE DEDICATION.

When I first entered upon this translation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the Earl of Halifax; but being prevented from doing myself that honour, by the unspeakable loss which our country hath sustained in the death of that extraordinary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a dedication of it to his memory. The greatness of his name will justify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work, which (if it had deserved his patronage)

is perhaps the only one inſcribed to his lordſhip, that will eſcape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from ſuch a dedication, that nothing, I could ſay in it, would be ſuſpected of flattery. Beſides that the world would take a pleaſure in hearing thoſe things ſaid of this great man, now he is dead, which he himſelf would have been offended at when living. But though I am ſenſible, ſo amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the public, were I able to draw it in its full extent, I ſhould be cenſured very deſervedly, ſhould I venture upon an undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

His conſummate knowledge in all kinds of buſineſs, his winning eloquence in public aſſemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the ſhare he had in conveying the ſupreme power to an illuſtrious family famous for being friends to mankind, are ſubjects eaſy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhauſted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune, which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of ſo generous and univerſal a patron.

He reſted not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himſelf was ſo great a maſter; but was acted by that humanity they naturally inſpire: which gave riſe to many excellent writers, who have caſt a light upon the age in which he lived, and will diſtinguiſh it to poſterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been publiſhed for ſeveral years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or ſupported by his approbation, or recompenſed by his bounty. And if the ſucceſſion of men, who excel in moſt of the refined arts, ſhould not continue; though ſome may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen; thoſe, who are unacquainted with his lordſhip's character, will know more juſtly how to account for it.

The cauſe of liberty will receive no ſmall advantage in future times, when it ſhall be obſerved that the Earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that moſt of thoſe, who were eminent in the ſeveral parts of polite or uſeful learning, were by his influence and example engaged in the ſame intereſt.

I hope, therefore, the public will excuſe my ambition for thus intruding into the number of thoſe applauded men, who have paid him this kind of homage: eſpecially ſince I am alſo prompted to it by gratitude, for the protection with which he had begun to honour me; and do it at a time when he cannot ſuffer by the importunity of my acknowments.

TO THE READER.

I MUST inform the reader, that when I began this firſt book, I had ſome thoughts of tranſlating the whole Iliad: but had the pleaſure of being diverted from that deſign, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publiſhing this ſmall ſpecimen of Homer's Iliad, than to beſpeak, if poſſible, the favour of the public to a tranſlation of Homer's Odyſſeys, wherein I have already made ſome progreſs.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence diſcord roſe,
That brought the ſons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddeſs, ſing. Full many a hero's ghoſt
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coaſt,
While in promiſcuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feaſt for dogs, and every bird of prey.
So did the ſire of gods and men fulfil
His ſtedfaſt purpoſe, and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike ſon.
What god in ſtrife the princes did engage?
Apollo burning with vindictive rage
Againſt the ſcornful king, whoſe impious pride
His prieſt diſhonour'd, and his power defy'd.
Hence ſwift contagion, by the god's commands,
Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
For, wealth, immenſe the holy Chryſes bore,
(His daughter's ranſom) to the tented ſhore:
His ſceptre ſtretching forth, the golden rod,
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god,
Of all the hoſt, of every princely chief,
But firſt of Atreus' ſons he begg'd relief:
"Great Atreus' ſons and warlike Greeks attend,
"So may th' immortal gods your cauſe befriend,
"So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
"And rich in gather'd ſpoils to Greece return,
"As for theſe gifts my daughter you beſtow,
"And reverence due to great Apollo ſhow,
"Jove's favourite offſpring, terrible in war,
"Who ſends his ſhafts unerring from afar."
Throughout the hoſt conſenting murmurs riſe,
The prieſt to reverence, and give back the prize;
When the great king, incens'd, his ſilence broke
In words reproachful, and thus ſternly ſpoke:
"Hence, dotard, from my ſight. Nor ever more
"Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden ſhore;
"Leſt thou ſtretch forth, my fury to reſtrain,
"The wreathes and ſceptre of thy god, in vain.
"The captive maid I never will reſign,
"Till age o'ertake her, I have vow'd her mine.
"To diſtant Argos ſhall the fair be led:
"She ſhall; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
"Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.
"Hence on thy life nor urge me by thy ſtay."
He ended frowning. Speechleſs and diſmay'd,
The aged ſire his ſtern command obey'd.
Silent he paſs'd, amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows, on the lonely ſhore:
Far from the camp he paſs'd: then ſuppliant ſtood;
And thus the hoary prieſt invok'd his god:
"Dread warrior with the ſilver bow, give ear.
"Patron of Chryſa and of Cilla, hear.
"To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs;
"Propitious Smintheus! Oh, redreſs my wrongs.
"If e'er within thy fane, with wreathes adorn'd,
"The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
"O! hear my prayer. Let Greece thy fury know,
"And with thy ſhafts avenge thy ſervant's woe."

Apollo heard his injur'd ſuppliant's cry.
Down ruſh'd the vengeful warrior from the ſky;
Acroſs his breaſt the glittering bow he ſlung,
And at his back the well-ſtor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal ſight:
Then took his ſtand, the well-aim'd ſhaft to throw:
Fierce ſprung the ſtring, and twang'd the ſilver bow.
The dogs and mules his firſt keen arrow flew;
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful dart. The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.
Nine days entire he vex'd th' embattled hoſt,
The tenth. Achilles through the winding coaſt
Summon'd a council, by the queen's command
Who wields heaven's ſceptre in her ſnowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now encloſe
The hero, ſwiftly ſpeaking as he roſe:
" What now, O Atreus' ſon, remains in view,
" But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
" Doom'd to deſtruction, while our waſted powers
" The ſword and peſtilence at once devours?
" Why haſte we not ſome prophet's ſkill to prove,
" Or ſeek by dreams? for dreams deſcend from " Jove.)
" What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
" What vow with-held, what hecatomb unſlain:
" And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
" The price of guilt, and turn this curſe away."
Thus he. And next the reverend Calchas roſe,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians choſe;
The prince of augurs, whoſe enlightened eye
Could things paſt, preſent, and to come, deſcry:
Such wiſdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the godlike man:
" Me then command'ſt thou, lov'd of Jove, to " ſhow
" What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
" Firſt plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
" By words to aid me, or by arms defend.
" For I foreſee his rage, whoſe ample ſway
" The Argian powers and ſceptred chiefs obey.
" The wrath of kings what ſubject can oppoſe?
" Deep in their breaſts the ſmother'd vengeance " glows,
" Still watchful to deſtroy. Swear, valiant youth,
" Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I ſpeak the truth?"
To this Achilles ſwift replies: " Be bold.
" Diſcloſe, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontroul'd.
" By him, who, liſtening to thy powerful prayer,
" Reveals the ſecret, I devoutly ſwear,
" That, while theſe eyes behold the light, no hand
" Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded ſtrand,
" Not Atreus' ſon. Though now himſelf he boaſt
" The king of men, and ſovereign of the hoſt."
Then boldly he. " Nor does the god complain
" Of vows with-held, or hecatombs unſlain.
" Chryſeïs to her awful ſire refus'd,
" The gifts rejected, and the prieſt abus'd, [call,
" Call down theſe judgments, and for more they
" Juſt ready on th' exhauſted camp to fall;
" Till ranſom-free the damſel is beſtow'd,
" And hecatombs are ſent to ſoothe the god,
" To Chryſa ſent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
" The gifts may expiate, and the prieſt aſſuage."
He ſpoke and ſat. When, with an angry frown,
The chief of kings upſtarted from his throne.
Diſdain and vengeance in his boſom riſe,
Lour in his brows, and ſparkle in his eyes:
Full at the prieſt their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.
" Augur of ills, (for never good to me
" Did that moſt inauſpicious voice decree)
" Forever ready to denounce my woes,
" When Greece is puniſh'd, I am ſtill the cauſe;
" And now when Phœbus ſpreads his plagues a- " broad,
" And waſtes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
" Becauſe my blooming captive I detain,
" And the large ranſom is produc'd in vain.
" Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
" Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
" Not Clytemneſtra boaſts a nobler race,
" A ſweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
" In works of female ſkill hath more command,
" Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.
" Yet ſhe ſhall go. The fair our peace ſhall buy:
" Better I ſuffer, than my people die.
" But mark me well. See inſtantly prepar'd
" A full equivalent, a new reward.
" Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his ſhare,
" Your chief ſhould loſe his portion of the war:
" In vain your chief; whilſt the dear prize I boaſt,
" Is wreſted from me, and forever loſt."
To whom the ſwift purſuer quick reply'd:
" O ſunk in avarice, and ſwoln with pride!
" How ſhall the Greeks, though large of ſoul they " be,
" Collect their ſever'd ſpoils, a heap for thee
" To ſearch anew, and cull the choiceſt ſhare,
" Amid the mighty harveſt of the war?
" Then yield thy captive to the god reſign'd,
" Aſſur'd a tenfold recompenſe to find,
" When Jove's decree ſhall throw proud Ilion " down,
" And give to plunder the devoted town."
" Think not (Atrides anſwer'd) though thou " ſhine,
" Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine,
" Think not, thy wiles, in ſpecious words convey'd,
" From its firm purpoſe ſhall my ſoul diſſuade.
" Muſt I alone bereft ſit down with ſhame,
" And thou inſulting keep thy captive dame?
" If, as I aſk, the large-ſoul'd Greeks conſent
" Full recompenſe to give, I ſtand content.
" If not: a prize I ſhall myſelf decree,
" From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee.
" While the proud prince, deſpoil'd, ſhall rage in " vain.
" But break we here. The reſt let time explain.
" Launch now a well-trimm'd galley from the ſhore,
" With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:
" Encloſe the hecatomb; and then with care
" To the high deck convey the captive fair.
" The ſacred bark let ſage Ulyſſes guide,
" Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preſide:
" Or thou, O mighty man, the chief ſhalt be.
" And who more fit to ſoothe the god than thee?"

" Shameleſs, and poor of ſoul," the prince replies,
And on the monarch caſts his ſcornful eyes,
" What Greek henceforth will march at thy com-
" mand,
" In ſearch of danger on the doubtful ſtrand?
" Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
" Or tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night?
" Not I, be ſure. Henceforward I am free.
" For ne'er was Priam's houſe a foe to me.
" Far from their inroads, in my paſtures feed
" The lowing heifer, and the pamper'd ſteed,
" On Phthia's hills our fruits ſecurely grow,
" And ripen careleſs of the diſtant foe,
" Between whoſe realms and our Theſſalian ſhore
" Unnumber'd mountains riſe, and billows roar.
" For thine, and for thy baffled brother's ſame,
" Acroſs the ſeas, diſdainful man, I came;
" Yet inſolent! by arbitrary ſway,
" Thou talk'ſt of ſeizing on my rightful prey,
" The prize whoſe purchaſe toils and dangers coſt,
" And given by ſuffrage of the Grecian hoſt.
" What town, when ſack'd by our victorious bands,
" But ſtill brought wealth to thoſe rapacious hands?
" To me, thus ſcorn'd, contented, doſt thou yield
" My ſhare of blood in the tumultuous field;
" But ſtill the flower of all the ſpoil is thine;
" There claim'ſt thou moſt. Nor e'er did I repine.
" Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it beſt,
" With ſlaughter tir'd, and panting after reſt.
" To Phthia now, for I ſhall fight no more,
" My ſhips their crooked prows ſhall turn from
" ſhore.
" When I am ſcorn'd, I think I well foreſee
" What ſpoils and pillage will be won by thee,
" Hence! (cry'd the monarch) hence! without
" delay: [ſtay.
" Think not, vain man! my voice ſhall urge thy
" Others thou leav'ſt to the great cauſe inclin'd,
" A league of kings thou leav'ſt, and Jove behind.
" Of all the chiefs doſt thou oppoſe me moſt:
" Outrage and uproar are thy only boaſt.
" Diſcord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
" If thou art ſtrong, 'tis Jove hath made thee ſo.
" Go, at thy pleaſure. None will ſtop thy way.
" Go, bid thy baſe-born Myrmidons obey.
" Thou, nor thy rage, ſhall my reſolves ſubdue;
" I fix my purpoſe, and my threats renew.
" Since 'tis decreed I muſt the maid reſtore,
" A ſhip ſhall waft her to th' offended power;
" But fair Briſeïs thy allotted prize,
" Myſelf will ſeize, and ſeize before thy eyes:
" That thou and each audacious man may ſee,
" How vain the raſh attempt to cope with me."
Stung to the ſoul, tumultuous thoughts began
This way and that to rend the godlike man.
To force a paſſage with his falchion drawn,
And hurl th' imperial boaſter from his throne,
He now reſolves. and now reſolves again
To quell his fury, and his arm reſtrain.
While thus by turns his rage and reaſon ſway'd,
And half unſheath'd he held the glittering blade;
That moment, Juno, whoſe impartial eye
Watch'd o'er them both, ſent Pallas from the ſky:
She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
To him alone the radiant goddeſs ſhin'd.)
Sudden he turn'd, and ſtarted with ſurpriſe;
Rage and revenge flaſh'd dreadful in his eyes.
Then thus with haſty words? " O! heavenly-
" born,
" Com'ſt thou to ſee proud Agamemnon's ſcorn?
" But thou ſhalt ſee (my ſword ſhall make it good)
" This glutted ſand ſmoke with the tyrant's blood."
" To ſoothe thy ſoul, the blue-ey'd maid replies,
" (If thou obey my voice) I left the ſkies.
" Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this
" command!
" Suppreſs thy wrath, and ſtay thy vengeful hand.
" Be all thy rage in tauntful words expreſt;
" But guiltleſs let the thirſty falchion reſt.
" Mark what I ſpeak. An hour is on its way,
" When gifts tenfold for this affront ſhall pay.
" Suppreſs thy wrath; and heaven and me obey."
Then he: " I yield; though with reluctant
" mind.
" Who yields to heaven ſhall heaven propitious find."
The ſilver hilt cloſe-graſping, at the word,
Deep in the ſheath he plung'd his mighty ſword.
The goddeſs, turning, darted from his ſight,
And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
But fierce Achilles, in a thundering tone,
Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:
" Valiant with wine, and furious from the
" bowl!
" Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward ſoul!
" War's glorious peril ever flow to ſhare:
" Aloof thou view'ſt the field; for death is there,
" 'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to ſway,
" And peel the Greeks, at will, who diſobey:
" A tyrant lord o'er ſlaves to earth debas'd;
" For, had they ſouls, this outrage were thy laſt.
" But, thou, my fix'd, my final purpoſe hear.
" By this dread ſceptre ſolemnly I ſwear:
" By this (which, once from out the foreſt torn,
" Nor leaf nor ſhade ſhall ever more adorn.
" Which never more its verdure muſt renew,
" Lopp'd from the vital ſtem, whence firſt it grew,
" But given by Jove the ſons of men to awe,
" Now ſways the nations, and confirms the law)
" A day ſhall come, when for this hour's diſdain
" The Greeks ſhall wiſh for me, and wiſh in vain
" Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid af-
" ford,
" When heaps on heaps ſhall fall by Hector's ſword:
" Too late with anguiſh ſhall thy heart be torn,
" That the firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn."
He ſaid. And, mounting with a furious bound,
He daſh'd his ſtudded ſceptre on the ground;
Then ſat. Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compoſe,
The Pylian prince, the ſmooth-ſpeech'd Neſtor
roſe.
His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he;
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee:
And, his firſt race of ſubjects long decay'd,
O'er their ſons ſons a peaceful ſceptre ſway'd.
" Alas for Greece! (he cries) and with what joy
" Shall Priam hear, and every ſon of Troy!
" That you, the firſt in wiſdom as in wars,
" Waſte your great ſouls in poor ignoble jars!

" Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
" Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard.
" Their equals never shall these eyes behold:
" Cæneus the just, Pirithous the bold,
" Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
" Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
" Theseus unrivall'd in his sire's abodes,
" And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.
" They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
" In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes:
" Fearless through rocks and wilds their prey pur-
" sued,
" And the huge double Centaur race subdued.
" With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
" Through regions, far from my sweet native home;
" They call'd me to the wars. No living hand
" Could match their valour, or their strength
" withstand;
" Yet wont they oft my sage advice to hear.
" Then listen both, with an attentive ear.
" Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,
" Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.
" Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone
" Urge him to wrath, who fills that sacred throne,
" The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
" By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.
" Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
" Thou must obey a power more great than thine.
" And thou, O king, forbear. Myself will sue
" Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue:
" Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,
" The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host."
" Wise are thy words, O sire, (the king began)
" But what can satiate this aspiring man?
" Unbounded power he claims o'er humankind,
" And hopes for slaves I trust, he ne'er shall find.
" Shall we, because the gods have form'd him
" strong,
" Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue!
" If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well de-
" spise
" My name," the prince precipitate, replies.
" In vain thou nodd'st from thy imperial throne.
" Thy vassals seek elsewhere; for I am none.
" But break we here. The fair, though justly mine,
" With sword undrawn I purpose to resign.
" On aught beside, I once for all command,
" Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand.
" Come not within my reach, nor dare advance,
" Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance."
Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
The council broke, each takes his separate way.
Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind;
Patroclus and his train move slow behind.
Mean time, a bark was haul'd along the sand,
Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care.
They mount the deck. The vessel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the surge, and lessens to the sight.
Next he ordains along the winding coast
By hollow'd rites to purify the host.
A herd of chosen victims they provide,
And cast their offals on the briny tide,
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
In clouds the savoury steam ascend the sky.
The Greeks to heaven their solemn vows address;
But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breast.
Obsequious at his call two heralds stand:
To them in frowns he gives this harsh command.
" Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair;
" Thence swift the female slave Briseïs bear.
" With arms, if disobey'd, myself will come.
" Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom."
The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.
Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way:
And, now the Myrmidonian quarter past,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw:
They too stood silent, with respectful awe,
Before the royal youth, they neither spoke.
He guess'd their message, and the silence broke:
" Ye ministers of gods and men, draw near,
" Not you, but him whose heralds ye appear,
" Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring
" The damsel forth for this disdainful king.
" But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind,
" And clear me to the gods and all mankind,
" Ev'n to your thoughtless king; if evermore
" My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.
" Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,
" Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come,
" His best defence thus rashly to forego,
" And leave a naked army to the foe."
He ceas'd Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back slow-moving o'er the strand.
The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears alone.
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with storms the curling billows rise,
And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,
With out-stretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:
" Since to short life thy hapless son was born,
" Great Jove stands bound by promise to adorn
" His tinted course with an immortal name.
" Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
" The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,
" Demands, possesses, and enjoys my prey."
Near her old sire enthron'd, she heard him weep
From the low silent caverns of the deep:
Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears, [cries)
Cl se grasps her darling's hand. " My son (she
" Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy
" eyes?
" Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
" That both may know it, and that both may
" share.' [groan,
" Oh! goddess! (cry'd he with an inward
" Thou know'st it all: to thee are all things
" known.
" Eëtian Thebes we sack'd, their ransack'd towers,
" The plunder of a people, all was ours.
" We stood agreed the booty to divide.
" Chryseïs rosy-cheek'd, and glossy-ey'd,
" Fell to the king; but holy Chryses bore
" Vast gifts of ransom to the tented shore:

" His sceptre stretching forth (the golden rod
" Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
" Of all the host, of every princely chief.
" But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief.
" Throughout the host consenting murmurs ran,
" To yield her to the venerable man;
" But the harsh king deny'd to do him right,
" And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.
" Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry,
" And dealt his arrows through th' infected sky;
" The swift contagion sent by his commands,
" Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Gre-
" cian bands.
" The guilty cause a sacred augur show'd,
" And I first mov'd to mitigate the god.
" At this the tyrant storm'd, and vengeance vow'd;
" And now too soon hath made his threatnings
" good.
" Chryseïs first with gifts to Chrysa sent,
" His heralds came this moment to my tent,
" And bore Breseïs thence, my beauteous slave,
" Th' allotted prize, which the leagu'd Grecians
" gave.
" Thou goddess, then, and thou, I know, hast
" power,
" For thine own son the might of Jove implore.
" Oft in my father's house I've heard thee tell,
" When sudden fears on heaven's great monarchs
" fell,
" Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
" And fav'd the mighty thunderer from shame.
" Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound
" The fire in chains, and hemm'd their sovereign
" round.
" Thy voice, O goddess, broke their idle bands,
" And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
" The prodigy, whom heaven and earth revere,
" Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here.
" His father Neptune he in strength surpass'd;
" At Jove's right hand his hideous form he plac'd,
" Proud of his might The gods with secret dread,
" Beheld the huge enormous shape and fled.
" Remind him then: for well thou know'st the art:
" Go, clasp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
" Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
" Seek the vast verge of his tempestuous main:
" There let them perish, void of all relief,
" My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.
" Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,
" That the first Greek was made the public scorn."
Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er:)
" Why bore I thee! or nourish'd when I bore!
" Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,
" Thou might'st possess the poor remains of life,
" Thy death approaching now the fates foreshow;
" Short is thy destin'd term, and full of woe.
" Ill-fated thou! and oh unhappy I!
" But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
" Where, hid in snow, to heaven Olympus swells,
" And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
" Mean time, my son, indulge thy just disdain:
" Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain,
" Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he
" cross'd,
" And sought the distant Ethiopian coast;
" Along the skies his radiant course he steer'd,
" Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,
" A bright procession. To the holy feast
" Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest.
" To heaven he comes, when twice six days are
" o'er!
" Then shall his voice the fire of gods implore,
" Then to my lofty mansion will I pass,
" Founded on rocks of ever-during brass:
" There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
" No doubt, my son, but I shall melt his heart."
She ceas'd. and left him lost in doubtful care,
And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.
But, safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred stand,
The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land.
Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
Then lowers the lofty mast, and furls the sails;
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.
The bark now fix'd amidst the rolling tide,
Chryseïs follows her experienc'd guide:
The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
A herd of bulls went bellowing o'er the coast.
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
He led, and near the altar took his stand,
Then gave her joyful to her father's hand.
" All hail! Atrides sets thy daughter free,
" Sends offerings to thy god and gifts to thee.
" But thou entreat the power, whose dreadful
" sway
" Afflicts his camp, and sweeps his host away."
He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.
The victims now they range in chosen bands,
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands:
When with loud voice, and arms uprear'd in air,
The hoary priest preferr'd this powerful prayer:
" Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear:
" Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
" About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round:
" Still have my vows thy power propitious found.
" Rous'd by my prayers ev'n now thy vengeance
" burns,
" And smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
" Hear me once more; and let the suppliant foe
" Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow."
He pray'd: and great Apollo heard his prayer.
The suppliants now their votive rites prepare:
Amidst the flames they cast the hallow'd bread,
And heaven-ward turn each victims destin'd head:
Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
And from each carcase rend the smoking hide,
On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,
And chosen morsels round the offering strow:
Mysterious rites. Then on the fire divine
The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
Himself the offering burns. On either hand
A troop of youths, in decent order stand.
On sharpen'd forks, obedient to the fire,
They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire,
Adorn the feast, see every dish well-stor'd,
And serve the plenteous messes to the board.
When now the various feasts had cheer'd their
souls, [bowls,
With sparkling wines they crown the generous

The first libations to Apollo pay,
And solemnise with sacred hymns the day:
His praise in lō Pæans loud they sing,
And soothe the rage of the far-shooting king.
At evening, through the shore disper's'd they sleep,
Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.
When now, ascending from the shades of night,
Aurera glow'd in all her rosy light,
The daughter of the dawn: th' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their course renew.
The breezes freshen: for with friendly gales
Apollo swell'd their wide, distended, sails:
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side.
In safety to the destin'd port they pass'd,
And fix'd their bark with grappling haulsers fast;
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coast,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.
But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,
Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
Th' assembled chiefs he shun'd with high disdain,
A band of kings: nor sought the hostile plain;
But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.
Twelve days were past; and now th' ethereal train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again:
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
Shot through a big-swoln wave, and pierc'd the skies.
At early morn she reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the residence of Jove.
On the top point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart she found,
Above the rest. The earth beneath display'd
(A boundless prospect) his broad eye survey'd.
Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard;
Then, suppliant, with submissive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd:
"If e'er, by rebel deities oppress,
"My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request.
"Since to short life my hapless son was born,
"Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
"Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
"Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.
"Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
"And doubled honours to my offspring give."
She said. The god vouchsaf'd not to reply
(A deep suspence sat in his thoughtful eye):
Once more around his knees the goddess clung,
And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue:
"Oh! speak. Or grant me, or deny my prayer.
"Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear;
"That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
"The most despis'd of all the gods am I."
With a deep sigh the thundering power replies:
"To what a height will Juno's anger rise!
"Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
"My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
"I grant thy suit. But, hence! depart unseen,
"And shun the sight of heaven's suspicious queen.
"Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
"When Jove propitious hears the powers divine;
"The sign that ratifies my high command,
"That thus I will: and what I will shall stand."
This said, his kingly brow the sire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god;
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.
The goddess smil'd: and, with a sudden leap,
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial towers:
And, as he rose, up-rose th' immortal powers.
In ranks, on either side, th' assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he pass'd.
To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives, Juno silence broke,
And thus, opprobrious her resentments spoke:
"False Jove! what goddess whispering did I see?
"O fond of counsels, still conceal'd from me!
"To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
"One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart."
To whom the sire of gods and men reply'd;
"Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.
"Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,
"Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.
"The thoughts and counsels, proper to declare,
"Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share:
"But, what my secret wisdom shall ordain,
"Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.
"Dread Saturn's son, why so severe?" replies
"The goddess of the large majestic eyes. [show;
"Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide, or
"Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
"Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen
"To thy high throne, the silver-footed queen,
"Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
"Aged and hoary in the deep resides.
"Thy nod assures me she was not deny'd:
"And Greece must perish for a madman's pride."
To whom the god, whose hand the tempest forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with storms, [plain?
Thus wrathful answer'd: "Dost thou still com-
"Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain!
"Should'st thou disclose the dark event to come,
"How wilt thou stop th' irrevocable doom!
"This serves the more to sharpen my disdain;
"And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.
"Be silent then. Dispute not my command;
"Nor tempt the force of this superior hand:
"Lest all the gods, around thee leagu'd, engage
"In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage."
Mute and abash'd she sat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,
Nor further durst th' offended sire provoke;
The gods around him trembled, as he spoke,
When Vulcan, for his mother fore distress'd,
Turn'd orator, and thus his speech address'd:
"Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
"Stir up debate among the powers divine,
"If things on earth disturb the blest abodes,
"And mar th' ambrosial banquet of the gods!

" Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
" Though much more wife than I pretend to be:
" Let me adviſe her ſilent to obey,
" And due ſubmiſſion to our father pay.
" Nor force again his gloomy rage to riſe,
" Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the ſkies.
" For ſhould he toſs her from th' Olympian hill,
" Who could reſiſt the mighty monarch's will?
" Then thou to love the thunderer reconcile,
" And tempt him kindly on us all to ſmile."
He ſaid: and in his tottering hands up-bore
A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.
" Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,
" Nor urge a more diſgraceful puniſhment,
" Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, diſmay'd,
" Muſt ſtand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
" Great Jove ſhall reign for ever, uncontrol'd:
" Remember, when I took thy part of old,
" Caught by the heel he ſwung me round on high;
" And headlong hurl'd me from th' etherial ſky:
" From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night;
" Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a moſt piteous ſight,
" The Sintians hardly could my breath recal,
" Giddy and gaſping with the dreadful fall."
She ſmil'd: and, ſmiling, her white arm diſplay'd
To reach the bowl her aukward ſon convey'd.
From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
And dealt the roſy nectar fairly round.
The gods laugh'd out, unweary'd, as they ſpy'd
The buſy ſkinker hop from ſide to ſide.
Thus, feaſting to the full, they paſs'd away,
In bliſsful banquets, all the live-long day,
Nor wanted melody. With heavenly art
The muſes ſung; each muſe perform'd her part.
Alternate warbling; while the golden lyre,
Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
The ſun at length declin'd, when every gueſt
Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to reſt;
Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,
A maſterpiece of Vulcan's matchleſs ſkill.
Ev'n he, the god, who heaven's great ſceptre ſways,
And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
His bed of ſtate aſcending, lay compos'd;
His eyes a ſweet refreſhing ſlumber cloſ'd:
And at his ſide, all-glorious to behold,
Was Juno lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Through breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To ſtrew freſh laurels, let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy aiſles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints who taught, and led, the way to heaven;
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind;
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze;
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A taſk well-ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend;
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, ſo the heavens decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd and ſtill deplor'd by me;
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crowded courts invite;
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſoothe my care;
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato there;
If penſive to the rural ſhades I rove;
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;

There patient ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-ball glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.
From other hills, however fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence, they attempt to mourn.
O! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong.
Theſe works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewell,
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Of Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love, and pining care,
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gliſſy blue.

Oh, have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound:
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
"Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand, you cannot ſee,
"Which beckons me away.
"By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
"In early youth I die:
"Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone:
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own.
"To-morrow, in the church to wed,
"Impatient, both prepare!
"But know, fond maid; and know, falſe man,
"That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corſe, my comrades, bear,
"This bridegroom blithe to meet,
"He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
"I in my winding ſheet."
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The brideſmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at his grave, the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green;
But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

To Whitton's ſhades, and Hounſlow's airy plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'ſt thy ſummer flights in vain,
In vain thy wiſh gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting beauty waits;
The boaſtful muſe, of others fame ſo ſure,
Implores thy aid to make her own ſecure;
The great, the fair, and, if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the arts ſolicit thee.

How canſt thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe ſever'd by the circling main;
Sought by the kings of every diſtant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Haſt thou forgot that mighty Bourbon ſear'd
He ſtill was mortal, till thy draught appeas'd?
That Coſmo choſe thy glowing form to place,
Amidſt her maſters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,
Her falling arts forlorn Heſperia mourns;
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom firſt, her painting now.
Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's ſhore,
Nor mean the taſk, each breathing buſt explore,
Line after line, with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
Vain care of parts, if, impotent of ſoul,
Th' induſtrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cool ſtatue ſtiffens in the frame.
Thee nature taught, nor art her aid deny'd,
The kindeſt miſtreſs, and the ſureſt guide,
To catch a likeneſs at one piercing ſight,
And place the faireſt in the faireſt light;
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy pallet lie the blended oils,
Thy careleſs chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,
And her juſt image makes Cleora ſtart.
A mind that graſps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits, abound;
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the ſame.
Such be thy life, O ſince the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth! flames unſubdued by age;
Though wealth, nor fame, now touch thy fated mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind;
Since after thee may riſe an impious line,
Coarſe manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till fate diſſolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

Of Marlborough's captains, and Eugenio's friends,
The laſt, Cadogan, to the grave deſcends:
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory ſprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who ſung.
From his cold corſe though every friend be fled,
Lo! envy waits, that lover of the dead:
Thus did ſhe feign o'er Naſſau's herſe to mourn;
Thus wept inſidious Churchill o'er thy urn;
To blaſt the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herſelf had tainted, trim'd anew.
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wiſh a Britiſh heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and riſe from fame to fame.
An hour muſt come, when thou ſhalt hear with rage
Thyſelf traduc'd, and curſe a thankleſs age:
Nor yet for this decline the generous ſtrife,
Theſe ills, brave man, ſhall quit thee with thy life,
Alive, though ſtain'd by every abject ſlave,
Secure of fame and juſtice in the grave.
Ah, no!——when once the mortal yields to fate,
The blaſt of fame's ſweet trumpet ſounds too late,
Too late to ſtay the ſpirit on its flight,
Or ſoothe the new inhabitant of light;
Who hears regardleſs, while fond man, diſtreſs'd,
Hangs on the abſent, and laments the bleſt.
Farewell then fame, ill ſought through fields and blood,
Farewell unfaithful promiſer of good:
Thou muſic, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incenſe waſted on the funeral bier!
Through life purſued in vain, by death obtain'd,
When aſk'd, deny'd us, and when given, diſdain'd.

AN ODE,

Inſcribed to the Earl of Sunderland, at Windſor.

Thou dome, where Edward firſt enroll'd
His red-croſs knights and barons bold,
Whoſe vacant ſeats, by virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have ſought:
Where Britain's foremoſt names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hoſtile nations moan,
Or brought a bleſſing on their own:

Once more a ſon of Spenſer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates;
Sprung from the chief whoſe proweſs gain'd
The garter while thy founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted ſhield,
The dread of Gauls in Creſſi's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

Theſe feats our ſires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce ſons of war confin'd,
The flower of chivalry, who drew
With ſinew'd arm the ſtubborn yew:
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
Or who, in juſts and tourneys ſkill'd,
Before their ladies eyes renown'd,
Threw horſe and horſeman to the ground.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the liſt were join'd.
Not only Warwick ſtain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimſon croſſes glow'd;
But, on juſt lawgivers beſtow'd,
Theſe emblems Cecil did inveſt,
And gleam'd on wiſe Godolphin's breaſt.

So Greece, ere arts began to riſe,
Fix'd huge Orion in the ſkies,
And ſtern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Beſpangled with a thouſand ſtars;
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler conſtellations roll;
In the blue heavens the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
And near the Maid the * Balance hung.

Then, Spenſer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiſcuous ſtand.

* *Names of conſtellations.*

What though the hero's flame repreſs'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breaſt!
Yet who more dauntleſs to oppoſe
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth ſo high,
Or view'd with leſs deſiring eye!

The ſage who large of ſoul ſurveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which ſeas, and tongues, and faiths, divide,
A nobler name in Windſor's ſhrine,
Shall leave, if right the muſe divine,
Than ſprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms, and myriads ſlain.

Why praiſe we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that ſets the world on flame?
My guiltleſs muſe his brow ſhall bind,
Whoſe godlike bounty ſpares mankind.
For thoſe, whom bloody garlands crown,
The braſs may breathe, the marble frown,
To him through every reſcued land,
Ten thouſand living trophies ſtand.

KENSINGTON-GARDEN.

" — Campos, ubi Troja fuit."——VIRG.

WHERE Kenſington high o'er the neighbouring lands
'Midſt greens and ſweets, a regal fabric, ſtands,
And ſees each ſpring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A ſnow of bloſſoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkneſs lies,
They breathe in ſun-ſhine, and ſee azure ſkies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes beſpread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and gloſſy damaſks glow,
And chints, the rival of the ſhowery bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, ſurrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the ſhades. She, towering o'er the reſt,
Stands faireſt of the fairer kind confeſs'd,
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunſwick's cauſe de-
And charm a people to her father's ſide.

Long have theſe groves to royal gueſts been known
Nor Naſſau firſt prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in Britiſh air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our iſle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The ſcene of wars, and ſtain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and paſſions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies:
If generous anguiſh for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts, or ſhiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleaſing dale,
And liſten to my melancholy tale.

That hollow ſpace, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's ſad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave
A common pit, a rude unfaſhion'd cave.
The landſkip now ſo ſweet we well may praiſe:
But far, far ſweeter in its ancient days,
Far ſweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.
Where in the midſt thoſe verdant pillars ſpring,
Roſe the proud palace of the Elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded ſtreet was ſeen;
Nor all thoſe leaves that now the proſpect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pygmy race,
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whoſe lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the ſprightly fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every ſhade.
But, foes to ſun-ſhine, moſt they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human ſight:
There hew'd their houſes in the arching rock;
Or ſcoop'd the boſom of the blaſted oak;
Or heard, o'erſhadow'd by ſome ſhelving hill,
The diſtant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd ſpoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched ſons of earth.
Ev'n now, 'tis ſaid, the hinds o'erhear their ſtrain,
And ſtrive to view their airy forms in vain:
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the ſhy leveret, or the mother-hare,
The whilſt poor mortals ſtartle at the ſound
Of unſeen footſteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd ſeat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy ſtate,
Who, rank'd in council round the ſacred ſhade,
Their monarch's will and great beheſts obey'd.
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling ſtage diſplay'd,
Hath fam'd King Pepin, and his court ſurvey'd,
May gueſs, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and ſplendour of the fairy-race.

By magic fenc'd, by ſpells encompaſs'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, thoſe alone who came
Stol'n from the couch of ſome terreſtrial dame:
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left ſome ſickly changeling in their ſtead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foſter'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-ſkill'd in charms and many a myſtic ſound,
As through the regal dome ſhe fought for prey,
Obſerv'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And ſtole him from the ſleeping mother's ſide.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time ſhall come when thou ſhalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn ſhalt like the queen repine,
And all her ſorrows, doubled, ſhall be thine:

He who adorns thy houſe, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, ſhall at length deſtroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale courſe had ſeen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals meaſure time.
Fluſh'd with reſiſtleſs charms he ſir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For ſkilful Milkah ſpar'd not to employ
Her utmoſt art to rear the princely boy;
Each ſupple limb ſhe ſwath'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin ſtandard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daiſy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
Yet ſtill, two inches taller than the reſt,
His lofty port his human birth confeſs'd;
A foot in height, how ſtately did he ſhow!
How look ſuperior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toſs the ruſhy lance!
Who move ſo graceful in the mazy dance!
A ſhape ſo nice, or features half ſo fair,
What elf could boaſt! or ſuch a flow of hair!
Bright Kenna ſaw, a princeſs born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heireſs to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the ſtars, and next the moon ador'd.
She, whom at diſtance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel ſued,
In her high palace languiſh'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in ſecret for a mortal boy.
He too was ſmitten, and diſcreetly ſtrove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
For her he cull'd the faireſt flowers that grew,
Ere morning ſuns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruits ſhe caſt a wiſhing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
He ſhow'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her th' inſcription on their eggs he read,
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred)
To her he ſhow'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers diſtinguiſh'd and deſcrib'd their uſe:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well ſung Ovid, "There's no herb for love."
As when a ghoſt, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell ſome ſecret wo,
The poor ſhade ſhivering ſtands, and muſt not break
His painful ſilence, till the mortal ſpeak:
So far'd it with the little love-ſick maid,
Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.
He ſaw her anguiſh, and reveal'd his flame,
And ſpar'd the bluſhes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, ſhould I reckon o'er
The ſighs they laviſh'd, and the oaths they ſwore
In words ſo melting, that compar'd with thoſe
The niceſt courtſhip of terreſtrial beaux
Would ſound like compliments, from country clowns
To red cheek'd ſweet-hearts in their home-ſpun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a fairy foreſt) grew;
'Twas here one noon, the gaudieſt of the May,
The ſtill, the ſecret, ſilent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample ſhade
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies ſlept, ah, luckleſs pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the ſun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breaſt,
Thus all the ſoftneſs of his ſoul expreſt:
"All things are huſh'd. The ſun's meridian rays
" Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:
" Nor moon nor ſtar in heaven's blue arch is ſeen
" With kindly rays to ſilver o'er the green,
" Grateful to fairy eyes; they ſecret take
" Their reſt, and only wretched mortals wake.
" This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
" A world to me, a multitude in one.
" Oh, ſweet as dew-drops on theſe flowery lawns,
" When the ſky opens, and the evening dawns!
" Straight as the pink, that towers ſo high in air,
" Soft as the blow-bell! as the daiſy fair!
" Bleſt be the hour, when firſt I was convey'd
" An infant captive to this bliſsful ſhade!
" And bleſt the hand that did my form refine,
" And ſhrunk my ſtature to a match with thine!
" Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
" And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
" Thou, if thy braaſt with equal ardour burn,
" Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
" So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
" A race of unknown demi-gods ſhall riſe.
" O ſpeak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
" And ſweetly ſwear my riſing fears away."
To whom (the ſhining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies:
" By all the ſtars, and firſt the glorious moon,
" I ſwear, and by the head of Oberon,
" A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
" Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
" Where'er my footſteps in the dance are ſeen,
" May toadſtools riſe, and mildews blaſt the green,
" May the keen eaſt wind blight my favourite flowers,
" And ſnakes and ſpotted adders haunt my bowers,
" Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock ſhade
" There rather pine I a neglected maid,
" Or worſe, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
" Parch in the ſun a thouſand ſummer-days,
" Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
" In ſacred wedlock plight his vows with mine."
She ended: and with lips of roſy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambroſial dew,
Stifled his words. When from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A ſun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing ſight!)
The monarch iſſued, half an ell in height;
Full on the pair a furious look he caſt,
Nor ſpoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blaſt
That through the woodland echoed far and wide,
And drew a ſwarm of ſubjects to his ſide.
A hundred choſen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion baniſh'd from the ſacred ground;

And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, amidſt his demi-gods,
For Kenna's ſudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.
If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
A faultleſs beauty, and a ſpotleſs mind,
To love and praiſe can generous ſouls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praiſe, was thine.
Blood, only leſs than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
Where now the ſkies high Holland-Houſe invades,
And ſhort-liv'd Warwick ſadden'd all the ſhades,
Thy dwelling ſtood: nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their ſtore,
And by thy name ten thouſand vaſſals ſwore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
All fairy ſhouted with a general voice.
Oriel alone a ſecret rage ſuppreſt,
That from his boſom heav'd the golden veſt.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly ſervants, if we truſt old tales,
Beſide their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of ſilver tokens, nightly paid,
The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his ſtores. With ſmiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes
And ere the night the face of heaven had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Meanwhile, driven back to earth, a lonely way
The cheerleſs Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, chok'd with brakes and thorns
Ill-meaſur'd by ten thouſand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length, a ſpreading ſtream he ſpy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
'Twas then a ſpreading ſtream, though now its fame
Obſcur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it ſtrays,
A leap for boys in theſe degenerate days.
On the clear cryſtal's verdant bank he ſtood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breaſt,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addreſt.
"If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
"From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
"Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd
"Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive, ſound,
"And urge the god, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth,
"To grace his offſpring, and aſſert my birth."
He ſaid. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the ſea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep reſides,
Rous'd at the news, the ſea's ſtern ſultan ſwore
Revenge, and ſcarce from preſent arms forbore;
But firſt the nymph his harbinger he ſends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.
As through the Thames her backward courſe ſhe guides,
Driven by his current up the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pigmy legions ſpread,
She ſpies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the hoſt ſhe fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his ſires:
"The ocean's god, by whom ſhall be o'erthrown,
"(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
"See here beneath a toadſtool's deadly gloom
"Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.
"Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
"By him Azuriel and his king ſhall fall."
She ſaid. They bow'd: and on their ſhields up-bore
With ſhouts their new ſaluted emperor.
Ev'n Oriel ſmil'd: at leaſt to ſmile he ſtrove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely ſhade
By gods protected, and by hoſts obey'd,
A ſlave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,
In the ſhort courſe of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, ſo ſtrangely bleſt,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breaſt!
His thick embattled troops, with ſecret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he ſeems to riſe,
And ſtruts a ſtraw-breadth nearer to the ſkies.
O for thy muſe, great Bard*, whoſe lofty ſtrains
In battle join'd the pigmies and the cranes!
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verſe ſhould ſhine.
But ſimple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that ſooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,
And ſing the battles, that my nurſe inſpir'd.
Now the ſhrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the ſtraggling ſwarms.
Thick rows of ſpears at once, with ſudden glare,
A grove of needles glitter in the air;
Looſe in the winds ſmall ribbon-ſtreamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,
And the gay hoſt, that now its march purſues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thouſand hues.
On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Aſia's ſons, a pleaſing dreadful ſight.
In various robes their ſilken troops were ſeen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's ſacred green:
When blooming Brunſwick, near the Danube's flood,
Firſt ſtain'd his maiden ſword in Turkiſh blood.
Unſeen and ſilent march the ſlow brigades
Through pathleſs wilds, and unfrequented ſhades.
In hope already vanquiſh'd by ſurpriſe,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he ſeiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes: and now in proſpect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hoſtile towers appear.
For Oberon, or Druids falſely ſing,
Wore his prime viſier in a magic ring,

* *Mr. Addiſon*

A ſubtle ſprite, that opening plots foretold
By ſudden dimneſs on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a creſcent form'd, his legions bright
With beating boſoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel ſtand.
What rage that hour did Albion's ſoul poſſeſs,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers gueſs!
Forth iſſuing from his ranks, that ſtrove in vain
To check his courſe, athwart the dreadful plain
He ſtrides indignant: and with haughty cries
To ſingle fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear! raſh youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, ſprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No god ſtands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandſire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And ſees no danger, while he ſees her eyes.
Now from each hoſt the eager warriors ſtart,
And furious Albion flings his haſty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's tranſparent wing,
And its ſhaft ended in a hornet's ſting;
But, toſt in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltleſs pierc'd the ground.
Not ſo Azuriel's: with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the ſevenfold ſhield, and ſilken veſt,
And lightly raz'd the lover's ivory breaſt.
Rous'd at the ſmart, and riſing to the blow,
With his keen ſword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the ſhoulder to the waſte he cleaves
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
His uſeleſs ſteel brave Albion weilds no more,
But ſternly ſmiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal ſtrain,
Or leſs than fairy felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms howe'er in fight
Gaſh'd and diſmember'd, eaſily unite.
As ſome frail cup of China's pureſt mould,
With azure varniſh'd, and bedropt with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by ſome nice virgin's hands,
In its old ſtrength and priſtine beauty ſtands;
The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
And holds ſecure the coffee's ſable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame ſay true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence firſt it grew;
And, whilſt in wonder fix'd poor Albion ſtood,
Plung'd the curs'd ſabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
The breaſt, to Kenna ſacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty luſtre ſickens in his eyes:
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freſhneſs dies;
'Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to ſay,
'Kenna, farewell!' and ſigh'd his ſoul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud ſhrieks deplore,
By ſiſter Naiads echo'd from the ſhore,
Thence down to Neptune's ſecret realms convey'd,
Through grots, and glooms, and many a coral ſhade.
The ſea's great ſire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident ſhakes, and mounts the pearly car:
With one ſtern frown the wide-ſpread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into ſtorms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through burſting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It ſhoots, and lands him on the deſtin'd ſhore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering ſtature ſtood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood
To Brumpton's grove one ample ſtride he took
(The vallies trembled, and the foreſts ſhook)
The next huge ſtep reach'd the devoted ſhade,
Where chok'd in blood was wretched Albion laid
Where now the vanquiſh'd, with the victor join'd,
Beneath the regal banners ſtood combin'd.
Th' embattell'd dwarfs with rage and ſcorn he paſt,
And on their town his eye vindictive caſt.
In deep foundations his ſtrong trident cleaves.
And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vaſt ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghaſt the legions, in th' approaching ſhade,
Th' inverted ſpires and rocking domes ſurvey'd,
That downward tumbling on the hoſt below
Cruſh'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are toge her loſt, [ghoſt.
And a whole empire falls to ſoothe ſad Albion's
Such was the period, long reſtrain'd by fate,
And ſuch the downfall of the fairy ſtate.
This dale, a pleaſing region, not unbleſt,
This dale poſſeſt they; and had ſtill poſſeſt;
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Raſh to diſſolve the contract ſeal'd above,
The ſolemn vows and ſacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves ſo ſprightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes, nor daiſy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A ſhapeleſs ruin, and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of ſmoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded a whole ſummer's day,
At length awak'd (for what can long reſtrain
Unbody'd ſpirits!) but awak'd in pain:
And as he ſaw the deſolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire ſtood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune ſeem'd to riſe:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long poſſeſſion of a thouſand years.
Through buſh, through brake, through groves and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er ſtreams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And ſtopt and ſtarted at each ruſtling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Diſperſe and wander into different lands.
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In ſilent glooms, impervious to the ſky;

Part on fair Avon's margin ſeek repoſe,
Whoſe ſtream o'er Britain's midmoſt region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And ſeas and oceans are but known by fame:
Some to dark woods and ſecret ſhade retreat:
And ſome on mountains chooſe their airy ſeat.
There haply by the ruddy damſel ſeen,
Or ſhepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their ſteps a circling verdure ſprings;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Mean while ſad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathleſs love,
Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What could ſhe do? the fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die. [tells
An herb there grows (the ſame old * Homer
Ulyſſes bore to rival Circe's ſpells)
Its root is ebon-black, but ſends to light
A ſtem that bends with flowrets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But ſecret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice ſhe ſhed,
And murmur'd myſtic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little ſhape by magic power
Grew leſs and leſs, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that firſt in this ſweet garden ſmil'd,
To virgins ſacred, and the ſnow-drop ſtyl'd.
The new-born plant with ſweet regret ſhe
view'd, [dew'd,
Warm'd with her ſighs, and with her tear's be-
Its ripen'd ſeeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the ſhade.
Thus won from death each ſpring ſhe ſees him
grow,
And glories in the vegetable ſnow, [plains,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's
Its parent's warmth and ſpotleſs name retains,
Firſt leader of the flowery race aſpires,
And foremoſt catches the ſun's genial fires,
'Mid froſts and ſnows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the ſeaſons, and leads on the year.
Deſerted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage.
Till great Naſſau recloth'd the deſart ſhade,
Thence ſacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna,
came,
(Kenna, that gave the neighbouring town its name.)
Proud when ſhe ſaw th' ennobled garden ſhine,
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
She vow'd to grace the manſions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-fam'd wiſe her flight unſeen ſhe ſped,
And with gay proſpects fill'd the craftſman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleaſing ſcheme,
And plann'd that landſhip in a morning dream.
With the ſweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inſpir'd,
The walls and ſtreets in rows of yew deſigns,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;

The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant ſquare;
Nor knows, while round he views the riſing ſcenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a ſad pleaſure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realms ſurvey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primæval ſtate!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his ſolemn obſequies ſhe pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in theſe ſhades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinſmen reign.

* *Odyſſ. Lib.* x.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Oh, form'd by nature, and refin'd by art!
With charms to win, and ſenſe to fix the heart!
By thouſands ſought, Clotilda, canſt thou free
Thy crowd of captives, and deſcend to me?
Content in ſhades obſcure to waſte thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
O, liſten, while thy ſummers are my theme!
Ah, ſoothe thy partner in his waking dream!
In ſome ſmall hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his ma-
zy train; [ray'd,
Or where high Windſor, thick with greens ar-
Waves his old oaks, and ſpreads his ample ſhade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the viſionary ſeat
Our limes begin to ſhoot, our flowers to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.
Where doſt thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameleſs lawn, and village yet unſeen?
Where ſons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round;
And the tann'd peaſant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks beſt tell the morning light,
And only Philomel diſturbs the night;
'Midſt gardens here my humble pile ſhall riſe,
With ſweets ſurrounded of ten thouſand dyes;
All ſavage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes ſhall my woods aſcend;
And oh! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill ſhall warble croſs the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Guſh down the ſteep, and glitter through the glade.
What cheering ſcents thoſe bordering banks ex-
hale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thruſh how ſhrill! his note ſo clear, ſo high,
He drowns each feather'd minſtrel of the ſky.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the ſprightly horn:
Or lure the trout with well-diſſembled flies,
Or ſetch the fluttering partridge from the ſkies.
Nor ſhall thy hand diſdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day ſhall kill the hours,
While from thy needle riſe the ſilken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to eaſe my feeble ſight,
Reſume the volume, and deceive the night.

Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppreſt,
Soft whiſpering, let me warn my love to reſt;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while ſleep locks every ſenſe,
And to ſweet heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wife, hale, and honeſt, in the days of old;
Till courts aroſe, where ſubſtance pays for ſhow,
And ſpecious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well-ſpread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
Mark how th' embroider'd colonel ſneaks away,
To ſhun the withering dame that made him gay;
That knave, to gain a title, loſt his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's ſhame;
This coxcomb's ribband coſt him half his land,
And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his ſorrows were too few,
Acquires ſtrange wants that nature never knew,
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And ſleeps, perverſe, the cheerful ſuns away;
From goblets high-emboſt, his wine muſt glide,
Round his clos'd ſight the gorgeous curtain ſlide;
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp muſt riſe,
And three untaſted courſes glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withſtood,
The voice of conſcience, and the bonds of blood;
This wiſdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms woo'd and ſcorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, or prieſts to rage.
And yet, juſt curſe on man's aſpiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,
Our children's children ſhall our ſteps purſue,
And the ſame errors be for ever new.
Mean while in hope a guiltleſs country ſwain,
My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
Hail humble ſhades, where truth and ſilence dwell!
Thou noiſy town, and faithleſs court, farewell!
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirſt of lucre, and the charm of fame!
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though number'd, ſhall be all my own.
Here ſhall they end, (O, might they twice begin!)
And all be white the fates intend to ſpin.

A POEM,

IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

Written under a Fit of the Gout.

" Magni magna patrant, nos non niſi ludicra——
——— Podagra hæc otia fecit."

Hail, ancient book, moſt venerable code!
Learning's firſt cradle, and its laſt abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we ſee,
By lazy plagiaries are ſtol'n from thee.
Yet future times, to thy ſufficient ſtore,
Shall ne'er preſume to add one letter more.
Thee will I ſing, in comely wainſcot bound,
And golden verge encloſing thee around;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preſerving thy invaluable page;
Behind, thy patron ſaint in armour ſhines,
With ſword and lance, to guard thy ſacred lines:
Beneath his courſer's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy ſcarlet cover dies;
Th' inſtructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
Leſt wrangling critics ſhould pervert the text.
Or if to ginger-bread thou ſhalt deſcend,
And liquoriſh learning to thy babes extend;
Or ſugar'd plane, o'erſpread with beaten gold,
Does the ſweet treaſure of thy letters hold;
Thou ſtill ſhalt be my ſong——Apollo's choir
I ſcorn t' invoke; Cadmus my verſe inſpire:
'Twas Cadmus who the firſt materials brought
Of all the learning which has ſince been taught,
Soon made complete! for mortals ne'er ſhall know
More than contain'd of old the Chriſt-croſs row;
What maſters dictate, or what doctors preach,
Wiſe matrons hence, ev'n to our children teach:
But as the name of every plant and flower
(So common that each peaſant knows its power)
Phyſicians in myſterious cant expreſs,
T' amuſe the patient, and enhance their fees;
So from the letters of our native tongue,
Put in Greek ſcrawls, a myſtery too is ſprung,
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men ſtrike out a gainful trade:
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedleſs youth catch at the ſhining bait;
The pregnant boys the noiſy charms declare,
And * Tau's and Delta's make their mother's ſtare;
Th' uncommon ſounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what's uncommon never coſts too dear.
Yet in all tongues the horn-book is the ſame,
Taught by the Grecian maſter, or the Engliſh dame.
But how ſhall I thy endleſs virtues tell,
In which thou doſt all other books excel?
No greaſy thumbs thy ſpotleſs leaf can ſoil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy ſmooth corners ſpoil;
In idle pages no errata ſtand,
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
No fulſome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verſe, to praiſe the author's wit:
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
Nor various reading to confound the text:
All parties in thy literal ſenſe agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern hiſtories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
" † Too high the floods of paſſion us'd to roll,
" And rend the Roman youth's impatient ſoul;
" His haſty anger furniſh'd ſcenes of blood,
" And frequent deaths of worthy men enſued:
" In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
" None could ſuffice to ſtem the furious tide,
" Thy ſacred line he did but once repeat,
" And laid the ſtorm, and cool'd the raging heat."
Thy heavenly notes, like angels' muſic, cheer
Departing ſouls, and ſoothe the dying ear.

* *The Greek letters* T, Δ.

† *The advice given to Auguſtus, by Athenodorus the Stoic philoſopher.*

An aged peasant, on his lateſt bed,
Wiſh'd for a friend ſome godly book to read;
The pious grandſon thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this ſavory lecture makes:
Great A he gravely read; th' important ſound
The empty walls and hallow roof rebound:
Th' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his ſtars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
Great B, the younker bauls; O heavenly breath!
What ghoſtly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel! great C, pronounc'd the boy;
The grandſire dies with ecſtaſy of joy.
Yet in ſome lands ſuch ignorance abounds,
Whole pariſhes ſcarce know thy uſeful ſounds.
Of Eſſex hundreds ſame gives this report,
But fame, I ween, ſays many things in ſport.
Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite unknown,
Though few th' extent of thy vaſt empire own.
Whatever wonders magic ſpells can do
On earth, in air, in ſea, in ſhades below;
What words profound and dark wiſe Mahomet ſpoke,
When his old cow an angel's figure took;
What ſtrong enchantments ſage Canidia knew,
Or Horace ſung, fierce monſters to ſubdue,
O mighty book! are all contain'd in you?
All human arts, and every ſcience meet,
Within the limits of thy ſingle ſheet:
From thy vaſt root all learning's branches grow,
And all her ſtreams from thy deep fountain flow.
And, lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inſpir'd I feel the power of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Leſs frequent now, and leſs ſevere the fits:
Looſe grew the chains which bound my uſeleſs feet;
Stiffneſs and pain from every joint retreat;
Surpriſing ſtrength comes every moment on,
I ſtand, I ſtep, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me ceaſe, my hobling numbers ſtop,
And at * thy handle hang my crutches up.

THERISTES;

OR, THE LORDLING,

The Grandſon of a Bricklayer, Great-grandſon of a Butcher.

Theristes of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel ſeed:
By the dam from lordlings ſprung,
By the ſire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride,
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering,
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward:
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward:
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing,
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong;
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From his father's ſcoundrel race,
Who could give the looby ſuch airs;
Were they maſons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the muſe an anſwer,
From his atavus and grandſire;
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien,
In his dreſs and figure ſeen:
Hence that mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul:
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep:
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and ſmile:
Like a butcher doom'd for life,
In his mouth to wear his knife.
Hence he draws his daily food,
From his tenant's vital blood.
Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the maſon ſide.
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I ſhould be gladder
Could he learn to mount the ladder.
May he at his letter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend.
In him tell me, which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of hell?

* *Votiva Tabula.*——Hor.

OXFORD:

A POEM.

Inſcribed to Lord Lonſdale, 1707.

"Unum opus eſt intactæ palladis urbem
"Carmine perpetuo celebrare"—
Hor. 1 Od. vii.

Whilst you, my lord, adorn that ſtately ſeat,
Where ſhining beauty makes her ſoft retreat,
Enjoying all thoſe graces, uncontrol'd,
Which nobleſt youths would die but to behold;
Whilſt you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
A ſtructure worthy of the founder's toil;
Amaz'd we ſee the former Lonſdale ſhine
In each deſcendant of his noble line:
But moſt tranſported and ſurpriz'd we view
His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
Where charms and virtues join their equal grace,
Your father's godlike ſoul, your mother's lovely face.

Me fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
To famous Oxford and the muſes bear,
Where, of all ranks, the blooming youths combine
To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
And ſnatch, with ſmiling joy, the laurel crown,
Due to the learned honours of the gown.
Here I, the meaneſt of the tuneful throng,
Delude the time with an unhallow'd ſong,
Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.

Where ſhall I firſt the beauteous ſcene diſcloſe,
And all the gay variety expoſe?
For whereſoe'er I turn my wondering eyes,
Aſpiring towers and verdant groves ariſe,
Immortal greens the ſmiling plains array,
And mazy rivers murmur all the way.
O! might your eyes behold each ſparkling dome,
And freely o'er the beauteous proſpect roam,
Leſs raviſh'd your own Lowther you'd ſurvey,
Though pomp and ſtate the coſtly ſeat diſplay,
Where art ſo nicely has adorn'd the place,
That nature's aid might ſeem an uſeleſs grace;
Yet nature's ſmiles ſuch various charms impart,
That vain and needleſs are the ſtrokes of art.
In equal ſtate our riſing ſtructures ſhine,
Fram'd by ſuch rules, and form'd by ſuch deſign,
That here, at once ſurpris'd and pleas'd, we view
Old Athens loſt and conquer'd in the new;
More ſweet our ſhades, more fit our bright abodes
For warbling muſes and inſpiring gods.
Great * Vanbrook's ſelf might own each artful draught
Equal to models in his curious thought,
Nor ſcorn a fabric by our plans to frame,
Or in immortal labours ſing their fame;
Both ways he ſaves them from deſtroying fate,
If he but praiſe them, or but imitate.

See, where the ſacred † Sheldon's haughty dome
Rivals the ſtately pomp of ancient Rome,
Whoſe form, ſo great and noble ſeems deſign'd
T' expreſs the grandeur of its founder's mind.
Here, in one lofty building, we behold
Whate'er the Latian pride could boaſt of old.
True, no dire combats feed the ſavage eye,
And ſtrew the ſand with ſportive cruelty;
But, more adorn'd with what the muſe inſpires,
It far outſhines their bloody theatres.
Delightful ſcene! when here, in equal verſe,
The youthful bards their godlike queen rehearſe,
To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
And ſing the plains of Hockſtet and Judoign.

Next let the muſe record our Bodley's ſeat ‡
Nor aim at numbers, like the ſubject, great:
All hail, thou fabric, ſacred to the Nine,
Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine!
Who to thy praiſe attempts the dangerous flight,
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write;
His verſe, like thee, a lofty dreſs ſhould wear,
And breathe the genius which inhabits there;
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
And pay that fame, which firſt thyſelf didſt give.

So fountains, which through ſecret channels flow,
And pour above the floods they take below,
Back to their father ocean urge their way,
And to the ſea, the ſtreams it gave, repay.

No more we fear the military rage,
Nurs'd up in ſome obſcure barbarian age;
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine,
From thick-ſcull'd heroes of the Gothic line,
Though pale the Romans ſaw thoſe arms advance,
And wept their learning loſt in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrors ſpread,
The living murder, and conſume the dead,
In impious fires let nobleſt writings burn,
And with their authors ſhare a common urn;
Only, ye fates, our lov'd Bodleian ſpare,
Be IT, and learning's ſelf ſhall be your care,
Here every art and every grace ſhall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone ſhall ſhine,
Each other ſeat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow deſtruction to the Dardan line,
Whilſt good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,
And, with his guardian gods, Iülus bears,
Old Troy for ever ſtands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings ſurvive in one.

Here ſtill preſides each ſage's reverend ſhade,
In ſoft and eaſy grandeur laid;
Their deathleſs works forbid their fame to die,
Nor time itſelf their perſons ſhall deſtroy,
Preſerv'd within the living gallery *.
What greater gift could bounteous heaven beſtow,
Than to be ſeen above, and read below?
With deep reſpect I bend my duteous head;
To ſee the faithful likeneſs of the dead;
But O! what muſe can equal warmth impart?
The painter's ſkill tranſcends the poet's art.
When round the pictur'd founders I deſcry,
With goodneſs ſoft, and great with majeſty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their colleges they live;
My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
And pleaſing tumults combat in my ſoul;
An humble awe my downcaſt eyes betray,
And only leſs than adoration pay,
Such were the Roman fathers, when o'ercome,
They ſaw the Gauls inſult o'er conquer'd Rome;
Each captive ſeem'd the haughty victor's lord,
And proſtrate chiefs their awful ſlaves ador'd.

Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,
Where feaſting gods carouſe upon the wall;
The nectar, which creating paint ſupplies,
Intoxicates each pleas'd ſpectator's eyes;
Who view, amaz'd, the figures heavenly fair,
And think they breathe the true Elyſian air.
With ſtrokes ſo bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
The gods in dwellings brighter than their own.

Fir'd with a thouſand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each bard of old;
Such lips, I think, did guide his charming tongue,
In ſuch an air as this the poet ſung;

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* *Sir John Vanbrugh.*
† *The Theatre.*
‡ *The Bodleian Library.*

* *The Picture Gallery.*

Such eyes as theſe glow'd with the ſacred fire,
And hands like theſe employ'd the vocal lyre.
Quite raviſh'd, I purſue each image o'er,
And ſcarce admire their deathleſs labours more.
See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each ſhade is critic, and each feature ſneers;
The artful Ben ſo ſmartly ſtrikes the eye,
I more than ſee a fancied comedy;
The muddy Scotus crowns the motley ſhew,
And metaphyſics cloud his wrinkled brow.
But diſtant awe invades my beating breaſt,
To ſee great Ormond in the paint expreſt;
With fear I view the figure from afar,
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view ſuch ſweetneſs with ſuch grandeur join'd.
Here ſtudious heads the graver tablet ſhows,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boaſts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outſhine the true.
Hail, colours, which with nature bear a ſtrife,
And only want a voice to perfect life;
The wondering ſtranger makes a ſudden ſtand,
And pays low homage to the lovely band;
Within each frame a real fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvaſs lives;
Till, undeceiv'd, he quits th' enchanting ſhow,
Pleas'd with the art, though he laments it too.
So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleaſures worthy of a god,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,
Fit to invite, though not indulge his love;
The mortal thought he ſaw his goddeſs ſhine,
And all the lying graces look'd divine;
But when with heat he claſp'd her fancied charms,
The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms.
Loth to depart, I leave th' inviting ſcene,
Yet ſcarce forbear to view it o'er again;
But ſtill new objects give a new delight,
And various proſpects bleſs the wandering ſight.
Aloft in ſtate the airy towers ariſe,
And with new luſtre deck the wondering ſkies;
Lo! to what height the ſchools aſcending reach,
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her ſpacious gate,
Where all the decent graces jointly wait;
In every ſhape the god of art reſorts,
And crowds of ſages fill th' extended courts.
With wonders fraught the bright muſeum ſee,
Itſelf the greateſt curioſity!
Where nature's choiceſt treaſure, all combin'd,
Delight at once, and quite confound the mind;
Ten thouſand ſplendors ſtrike the dazzled eye,
And form on earth another galaxy.
Here colleges in ſweet confuſion riſe,
There temples ſeem to reach their native ſkies;
Spires, towers, and groves, compoſe the various ſhow,
And mingled proſpects charm the doubting view;
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without reſplendent, and inſpir'd within?
But, ſince above my weak and artleſs lays,
Let their own poets ſing their equal praiſe.
One labour more my grateful verſe renews,
And rears aloft the low-deſcending muſe;
The building *, parent of my young eſſays,
Aſks in return a tributary praiſe.
Pillars ſublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique ſages tread the pompous height;
Whilſt guardian muſes ſhade the happy piles,
And all around diffuſe propitious ſmiles.
Here Lancaſter, adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earlieſt lays belong,
The theme at once, and patron of our ſong.
Long may he o'er his much lov'd queen's preſide,
Our arts encourage, and our counſels guide;
Till after-ages, fill'd with glad ſurpriſe,
Behold his image all majeſtic riſe,
Where now in pomp a venerable band,
Princes and queens, and holy fathers, ſtand.
Good Egglesfield † claims homage from the eye,
And the hard ſtone ſeems ſoft with piety;
The mighty monarchs ſtill the ſame appear,
And every marble frown provokes the war;
Whilſt rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
A fight leſs noble did the warriors yield,
Transform'd to ſtatues by the Gorgon ſhield;
Diſtorting fear the coward's form confeſt,
And fury ſeem'd to heave the hero's breaſt;
The lifeleſs rocks each various thought betray'd,
And all the ſoul was in the ſtone diſplay'd.
Too high, my verſe, has been thy daring flight,
Thy ſofter numbers now the groves invite,
Where ſilent ſhades provoke the ſpeaking lyre,
And cheerful objects happy ſongs inſpire,
At once beſtow rewards, and thoughts infuſe,
Compoſe a garland, and ſupply a muſe.
Behold around, and ſee the living green
In native colours paints a blooming ſcene;
Th' eternal buds no deadly winter fear,
But ſcorn the coldeſt ſeaſon of the year;
Apollo ſure will bleſs the happy place,
Which his own Daphne condeſcends to grace;
For here the everlaſting laurels grow,
In every grotto, and on every brow.
Proſpects ſo gay demand a Congreve's ſtrains,
To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains;
Pan yields his empire o'er the ſylvan throng,
Pleas'd to ſubmit to his ſuperior ſong;
Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
And Spenſer's ſhade reſigns the rural crown.
Fill'd with great thoughts, a thouſand ſages rove
Through every field and ſolitary grove;
Whoſe ſouls, aſcending an exalted height,
Outſoar the drooping muſe's vulgar flight,
That longs to ſee her darling votaries laid
Beneath the covert of ſome gentle ſhade,
Where purling ſtreams and warbling birds conſpire
To aid th' enchantments of the trembling lyre.
Bear me, ſome God, to Chriſt-Church, royal ſeat,
And lay me ſoftly in the green retreat,
Where Aldrich holds o'er wit the ſovereign power,
And crowns the poets which he taught before.

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* *Queen's College Library.*
† *Robert Egglesfield, B. D. the founder,* 1340.

To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The nobleſt trophy of the conquer'd iſle;
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought,
Unfetter'd, in great Milton's ſtrain he writes,
Like Milton's angels whilſt his hero fights;
Purſues the bard, whilſt he with honour can,
Equals the poet, and excels the man.

O'er all the plains, the ſtreams, and woods around,
The pleaſing lays of ſweeteſt bards reſound;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And liſtening river-gods neglect their urns.
When Codrington * and Steele their verſe unrein,
And form an eaſy, unaffected ſtrain,
A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty ſcenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as ſoft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harriſon, with tuneful ſkill, [Hill;
Makes Woodſtock Park ſcarce yield to Cooper's
Old Chaucer from th' Elyſian fields looks down,
And ſees at length a genius like his own; [low,
Charm'd with his lays, which reach the ſhades be-
Fair Roſamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguiſh of an injur'd ſoul,
The fatal poignard, and envenom'd bowl.

Apollo ſmiles on Magd'len's peaceful bowers,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flowers,
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every muſe was fond of Addiſon.
Applauded man! for weightier truſts deſign'd,
For once diſdain not to unbend thy mind;
Thy mother Iſis and her groves rehearſe,
A ſubject not unworthy of thy verſe;
So Latian fields will ceaſe to boaſt thy praiſe,
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays:
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'ſt ſhall give to thee,
Iſis, immortal by the poet's ſkill,
"Shall, in the ſmooth deſcription, murmur ſtill †;"
New beauties ſhall adorn our ſylvan ſcene,
And in thy numbers grow for ever green.

Danby's fam'd gift ‡ ſuch verſe as thine requires,
Exalted raptures, and celeſtial fires;
Apollo here ſhould plenteouſly impart,
As well his ſinging, as his curing art;
Nature herſelf the healing garden loves,
Which kindly her declining ſtrength improves,
Baffles the ſtrokes of unrelenting death,
Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.
How ſweet the landſkip! where, in living trees,
Here frowns a vegetable Hercules!
There fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
And looks yet angry in the mimic ſcene;
Here artful birds, which blooming arbours ſhow,
Seem to fly higher, whilſt they upwards grow,
From the ſame leaves both arms and warriors riſe,
And every bough a different charm ſupplies.

So when our world the great Creator made,
And, unadorn'd, the ſluggiſh chaos laid,
Horror and Beauty own'd their ſire the ſame,
And Form itſelf from Parent Matter came,
That lumpiſh maſs alone was ſource of all,
And Bards and Themes had one original.

In vain the groves demand my longer ſtay,
The gentle Iſis wafts the muſe away;
With eaſe the river guides her wandering ſtream,
And haſtes to mingle with uxorious Thame,
Attempting poets on her banks lie down,
And quaff, inſpir'd, the better Helicon,
Harmonious ſtrains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the ſtreams.

Bleſs'd we, whom bounteous fortune here has thrown,
And made the various bleſſings all our own!
Nor crowns, nor globes, the pageantry of ſtate,
Upon our humble, eaſy ſlumbers wait;
Nor aught that is ambition's lofty theme
Diſturbs our ſleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the ſtate,
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at diſtance hear,
And learn from fame the rough events of war;
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verſe.

See how the matchleſs youth their hours improve,
And in the glorious way to knowledge move!
Eager for fame, prevent the riſing ſun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts reſtrain,
Who leave dull Time, and haſten into man,
Pure to the ſoul, and pleaſing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wiſe.

Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And, by the lives of heroes, form their own;
Now view the Granique chok'd with heaps of ſlain,
And warring worlds on the Pharſalian plain;
Now hear the trumpets clangour from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace thoſe ſecret tricks that loſt a ſtate,
And ſearch the fine-ſpun arts that made it great,
Correct thoſe errors that its ruin bred,
And bid ſome long-loſt empire rear its ancient head,

Others, to whom perſuaſive arts belong
(Words in their looks, and muſic on their tongue),
Inſtructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
Learn richly to adorn their native home;
Whilſt liſtening crowds confeſs the ſweet ſurpriſe,
With pleaſure in their breaſts, and wonder in their eyes.

Here curious minds the latent ſeeds diſcloſe,
And nature's darkeſt labyrinths expoſe;
Whilſt greater ſouls the diſtant words deſcry,
Pierce to the outſtretch'd borders of the ſky,
Enlarge the ſearching mind, and broad expand the eye.

O you, whoſe riſing years ſo great began,
In whoſe bright youth I read the ſhining man,
O Lonſdale, know what nobleſt minds approve,
The thoughts they cheriſh, and the arts they love,

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* *The great benefactor to All-ſouls College.*
† *Letter from Italy, by Mr. Addiſon.*
‡ *The Phyſic-garden at Oxford.*

Let theſe examples your young boſom fire,
And bid your ſoul to boundleſs height aſpire.
Methinks I ſee you in our ſhades retir'd,
Alike admiring, and by all admir'd:
Your eloquence now charms my raviſh'd ear,
Which future ſenates ſhall tranſported hear,
Now mournful verſe inſpires a pleaſing woe,
And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow,
Whilſt on the paper fancy'd fields appear,
And proſpects of imaginary war;
Your martial ſoul ſees Hockſtet's fatal plain,
Or fights the fam'd Ramilia o'er again.
But I in vain theſe lofty names rehearſe,
Above the faint attempts of humble verſe,
Which Garth ſhould in immortal ſtrains deſign,
Or Addiſon exalt with warmth divine;
A meaner ſong my tender voice requires,
And fainter lays confeſs the fainter fires,
By nature fitted for an humble theme,
A painted proſpect, or a murmuring ſtream,
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praiſe,
Whilſt Echo's ſelf reſounds the flattering lays;
Or, whilſt I tell how Myra's charms ſurpriſe,
Paint roſes on her cheeks, and ſuns within her eyes.
O, did proportion'd height to me belong,
Great Anna's name ſhould grace th' ambitious ſong;
Illuſtrious dames ſhould round their queen reſort,
And Lonſdale's mother crown the ſplendid court;
Her noble ſon ſhould boaſt no vulgar place,
But ſhare the ancient honours of his race; [eyes
Whilſt each fair daughter's face and conquering
To Venus only ſhould ſubmit the prize.
O matchleſs beauties! more than heavenly fair,
Your looks reſiſtleſs, and divine your air,
Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuſe,
And no fond bard ſhall aſk an uſeleſs muſe;
Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
Give beauty to the ſong, and muſic to the lyre.
This charming theme I ever could purſue,
And think the inſpiration ever new,
Did not the God my wandering pen reſtrain;
And bring me to his Oxford back again.
Oxford, the goddeſs muſe's native home,
Inſpir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome!
Hadſt thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,
And Pagan muſes choſe thy lovely ſeat,
O, how unbounded had their fiction been!
What fancy'd viſions had adorn'd the ſcene!
Upon each hill a Sylvan Pan had ſtood,
And every thicket boaſted of a God;
Satyrs had friſk'd in each poetic grove,
And not a ſtream without its nymphs could move;
Each ſummit had the train of Muſes ſhow'd,
And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd;
The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
Had look'd almoſt as charming as the place.
Ev'n now we hear the world with tranſports own
Thoſe fictions by more wond'rous truths outdone;
Here pure Euſebia keeps her holy ſeat,
And Themis ſmiles from Heaven on this retreat;
Our chaſter graces own refin'd deſires,
And all our muſes burn with veſtal fires;
Whilſt guardian-angels our Apollo's ſtand,
Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand
To bleſs the happy air, and ſanctify the land.
O pleaſing ſhades! O ever-green retreats!
Ye learned grottos! and ye ſacred ſeats!
Never may you politer arts refuſe,
But entertain in peace the baſhful muſe!
So may you be kind Heav'n's diſtinguiſh'd care,
And may your fame be laſting, as 'tis fair!
Let greater bards on fam'd Parnaſſus dream,
Or taſte th' inſpir'd Heliconian ſtream;
Yet, whilſt our Oxford is the bleſt abode
Of every muſe, and every tuneful god,
Parnaſſus owns its honours far outdone,
And Iſis boaſts more bards than Helicon.
A thouſand bleſſings I to Oxford owe,
But you, my Lord, th' inſpiring muſe beſtow;
Grac'd with your name th' unpoliſh'd poem ſhines,
You guard its faults, and conſecrate the lines,
O might you here meet my deſiring eyes,
My drooping ſong to nobler heights would riſe:
Or might I come to breathe your northern air,
Yet ſhould I find an equal pleaſure there;
Your preſence would the harſher climate ſoothe,
Huſh every wind, and every mountain ſmooth;
Would bid the groves in ſpringing pomp ariſe,
And open charming viſta's to the eyes;
Would make my trifling verſe be heard around,
And ſportive echo play the empty ſound:
With you I ſhould a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

Containing

THE CHASE,		ODES,	
HOBBINOL,		EPISTLES,	
FIELD-SPORTS,		FABLES,	
THE BOWLING-GREEN,		TALES,	

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——————Attend, ye vocal throng,
Somervile meditates th' adventurous ſong.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
His numerous verſe the huntſman's art ſhall tell.
From him, ye Britiſh youths, a vigorous race,
Imbibe the various ſcience of the *Chaſe*.

NIXON'S EPISTLE TO SOMERVILE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF SOMERVILE.

The family of Somervile was originally from Normandy; and came to England with William the Conqueror, in 1066. Sir Walter de Somervile had a conſiderable command in the Conqueror's army; and was rewarded for his ſervices, with the lordſhip of Whichenovre in Staffordſhire, and Aſton in Glouceſterſhire. His eldeſt ſon, Sir Walter de Somervile, ſucceeded him in the lordſhip of Whichenovre; and from him was deſcended Sir Philip de Somervile, lord of Whichenovre, in the reign of Henry V. who held the lands of Whichenovre, Scireſcot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, of the Earls of Lancaſter, by the memorable ſervice of giving a flitch of bacon, as a reward to any huſband and wife, who could ſay, that they never had the leaſt difference, nor contradicted one another, within the ſpace of twelve months after marriage, &c. The male line of the Whichenovre family is long ſince extinct, having ended in a daughter, married to Stafford Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII. William de Somervile, the ſecond ſon of the firſt Sir Walter, having contracted a friendſhip with David I. King of Scotland, when he was in England, accompanied him to Scotland, and obtained from him the barony of Carnwath in Lanarkſhire, where he ſettled. He was the progenitor of the preſent Lord Somerville, and the other families of that name in Scotland.

Roger de Somervile, the third ſon of the firſt Sir Walter, got from his father the lordſhip of Aſton in Glouceſterſhire, which, after him, was called Somervile-Aſton.

Sir John Somervile, his grandſon, obtained by marriage ſeveral eſtates in Warwickſhire, which, with Somervile-Aſton, deſcended to Robert Somervile, Eſq. his lineal repreſentative, father of William Somervile, the poet, who was born at Edſton in Warwickſhire, in 1692.

He tells of himſelf, in his *Ode to General Stanhope*, that he was *born near Avona's winding ſtream;* and Ramſay, his contemporary and admirer, in an encomiaſtic epiſtle addreſſed to him, *on reading ſeveral of his excellent poems*, gives a metrical, but inaccurate account of his illuſtrious lineage, and that of his "noble kinſman."

You both from one great lineage ſpring,
Both from de Somervile, who came
With William, England's conqu'ring king,
To win fair plains and laſting fame.
Whichnour he left to 's eldeſt ſon,
That firſt-born chief you repreſent;
The ſecond came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'le takes deſcent.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Somervile, ſome dates, and ſome few facts, ſcarce more intereſting than thoſe that make the ornaments of a country tombſtone, are all the memorials that have deſcended to poſterity.

A poet, while living, it has been well obſerved, is ſeldom an object ſufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and theſe are generally ſparing in their praiſes. When his fame is increaſed by time, it is then too late to inveſtigate the peculiarities of his diſpoſition and familiar practices: "the dews of the morning are paſt, and we vainly try to continue the chaſe by the meridian ſplendour."

He was educated at Wincheſter ſchool, and afterward choſen to one of the vacancies in New College, Oxford.

In the places of his education, tradition has preſerved no account of his having diſplayed any uncommon proofs of his genius or literature.

It is probable that he was not negligent of ſtudy; and, it is certain, that he made a conſiderable proficiency in claſſical learning, and diſcovered an early propenſity to poetry.

It is not known how long he reſided at Oxford, or what literary or political connections he formed there; but he ſeems to have been an early friend to the Hanover ſucceſſion, and other meaſures reſulting from principles of freedom.

When the Tory miniſters of Queen Anne removed the Duke of Marlborough from all his places, he addreſſed an *Ode* to him, which ſtands high among the moſt diſtinguiſhed compoſitions of that time.

It was followed, in 1712, by an *Ode, occaſioned by the Duke of Marlborough's embarking for Oſtend*; which, though leſs elevated, has ſome fine encomiaſtic ſtrains.

After the acceſſion of King George, he preſerved his attachment to the Whig party; and addreſſed an *Ode to General Stanhope*, one of his Majeſty's Secretaries of State, afterward Earl Stanhope, in which he is conſtant to his theme, and mingles the praiſes of Marlborough and Stanhope with appropriate encomiums on Milton, and Addiſon, and other Engliſh poets, whoſe efforts have been directed to ſupport the cauſe of freedom.

When Addiſon purchaſed an eſtate in Warwickſhire, his native county, he did not miſs ſo fair an occaſion of ſhowing his reſpect for that great man, and of doing honour to the ſeat of his illuſtrious anceſtors, and the birth-place of the immortal Shakſpeare.

> Contending nations ancient Homer claim,
> And Mantua glories in her Maro's name,
> Our happier ſoil the prize ſhall yield to none,
> Ardenna's groves ſhall boaſt an Addiſon.—
> Your wiſer choice prefers this ſpot of earth,
> Diſtinguiſh'd by th' immortal Shakſpeare's birth;
> Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
> And nouriſhes the glebe with fattening tides—
> Here, on the painted borders of the flood
> The babe was born, his bed with roſes ſtrew'd;
> Here, in an ancient venerable dome,
> Oppreſt with grief, we view the poet's tomb!

His compliment to Addiſon, as a teacher of moral and religious truth, is expreſſed with admirable felicity and delicacy.

> When panting virtue her laſt efforts made,
> You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid,
> Preſumptuous Folly bluſh'd, and Vice withdrew,
> To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.

He was now diſtinguiſhed as a poet, and came forward among the reſt, with verſes *to the author of the Eſſay on Man*, and an *Epiſtle to Mr. Thomſon, on the firſt edition of his Seaſons*.

He was no leſs diſtinguiſhed as an accompliſhed gentleman, an active and ſkilful ſportſman, and a uſeful juſtice of the peace.

Inheriting an eſtate of fifteen hundred a-year, he lived chiefly in the country; and ſet a good example to men of his own claſs, by devoting part of his time to elegant knowledge; the ſubjects which his poetry has adorned, ſhow that it is practicable to be at once a ſkilful ſportſman and a man of letters.

He was a man of high ſpirit; and ſeems to have practiſed an unbounded hoſpitality, and to have been wholly negligent of economy, by which he impaired his fortune, and ſubjected himſelf to diſtreſſes, which met with but little commiſeration from his unfeeling neighbours.

In 1730, he concluded a bargain with James Lord Somerville (who claimed and obtained, in 1722, the ancient peerage that had been dormant since 1618), for the reverſion of his eſtate at his death.

His connection with Lord Somerville probably occaſioned his poetical correſpondence with Ramſay, who was patroniſed by that nobleman.

He was the intimate friend of Shenſtone, who was his neighbour, and by whom he was too much reſembled in his negligence of economy.

"I loved Mr. Somervile," ſays Shenſtone, "becauſe he knew ſo perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification of money."

In the latter part of his life, he wrote *The Chaſe*, which raiſed his reputation very high among ſportſmen, and men of letters, and by which he is beſt known. It is written with equal vigour and elegance, and juſtly ranks among the beſt didactic poems in the Engliſh language.

It was followed by *Hobbinol*, a burleſque poem, dedicated to Hogarth; and *Field Sports*, a poem on hawking, addreſſed to Frederick Prince of Wales, and printed in 1742.

"Mr. Somervile's poem upon hawking, called *Field Sports*," ſays Shenſtone, in his letter to Mr. Graves, "was ſent to Mr. Lyttleton, to be read to the Prince, to whom it is inſcribed. It ſeems he is fond of hawking."

Of the cloſe of his life, thoſe whom his poems have delighted, will read with pain the following account, copied from the letters of his friend Shenſtone.

"Our old friend Somervile is dead! I did not imagine I could have been ſo ſorry as I find myſelf upon this occaſion. *Sublatum quærimus.* I can now excuſe all his foibles, impute them to age, and to diſtreſs of circumſtances; the laſt of theſe conſiderations wrings my very ſoul to think on. For a man of high ſpirit, conſcious of having (at leaſt in one production) generally pleaſed the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are very low in every ſenſe; to be forced to drink himſelf into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a miſery."

He died July 19, 1742, in the 50th year of his age, and was buried at Wotton, near Henley, on Arden.

His eſtate, inherited from a long line of anceſtors, devolved to Lord Somerville, chargeable with a jointure of ſix hundred a-year to his mother, who lived till ninety.

His *Chaſe*, *Hobbinol*, and *Field Sports*, have been frequently printed; and are inſerted with his *Occaſional Poems*, *Tranſlations*, *Fables*, and *Tales*, in the collection of the "Engliſh Poets" 1779, and 1790.

From Lady Luxborough's "Letters to Shenſtone," p. 211, it appears that he tranſlated *Alzire*, from Voltaire, which was then in MS., in her poſſeſſion; together with ſeveral "little poems and impromptus, which," ſhe ſays, "are, for the moſt part, too trivial or too local for the preſs."

Somervile is, by his contempotaries, allowed to have been a man of very great benevolence, and of very agreeable manners.

Shenſtone, who knew him well, has tranſmitted to poſterity a very advantageous idea of his private character, as well as his capacity as a poet.

Near Avon's banks, on Arden's flowery plain,
A tuneful *ſhepherd* charm'd the liſt'ning wave,
And ſunny Cotſol' fondly lov'd the ſwain;
Yet not a garland crowns the *ſhepherd's* grave.

Oh loſt Ophelia! ſmoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his muſic with my flames agree,
To taſte the beauties of his melting lay,
To taſte, and fancy it was dear to thee!

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I ſteal the muſk roſe from the ſcented brake,
I ſtrew my cowſlips, and I pay my tear;
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's ſake.——*Eleg.* xviii.

He was much esteemed for his amiable and estimable qualities by Lady Luxborough, the sister of Lord Bolingbroke; who "seemed," says Shenstone, "in all respects the female Lord Bolingbroke." Her correspondence with Shenstone exhibits many unequivocal testimonies of her veneration for his virtue and his genius. "I return," says she, "Mr. Somervile's picture. I think it very like Worledge's, and indeed very like Mr. Somervile; but, methinks, it scarcely does him justice, as some of the least agreeable features in his face are rather too strongly marked; as under the eyes, for example; and I think, as he was very fair, the pencil might be fainter. But, upon the whole, had I not another of him, I would not give this for a great sum." In another place: "As to the urn for Mr. Somervile, my present design is to place it under the great double oak, as himself expresses it, "under the oak's protecting shade." It will be like raising a throne as well as a monument for Mr. Somervile; and, could he see it, he would, I believe, think himself more honourably placed, than if he was *kicked* down below one's feet, which might offend his elevated spirit." Again: "Mr. Allen proposes, that below where Mr. Somervile's name, &c. is placed, should be added,

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."

I think with him, that this motto will record him as a man who deserved the esteem of every good man, and was regretted accordingly. But you and I may both be in the right in agreeing to the inscription's being in English.

Sacred to the Memory of

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esquire.

"I am charmed with your thought of alluding to the *Chase*, which you very justly say *would be the most proper ornament*, a *wreath and French horn*. As the reason of my erecting it is to be plainly understood to mean no more than my esteem for him as a worthy man, and a good poet, who had honoured me with his friendship, I should like the whole to be as plain as possible; that is to say, as far as is consistent with expressing my friendship for Mr. Somervile, and his poetical genius, trophies of which must undoubtedly be on one side the urn. Neither would I have it expensive; but I would express with as much simplicity as possible, my respect for his memory, without flattery or pomp; and that it was my friendship only which made me raise this memorandum of him. So that my first thought of all was, only to have had an altar, without any urn, and something wrote upon it equivalent to what you have put round the blazing altar you drew out in your letter, viz. *Sacred to Friendship*, or to that effect." In her letter, April 25, 1750, she writes: "As to the urn, I told you it was erected. As the motto Mr. Allen, and that you had chose, cannot, in your opinion, be on each side the same plinth, and neither of them singly take in both the moral and the poetical character of Mr. Somervile, nor my friendship, I searched Francis's Horace, with a view to find *one* only that should express, in some measure, the whole. The motto is,

Debita sparge lacryma favillam
Vatis Amici.

This upon the plinth, and under it on the pedestal over the wreath, Mr. Somervile's name in Latin, and $\frac{H.\ L.}{P.}$ and, at bottom, the date of the year he died, because of the word *favillam*. I do not imagine *Author of the Chase* can be put agreeably into Latin; and, I confess, it appears to me, that the emblematical *horn, wreathed with laurel*, will suffice to put all who know him, in mind of that poetical performance, without any explanation by words."

His character as a poet, as given by Dr. Johnson, may be generally allowed, with some exception to his unreasonable dislike of blank verse and burlesque poetry.

"Somervile has tried many modes of poetry; and though perhaps he has not in any reached such excellence as to raise much envy, it may commonly be said, at least, that "he writes very well for a gentleman." His serious pieces are sometimes elevated, and his trifles are sometimes elegant. In his *Verses to Addison*, the couplet which mentions Clio, is written with the most exquisite delicacy of

praiſe; it exhibits one of thoſe happy ſtrokes that are ſeldom attained. In his *Odes* to Marlborough, there are beautiful lines. His ſubjects are commonly ſuch as require no great depth of thought, or energy of expreſſion. His *Fables* are generally ſtale; and therefore excite no curioſity. Of his favourite, *The Two Springs*, the fiction is unnatural, and the moral inconſequential. In his *Tales*, there is too much coarſeneſs, with too little eaſe of language, and not ſufficient rapidity of narration.

" His great work is his *Chaſe*, which he undertook in his maturer age, when his ear was improved to the approbation of blank verſe; of which, however, his two firſt lines give a bad ſpecimen. To this poem praiſe cannot be totally denied. He is allowed by ſportſmen, to write with great intelligence of his ſubject, which is the firſt requiſite to excellence; and, though it is impoſſible to intereſt the common readers of verſe, in the dangers or pleaſures of the chaſe, he has done all that tranſition and variety could effect; and has, with great propriety, enlarged his plan, by the modes of hunting uſed in other countries.

" With ſtill leſs judgment did he chooſe blank verſe as the vehicle of *Rural Sports*. If blank verſe be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled proſe—and familiar images in laboured language, have nothing to recommend them but abſurd novelty, which, wanting the attractions of nature, cannot pleaſe long.—One excellence of the " Splendid Shilling," is, that it is ſhort. Diſguiſe can gratify no longer than it deceives."

THE WORKS OF SOMERVILE.

PREFACE.

The old and infirm have at leaſt this privilege, that they can recal to their minds thoſe ſcenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their paſt pleaſures, with a ſatisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt enjoyment. For thoſe ideas, to which any agreeable ſenſation is annexed, are eaſily excited; as leaving behind the moſt ſtrong and permanent impreſſions. The amuſements of our youth are the boaſt and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their heroes in the Elyſian fields were fond of the very ſame diverſions they exerciſed on earth. Death itſelf could not wean them from the accuſtomed ſports and gaieties of life.

" Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris;
" Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
" Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina di-
" cunt.
" Arma procul, currûſque virûm miratur inanes.
" Stant terrâ defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
" Per campum paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia cur-
" rûm
" Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
" Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſ-
" tos."——VIRG. Æneid. vi.

Part on the graſſy cirque their pliant limbs
In wreſtling exerciſe, or on the ſands
Struggling diſpute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or ſwell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharneſs'd
ſteeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; horſes, and cars, and arms,
All the ſame fond deſires, and pleaſing cares,
Still haunt their ſhades, and after death ſurvive.

I hope, therefore, I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious part of mankind) if at my leiſure hours, I run over, in my elbow chair, ſome of thoſe chaſes, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amuſement. The reſult of theſe rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which, if equally diverting to my readers, as to myſelf, I ſhall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with ſo many deſcriptions and digreſſions, in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble ſport in full perfection. In this, at leaſt, I may comfort myſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other proſe writers upon this ſubject.

It is moſt certain, that hunting was the exerciſe of the greateſt heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themſelves for war; and their exploits againſt wild beaſts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon ſays, that almoſt all the ancient heroes, Neſtor, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, Ulyſſus, Diomedes, Achilles, &c were μαθηταὶ κυνηγεσιῶν, diſciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly ſerviceable to them in military diſcipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny obſerves, thoſe who were deſigned for great captains, were firſt taught " certare cum fugaci-
" bus feris curſu, cum audacibus robore, cum
" callidis aſtu:" to conteſt with the ſwifteſt wild beaſts, in ſpeed; with the boldeſt, in ſtrength; with the moſt cunning, in craft and ſubtilty. Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman emperors, in thoſe monuments they erected, to tranſmit their actions to future ages, made no ſcruple to join the glories of the chaſe to their moſt celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do juſtice to this heroic exerciſe. Beſide that of Oppian in Greek, we have ſeveral poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verſe:

" Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit."
Lib. iv. Pont.

Gratius ſhall arm the huntſman for the chaſe.

But of his works only ſome fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongſt theſe Nemeſianus, who ſeems very much ſuperior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his firſt book is preſerved. We might indeed have expected to have ſeen it treated more at large by Virgil, in his third Georgic, ſince it is expreſsly part of his ſubject. But he has favoured us only with ten verſes; and

what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs.

" Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum."
Georg. iii.

The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. " Pasce fero pingui." He has, it is true, touched upon the Chase, in the 4th and 7th books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me, that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll, given us by Ovid, in his story of Actæon, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the sepulchre of the Nasos, and the arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs followed by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the " odora canum vis." Thus Nemesianus says,

" Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
" Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia mon-
" strant."

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
And trail the hare unto her secret form.

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those hounds, which he calls ἰχνευτῆρες, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the *Belles Lettres* nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chase. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, essay, will show the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well skilled in human nature. Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.

The gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical, but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

" En age, segnes,
" Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæ-
" ron,
" Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equo-
" rum; [git."
" Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remu-
VIRG. Georg. iii.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingering cares of life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
The hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the generous steed; the hunter's shouts,
And cheering cries, assenting woods return.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

ON HIS POEM CALLED THE CHASE.

While you, Sir, gain the ſteep aſcent to fame,
And honours due to deathleſs merit claim;
To a weak muſe a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with juſt praiſe your labours to commend,
And tell the world that Somervile's her friend.
Her incenſe guiltleſs of the forms of art
Breathes all the huntſman's honeſty of heart;
Whoſe fancy ſtill the pleaſing ſcene retains
Of Edric's villa, and Ardenna's plains:
Joys, which from change ſuperior charms receiv'd,
The horn hoarſe ſounding by the lyre reliev'd:
When the day crown'd with rural chaſte delight,
Reſigns obſequious to the feſtive night;
The feſtive night awakes th' harmonious lay,
And in ſweet verſe recounts the triumphs of the day.
Strange! that the Britiſh muſe ſhould leave ſo long,
The chaſe, the ſport of Britain's kings, unſung!
Diſtinguiſh'd land! by Heaven indulg'd to breed,
The ſtout, ſagacious hound, and generous ſteed;
In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our iſle,
To celebrate the glorious ſylvan toil.
For this what darling ſon ſhall feel thy fire,
God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?
Our vows are heard.—Attend, ye vocal throng,
Somervile meditates th' adventurous ſong.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
His numerous verſe the huntſman's art ſhall tell.
From him, ye Britiſh youths, a vigorous race,
Imbibe the various ſcience of the chaſe;
And while the well-plann'd ſyſtem you admire,
Know Brunſwick only could the work inſpire;
A Georgic muſe awaits Auguſtan days,
And Somervile's will ſing, when Frederick's give the bays.

John Nixon.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE CHASE.

Once more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,
And in my boſom feel poetic fire.
For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays,
What, though I daily turn each learned ſage,
And labour through the unenlighten'd page:
Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the ſteel.
Though in ſulphureous clouds of ſmoke confin'd,
Thy rural ſcenes ſpring freſh into my mind.
Thy genius in ſuch colours paints the chaſe,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild muſic charms my raviſh'd ear,
How dull, how taſteleſs Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's ſelf the palm reſigns,
He yields—but to the muſic of thy lines.
If friends to poetry can yet be found;
Who without bluſhing ſenſe prefer to ſound;
Then let this ſoft, this ſoul-enfeebling band,
Theſe warbling minſtrels, quit the beggar'd land.
They but a momentary joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the ſoul, and warm the heart.
How tempting do thy ſylvan ſports appear!
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchſafe an ear,
Might her fond luſt of power a while compoſe,
And gladly change it for thy ſweet repoſe.
No fierce, unruly ſenates, threaten here,
No axe, no ſcaffold, to the view appear,
No envy, diſappointment, and deſpair.
Here, bleſt viciſſitude, whene'er you pleaſe,
You ſtep from exerciſe to learned eaſe:
Turn o'er each claſſic page, each beauty trace,
The mind unwearied in the pleaſing chaſe.
Oh! would kind Heaven ſuch happineſs beſtow,
Let fools, let knaves, be maſters here below.
Grandeur and place, thoſe baits to catch the wiſe,
And all their pageant train, I pity and deſpiſe.

J. Tracy.

THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

" Nec tibi cura canum fuerit poſtrema."——VIRG. Georg. iii.

" Romanis ſolenne viris opus, utile famæ,
" Vitæque, et membris."——HOR. 1 Ep. xviii.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to his Royal Highneſs the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpoliſhed manner of the firſt hunters. Beaſts at firſt hunted for food and ſacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beaſts, &c. The regular manner of hunting firſt brought into this iſland by the Normans. The beſt hounds and beſt horſes bred here. The advantage of this exerciſe to us, as iſlanders. Addreſs to gentlemen of eſtates. Situation of the kennel and its ſeveral courts. The diverſion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different ſorts of hounds for each different chaſe. Deſcription of a perfect hound. Of ſizing and ſorting of hounds, the middle-ſized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the ſtag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their uſe on the borders of England and Scotland. A phyſical account of ſcents. Of good and bad ſcenting days. A ſhort admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chaſe I ſing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no leſs various uſe. O thou great prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, inſtructive ſong.
While grateful citizens with pompous ſhow,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illuſtrious houſe; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal youth
Paſſing they view, admire and ſigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minſtrels, and ſhrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a ſong,
And airs ſoft warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding horn
Invites thee to the Chaſe, the ſport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The muſe
Aloft on wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courſer o'er the ſteepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from ſhore to ſhore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious youth!
And if, in future times, ſome envious prince,
Careleſs of right and guileful, ſhould invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or ſhould ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and innur'd to toils)
Shall compaſs thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy paſſage through th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame: inſpir'd by thee
The nobler chaſe of glory ſhall purſue
Through fire, and ſmoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt degrees to reach perfection's height:
So mimic art works leiſurely, till time
Improve the piece, or wiſe experience give
The proper finiſhing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, firſt made war on beaſts,
And ſtain'd the woodland-green with purple dye,
New, and unpoliſh'd was the huntſman's art;
No ſtated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and ſtones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his ſavage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs toils, then range the deſert hills,
And ſcour the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at th' unuſual ſound, and clamorous ſhout
Unheard before; ſurpris'd, alas! to find [lord,
Man now their foe, when erſt they deem'd their
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the plain
Wide-waſting, and grim ſlaughter red with blood;
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt,
Incumber'd with their ſpoils, joyful they bear
Upon their ſhoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars ſmoke a ſacrifice
To that all-gracious power, whoſe bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong neceſſity, thus firſt began

The chaſe of beaſts: though bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain man's labouring race,
Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food *. So juſt is Heaven,
To give us in proportion to our wants.
Or chance or induſtry in after-time
Some few improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due perfection. In this iſle remote,
Our painted anceſtors were ſlow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; till from Neuſtria's coaſts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the buſy hound, whoſe well-known cry
His liſtening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive huntſmen learn'd to join
In bloody ſocial leagues, the multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the pack.
Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis given
To train the ſprightly ſteed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by winds, or the celeſtial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the preſs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the ſun begins
Cheerful his courſe? and ere his beams decline,
Has meaſur'd half thy ſurface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in ſcent and ſpeed
As yet unrival'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant ſteams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coaſts,
The huntſman ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exerciſe, to raiſe
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.
Ye vigorous youths, by ſmiling fortune bleſt
With large demeſnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe forefathers care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy thoſe pleaſures, for the weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the poor: To rein the ſteed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack,
Opening in conſorts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow diſeaſe
Creeping through every vein, and nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd frame, undaunted ſtill,
Fix'd as a mountain aſh, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; though blaſted, yet unfallen;
Still can my ſoul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous ſcene
In all its ſplendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs paſt, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way:
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet garrulity,
The poor diſbanded veteran's ſole delight.
Firſt let the kennel be the huntſman's care,
Upon ſome little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The ſun's all-cheering beams, when mild he ſhines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to ſtretch
And baſk in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the ſtreaming light and merry lark,
Forth ruſh the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the muſes aid; untouch'd, unſtrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy deſponding bard
Sits darkly muſing o'er th' unfiniſh'd lay.
Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better diſpos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who ſhrinks beneath the blaſt, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: For uſe, not ſtate,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment riſe.
O'er all let cleanlineſs preſide, no ſcraps
Beſtrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to diſguſt
That nicer ſenſe, on which the ſportſman's hope,
And all his future triumphs, muſt depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their ſmoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full ciſtern lead the ductile ſtreams,
To waſh thy court well pav'd, nor ſpare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanlineſs avail.
Seek'ſt thou for hounds to climb the rocky ſteep
And bruſh th' entangled covert, whoſe nice ſcent
O'er greaſy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way. Baniſh far off
Each noiſome ſtench, let no offenſive ſmell
Invade thy wide incloſure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.
Water and ſhade no leſs demand thy care:
In a large ſquare th' adjacent field incloſe,
There plant in equal ranks the ſpreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; moſt happy thy deſign,
If at the bottom of thy ſpacious court,
A large canal, fed by the cryſtal brook,
From its tranſparent boſom ſhall reflect
Downward thy ſtructure and inverted grove.
Here when the ſun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Reſtleſs, and faint, loll their unmoiſten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler ſhades
Lead forth the panting tribe; ſoon ſhalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous ſoon they plunge into the ſtream,
There lave their reeking ſides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From ſhore to ſhore they ſwim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the ſunny bank they roll and ſtretch
Their dripping limbs, or elſe in wanton rings
Courſing around, purſuing and purſued,
The merry multitude diſporting play.
But here with watchful and obſervant eye,
Attend their frolics, which too often end

* *Gen. chap.* ix. *ver* 3.

In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy refounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the ſtern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in ſport
Begun, combat enſues, growling they ſnarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they ſeize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore
Beſmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then ſudden all the baſe ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring ſeize the helpleſs worried wretch,
And, thirſting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcaſe on th' enſanguin'd plain.
O breaſts of pity void! t' oppreſs the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendleſs head,
And with one mutual cry inſult the fall'n!
Emblem too juſt of man's degenerate race.
Others apart, by native inſtinct led,
Knowing inſtructor! 'mong the ranker graſs
Cull each ſalubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive ſtor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes preſcribes
A ready remedy, and is himſelf
Their great phyſician. Now grown ſtiff with age,
And many a painful chaſe, the wiſe old hound,
Regardleſs of the frolic pack, attends
His maſter's ſide, or ſlumbers at his eaſe
Beneath the bending ſhade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his ſpeed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to ſeize his panting prey:
And in imperfect whimperings ſpeaks his joy.
A different hound for every different chaſe
Select with judgment; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatch'd deſtroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murderous, courſing crew; intent
On blood and ſpoil. O blaſt their hopes, juſt Heaven!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With diſappointment and ſevere remorſe.
But huſband thou thy pleaſures, and give ſcope
To all her ſubtle play: by nature led
A thouſand ſhifts ſhe tries; t' unravel theſe
Th' induſtrious beagle twiſts his waving tail,
Through all her labyrinths purſues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening noſe
Upward he curls, and his large ſloe-black eyes
Melt in ſoft blandiſhments, and humble joy!
His gloſſy ſkin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or ſhades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints: his ears and legs
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the ſpeckled pard; his ruſh-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On ſhoulders clean, upright and firm he ſtands;
His round cat foot, ſtrait hams, and wide-ſpread thighs,
And his low-dropping cheſt, confeſs his ſpeed,
His ſtrength, his wind, or on the ſteepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in every part
So well proportion'd that the nicer ſkill
Of Phidias himſelf can't blame thy choice.
Of ſuch compoſe thy pack. But here a mean
Obſerve, nor the large hound prefer, of ſize
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds; but if too ſmall,
The pigmy brood in every furrow ſwims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the ſheltering thorn.
For hounds of middle ſize, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleaſing labours with ſucceſs.
As ſome brave captain, curious and exact
By his fix'd ſtandard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after ſtep, their ſize the ſame, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the ſame united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how juſt! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous ſoul, and the world's juſt applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; diſcordant ſounds ſhall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs diſgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or ſtately ſtag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy raviſh'd ears; the deep flew'd hound
Breed up with care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure;
Whoſe ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall ſweep the morning dew, whoſe clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And ſhake the foreſts: The bold Talbot kind
Of theſe the prime; as white as Alpine ſnows;
And great their uſe of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, ſlow winding through the vale, the ſeat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The ſweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To laſting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilfering race; well train'd and ſkill'd
In all the myſteries of theft, the ſpoil
Their only ſubſtance, feuds and war their ſport:
Not more expert in every fraudful art
Th' arch* felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the ſhelter of the covering rock,
In vain the ſooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That iſſued from his mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging heaven!
Veil'd in the ſhades of night they ford the ſtream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are ſafe.
Nor ſtalls protect the ſteer, nor ſtrong-barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horſe. Soon as the morn

* *Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.*

Reveals his wrongs, with ghaſtly viſage wan
The plunder'd owner ſtands, and from his lips
A thouſand thronging curſes burſt their way:
He calls his ſtout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the ſagacious brute, his curling tail
Flouriſh'd in air, low bending plies around
His buſy noſe, the ſteaming vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſite, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conſcious of the recent ſtains, his heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling noſe, his active tail,
Atteſt his joy; then with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; ſoot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the liſtening crowd
Applaud his reaſonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry ſandy heaths, and ſtony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty throat
The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his ſenſe! [quire
Should ſome more curious ſportſman here in-
Whence this ſagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing ſtep by ſtep, or man or brute?
What guide inviſible points out their way,
O'er the dank marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ferous particles evade
Through th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The panting chaſe grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the ſkin perſpires;
Leaves a long ſtreaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarified
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To every ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
The vigorous hounds purſue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful ſteam, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks re-
pay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks
At eve forebode a bluſtering ſtormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping froſts, and the keen biting blaſts
Of the dry parching eaſt, menace the trees
With tender bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping pack, in their warm beds of ſtraw
Low-ſinking at their eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark receſs, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouſe up the ſlumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their
tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each ſtomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean ſcience, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement ſkies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each ſacred page
Rich with the wiſe remarks of heroes old.
Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome,
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind Heaven,
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that ſweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well bred,
polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſauntering youth, proud of the ſkut
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,
And ruſty couples gingling by his ſide.
Be thou of other mold; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by Heaven ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of inſtinct in brutes. Two remarkable inſtances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to ſeat in the morning. Of the variety of ſeats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the ſeaſon, weather, or wind. Deſcription of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interſperſed with rules to be obſerved by thoſe who follow that chaſe. Tranſition to the Aſiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monſieur Bernier, and the hiſtory of Gengiſkan the Great. Concludes with a ſhort reproof of tyrants and oppreſſors of mankind.

Nor will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage
T' obſerve that inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimic's reaſon's lore,
And oft tranſcends: Heaven-taught, the roe-buck
ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack
And mocks their vain purſuit, nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent
That freſhens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; ſtrain'd to exceſs each nerve,
Each ſlacken'd ſinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.
'Tis inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chooſe her ſoft abode: With ſtep revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her cloſe receſs,

As wandering ſhepherds on th' Arabian plains
No ſettled reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving camp, now, on ſome cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling ſtreams diſtil
From ſome penurious ſource, their thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: ſo the wiſe hares
Oft quit their ſeats, leſt ſome more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles
Plot their deſtruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary and cloſe they ſit.
When ſpring ſhines forth, ſeaſon of love and joy,
In the moiſt marſh, 'mong beds of ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: When ſummer ſuns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide waving fields
Of corn full grown, they lead their helpleſs young:
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping covert: Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with ſpeed return'd
In the long graſs they ſkulk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing ſtill,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every ſeaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the fields.
Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhowers; the fields are ſhorn;
Inwardly ſmiling, the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe; his barns are ſtor'd
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, ſome kind power inviſible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the ſwift racers, ſtretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boaſt of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious plains, where the ſtrain'd eye
In the wide proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud ſpire, that o'er the hills aſcends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotſwold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs
With matchleſs ſpeed, thy green aſpiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
Hail, gentle dawn! mild bluſhing goddeſs, hail!
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple mantle ſpread
O'er half the ſkies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every ſhrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep ſunk in down
Slumber ſecure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful ſteams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chaunt, nor brook my long delay,
My courſer hears their voice; ſee there, with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues ſevere, from their hard taſks
If once diſmiſs'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breaſts,
But give a looſe to all their frolic play:
So from their kennel ruſh the joyous pack;
A thouſand wanton gaieties expreſs
Their inward ecſtacy, their pleaſing ſport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing ſun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their gloſſy ſkins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April ſhowers deſcend. Delightful ſcene!
Where all around is gay, men, horſes, dogs,
And in each ſmiling countenance appears
Freſh blooming health, and univerſal joy.
Huntſman, lead on! behind the cluſtering pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy whip
Loud clanging, and thy harſher voice obey:
Spare not the ſtraggling cur that wildly roves;
But let thy briſk aſſiſtant on his back
Imprint thy juſt reſentments; let each laſh
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.
Here on this verdant ſpot, where nature kind
With double bleſſings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flowers autumnal ſpring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repaſt;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they ſpread,
And range around, and daſh the glittering dew.
If ſome ſtaunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the juſtling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleaſing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wiſely check
Their eager haſte; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leiſurely they work, and many a pauſe
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more aſſur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there ſhe lies; how cloſe! ſhe pants, ſhe doubts
If now ſhe lives; ſhe trembles as ſhe ſits,
With horror ſeiz'd. The wither'd graſs that clings
Around her head, of the ſame ruſſet hue
Almoſt deceiv'd my ſight, had not her eyes

With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At diſtance draw thy pack, let all be huſh'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Leſt the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; ſee how direct
To her known mew ſhe flies! Here, huntſman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they ſtoop,
And ſeem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy noſtrils ſnuff the fuming ſteam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let looſe
From the dark caverns of the bluſtering god,
They burſt away, and ſweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while ſhe's ſpurr'd on by fear,
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chaſe, give all your ſouls to joy!
See how their courſers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet ſkim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their ſhining hoofs ſcarce print
The graſs unbruis'd: with emulation fir'd
They ſtrain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and bruſh
The thorny-twining hedge: The riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with ſteady hands, by turns
Indulge their ſpeed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.
Huntſman! her gait obſerve; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the ſame round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe'll foil the beaten track,
But if ſhe fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold courſe; leſs intricate thy taſk:
Puſh on thy pack. Like ſome poor exil'd wretch
The frighted chaſe leaves her late dear abodes,
O'r plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy death
Hovering exults, ſecure to ſeize his prey.
Hark from yon covert, where thoſe towering oaks
Above the humble copſe aſpiring riſe,
What glorious triumphs burſt in every gale
Upon our raviſh'd ears! the hunters ſhout,
The clanging horns ſwell their ſweet-winding notes,
The pack wide opening load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
No more the ſchool-boy dreads, his priſon broke,
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his maſter's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the ſhepherd's joy! men, boys, and girls,
Deſert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the ſweet frenzy ſeiz'd.
Look, how ſhe pants! and o'er yon opening glade
Slips glancing by! while, at the further end,
The puzzling back unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmoſt bound
Slily ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps
And in that very track, ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming crowd, ſeems to purſue
The foe ſhe flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reaſon; ſure 'tis ſomething more;
'Tis Heaven directs, and ſtratagems inſpires
Beyond the ſhort extent of human thought.
But hold—I ſee her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence ſhe ſits;
Intent ſhe liſtens with one ear erect,
Pondering, and doubtful what new courſe to take;
And how t' eſcape the fierce blood-thirſty crew,
That ſtill urge on, and ſtill in vollies loud
Inſult her woes, and mock her ſore diſtreſs.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering ſtorm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away ſhe flies; nor ſhips with wind and tide,
And all their canvaſs wings, ſcud half ſo faſt.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courſer's ſpeed. We ſcour along;
In pleaſing hurry and confuſion toſt;
Oblivion to be wiſh'd. The patient pack
Hang on the ſcent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we purſue; our labouring ſteeds
We preſs, we gore; till once the ſummit gain'd,
Painfully panting; there we breathe a while;
Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we ſmoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrival'd ſpeed
Can paſs his fellows, and with pleaſure view
The ſtruggling pack; how in the rapid courſe
Alternate they preſide, and joſtling puſh
To guide the dubious ſcent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiſer age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his ſtrength, the wiſe old hound
Hangs in the rear, till ſome important point
Rouſe all his diligence, or till the chaſe
Sinking he finds: then to the head he ſprings
With thirſt of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntſman, take heed; they ſtop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a diſtance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
How buſily he works, but dares not truſt
His doubtful ſenſe; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells,
Sally'd a while, at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toſs, with animated rage
Recovering all they loſt! That eager haſte
Some doubling wile foreſhows. Ah! yet once more
They're check'd, hold back with ſpeed—on either hand
They flouriſh round—ev'n yet perſiſt—'Tis right,
Away they ſpring; the ruſtling ſtubbles bend
Beneath the driving ſtorm. Now the poor chaſe
Begins to flag, to her laſt ſhifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake ſhe flies, and viſits all
Her well-known haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,

With love and plenty bleſt. See! there ſhe goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakneſs. See, how black ſhe looks!
The ſweat, that clogs th' obſtructed pores, ſcarce leaves
A languid ſcent. And now in open view
See, ſee, ſhe flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmoſt ſpeed, and ſtretches every nerve.
How quick ſhe turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till, round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant ſcreams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals aſſail'd
Threcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clamorous rage; diſtreſs'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they purſue, till panting, faint,
By noiſy multitudes o'erpower'd, he ſinks
To the relentleſs crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntſman now, a deep inciſion made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and daſhes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.
Theſe claim the pack, the bloody perquiſite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground ſhe lies
A mangled corſe; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and ſtiffens every limb.
Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their maſter's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applauſe,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her ſolemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert ſwell, and hills and dales return
The ſadly-pleaſing ſounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, daſtard animal, but vers'd
In ſubtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aſpiring ſoul diſdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur of the chaſe;
Hear what the muſe from faithful records ſings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian ſtream,
Line within line, riſe the pavilions proud,
Their ſilken ſtreamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horſe? From tent to tent,
Why preſs in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why ſhines the poliſh'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Viſapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sopy, with his numerous hoſt,
Lays waſte the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob and to deſtroy, beneath the name
And ſpecious guiſe of war. A nobler cauſe
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities ſack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpleſs orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with ſharp remorſe
Shall ſting the conſcious victor: but mankind
Shall hail him good and juſt. For 'tis on beaſts
He draws his vengeful ſword! on beaſts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, ſee, he comes!
Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them ſound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:
Sublime he ſits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian ſteed, and watch his nod:
And potent rajahs, who themſelves preſide
O'er realms of wide extent; but here ſubmiſs
Their homage pay, alternate kings and ſlaves.
Next theſe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair ſultanas of his court: a troop
Of choſen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intruſive eye; one look is death.
A cruel eaſtern law! (had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the ſun's all-cheering ray,
Were leſs ſevere. The vulgar cloſe the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated ſtreets.
Now at the camp arriv'd with ſtern review,
Through groves of ſpears, from file to file he darts
His ſharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his ſtation rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundleſs line his ſight is loſt.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On theſe extended plains, when Ammon's ſon
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vaſſal world the prize. Nor was that hoſt
More numerous of old, which the great king*
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled Eaſt;
That bridg'd the Helleſpont from ſhore to ſhore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
The buſy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference; full many a league
In compaſs round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's higheſt aim, could reaſon bound
Man's erring will. Now ſit in cloſe divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious hoſt.
He from the throne high-eminent preſides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chaſe,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And proſtrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreverſible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his ſtation leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what theſe command,
Thoſe execute with ſpeed, and punctual care;
In all the ſtricteſt diſcipline of war:
As if ſome watchful foe, with bold inſult,
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high reſolve
That flies on wings through all th' encircling line,
Each motion ſteers, and animates the whole.
So by the ſun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their ſpheres roll round his orb:
On all he ſhines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn diſpels the fleeting miſts,
The ſignal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial ſtandard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems;

* *Xerxes.*

And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunter's range
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly,
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes; growling along,
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire,
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
That glads the night had chear'd the listening groves [gloom
With sweet complainings. Through the silent
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day they still the chase renew,
At night encamp; till now in streighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress!
At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eye, and flushes in his cheek.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within
Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch from every arm,
Gall fore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd through and through. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Through their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the work

Of death had been complete; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguiſh'd half their race.
When lo! the bright ſultanas of his court
Appear, and to his raviſh'd eyes diſplay
Thoſe charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly ſue, to ſave
The vanquiſh'd hoſt. What mortal can deny
When ſuppliant beauty begs? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
To ſeek on diſtant hills their late abodes.
Ye proud oppreſſors, whoſe vain hearts exult
In wantonneſs of power, 'gainſt the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourſelves, a guiltleſs war
Wage uncontroul'd: here quench your thirſt of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to ſpare mankind.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his impoſing a tribute of wolves heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a tranſition to fox-hunting, which is deſcribed in all its parts. Cenſure of an over-numerous pack. Of the ſeveral engines to deſtroy foxes and other wild beaſts. The ſteel-trap deſcribed, and the manner of uſing it. Deſcription of the pit-fall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Deſcription of the royal chaſe at Windſor Foreſt. Concludes with an addreſs to his Majeſty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's iſle, when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wiſely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her foreſts, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of Britiſh monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a diſtance gaz'd,
And, diſappointed, gnaſh'd his teeth in vain.
He ſcour'd the ſeas, and to remoteſt ſhores
With ſwelling ſails the trembling corſair fled,
Rich commerce flouriſh'd; and with buſy oars
Daſh'd the reſounding ſurge. Nor leſs at land
His royal cares; wiſe, potent, gracious prince!
His ſubjects from their cruel foes he ſav'd,
And from rapacious ſavages their flocks:
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is loſt.
In fertile paſtures, more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial troops; and ſoon their large increaſe
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A ſubtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight ſhades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceleſs lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with ſweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repaſt. The mournful ewe,
Her deareſt treaſure loſt, through the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While in th' adjacent buſh, poor Philomel,
(Herſelf a parent once, till wanton churls
Deſpoil'd her neſt) joins in her loud laments,
With ſweeter notes, and more melodious wo.
For theſe nocturnal thieves, huntſmen prepare
The ſharpeſt vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppreſs'd, and bring the felon vile
To juſt diſgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or ſtars retire from the firſt bluſh of day,
With thy far echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouſe thy bold compeers. Then to the copſe,
Thick with entangling graſs, or prickly furze,
With ſilence lead thy many-coloured hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this way, and that,
They croſs, examining with curious noſe
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with every mouth.
As ſtraggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Preſs to their ſtandard; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods; with haſty ſtep
Ruſtling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive; while from his kennel ſneaks
The conſcious villain. See! he ſkulks along,
Sleek at the ſhepherd's coſt, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Though high his bruſh he bear, though tipt with white
It gaily ſhine; yet ere the ſun declin'd
Recal the ſhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the juſt avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit head, and thirſting for his blood.
Heavens! what melodious ſtrains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempeſt drives
From wood to wood, through every dark receſs
The foreſt thunders, and the mountains ſhake.
The chorus ſwells; leſs various, and leſs ſweet,
The trilling notes, when in thoſe very groves,
The feather'd choriſters ſalute the ſpring.
And every buſh in concert joins; or when
The maſter's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of muſic in one inſtrument combine,
An univerſal minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert ſafe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud ſhouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each ſtraggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the diſtant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a looſe to the clean generous ſteed;
Flouriſh the whip, nor ſpare the galling ſpur;
But, in the madneſs of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our courſe; but in the brave

True courage never fails. In vain the ſtream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy ſteep,
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the ſwift motion ſtung, we mount aloft:
So ſhips in winter ſeas now gliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave, then toſs'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm.
What lengths we paſs! where will the wandering chaſe
Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as ſwallows ſkim
The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift, we fly.
See my brave pack; how to the head they preſs,
Joſtling in cloſe array, then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage ſteer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter crew, wide-ſtraggling o'er the plain!
The panting courſer now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring ſpur,
Makes many a faint effort: he ſnorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling down his ſides,
With ſweat and blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange confuſion of the vale below,
Where ſour vexation reigns; ſee yon poor jade,
In vain th' impatient rider frets and ſwears;
With galling ſpurs harrows his mangled ſides;
He can no more: his ſtiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he ſtands,
For every cruel curſe returns a groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd ſteed, his maſter's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with every nicer cate; no coſt,
No labour ſpar'd; who, when the flying chaſe
Broke from the copſe, without a rival led
The numerous train: now a ſad ſpectacle
Of pride brought low, and humble inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd aſs, and ſcourg'd along,
While theſe, with looſen'd reins and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their weights: another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering half ingulf'd. What biting thoughts
Torments th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour ſpent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curſes his cumberous bulk; and envies now
The ſhort pygmæan race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting leer. A choſen few
Alone the ſport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing toils. Here, huntſman, from this height
Obſerve yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black deſpair. But one looſe more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms return the joyous ſounds.
Through every homeſtall, and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Through every hole he ſneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own:
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue.
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſheltering covert near,
Into the hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe walls with gore
Diſtain'd atteſt his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The pack inquiſitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy tranſport feaſt. In bolder notes
Each ſounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all th' aſſembled village ſhouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort repaſt;
In the full glaſs the liquid amber ſmiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choiceſt viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.
Here muſt th' inſtructive muſe (but with reſpect)
Cenſure that numerous pack, that crowd of ſtate,
With which the vain profuſion of the great
Covers the lawn, and ſhakes the trembling copſe.
Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increaſing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: ſlinks behind,
And ſlyly creeps through the ſame beaten track,
And hunts them ſtep by ſtep: then views, eſcap'd,
With inward ecſtaſy, the panting throng
In their own footſteps puzzled, foil'd, and loſt.
So when proud eaſtern kings ſummon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far diſtant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of choſen veterans; they preſs blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall
A ſmoking carnage ſcatter'd o'er the plain.
Nor hounds alone this noxious brood deſtroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal ſpoils. At cloſe of day,
With ſilence drags his tail: then from the ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd turf; there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious ſprings
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beaſt unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding ſurface. By th' indented ſteel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And ſtruggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd the captive fox
Has ſhar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But, if perchance

In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcase hangs.
Of these are various kinds; not even the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But, by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, there fatiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His wathful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.
On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coast,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a different kind, and different use!
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds forcharg'd; the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind,
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening gray
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulf'd
With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce menacing, and wide
Distends his opening paws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innumerous engines forms, t' assail
The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.
Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild.
Where, by the maguet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm, [prey.
And scouring round, make men and beasts their
The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
Haply too near approach; or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And, plunging from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood

Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd ſides, the crimſon torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at laſt
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.
But whither roves my devious muſe, intent
On antique tales? While yet the royal ſtag
Unſung remains. Tread with reſpectful awe
Windſor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the liſtening Dryads, with his ſong
Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred ſhade,
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full ſickle leaves.
The morning ſun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windſor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chaſe, nor views in all his courſe
A ſcene ſo gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The faireſt of this iſle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deſerts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd ſhades: in proud parade
Theſe ſhine magnificent, and preſs around
The royal happy pair. Great in themſelves,
They ſmile ſuperior; of external ſhow
Regardleſs, while their inbred virtues give
A luſtre to their power, and grace their court
With real ſplendors, far above the pomp
Of eaſtern kings, in all their tinſel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As thoſe of old; unſkill'd to wield the ſword,
Or bend the bow, theſe kill with ſurer aim.
The royal offspring, faireſt of the fair,
Lead on the ſplendid train. Anna more bright
Than ſummer ſuns, or as the lightning keen,
With irreſiſtible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He muſt be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the bluſhing dawn,
With ſweet engaging air, but equal power,
Inſenſibly ſubdues, and in ſoft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illuſtrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whoſe victorious charms,
Without the needleſs aid of high deſcent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and ſue for grace. But who is he
Freſh as a roſe-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies; on whom every eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, ſee,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chaſe array'd?
Or Britain's ſecond hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in conſummate worth, you ſhine the pride
Of theſe our days, and to ſucceeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great ſultan wait, with eyes dejected,
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no ſound is heard
Within the wide ſerail, but all is huſh'd,
And awful ſilence reigns; thus ſtand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
While paſs the glittering court, and royal pair:
So diſciplin'd thoſe hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,
Whoſe honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But ſoon the winding horn, and huntſman's voice,
Let looſe the general chorus; far around
Joy ſpreads its wings, and the gay morning ſmiles.
Unharbour'd now the royal ſtag forſakes
His wonted lair; he ſhakes his dappled ſides,
And toſſes high his beamy head, the copſe
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling ſhifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in theſe
Would ſtill perſiſt, did not the full mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering ſhouts
Float through the glades, and the wide foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful ſteam. Such is the cry,
And ſuch th' harmonious din, the ſoldier deems
The battle kindling, and the ſtateſman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each ſex,
In the wild tranſport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleaſure in exceſs, ſparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyſelf! when all the pangs that grind thy ſoul,
In rapture and in ſweet oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort interval and eaſe from pain!
See the ſwift courſer ſtrains, his ſhining hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quivering bog
Soft yielding to the ſtep? All now is plain,
Plain as the ſtrand ſea-lav'd, that ſtretches far
Beneath the rocky ſhore. Glades croſſing glades
The foreſt opens to our wondering view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waſte the world; his the moſt glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is huſh'd (as erſt victorious Rome)
T' employ his ſtation'd legions in the works
Of peace; to ſmooth the rugged wilderneſs,
To drain the ſtagnate fen, to raiſe the ſlope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with th' embelliſhments of art.
How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our iſland's boaſt and pride,
Puſh on the generous ſteed, that ſtrokes along
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended vale below:
Their garments looſely waving in the wind,
And all the fluſh of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their ſides their penſive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courſe; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heaven, no riſing ſtorm
May darken with black wings this glorious ſcene!
Should ſome malignant power thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the Tyrian queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaſte as fair,
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown ſtag, through woods, bogs, roads, and ſtreams
Has meaſur'd half the foreſt; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he caſt the lingering pack behind,
His haggar'd fancy ſtill with horror views
The fell deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal cry

Inſults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltleſs blood diſtain'd) ſtill ſeems to hear
The dying ſhrieks: and the pale threatening ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, purſues.
See here his ſlot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow a while, ſadly looks back
On his purſuers, covering all the plain;
But wrung with anguiſh, bears not long the ſight,
Shoots down the ſteep, and ſweats along the vale,
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whoſe claſhing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted power
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful love.
But the baſe herd have learn'd the ways of men,
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chaſe him from thence: needleſs their impious deed,
The huntſman knows him by a thouſand marks,
Black, and imboſt; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
Skims o'er the lawn, ſtill the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And puſh him many a league. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caſt, the huntſman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious crowd,
As if by ſtern Meduſa gaz'd to ſtones.
So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood,
Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With freſh recruited might. The ſtag, who hop'd
His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd,
The dreadful din; he ſhivers every limb,
He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh relay, no pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he faulters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their load: he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye ſurpriſe him; ſoon he rears
Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe
The knowing foreſter; who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow through the vales; the moving ſtorm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant ſhouts,
And horns ſhrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What ſtrength is left: to the laſt dregs of life
Reduc'd, his ſpirits fail, on every ſide
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd; not the leaſt opening left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's laſt reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn? or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives courage to the weak. Reſolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
Theſe groveling lie, thoſe by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' enſanguin'd plain. Ah! ſee diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at bay againſt yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front preſents
An hoſt of foes. O! ſhun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
The wing around, he finds his ſoul uprais'd,
To dare ſome great exploit, he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each ſide
Fly diverſe; then as o'er the turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling ſtream, and up the breeze
Urges his courſe with equal violence:
Then takes the ſoil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid ſtream he wafts
Along, till (like a ſhip diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding creek) cloſe to the verge
Of a ſmall iſland, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there ſkulks immers'd:
His noſe alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all elſe beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and loſt, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the ſtream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But ſparingly perſpire: the huntſman ſtrains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, ſtudious to kill,
And exquiſite of ſenſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening ſpends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the ſtream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount
The ſteepy ſhore. Haply once more eſcap'd,
Again he ſtands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous tranſport fires the greedy pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with pain
The ſlippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the ſtag repels each bold aſſault,
Maintains his poſt, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when ſome wily corſair boards a ſhip
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coaſts,
Or India's wealthy ſtrand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he flings; theſe in the deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy ſides,
And clinging climb aloft; while thoſe on board
Urge on the work of fate; the maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the ſtag: ſo he reſolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himſelf, his foes, in one deep gulf immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild diſorder once more views the light;

Beneath a weight of woe he groans diſtreſs'd,
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderneſs innate
Moves his great ſoul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry pack,
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their prey.
Great prince! from thee what may thy ſubjects hope;
So kind, and ſo beneficent to brutes?
O mercy, heavenly born! ſweet attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt prerogative of power!
Juſtice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the ſtorm beneath; ſoon as thy ſmiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy tumult ſinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the neceſſity of deſtroying ſome beaſts, and preſerving others for the uſe of man. Of breeding of hounds; the ſeaſon for this buſineſs. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too ſoon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at ſheep. Of the diſeaſes of hounds. Of their age. Of madneſs; two ſorts of it deſcribed, the dumb and outrageous madneſs: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill conſequences. The infectious hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The vanity of truſting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The diſmal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, deſcribed. Deſcription of the otter hunting. The concluſion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The ſoul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Eſcapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the diſtance 'twixt the beaſts that periſh,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subſervient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erſt the Samian ſage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach; the teeming ravenous brutes
Might fill the ſcanty ſpace of this terrene,
Incumbering all the globe: ſhould not his care
Improve his growing ſtock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And through the deſerts range, ſhivering, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of every ſolace dear,
And every ſmiling gaiety of life.
The prudent huntſman therefore will ſupply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Freſh ſcions ſtill ſpring forth and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree.
Far ſhall his pack be fam'd, far ſought his breed,
And princes at their tables feaſt thoſe hounds
His hand preſents, an acceptable boon. [urg'd
Ere yet the ſun through the bright Ram has
His ſteepy courſe, or mother earth unbound
Her frozen boſom to the weſtern gale;
When feather'd troops, their ſocial leagues diſſolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafleſs elm.
The noiſy rook builds high her wicker neſt,
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and friſking court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flaſh fires impure; nor reſt, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In ſeparate cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody civil wars
Annoy the peaceful ſtate. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join.
And rude encounter; on Scamander's ſtreams
Heroes of old with far leſs fury fought,
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds ſhall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel ſhall appear
A field of blood: like ſome unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody ſcourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
And ſtill the beſt belov'd, and braveſt fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawleſs love.
Huntſman! theſe ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for every longing dame ſelect
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Conſider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and firſt to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake
With thorn ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and briars inwoven.
Obſerve with care his ſhape, ſort, colour, ſize.
Nor will ſagacious huntſmen leſs regard
His inward habits: the vain babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His fooliſh offſpring ſhall offend thy ears
With falſe alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there every muſe he tries:
If haply then he croſs the ſteaming ſcent,
Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults
As of the pack ſupreme, and in his ſpeed
And ſtrength unrival'd. Lo! caſt far behind
His vex'd aſſociates pant, and labouring ſtrain
To climb the ſteep aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th' inſulting boaſter, his falſe courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal nooſe,
His maſter's hate, and ſcorn of all the field.
What can from ſuch be hop'd, but a baſe brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink;
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter, crawling helpless, blind,
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the mercileſs flood
Expoſe the dwindling refuſe, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to deſtroy, a nurſe provide,
And to the foſter-parent give the care
Of thy ſuperfluous brood; ſhe'll cheriſh kind
The alien offſpring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
Her tenderneſs, and hoſpitable love.

If frolic now and playful they deſert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, purſue the mimic chaſe,
Courſing around; unto the choiceſt friends
Commit thy valued prize: the ruſtic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiſs
Careſs, and dignify their little charge
With ſome great title, and reſounding name
Of high import. But cautious here obſerve
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Along to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies ſport; his nerves unſtrung,
And ſtrength unequal; the laborious chaſe
Shall ſtint his growth, and his raſh forward youth
Contract ſuch vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never ſhall reclaim.

When to full ſtrength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To ſtricter diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The ſtaunch and ſteady ſages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
And ſubtle doublings of the various chaſe.
Eaſy the leſſon of the youthful train,
When inſtinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Preſs boldly on in wanton ſportive mood,
Correct his haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling whip. But if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt guiſe, to his own noſe
Confiding ſure; give him full ſcope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care; ſoon ſhalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the liſtening pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes obſerve
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He hay preſumptuous, or with eager haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the ſtrong ram
Tie faſt the raſh offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
Then, with his load fatigu'd, ſhall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front inceſſant peal
The panting wretch; till, breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding ſides
Laſh after laſh, and with thy threatening voice,
Harſh echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner ſhall trembling doves
Eſcap'd the hawk's ſharp talons, in mid air,
Aſſail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artiſts bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their ſoft and ductile clay to various ſhapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preſerve,
Muſt be the huntſman's care. The ſtaunch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,
Are yet of great account; ſhall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide,
With pleaded reaſon and with well-turn'd ſpeech,
Conduct the ſtaring multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is their ſpan; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's ſong
So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wiſdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then cloſ'd thoſe eyes, well pleas'd,

Of leſſer ills the muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies? Terrific peſt! that blaſts
The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Through all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian ſpider's poiſonous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping ſurface, viſit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate: with ſpeed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe
Which art can't cure, wiſe caution may prevent.

But, this neglected, ſoon expect a change,
A diſmal change, confuſion, frenzy, death.

Or in ſome dark receſs the ſenſeleſs brute
Sits ſadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black deſpair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Diſtilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive head, his trembling limbs
No more ſupport his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benumb'd; till death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful ſcene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like ſome angry boar
Churning he foams; and on his back erect
His pointed briſtles riſe; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted air, with rough hoarſe voice
Inceſſant bays; and ſnuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own ſhade: jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply towards the ſtream
He caſt his roving eye, cold horror chills
His ſoul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmoſt verge
Raving he runs, and deals deſtruction round.
The pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence eſcap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man, nor beaſt,
He ſpares implacable. The hunter-horſe,
Once kind aſſociate of his ſylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and liſtening hears with joy
The cheering cry, that morn and eve ſalutes
His raptur'd ſenſe) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond maſter with his voice applaud
Thy gentleneſs, thy ſpeed; or with his hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled ſides, as he each day
Viſits thy ſtall, well pleas'd; no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh! the ſecret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haſte
Baleful he bends his courſe: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs cloſe the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs by native inſtinct taught
Shun the contagious bane; the ruſtic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia ſeize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild diſorder, and uncouth array: [gor'd,
Till, now with wounds on wounds oppreſs'd and
At one ſhort poiſonous gaſp he breaths his laſt.

Hence to the kennel, muſe, return, and view
With heavy heart that hoſpital of woe;
Where horror ſtalks at large! inſatiate death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour preſents
A different ſcene of ruin and diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou, fate! and how ſevere
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiſcuous lie; o'er theſe the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conſcious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while ſenſeleſs ſquabble reigns.

Huntſman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate! Ah! rouſe up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
With careful ſtep. Thy fires unquench'd preſerve,
As erſt the veſtal flames; the pointed ſteel
In the hot embers hide; and if ſurpris'd
Thou feel'ſt the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent ſore, and cauterize [vent:
The wound; ſpare not thy fleſh, nor dread th' e-
Vulcan ſhall ſave when Æſculapius fails.

Here ſhould the knowing muſe recount the means
To ſtop this growing plague. And here, alas!
Each hand preſents a ſovereign cure, and boaſts
Infallibility, but boaſts in vain.
On this depend, each to his ſeparate ſeat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his meſs
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly ſymptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philoſophic muſe, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapleſs man.
The ruſtic ſwains, by long tradition taught
Of leaches old, as ſoon as they perceive
The bite impreſs'd, to the ſea-coaſts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home ſecure; but ſoon ſhall wiſh
The ſeas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming ſurge, full many a fathom a deep.
A fate more diſmal, and ſuperior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Cloſing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd ſhe ſhines
High in the vault of heaven; the lurking peſt
Begins the dire aſſault. The poiſonous foam
Through the deep wound inſtill'd with hoſtile rage,
And all its fiery particles ſaline,
Invades th' arterial fluid: whoſe red waves
Tempeſtuous heave, and, their coheſion broke,
Fermenting boil; inteſtine war enſues,
And order to confuſion turns embroil'd.
Now the diſtended veſſels ſcarce contain
The wild uproar, but preſs each weaker part
Unable to reſiſt: the tender brain
And ſtomach ſuffer moſt; convulſions ſhake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
Pinch forc the ſleepleſs wretch; his fluttering pulſe
Oft intermits; penſive, and ſad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to haſty anger prone,
Reſents each ſlight offence, walks with quick ſtep,
And wildly ſtares; at laſt with boundleſs ſway
The tyrant frenzy reigns: for as the dog
(Whoſe fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites,
Like agitations in his boiling blood

Preſent like ſpecies to his troubled mind;
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer ſung) th' aſſociates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To ſwine transform'd, ran gruntling through the groves,
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies, parch'd up with thirſt,
But dares not drink. Till now at laſt his ſoul
Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer region wings away.
One labour yet remains, celeſtial maid!
Another element demands thy ſong.
No more o'er craggy ſteep, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But ſkim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding ſtreams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright ſcaly kind; where they at will
On the green watery reed their paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt ſoil, or ſlumber at their eaſe,
Rock'd by the reſtleſs brook, that draws aſlope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppreſſion? Where, alas!
Is innocence ſecure? Rapine and ſpoil
Haunt ev'n the loweſt deeps; ſeas have their ſharks,
Rivers and ponds encloſe the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feaſts. Juſt is his fate
Deſerv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor ſpears,
That briſtle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burniſh'd mail
The yellow carp, nor all his arts can ſave
Th' inſinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the ſlimy mud; nor yet eſcapes
The crimſon-ſpotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the ſtream. Without remorſe,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Inſatiate ſwallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntſman's early call, and ſees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.
The ſubtle ſpoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders ſhade
The deep ſtill pool; within ſome hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch: whence he ſurveys
His long purlieu, lord of the ſtream, and all
The ſinny ſhoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Diſpute the ſelon's claim; try every root,
And every reedy bank; encourage all
The buſy-ſpreading pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the flood, and croſs the rapid ſtream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each reſounding ſhore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raiſe
Each cheering voice, till diſtant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the ſoft ſand
See there his ſeal impreſs'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering ſpoils, half-eaten fiſh,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feaſt.
Ah! on that yielding ſag-bed, ſee once more
His ſeal I view. O'er yon dank ruſhy marſh
The ſly gooſe-footed prowler bends his courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant ſhallows. Huntſman, bring
Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er theſe floods preſide,
Raiſe up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the ſtream; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant; ſtill improve from ſhore to ſhore
Our ſweet reiterated joys. What ſhouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheering ſounds
Urge through the breathing braſs their mazy way!
Nor quires of Tritons glad with ſprightlier ſtrains
The dancing billows! when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They ſnuff the fiſhy ſteam, that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools
Ruſtling they work their way: no hole eſcapes
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation now
The fuming vapour ſtings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled burſts from every mouth
In louder ſymphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd ſalutes
The paſſing wave, muſt be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the root inceſſant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended ſpears
Menace deſtruction: while the troubled ſurge
Indignant ſoams, and all the ſcaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink
Together loſt: but ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh aſſault. See there eſcap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the ſlippery bank
With ooze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature form'd, or by long uſe,
This artful diver beſt can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but reſpiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt,
Where'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
With him it mounts; ſure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold ſtream. Lo! to yon ſedgy bank
He creeps diſconſolate: his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd through and through,
On pointed ſpears they lift him high in air;

Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling ſtrains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.
Rejoice, ye ſcaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in ſign of liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet
Remain, ſome of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.
O happy! if ye knew your happy ſtate,
Ye rangers of the fields; whom Nature boon
Cheers with her ſmiles, and every element
Conſpires to bleſs. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedeſtals; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold;
And at another's coſt may feaſt at will
Our wondering eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with power.
The flowery landſkip, and the gilded dome,
And viſtas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The ſhrubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
Th' ambitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth
The naufeous flattery flows, which he returns
With promiſes that die as ſoon as born.
Vile intercourſe! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch; all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcaſt, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To ſoothe his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled.
For, though they baſk'd in his meridian ray,
The inſects vaniſh, as his beams decline.

Not ſuch our friends; for here no dark deſign,
No wicked intereſt, bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our boſom leads,
And weds them there for life; our ſocial cups
Smile, as we ſmile; open, and unreſerv'd,
We ſpeak our inmoſt ſouls; good-humour, mirth,
Soft complaiſance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.
O happineſs ſincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the ſlippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and ſecure?
Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wiſe Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous ſcene. But if my ſoul
To this groſs clay confin'd flutters on earth
With leſs ambitious wing; unſkill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine;
Worlds above worlds; ſubſervient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded majeſty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great ſyſtem move,
And changeful ſeaſons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf: yet this at leaſt
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt want
That dares not aſk. And if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

HOBBINOL; OR, THE RURAL GAMES.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

IN BLANK VERSE.

" Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
" Quàm ſit, et angueſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.
" Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
" Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum
" Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo."

VIRG. Georg. lib. iii.

TO MR. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my patron, being the greateſt maſter in the burleſque way. In this indeed you have ſome advantage of your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye; yet remember, Sir, that we give ſpeech and motion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your province is the town; leave me a ſmall outride in the country, and I ſhall be content. In this, at

leaſt, let us both agree, to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of ſome ſervice to mankind. I am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

Your moſt humble ſervant,

W. S.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourſelves into diſgrace. We climb the Aonian mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languiſhed; till, graſping ſtill at more, we loſe our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

The author of this piece would not thus be *felo de ſe*, nor would he be murdered by perſons unknown. But as he is ſatisfied, that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle diſperſed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he ſhall ſoon be expoſed to view in ſuch an attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it moſt prudent, in this deſperate caſe, to throw himſelf on the mercy of the public; and offer this whimſical work a voluntary ſacrifice, in hope that he ſtands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his laſt hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

The poets of almoſt all nations have celebrated the games of their ſeveral countries. Homer began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own Milton, who laid his ſcene beyond the limits of this ſublunary world, has found room for deſcriptions of this ſort, and has performed it in a more ſublime manner than any who went before him. His, indeed, are ſports; but they are the ſports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do juſtice to his countrymen, the Britiſh freeholders, who, when dreſſed in their holiday clothes, are by no means perſons of a deſpicable figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greateſt hero in the Iliad. There is alſo ſome uſe in deſcriptions of this nature, ſince nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation, than their ſports and diverſions. If we ſee people dancing, even in wooden ſhoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we are ſoon convinced of the levity and volatile ſpirit of thoſe merry ſlaves. The famous bull-feaſts are an evident token of the Quixotiſm and romantic taſte of the Spaniards. And a country-wake is too ſad an image of the infirmities of our own people: we ſee nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenneſs, and eternal ſquabble.

Thus much of the ſubject; it may not be improper to touch a little upon the ſtyle. One of the greateſt poets and moſt candid critics of this age has informed us that there are two ſorts of burleſque. Be pleaſed to take it in his own words, Spectator, Numb. 242. "Burleſque (ſays he) is "of two kinds. The firſt repreſents mean perſons in the accoutrements of heroes; the other, "great perſons acting and ſpeaking like the baſeſt "among the people. Don Quixote is an inſtance "of the firſt, and Lucian's gods of the ſecond. It "is a diſpute among the critics, whether burleſque "runs beſt in heroic, like the Diſpenſary; or in "droggel, like that of Hudibras. I think, where "the low character is to be raiſed, the heroic is "the moſt proper meaſure; but when an hero is "to be pulled down and degraded, it is beſt done "in doggrel." Thus far Mr. Addiſon. If therefore the heroic is the proper meaſure where the low character is to be raiſed, Milton's ſtyle muſt be very proper in the ſubject here treated of; becauſe it raiſes the low character more than is poſſible to be done under the reſtraint of rhyme; and the ridicule chiefly conſiſts in raiſing that low character. I beg leave to refer to the authority of Mr. Smith, in his poem upon the death of Mr. John Philips. The whole paſſage is ſo very fine, and gives ſo clear an idea of his manner of writing, that the reader will not think his labour loſt in running it over.

But here it may be objected, that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in Horace:

"Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult."

Monſieur Boileau, in his diſſertation upon the Joconde of de la Fontaine, quotes this paſſage in Horace, and obſerves, "Que comme il n'y a rien "de plus froid, que de conter une choſe grande en "ſtile bas, auſſi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de "raconter une hiſtoire comique et abſurde en "termes graves et ſerieux." But then he juſtly adds this exception to the general rule in Horace; "à moins que ce ſerieux ne ſoit affecté tout exprès pour rendre la choſe encore plus burleſque." If the obſervation of that celebrated critic, Monſieur Dacier, is true, Horace himſelf, in the ſame epiſtle to the Piſo's, and not far diſtant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the burleſque by the help of the ſublime, in his note upon this verſe:

"Debemur morti nos noſtraque: ſive receptus
"Terrâ Neptunus"——

And upon the five following verſes has this general remark: "Toutes ces expreſſions nobles qu' "Horace entaſſe dans ces ſix vers ſervent a rendre "plus plaiſante cette chute:

"Ne dum verborum ſtet honos."——

"Car rien ne contribue tant au *ridicule* que le *grand*." He indeed would be ſevere upon himſelf alone, who ſhould cenſure this way of writing, when he muſt plainly ſee, that it is affected on purpoſe, only to raiſe the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale ſo much, as its being delivered with a grave and ſerious air. Our imaginations are agreeably ſurpriſed, and fond of a pleaſure ſo little expected. Whereas he, who would beſpeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous geſtures, muſt play his part very well indeed, or he will fall ſhort of the idea he has raiſed. It is true, Virgil was very ſenſible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean ſubject;

" Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum [rem."
" Quam ſit, et anguſtis hunc addere rebus hono-

But tells us for our encouragement in another place,

" In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, ſi quem
" Numina læva ſinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo."

Mr. Addiſon is of the ſame opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increaſed by writing in blank verſe. " The Engliſh and French (ſays he) " who always uſe the ſame words in verſe as in " ordinary converſation, are forced to raiſe their " language with metaphors and figures, or by the " pompouſneſs of the whole phraſe to wear off " any littleneſs, that appears in the particular " parts that compoſe it. This makes our blank " verſe, where there is no rhyme to ſupport the " expreſſion, extremely difficult to ſuch as are not " maſters of the tongue; eſpecially when they " write upon *low ſubjects*." Remarks upon Italy, p. 99. But there is even yet a greater difficulty behind: the writer in this kind of burleſque muſt not only keep up the pomp and dignity of the ſtyle, but an artful ſneer ſhould appear through the whole work; and every man will judge, that it is no eaſy matter to blend together the hero and the harlequin.

If any perſon ſhould want a key to this poem, his curioſity ſhall be gratified: I ſhall, in plain words, tell him, " It is a ſatire againſt the luxury, " the pride, the wantonneſs, and quarrelſome tem- " per, of the middling ſort of people." As theſe are the proper and genuine cauſe of that bare-faced knavery, and almoſt univerſal poverty, which reign without controul in every place; and as to theſe we owe our many bankrupt farmers, our trade decayed, and lands uncultivated; the author has reaſon to hope that no honeſt man, who loves his country, will think this ſhort reproof out of ſeaſon: for, perhaps, this merry way of bantering men into virtue, may have a better effect than the moſt ſerious admonitions; ſince many, who are proud to be thought immoral, are not very fond of being ridiculous.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Propoſition. Invocation addreſſed to Mr. John Philips, author of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Deſcription of the Vale of Eveſham. The Seat of Hobbinol; Hobbinol a great man in his village, ſeated in his wicker ſmoking his pipe, has one only ſon. Young Hobbinol's education, bred up with Ganderetta his near relation. Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta choſen king and queen of May. Her dreſs and attendants. The May-games. Twangdillo the fiddler, his character. The dancing. Ganderetta's extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good muſic in the Highlands. Milonides, maſter of the ring, diſciplines the mob; proclaims the ſeveral prizes. His ſpeech. Paſtorel takes up the belt. His character, his heroic figure, his confidence. Hobbinol, by permiſſion of Ganderetta, accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring. His honourable behaviour, eſcapes a ſcowering. Ganderetta's agony. Paſtorel foiled. Ganderetta not a little pleaſed.

WHAT old Menalcas at his feaſt reveal'd
I ſing, ſtrange feats of ancient proweſs, deeds,
Of high renown, while all his liſtening gueſts
With eager joy receiv'd the pleaſing tale.
O thou*! who late on Vaga's flowery banks
Slumbering ſecure, with Stirom† well bedew'd,
Fallacious caſk, in ſacred dreams were taught
By ancient ſeers, and Merlin prophet old,
To raiſe ignoble themes with ſtrains ſublime,
Be thou my guide; while I thy track purſue
With wing unequal, through the wide expanſe
Adventurous range, and emulate thy flights.
In that rich vale‡, where with Dobunian§ fields
Cornavian‖ borders meet, far fam'd of old
For Montfort's** hapleſs fate, undaunted earl;
Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirſty glebe,
And pillages the hills t' enrich the plains;
On whoſe luxuriant banks flowers of all hues
Start up ſpontaneous; and the teeming ſoil
With haſty ſhoots prevents its owner's prayer:
The pamper'd wanton ſteer, of the ſharp axe
Regardleſs, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye
His labouring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,
And deems him bleſt, while on his languid neck
In ſolemn ſloth he tugs the lingering plough.
So blind are mortals, of each other's ſtate
Miſ-judging, ſelf-deceiv'd. Here as ſupreme
Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide extended fields, his large domain.
Th' obſequious villagers, with looks ſubmiſs
Obſervant of his eye, or when with ſeed
T' impregnate earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clamorous joy the bearded harveſt home.
Here, when the diſtant ſun lengthens the nights,
When the keen froſts the ſhivering farmer warn
To broach his mellow caſk, and frequent blaſts
Inſtruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker-chair, whoſe pliant twigs
In cloſe embraces join'd, with ſpacious arch
Vault this thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in ſtate, each arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding pillows of the ſofteſt down.
In mind compos'd, from ſhort coeval tube
He ſucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of ſmoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he ſits, and impotent of thought
Puffs away care and ſorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! look down, ye great,

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* *Mr. John Philips.*
† *Strong Herefordſhire cyder.*
‡ *Vale of Eveſham.* § *Glouceſterſhire.*
‖ *Worceſterſhire.*
** *Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Eveſham.*

And view with envious eye the downy neſt,
Where ſoft repoſe, and calm contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unreſtrain'd by power.
One ſon alone had bleſt his bridal bed,
Whom good Caliſta bore, nor long ſurviv'd
To ſhare a mother's joy, but left the babe
To his paternal care. An orphan niece
Near the ſame time his dying brother ſent,
To claim his kind ſupport. The helpleſs pair
In the ſame cradle ſlept, nurs'd up with care
By the ſame tender hand, on the ſame breaſts
Alternate hung with joy; till reaſon dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by ſlow degrees:
Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
And pleaſures erſt unfelt. Whene'er with cares
Oppreſs'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmleſs prattle ſooth'd his troubled ſoul.
Say, Hobbinol, what eccſtaſies of joy
Thrill'd through thy veins, when climbing for a kiſs
With little palms they ſtrok'd thy grizly beard,
Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?
Thus from their earlieſt days bred up, and train'd,
To mutual fondneſs, with their ſtature grew
The thriving paſſion. What love can decay
That roots ſo deep! now ripening manhood curl'd
On the gay ſtripling's chin: her panting breaſts,
And trembling bluſhes glowing on her cheeks,
Her ſecret wiſh betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted; but her faithful ſhade,
Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her ſide.
A frown from him daſh'd every rival's hopes.
For he, like Peleus' ſon, was prone to rage,
Inexorable, ſwift like him of foot
With eaſe could overtake his daſtard foe,
Nor ſpar'd the ſuppliant wretch. And now approach'd
Thoſe merry days, when all the nymphs and ſwains,
In ſolemn feſtivals and rural ſports,
Pay their glad homage to the blooming ſpring.
Young Hobbinol by joint conſent is rais'd
T' imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright Ganderetta tripp'd the jovial queen
Of Maia's gaudy month profuſe of flowers.
From each enamel'd mead th' attendant nymphs
Loaded with odorous ſpoils, from theſe ſelect
Each flower of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd ſweets; each buſy hand
Adorns the jocund queen: in her looſe hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted cowſlips breathe their ſaint perfumes.
On her refulgent brow, as cryſtal clear,
As Parian marble ſmooth, Narciſſus hangs
His drooping head, and views his image there,
Unhappy flower! panſies of various hue,
Iris, and hyacinth, and aſphodel,
To deck the nymph, their richeſt liveries wear,
And laviſh all their pride. Not Flora's ſelf
More lovely ſmiles, when to the dawning year
Her opening boſom heavenly fragrance breathes.
See on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd
Thickens amain; the buxom nymphs advance
Uſher'd by jolly clowns: diſtinctions ceaſe
Loſt in the common joy, and the bold ſlave
Leans on his wealthy maſter, unreprov'd:
The ſick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
Round his fond mother's neck the ſmiling babe
Exulting clings; hard by decrepid age,
Prop'd on his ſtaff with anxious thought revolves
His pleaſures paſt, and caſts his grave remarks
Among the heedleſs throng. The vigorous youth
Strips for the combat, hopeful to ſubdue
The fair-one's long diſdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to her charms.
Soft pity pleads his cauſe; bluſhing ſhe views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Reſolv'd and obſtinately firm he ſtands;
Danger nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick-ſpreading elm Twangdillo ſits:
One leg on Iſter's banks the hardy ſwain
Left undiſmay'd, Bellona's lightning ſcorch'd
His manly viſage, but in pity left
One eye ſecure. He many a painful bruiſe
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown Kate's ſake, and for his country's weal:
Yet ſtill the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his ſounding ſhell,
And comic phyz, relieves his drooping friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd cat-gut ſqueals,
He tickles every ſtring, to every note
He bends his plaint neck, his ſingle eye
Twinkles with joy, his active ſtump beats time:
Let but this ſubtle artiſt ſoftly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring ſwain
Trembles no leſs, and the fond yielding maid
Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in every vein, from every eye
Darts his contagious flames. They friſk, they bound
Now to briſk airs, and to the ſpeaking ſtrings:
Attentive, in mid-way the ſexes meet;
Joyous their adverſe fronts they cloſe, and preſs
To ſtrict embrace, as reſolute to force
And ſtorm a paſſage to each other's heart:
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd back they
Recoil diſparted: each with longing eyes
Purſues his mate retiring, till again
The blended ſexes mix; then hand in hand
Faſt lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, inceſſant ſhake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous; down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling ſweets refreſh
The gazing crowd, and heavenly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,
When Orpheus play'd a leſſon to the brutes,
The liſtening ſavages, the ſpeckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe
The lion gambol'd. But what heavenly muſe
With equal lays ſhall Ganderetta ſing,
When goddeſs-like ſhe ſkims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding? every raviſh'd eye
The nymph attracts and every heart ſhe wounds,

The moſt transported Hobbinol! lo, now,
Now to thy opening arms ſhe ſkuds along,
With yielding bluſhes glowing on her cheeks;
And eyes that ſweetly languiſh; but too ſoon,
Too ſoon, alas! ſhe flies thy vain embrace,
But flies to be purſued; nimbly ſhe trips,
And darts a glance ſo tender as ſhe turns,
That with new hopes reliev'd, thy joys reviſe,
Thy ſtature's rais'd, and thou art more than man.
Thy ſtately port, and more majeſtic air,
And every ſprightly motion ſpeaks thy love.
To the loud bag-pipe's ſolemn voice attend,
Whoſe riſing winds proclaim a ſtorm is nigh.
Harmonious blaſts! that warm the frozen blood
Of Caledonia's ſons to love or war,
And cheer their drooping hearts, robb'd of the ſun's
Enlivening ray, that o'er the ſnowy Alps
Reluctant peeps, and ſpeeds to better climes.
Forthwith in hoary majeſty appears
One of gigantic ſize, but viſage wan,
Milonides the ſtrong, renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf
He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughеſt virgin oak in riſing aids
His trembling limbs; his bald and wrinkled front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious ſcar, beſpeaks
Submiſſive reverence. He with countenance grim
Boaſts his paſt deeds, and with redoubled ſtrokes
Marſhals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter! like ſome huge rock he ſtands,
That breaks th' incumbent waves; they throng-
ing preſs
In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from ſuperior force
Shrinking repell'd, compoſe of ſtateliеſt view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice ſtentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize. " To him whoſe active foot
" Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
" This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
" Embroider'd, ſeam'd with ſilk, and fring'd with
" gold.
" To him, who beſt the ſtubborn hilts can wield,
" And bloody marks of his diſpleaſure leave
" On his opponent's head, this beaver white
" With ſilver edging grac'd, and ſcarlet plume.
" Ye taper maidens! whoſe impetuous ſpeed
" Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender graſs,
" See here this prize, this rich lac'd ſmock be-
" hold,
" White as your boſoms, as your kiſſes ſoft.
" Bleſt nymph! whom bounteous heaven's pe-
" culiar grace
" Allots this pompous veſt, and worthy deems
" To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."
The gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd,
In ſpeechleſs admiration fix'd, unmov'd,
Ev'n he who now each glorious palm diſplays,
In ſullen ſilence views his batter'd limbs,
And ſighs his vigour ſpent. Not ſo appall'd
Young Paſtorel, for active ſtrength renown'd:
Him Ida bore, a mountain ſhepherdeſs;
On the bleak woald the new-born infant lay,
Expos'd to winter ſnows, and northern blaſts
Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
Derive their proud deſcent, ſo might he boaſt
His line paternal: but be thou, my muſe!
No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
To wealthy 'ſquire, or doughty knight, or peer
Of high degree. Him every ſhouting ring
In triumph crown'd, him every champion fear'd,
From † Kiftſgate to remoteſt † Henbury.
High in the midſt the brawny wreſtler ſtands,
A ſtately towering object; the tough belt
Meaſures his ample breaſt, and ſhades around
His ſhoulders broad; proudly ſecure he kens
The tempting prize, in his preſumptuous thought
Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd
Approve his claim. But Hobbinol, enrag'd
To ſee th' important gifts ſo cheaply won,
And uncontеſted honours tamely loſt,
With lowly reverence thus accoſts his queen.
" Fair goddeſs! be propitious to my vows;
" Smile on thy ſlave, nor Hercules himſelf
" Shall rob us of this palm: that boaſter vain
" Far other port ſhall learn." She, with a look
That pierc'd his inmoſt ſoul, ſmiling applauds
His generous ardour, with aſpiring hope
Diſtends his breaſt, and ſtirs the man within:
Yet much, alas! ſhe fears, for much ſhe loves.
So from her arms the Paphian queen diſmiſs'd
The warrior god, on glorious ſlaughter bent,
Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Diſpel the fleeting miſts, at once he ſtrips
His royal robes; and with a frown that chill'd
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd:
But, as beſeem'd one, whoſe plain honeſt heart,
Nor paſſion foul, nor malice dark as hell,
But honour pure, and love divine, had fir'd,
His hand preſenting, on his ſturdy foe
Diſdainfully he ſmiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left-hand the belt, and with his right
His ſhoulder ſeiz'd faſt griping; his right foot
Eſſay'd the champion's ſtrength: but firm he ſtood,
Fix'd as a mountain aſh, and in his turn
Repaid the bold affront; his horny fiſt
Faſt on his back he clos'd, and ſhook in air
The cumberous load. Nor reſt, nor pauſe allow'd,
Their watchful eyes inſtruct their buſy feet;
They pant, they heave; each nerve, each ſinew's
ſtrain'd,
Graſping they cloſe, beneath each painful gripe
The livid tumours riſe, in briny ſtreams
The ſweat diſtils, and from their batter'd ſhins
The clotted gore diſtains the beaten ground.
Each ſwain his wiſh, each trembling nymph con-
ceals
Her ſecret dread; while every panting breaſt
Alternate fears and hopes depreſs or raiſe.
Thus long in dubious ſcale the conteſt hung,
Till Paſtorel, impatient of delay,
Collecting all his force, a furious ſtroke
At his left ancle aim'd; 'twas death to fall,
To ſtand impoſſible. O Ganderetta!

† *Two Hundreds in Glouceſterſhire.*

What horrors ſeize thy ſoul! on thy pale cheeks
The roſes fade. But wavering long in air,
Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fallen,
On his right knee he ſlip'd, and nimbly 'ſcap'd
The foul diſgrace. Thus on the ſlacken'd rope
The wingy-footed artiſt, frail ſupport!
Stands tottering; now in dreadful ſhrieks the crowd
Lament his ſudden fate, and yield him loſt:
He on his hams, or on his brawny rump,
Sliding ſecure, derides their vain diſtreſs.
Up ſtarts the vigorous Hobbinol undiſmay'd,
From mother earth like old Anteus rais'd
With might redoubled. Clamour and applauſe
Shake all the neighbouring hills, Avona's banks
Return him loud acclaim: with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tiger ruſhing from his lair,
He graſp'd the wriſt of his inſulting foe.
Then with quick wheel oblique his ſhoulder point
Beneath his breaſt he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his head the ſprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd preſs forward with tumultuous din;
Thoſe to relieve their faint expiring friend,
With gratulations theſe. Hands, tongues, and caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, ſhrill fiddles ſqueak,
Hoarſe bag-pipes roar, and Ganderetta ſmiles.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fray. Tonſorio, Colin, Hilderbrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. Sir Rhadamanth the juſtice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray. Rhadamanth's ſpeech, tumult appeas'd. Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilts; his character. The Kiftſgatians conſternation, look wiſtfully on Hobbinol; his ſpeech. The cudgel-playing. Gorgonius knock'd down, falls upon Twandillo; his diſtreſs; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

Long while an univerſal hubbub loud,
Deafening each ear, had drown'd each accent mild;
Till biting taunts and harſh opprobrious words
Vile utterance found. How weak are human minds!
How impotent to ſtem the ſwelling tide,
And without inſolence enjoy ſucceſs!
The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate
With victory, know no reſtraint, but give
A looſe to joy. Their champion Hobbinol
Vaunting they raiſe, above that earth-born race
Of giants old, who, piling hills on hills,
Pelion on Oſſa, with rebellious aim
Made war on Jove. The ſturdy mountaineers,
Who ſaw their mightieſt fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours paſt impair'd, their trophies, won
By their proud fathers, who with ſcorn look'd down
Upon the ſubject vale, ſullied, deſpoil'd,
And level'd with the duſt, no longer bear
The keen reproach. But as when ſudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain, whoſe bending ears
Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In footy triumph dreadful rides, upborn
On wings of wind, that with deſtructive breath
Feed the fierce flames; from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide-waſting, and pernicious ruin ſpreads:
So through the crowd from breaſt to breaſt ſwift flew
The propagated rage; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder burſting from a cloud, gave ſigns
Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury ſoon ſupplied
With arms uncouth; and tough well-ſeaſon'd plants
Weighty with lead infus'd, on either hoſt
Fall thick, and heavy; ſtools in pieces rent,
And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls, are hurld
With fell intent; like bombs the bottles fly
Hiſſing in air, their ſharp edg'd fragments drench'd
In the warm ſpouting gore; heaps driven on heaps
Promiſcuous lie. Tonſorio now advanc'd
On the rough edge of battle: his broad front
Beneath his ſhining helm ſecure, as erſt
Was thine, Mambrino, ſtout Iberian knight!
Defied the rattling ſtorm, that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right hand he bore, Herculean club!
Crowds, puſh'd on crowds, before his potent arm,
Fled ignominious; havock, and diſmay,
Hung on their rear. Collin a merry ſwain,
Blithe as the ſoaring lark, as ſweet the ſtrains
Of his ſoft warbling lips, that whiſtling cheer
His labouring team, they toſs their heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy plumage deck'd, with ſtern diſdain
Beheld this victor proud; his generous ſoul
Brook'd not the foul diſgrace. High o'er his head
His ponderous plough-ſtaff in both hands he rais'd;
Erect he ſtood, and ſtretching every nerve,
As from a forceful engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding ſunk
Beneath the blow, and with its ſharpen'd edge
Shear'd both his ears, they on his ſhoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as thought, the vigorous youth
Shortening his ſtaff, the other end he darts
Into his gaping jaws. Tonſorio fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded teeth and clotted gore
Half-chok'd, he fled; with him the hoſt retir'd,
Companions of his ſhame; all but the ſtout,
And erſt unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man!
Bold champion of the hills! thy weighty blows
Our fathers felt diſmay'd; to keep thy poſt
Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now fad
Neceſſity compels; decrepit now
With age, and ſtiff with honourable wounds,
He ſtands unterrify'd: one crutch ſuſtains
His frame majeſtic, th' other in his hand
He wields tremendous; like a mountain boar
In toils enclos'd, he dares his circling foes.
They ſhrink aloof, or ſoon with ſhame repent
The raſh aſſault; the ruſtic heroes fall
In heaps around. Cuddy, a dextrous youth,

When force was vain, on fraudful art rely'd:
Clofe to the ground low-cowering, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
Cut fheer the frail fupport, prop of his age:
Reeling a while he ftood, and menac'd fierce
Th' infidious fwain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone, and plough'd the duft. So the tall oak,
Old monarch of the groves, that long had ftood
The fhock of warring winds and the red bolts
Of angry Jove, fhorn of his leafy fhade
At laft, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel woodman fpy the friendly fpur,
His only hold; that fever'd, foon he nods,
And fhakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.
When manly valour fail'd, a female arm
Reftor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
Black Cindaraxa's bufy hand prepar'd
The fmoky viands, fhe beheld, abafh'd,
The routed hoft, and all her daftard friends
Far fcatter'd o'er the plain; their fhameful flight
Griev'd her proud heart, for hurried with the ftream
Ev'n Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.
A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
The greafy heroine fnatch'd; o'er her pale foes
The threatening meteor fhone, brandifh'd in air,
Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.
Acrofs the proftrate Hildebrand fhe ftrode,
Dreadfully bright: the multitude appal'd
Fled different ways, their beards, their hair in flames.
Imprudent fhe purfued, till on the brink
Of the next pool, with force united prefs'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed fway
Her blazing arms into the muddy lake
The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
Between the warring elements; of old
Thus Mulciber, and Xanthus Dardan ftream
In hideous battle join'd. Juft finking now
Into the boiling deep, with fuppliant hands
She begg'd for life; black-oufe and filth obfcene
Hung in her matted hair; the fhouting crowd
Infult her woes, and, proud of their fuccefs,
The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
Now, like a gathering ftorm, the rally'd troops
Blacken'd the plain. Young Talgol from their front,
With a fond lover's haſte, fwift as the hind,
That, by the huntfmen's voice alarm'd, had fled,
Panting returns, and feeks the gloomy brake,
Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
Impatient rufh'd. But when the fatal tale
He heard, the deareft treafure of his foul
Purloin'd his Cindy loft; ftiffen'd and pale
A while he ftood; his kindling ire at length
Burft forth implacable, and injur'd love;
Shot lightning from his eyes; a fpit he feiz'd,
Juft reeking from the fat furloin, a long,
Unwieldy fpear; then with impetuous rage
Prefs'd forward on th' embattled hoft, that fhrunk
At his approach. The rich Avaro firft,
His fleſhy rump bor'd with difhoneft wounds,
Fled bellowing: nor could his numerous flocks,
Nor all th' afpiring pyramids that grace
His yard well-ftor'd, fave the penurious clown.
Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collakin,
Nor his fond mother's prayers nor ardent vows
Of love-fick maids could move relentlefs fate.
Where'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance
He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle fwerv'd
With many an inroad goar'd. Then caft around
His furious eyes, if haply he might find
The captive fair; her in the duft he fpy'd
Groveling, difconfolate; thofe locks, that erft,
So bright, fhone like the poliſh'd jet, defil'd
With mire impure; thither with eager haſte
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid
Proftrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds
And weltering in her blood, his trembling hand
Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance; on her pale cheeks
Ghaſtly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing ftorm,
That on his bare defenceleſs brow fell thick
From every arm: o'erpower'd at laft, down funk
His drooping head, on her cold breaſt reclin'd.
Hail, faithful pair! if ought my verſe avail,
Nor envy's fpite nor time fhall e'er efface
The records of your fame; blind Britiſh bards
In ages yet to come, on feſtal days [nymphs
Shall chant this mournful tale, while liſtening
Lament around, and every generous heart
With active valour glows, and virtuous love.
How blind is popular fury! how perverſe,
When broils inteſtine rage, and force controuls
Reaſon and law! As the torn veſſel ſinks,
Between the burſt of adverſe waves o'erwhelm'd;
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruis'd, inceſſant peal'd
With random ſtrokes that undiſcerning fall;
Guiltleſs he ſuffers moſt, who leaſt offends.
Mundungo from the bloody field retir'd,
Cloſe in a corner plied the peaceful bowl;
Incurious he, and thoughtleſs of events,
Now deem'd himſelf conceal'd, wrapt in the cloud
That iſſued from his mouth, and the thick fogs
That hung upon his brows, but hoſtile rage
Inquiſitive found out the ruſty ſwain.
His ſhort black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,
Staggering he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky Jordan, that before him ſtood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid freight diſgorg'd
Upon the proſtrate clown; floundering he lay
Beneath the muddy beverage whelm'd ſo late
His prime delight. Thus the luxurious waſp,
Voracious inſect, by the fragrant dregs
Allur'd, and in the viſcous nectar plung'd,
His filmy pennons ſtruggling flaps in vain,
Loſt in a flood of ſweets. Still o'er the plain
Fierce onſet, and tumultuous battle ſpread;
And now they fall, and now they riſe, incens'd
With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard but clamour, ſhout, and female cries,
And curſes mix'd with groans. Diſcord on high
Shook her infernal ſcourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy; when lo! between
The warring hoſts appear'd ſage Rhadamanth,
A knight of high renown. Nor Quixote bold,
Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee,
Great ſultan of the vale! thy front ſevere,
As humble Indians to their pagods bow,

The clowns ſubmiſs approach. Themis to thee
Commits her golden balance, where ſhe weighs
Th' abandon'd orphan's ſighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives ſure redreſs, comforts the heart
Oppreſs'd with woe, and rears the ſuppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
Aſtoniſh'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive ſword; at thy command,
Stern miniſter of power ſupreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs
Blazon'd with royal arms; diſpatchful haſte
Sits earneſt on each brow, and public care.
Encompaſs'd round with theſe his dreadful guards,
He ſpurr'd his ſober ſteed, grizzled with age,
And venerably dull; his ſtirrups ſtreteh'd
Beneath the knightly load; one hand he fix'd
Upon his ſaddle-bow, the other palm
Before him ſpread, like ſome grave orator
In Athens, or free Rome, when eloquence
Subdued mankind, and all the liſtening crowd
Hung by their ears on his perſuaſive tongue.
He thus the jarring multitude addreſs'd:

" Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the flower [broil?
" Of Kiftſgate! ah! what means this impious
" Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?
" Are Landen's plains ſo ſoon forgot, that thus
" Ye ſpill that blood inglorious, waſte that ſtrength,
" Which, well employ'd, once more might have compell'd
" The ſtripling Anjou to a ſhameful flight?
" Or by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd
" The Britiſh ſtandard on Lutetian towers!
" O ſight odious, deteſtable! O times
" Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
" This fact ſo foul, ſo riotous, inſults
" All law, all ſovereign power, and calls aloud
" For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye know,
" How ſlow this arm to puniſh, and how bleeds
" This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.
" O countrymen! all, all, can teſtify
" My vigilance, my care for public good,
" I am the man, who by your own free choice
" Select from all the tribes, in ſenates rul'd
" Each warm debate, and emptied all my ſtores
" Of ancient ſcience in my country's cauſe.
" Wiſe Tacitus, of penetration deep,
" Each ſecret ſpring reveal'd; Thuanus bold
" Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,
" Rais'd at my call, the Britiſh rights confirm'd:
" While Muſgrave, How, and Seymour ſneer'd in vain.
" I am the man, who from the bench exalt
" This voice, ſtill grateful to your ears, this voice
" Which breaths for you alone. Where is the wretch
" Diſtreſs'd, who in the cobwebs of the law
" Entangled, and in ſubtle problems loſt,
" Seeks not to me for aid! In ſhoals they come
" Neglected, feeleſs clients, nor return
" Unedify'd; ſcarce greater multitudes
" At Delphi ſought the god, to learn their fate
" From his dark oracles. I am the man
" Whoſe watchful providence beyond the date
" Of this frail life extends, to future times
" Beneficent; my uſeful ſchemes ſhall ſteer
" The common-weal in ages yet to come. [keep
" Your children's children, taught by me, ſhall
" Their rights inviolable: and as Rome
" The Sibyl's ſacred books, though wrote on leaves
" And ſcatter'd o'er the ground with pious awe
" Collected; ſo your ſons ſhall glean with care
" My hallow'd fragments, every ſcrip divine
" Conſult intent, of more intrinſic worth
" Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my friends!
" Hear me, my countrymen! Oh ſuffer not
" This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
" To ſink, with ſorrow to the grave." He ſpake,
And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
The ſovereign of the floods o'er the rough deep
His awful trident ſhakes, its fury falls,
The warring billows on each hand retire,
And foam, and rage no more. All now is huſh'd,
The multitude appeas'd: a cheerful dawn
Smiles on the fields, the waving throng ſubſides,
And the loud tempeſt ſinks, becalm'd in peace.

Gorgonius now with haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
A gauntlet ſeiz'd, firm on his guard he ſtood
A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight.
Slaughter his trade; full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand, the bulky beaſt
Dragg'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,
His iron fiſt deſcending cruſh'd his ſkull,
And left him ſpurning on the bloody floor,
While at his feet the guiltleſs axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he loſt,
Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing ſtroke
Bruis'd ſore the riſing arch, and bent his noſe:
Nathleſs he triumph'd on the well-fought ſtage,
Hockleian hero! Nor was more deform'd
The Cyclops blind, nor of more monſtrous ſize,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, ſevere revenge
Of ſubtle Ithacus. Terribly gay
In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
Of ſlaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion ſhone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe.
For now each combatant, that erſt ſo bold
Vaunted his manly deeds, in penſive mood
Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,
Pale and diſmay'd. On Hobbinol at laſt
Intent they gaze, on him alone their hope,
Each eye ſolicits him, each panting heart
Joins in the ſilent ſuit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their ſecret wiſh, and eas'd their doubting minds.

" Ye men of Kiftſgate! whoſe wide ſpreading fame
" In ancient days were ſung from ſhore to ſhore,
" To Britiſh bards of old a copious theme;
" Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view
" Your daſtard ſouls. O mean, degenerate race!
" But ſince on me ye call, each ſuppliant eye
" Invites my ſovereign aid, lo! here I come,
" The bulwark of your fame, though ſcarce my brows
" Are dry from glorious toils, juſt now atchiev'd,
" To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I ſwear,

" By all my great forefathers fair renown,
" By that illuſtrious wicker, where they ſat
" In comely pride, and in triumphant ſloth
" Gave law to paſſive clowns; or on this ſpot
" In glory's prime, young Hobbinol expires,
" And from his deareſt Ganderetta's arms
" Sinks to death's cold embrace; or by this hand
" That ſtranger, big with inſolence, ſhall fall
" Prone on the ground, and do your honour right."

Forthwith the hilts he ſeiz'd; but on his arm
Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck
Curl'd in a ſoft embrace. Honour and love
A doubtful conteſt wag'd, but from her ſoon
He ſprung relentleſs, all her tears were vain.
Yet oft he turn'd, oft ſigh'd, thus pleaſing mild:
" Ill ſhould I merit theſe imperial robes,
" Enſigns of majeſty, by general voice
" Conferr'd, ſhould pain, or death itſelf, avail
" To ſhake the ſteady purpoſe of my ſoul.
" Peace, fair-one! peace! Heaven will protect the man,
" By thee held dear, and crown thy generous love."
Her from the liſted field the matrons ſage
Reluctant drew, and with fair ſpeeches ſooth'd.

Now front to front the fearleſs champions meet;
Gorgonius, like a tower, whoſe cloudy top
Invades the ſkies, ſtood lowering; far beneath
The ſtrippling Hobbinol with careful eye
Each opening ſcans, and each unguarded ſpace
Meaſures intent. While, negligently bold,
The bulky combatant, whoſe heart elate
Diſdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd
At one deciſive ſtroke to win, unhurt,
An eaſy victory; down came at once
The ponderous plant, with fell malicious rage,
Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilts,
Swift interpos'd, elude his effort vain.
The cautious Hobbinol, with ready feet,
Now ſhifts his ground, retreating; then again
Advances bold, and his unguarded ſhins
Batters ſecure: Each well-directed blow
Bites to the quick; thick as the falling hail,
The ſtrokes redoubled peal his hollow ſides:
The multitude amaz'd with horror view
The rattling ſtorm, ſhrink back at every blow,
And ſeem to feel his wounds; inly he groan'd,
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and from his blood-ſhot eye
Red lightning flaſh'd; the fierce tumultuous rage
Shook all his mighty fabric; once again
Erect he ſtands, collected, and reſolv'd
To conquer, or to die: ſwift as the bolt
Of angry Jove, the weighty plant deſcends.
But wary Hobbinol, whoſe watchful eye
Perceiv'd his kind intent, ſlip'd on one ſide
Declining; the vain ſtroke from ſuch an height,
With ſuch a force impell'd, headlong drew down
Th' unwieldy champion: on the ſolid ground
He fell rebounding breathleſs, and aſtunn'd,
His trunk extended lay; ſore maim'd from out
His heaving breaſt, he belch'd a crimſon flood.
Full leiſurely he roſe, but conſcious ſhame
Of honour loſt his failing ſtrength renew'd.
Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,
Blacken'd his ſtormy front; raſh, furious, blind,
And laviſh of his blood, of random ſtrokes
He laid on load; without deſign or art
Onward he preſs'd outrageous, while his foe
Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
Wiſe niggard of his ſtrength. Yet all thy care,
O Hobbinol! avail'd not to prevent
One hapleſs blow; o'er his ſtrong guard the plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty point impreſs'd
His nervous chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet, thus diſtreſs'd, intrepid bore
His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
So when th' unwary clown, with haſty ſtep,
Cruſhes the folded ſnake, her wounded parts
Groveling ſhe trails along, but her high creſt
Erect ſhe bears; in all its ſpeckled pride,
She ſwells inflam'd, and with her forky tongue
Threatens deſtruction. With like eager haſte,
Th' impatient Hobbinol, whom exceſſive pain
Stung to his heart, a ſpeedy vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the means; a feint he made
With well-diſſembled guile, his batter'd ſhins
Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
Gorgonius, whoſe long-ſuffering legs ſcarce bore
His cumbrous bulk, to his ſupporters frail
Indulgent, ſoon the friendly hilts oppos'd;
Betray'd, deceiv'd on his unguarded creſt
The ſtroke deluſive fell; a diſmal groan
Burſt from his hollow cheſt; his trembling hands
Forſook the hilts, acroſs the ſpacious ring
Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly
T' eſcape the falling ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive
His ponderous trunk: on thee, on helpleſs thee,
Headlong and heavy, the foul monſter fell.
Beneath a mountain's weight, th' unhappy bard
Lay proſtrate, nor was more renown'd thy ſong,
O ſeer of Thrace! nor more ſevere thy fate.
His vocal ſhell, the ſolace and ſupport
Of wretched age, gave one melodious ſcream,
And in a thouſand fragments ſtrew'd the plain.
The nymphs, ſure friends to his harmonious mirth,
Fly to his aid, his hairy breaſt expoſe
To each refreſhing gale, and with ſoft hands
His temples chafe; at their perſuaſive touch
His fleeting ſoul returns; upon his rump
He ſat diſconſolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the ſhatter'd fragments, down again
He ſunk expiring: by their friendly care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak,
And thrice the riſing ſobs his voice ſubdu'd.
Till thus at laſt his wretched plight he mourn'd:
" Sweet inſtrument of mirth! ſole comfort left
" To my declining years! whoſe ſprightly notes
" Reſtor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,
" Soft healing balm to every wounded heart!
" Deſpairing, dying ſwains, from the cold ground
" Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call,
" With raviſh'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy.
" Gay pleaſantry, and care-beguiling joke,
" Thy ſure attendants were, and at thy voice
" All nature ſmil'd. But, oh, this hand no more
" Shall touch thy wanton ſtrings, no more with lays
" Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
" The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.
" Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol! and all

" Thy triumphs vain. Who ſhall record, brave man!
" Thy bold exploits? who ſhall thy grandeur tell
" Supreme of Kiftſgate? See thy faithful bard,
" Deſpoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills!
" Whoſe vocal clifts were taught my joyous ſong.
" Or thou, fair nymph, Avona, on whoſe banks
" The frolic crowd, led by my numerous ſtrains,
" Their orgies kept, and friſk'd it o'er the green,
" Jocund and gay, while thy remurmuring ſtreams
" Danc'd by, well pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly waves [curs'd!"
" O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head ac-

So plains the reſtleſs Philomel, her neſt,
And callow young, the tender growing hope
Of future harmony, and frail return
For all her cares, to barbarous churls a prey;
Darkling ſhe ſings, the woods repeat her moan.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Good eating expedient for heroes. Homer praiſed for keeping a table. Hobbinol triumphant. Ganderetta's bill of fare. Panegyric upon ale. Goſſiping over a bottle. Compliment to Mr. John Philips. Ganderetta's perplexity diſcovered by Hobbinol; his conſolatory ſpeech; compares himſelf to Guy Earl of Warwick. Ganderetta encouraged, ſtrips for the race; her amiable figure. Fuſca the gypſey, her dirty figure. Tabitha her great reputation for ſpeed; hired to the diſſenting academy at Tewkſbury. A ſhort account of Gamaliel the maſter, and his hopeful ſcholars. Tabitha carries weight. The ſmock race. Tabitha's fall. Fuſca's ſhort triumph, her humiliation. Ganderetta's matchleſs ſpeed. Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The viciſſitude of human affairs, experienced by Hobbinol. Mopſa, formerly his ſervant, with her two children, appears to him. Mopſa's ſpeech; aſſaults Ganderetta; her flight. Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into cuſtody by conſtables, and dragged to Sir Rhadamanth's.

Though ſome of old, and ſome of modern date,
Penurious their victorious heroes fed
With barren praiſe alone; yet thou, my muſe!
Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
Behold th' immortal Hobbinol; reward
With due regalement his triumphant toils.
Let Quixotte's hardy courage, and renown
With Sancho's prudent care be meetly join'd.
O thou of bards ſupreme, Mæonides!
What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
Laden with glorious ſpoils, and gay with blood
Of ſlaughter'd hoſts, the victor chief returns.
Whole Troy before him fled, and men and gods
Oppos'd in vain: for the brave man, whoſe arm
Repell'd his country's wrongs, ev'n he, the great
Atrides, king of kings, ev'n he prepares
With his own royal hand the ſumptuous feaſt.
Full to the brim, the brazen cauldrons ſmoke,
Through all the buſy camp the riſing blaze
Atteſt their joy; heroes and kings forego
Their ſtate and pride, and at his elbow wait
Obſequious. On a poliſh'd charger plac'd,
The bulky chine with plenteous fat inlaid,
Of golden hue, magnificently ſhines
The choiceſt morſels ſever'd to the gods,
The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
The rich repaſt divides with Jove; from out
The ſparkling bowl he draws the generous wine,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd; with unſtinted joy
His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
Sat the victorious Hobbinol; the crowd
Tranſported view, and bleſs their glorious chief:
All Kiftſgate ſounds his praiſe with joint acclaim.
Him every voice, him every knee confeſs,
In merit, as in right, their king. Upon
Their flowery turf, earth's painted lap, are ſpread
The rural dainties; ſuch as nature boon
Preſents with laviſh hand, or ſuch as owe
To Ganderetta's care their grateful taſte
Delicious. For ſhe long ſince prepar'd
To celebrate this day, and with good cheer
To grace his triumphs. Cryſtal gooſeberries
Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree
Defends her luſcious fruit with pointed ſpears.
The ruby tinctur'd corinth cluſtering hangs,
And emulates the grape; green codlings float
In dulcet creams: nor wants the laſt year's ſtore;
The hardy nut, in ſolid mail ſecure,
Impregnable to winter froſts, repays
Its hoarder's care. The cuſtard's jellied flood
Impatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.
Cheeſecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
In well-built pyramids, aſpiring ſtand.
Black hams, and tongues that ſpeechleſs can perſuade
To ply the briſk carouſe, and cheer the ſoul
With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts; here jocund ſwains,
In uncouth mirth delighted, ſporting quaff
Their native beverage; in the brimming glaſs
The liquid amber ſmiles. Britons, no more
Dread your invading foes; let the falſe Gaul,
Of rule infatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by ſubtile wiles, from the adverſe ſhore
Pour forth his numerous hoſts; Iberia! join
Thy towering fleets, once more aloft diſplay
Thy conſecrated banners, fill thy ſails
With prayers and vows, moſt formidably ſtrong
In holy trumpery, let old Ocean groan
Beneath the proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitleſs all their toils,
Vain every raſh effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley grain productive, ſtill ſupplies
The flowing treaſure, and with ſums immenſe
Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his ſtubborn ſoul
With native honour, and reſiſtleſs rage.
Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'erflows
With Britain's glory, and his country's love.
Here, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs
Pour out mellifluous ſtreams, the balmy ſpoils
Of the laborious bee. The modeſt maid
But coyly ſips, and bluſhing drinks, abaſh'd:

Each lover with obſervant eye beholds
Her graceful ſhame, and at her glowing cheeks
Rekindles all his fires, but matrons ſage,
Better experienc'd, and inſtructed well
In midnight myſteries, and feaſt-rites old,
Graſp the capacious bowl; nor ceaſe to draw
The ſpumy nectar. Healths of gay import
Fly merrily about; now Scandal ſly,
Inſinuating, gilds the ſpecious tale
With treacherous praiſe, and with a double face
Ambiguous wantonneſs demurely ſneers:
Till circling brimmers every veil withdraw,
And dauntleſs impudence appears unmaſk'd.
Others apart, in the cool ſhade retir'd,
Silurian cyder quaff, by that great bard
Enobled, who firſt taught my groveling muſe
To mount aerial. O! could I but raiſe
My feeble voice to his exalted ſtrains,
Or to the height of this great argument,
The generous liquid in each line ſhould bound
Spirituous, nor oppreſſive cork ſubdue
Its foaming rage; but, to the lofty theme
Unequal, muſe, decline the pleaſing taſk.
Thus they luxurious, on the graſſy turf,
Revel'd at large; while nought around was heard
But mirth confus'd, and undiſtinguiſh'd joy,
And laughter far reſounding; ſerious care
Found here no place, to Ganderetta's breaſt
Retiring; there with hopes and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the ſoft ſigh
Eſcapes unheeded, ſpight of all her art;
The trembling bluſhes on her lovely cheeks
Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glaſs
She ſlies abſtemious, ſhuns th' untaſted feaſt:
But careful Hobbinol, whoſe amorous eye
From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting ſtill the place
Where his dear treaſure lay, diſcover'd ſoon
Her ſecret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compaſſion melts his ſoul, her glowing cheeks
He kiſs'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He preſs'd to his; then with theſe ſoothing words,
Tenderly ſmiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.
" Courage, my fair! the ſplendid prize is thine.
" Indulgent fortune will not damp our joys,
" Nor blaſt the glories of this happy day.
" Hear me, ye ſwains! ye men of Kiftſgate! hear:
" Though great the honours by your hands conferr'd,
" Theſe royal ornaments, though great the force
" Of this puiſſant arm, as all muſt own,
" Who ſaw this day the bold Gorgonius fall;
" Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
" And knightly proweſs, than that mighty Guy,
" So fam'd in antique ſong, Warwick's great earl,
" Who ſlew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight
" Maintain'd a ſummer's day, and freed this realm
" From Daniſh vaſſalage; his ponderous ſword,
" And maſſy ſpear, atteſt the glorious deed;
" Nor leſs his hoſpitable ſoul is ſeen
" In that capacious cauldron, whoſe large freight
" Might feaſt a province; yet were I like him,
" The nation's pride, like him I could forego
" All earthly grandeur, wander through the world
" A jocund pilgrim in the loneſome den,
" And rocky cave, with theſe my royal hands
" Scoop the cold ſtreams with herbs and roots content,
" Mean ſuſtenance; could I by this but gain
" For the dear fair, the prize her heart deſires.
" Believe me, charming maid! I'd be a worm,
" The meaneſt inſect, and the loweſt thing
" The world deſpiſes, to enchance thy fame."
So cheer'd he his fair queen, and ſhe was cheer'd.
Now with a noble confidence inſpir'd,
Her looks aſſure ſucceſs, now ſtripp'd of all
Her cumbrous veſtments, beauty's vain diſguiſe,
She ſhines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a brede
Hung careleſs, with becoming grace each bluſh
Varied her cheeks, than the gay riſing dawn
More lovely, when the new-born light ſalutes
The joyful earth, impurpling half the ſkies.
Her heaving breaſt, through the thin covering view'd,
Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,
And lineaments exact, would mock the ſkill
Of Phidias; nature alone can form
Such due proportion. To compare with her,
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Fair virgin huntreſs, for the chaſe array'd,
With painted quiver and unerring bow,
Were but to leſſen her ſuperior mien,
And goddeſs-like deport. The maſter's hand,
Rare artiſan! with proper ſhades improves
His lively colouring; ſo here, to grace
Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
Fuſca the brown appears, with greedy eye
Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects
Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grim, and with her freckled ſkin,
Offends the crowd. She of the gypſy train
Had wander'd long, and the ſun's ſcorching rays
Imbrown'd her viſage grim; artful to view
The ſpreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
The love-ſick maid, who barters all her ſtore
For airy viſions and fallacious hope.
Gorgonius, if the current fame ſay true,
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had ſtroll'd,
For him fit mate. Next Tabitha the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchleſs ſpeed; ſhe many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighbouring * mart, for muſtard fam'd,
Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join
The ſiſter floods, and with their liquid arms
Greeting embrace. Here Gamaliel ſage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, inſtructed well
In all the gainful diſcipline of prayer;
To point the holy leer, by juſt degrees
To cloſe the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms
T' expoſe the whites, and with the ſightleſs ball
To glare upon the crowd, to raiſe or ſink
The docile voice, now murmuring ſoft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again

* *Tewkſbury in the vale of Eveſham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.*

In foaming floods of rapturous eloquence,
Let loose the storm, and thunder through the nose
The threaten'd vengeance: every muse profane
Is banish'd hence, and, Heliconian streams
Deserted, the fam'd Leman lake supplies
More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
Hail, happy youths! on whom indulgent Heaven
Each grace divine bestows; nor yet denies
Carnal beatitudes, sweet privilege
Of saints elect! Royal prerogative!
Here in domestic cares employ'd, and bound
To annual servitude, frail Tabitha,
Her pristine vigour lost, now mourns in vain
Her sharpen'd visage, and the sickly qualms
That grieve her soul; a prey to love, while grace
Slept heedless by! Yet her undaunted mind
Still meditates the prize, and still she hopes,
Beneath th' unwieldy load, her wonted speed.
Others of meaner fame the stately muse
Records not; on more lofty flights intent,
She spurns the ground, and mounts her native skies.
Room for the master of the ring; ye swains!
Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high
The glittering prize, on the tall standard borne,
Waving in air; before him march in files
The rural minstrelsy, the rattling drum
Of solemn sound, and th' animating horn,
Each huntsman's joy; the tabor and the pipe,
Companion dear at feasts, whose cheerful notes
Give life and motion to th' unwieldy clown.
Ev'n age revives, and the pale puking maid
Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
Counting each careful step, he paces o'er
Th' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal
His standard, there himself majestic swells.
Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
Th' expected signal, with impatient eyes
Measure the space between, and in conceit
Already grasp the warm contested prize.
Now all at once rush forward to the goal,
And step by step, and side by side, they ply
Their busy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
Quick heaves each breast, and quick they shoot along,
Through the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.
To this, to that, capricious fortune deals
Short hopes, short fears, and momentary joy.
The breathless throng with open throats pursue,
And broken accents shout imperfect praise.
Such noise confus'd is heard, such wild uproar,
When on the main the swelling surges rise,
Dash o'er the rocks, and, hurrying through the flood,
Drive on each other's backs, and crowd the strand.
Before the rest till Tabitha was seen,
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field;
Swift as the shooting star that gilds the night
With rapid transient blaze, she runs, she flies;
Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure
The painful course, but drooping sinks away,
And, like that falling meteor, there she lies
A jelly cold on earth. Fusca, with joy,
Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corse
Insulting bounds; hope gave her wings, and now,
Exerting all her speed, step after step,
At Ganderetta's elbow urg'd her way,
Her shoulder pressing, and with poisonous breath
Tainting her ivory neck. Long while had held
The sharp contest, had not propitious Heaven,
With partial hands, to such transcendent charms
Dispens'd its favours. For as o'er the green
The careless gypsy, with incautious speed,
Push'd forward, and her rival fair had reach'd
With equal pace, and only not o'erpass'd;
Haply she treads, where late the merry train,
In wasteful luxury, and wanton joy,
Lavish had spilt the cyder's frothy flood,
And mead with custard mix'd. Surpris'd, appall'd,
And in the treacherous puddle struggling long,
She slipp'd, she fell, upon her back supine
Extended lay; the laughing multitude
With noisy scorn approv'd her just disgrace.
As the sleek leveret skims before the pack,
So flies the nymph, and so the crowd pursue.
Borne on the wings of wind, the dear one flies,
Swift as the various goddess, nor less bright
In beauty's prime; when through the yielding air
She darts along, and with refracted rays
Paints the gay clouds; celestial messenger,
Charg'd with the high behests of Heaven's great queen!
Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd
Fond Hobbinol; with active leap he seiz'd
The costly prize, and laid it at her feet.
Then pausing stood, dumb with excess of joy,
Expressive silence! for each tender glance
Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd.
Less mute the crowd, in echoing shouts, applaud
Her speed, her beauty, his obsequious love.
Upon a little eminence, whose top
O'erlook'd the plain, a steep, but short ascent,
Plac'd in a chair of state, with garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the fragrance of the spring,
Fair Ganderetta shone; like mother Eve
In her gay sylvan lodge, delicious bower!
Where nature's wanton hand, above the reach
Of rule, or art, had lavish'd all her store,
To deck the flowery roof; and at her side,
Imperial Hobbinol, with front sublime,
Great as a Roman consul, just return'd
From cities sack'd, and provinces laid waste,
In his paternal wicker lat, enthron'd.
With eager eyes the crowd about them press,
Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
Each voice, each instrument, proclaims their joy
With loudest vehemence: such noise is heard,
Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call
Of Britain's sovereign, the rustic bands
O'erspread the fields; the subtle candidates
Dissembled homage pay, and court the fools
Whom they despise; each proud majestic clown
Looks big, and shouts amain, mad with the taste
Of power supreme, frail empire of a day!
That with the setting sun extinct is lost.
Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbinol
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
Of mortal pride; we play our parts a while,
And strut upon the stage; the scene is chang'd,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.

Wretched viciſſitude! for, after all
His tinſel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly proſpect, to his eyes preſents
Her, whom his conſcious ſoul abhorr'd, and fear'd.
Lo! puſhing through the crowd, a meagre form,
With haſty ſtep, and viſage incompos'd!
Wildly ſhe ſtar'd; rage ſparkled in her eyes,
And poverty ſat ſhrinking on her cheeks.
Yet through the cloud that hung upon her brows,
A faded luſtre broke, that dimly ſhone
Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face,
Impair'd by time, and ſhatter'd by misfortunes.
A froward babe hung at her flabby breaſt,
And tugg'd for life; but wept, with hideous moan,
His fruſtrate hopes, and unavailing pains.
Another o'er her bending ſhoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade twin with envious eye,
As of his ſhare defrauded; then amain
He alſo ſcreams, and to his brother's cries
In doleful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effect of lawleſs love! O ſting
Of pleaſure paſt! As when a full-freight ſhip,
Bleſt in a rich return of pearls or gold,
Or fragrant ſpice, or ſilks of coſtly dye,
Makes to the wiſh'd-for port with ſwelling ſails,
And all her gaudy trim diſplay'd; o'erjoy'd
The maſter ſmiles; but if from ſome ſmall creek,
A lurking corſair the rich quarry ſpies,
With all her ſails bears down upon her prey,
And pales of thunder from her hollow ſides
Check his triumphant courſe; aghaſt he ſtands
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to reſiſt,
And impotent to fly; all his fond hopes
Are daſh'd at once! nought now, alas! remains
But the ſad choice of ſlavery or death!
So far'd it with the hapleſs Hobbinol,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surpris'd by her, whoſe dreadful face alone
Could ſhake his ſtedfaſt ſoul. In vain he turns,
And ſhifts his place averſe; ſhe haunts him ſtill,
And glares upon him, with her haggard eyes,
That fiercely ſpoke her wrongs. Words ſwell'd with ſighs
At length burſt forth, and thus ſhe ſtorms enrag'd.
" Know'ſt thou not me? falſe man! not to " know me
" Argues thyſelf unknowing of thyſelf,
" Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with ſucceſs.
" Is injur'd Mopſa then ſo ſoon forgot?
" Thou knew'ſt me once, ah! woe is me! thou " didſt.
" But if laborious days and ſleepleſs nights,
" If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,
" Inſeparable gueſts, have thus diſguis'd
" Thy once-belov'd, thy handmaid dear; if thine
" And fortune's frowns have blaſted all my charms;
" If here no roſes grow, no lilies bloom,
" Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;
" If through the world I range a ſlighted ſhade,
" The ghoſt of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
" At leaſt know theſe. See! this ſweet ſimpering " babe,
" Dear image of thyſelf; ſee! how it ſprunts
" With joy at thy approach! ſee, how it gilds
" Its ſoft ſmooth face, with falſe paternal ſmiles!
" Native deceit, from thee, baſe man, deriv'd!
" Or view this other elf, in every art
" Of ſmiling fraud, in every treacherous leer,
" The very Hobbinol! ah! cruel man!
" Wicked, ingrate! and could'ſt thou then ſo " ſoon,
" So ſoon forget that pleaſing fatal night,
" When me, beneath the flowery thorn ſurpris'd
" Thy artful wiles betray'd? was there a ſtar,
" By which thou didſt not ſwear? was there a " curſe,
" A plague on earth, thou didſt not then invoke
" On that devoted head; if e'er thy heart
" Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand
" Declin'd the nuptial bond? but, oh! too well,
" Too well, alas! my throbbing breaſt perceiv'd
" The black impending ſtorm; the conſcious " moon
" Veil'd in a ſable cloud her modeſt face,
" And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.
" And yet I love thee.—Oh! could'ſt thou behold
" That image dwelling in my heart! but why,
" Why waſte I here theſe unavailing tears?
" On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing.
" On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,
" All, all my vengeance fall! ye lightnings, blaſt
" That face accurs'd, the ſource of all my woe!
" Arm, arm, ye furies! arm; all hell break looſe!
" While thus I lead you to my juſt revenge,
" And thus"—Up ſtarts th' aſtoniſh'd Hobbinol
To ſave his better half. " Fly, fly," he cries,
" Fly, my dear life, the fiend's malicious rage."
Borne on the wings of fear, away ſhe bounds,
And in the neighbouring village pants forlorn.
So the cours'd hare to the cloſe covert flies,
Still trembling, though ſecure. Poor Hobbinol
More grievous ills attend: around him preſs
A multitude, with huge Herculian clubs,
Terrific band! the royal mandate theſe
Inſulting ſhow: arreſted, and amaz'd,
Half dead he ſtands; no friends dare interpoſe,
But bow dejected to th' imperial ſcroll:
Such is the force of law. While conſcious ſhame
Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
To Rhadamanth's auguſt tribunal dragg'd.
Good Rhadamanth! to every wanton clown
Severe, indulgent to himſelf alone.

FIELD-SPORTS.

A POEM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

" ————Hæc incondita ſolus
" Montibus, et ſylvis, ſtudio jactabat inani." VIRG. Ecl. ii.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1742.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ſeveral acts of parliament in favour of Falconry are an evident proof of that high eſteem our anceſtors had conceived for this noble diverſion. Our neighbours, France, Germany, Italy, and all the reſt of Europe, have ſeemed to vie with one another, who ſhould pay the greateſt honours to the courageous falcon. Princes and ſtates were her protectors; and men of the greateſt genius, and moſt accompliſhed in all ſorts of literature, with pleaſure carried the hawk on their fiſts. But the princes of Aſia, Turks, Tartars, Perſians, Indians, &c have greatly out-done us Europeans in the ſplendor and magnificence of their field-parades, both as huntſmen and falconers. For though the deſcription of flying at the ſtag and other wild beaſts with eagles, may be thought a little incredible, yet permit me to aſſure the reader that it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the ancient books of falconry give us an account of it, and the relations of travellers confirm it. But what I think puts it out of all diſpute, is the deſcription the famous Monſieur de Thou has given us in his Latin poem, " De Re Accipitrariâ," lately reprinted at Venice in 1735, with an Italian tranſlation and notes.

" Hoc ſtudio Hæmonii circumſonat aula tyranni,
" Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poſcit,
" Tot pedites adſunt: longo nemus omne remugit
" Latrantum occurſu, venatorumque repulſis
" Vocibus; hæic gemini, neque enim ſatis eſſe
" ferendo
" Unus tanto oneri poſſit, cedente petauro
" Circum aquilam geſtant, aliam totidem inde
" miniſtri
" Impoſitam ſubeunt: quarum minor illa vulucri
" Ore canum voces fingit, nemora avia complens
" Terrore ingenti: latebris tum excita repentè
" Infelix fera prorumpit: ruit altera demum
" Sublimis compar magno ſtridore per auras;
" Involat inque oculos et provolat, atque capaces
" Expandens per inane ſinus, caligine denſâ,
" Horribilique ſupervolitans cœlum obruit umbrâ.
" Nec minor intereà obſiſtit: ſublimis ut illa,
" Hæc humilis ſic terga volans premit et latus
" urget:
" Neve gradum referat tetrò, et veſtigia vertat,
" Seu caprea aut cervus ſeſe tulit obvius illis,
" Roſtro atque ungue minax vetat, et cum com-
" pare vires
" Alternat ſocias, artemque remunerat arte.
" Nec mora, nec requies: furiis exterrita tantis
" Donec in inſidias cæcâ convalle locatas
" Precipitet rabidis fera mox lanianda Moloſſis."

I am very much obliged to thoſe gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon hunting: their goodneſs has encouraged me to make this ſhort ſupplement to the Chaſe, and in this poem to give them ſome account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction, ver. 1. Deſcription of flying at the ſtag with eagles, after the manner of the Aſiatic princes, 7. Deſcription of hern-hawking, 109. Of flying at the river, 179. Partridge-hawking, 232. Daring the lark with an hobby juſt mentioned, 235. Shooting flying, 241. Setting, 245, Angling, 261. Concluſion, 271.

ONCE more, Great Prince, permit an humble bard
Proſtrate to pay his homage at your feet;
Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
Towering aloft, ſublime to ſoar, and ſing;
Sing the heart-cheering pleaſure of the fields,
The choice delight of heroes and of kings.
In earlier times, monarchs of eaſtern race
In their full blaze of pride, as ſtory tells,
Train'd up th' imperial eagle, ſacred bird!
Hooded, with jingling bells, ſhe perch'd on high;
Not as when erſt on golden wings ſhe led

The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,
Mankind her quarry; but a docile ſlave,
Tam'd to the lure, and careful to attend
Her maſter's voice. Behold the man renown'd,
Abbas the Great (whom all his fawning ſlaves
Deem'd king of kings; vain fools! They ſure forgot
Greater Leonidas, and thoſe fatal ſtraits [heaps
Blood-ſtain'd, where ſlaughter'd Perſians fell on
A dreadful carnage!) See his numerous hoſt
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborne
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
Two ſiſter eagles, ſtately ponderous birds!
The air's a deſert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring coverts dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the ſwallow ſkims
The ruſſet plain, and mimics as ſhe flies
(By many a ſleepleſs night inſtructed well)
The hound's loud openings, or the ſpaniel's queſt.
What cannot wakeful induſtry ſubdue!
Mean while that mounts on high, and ſeems to view
A black aſcending cloud; when pierc'd the gloom
Of vapours dank condens'd, the ſun's bright beams
Pain not her ſight: ſhe with expanded ſails
Works through th' etherial fluid; then perhaps
Sees through a break of clouds this ſelf-pois'd orb
Hard by her hand-maid moon. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,
This mole-hill earth, and all its buſy ants
Labouring for life, which laſts ſo ſhort a day
Juſt blazing and extinct. So thou, my ſoul,
That breath of life, which all men muſt perceive
But none diſtinctly know, when once eſcap'd
From this poor helpleſs corſe, and when on high
Borne on angelic wings, look down with ſcorn
On this mean leſſening world, and knaves grown rich;
By chance, or fraud, or inſolence of power.
Now from her higheſt pitch, by quick degrees,
With leſs ambition nearer earth ſhe tends,
As yet ſcarce viſible; and high in air
Pois'd on extended wings, with ſharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus ſome wiſe general from a riſing ground
Obſerve th' embattled foe, where ſerried ranks
Forbid acceſs, or where their order looſe
Invites th' attack, and points the way to fate.
All now is tumult, each heart ſwells with joy,
The falconers ſhout, and the wide concave rings,
Tremble the foreſts round, the joyous cries
Float through the vales; and rocks, and woods, and hills
Return the varied ſounds. Forth burſts the ſtag,
Nor truſts the mazes of his deep receſs:
Fear hid him cloſe, ſtrange inconſiſtent guide!
Now hurries him aghaſt, with buſy feet
Far o'er the ſpacious plain; he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unſteady ſtep
To climb the craggy cliff: the gray-hounds ſtrain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who ſcarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle wheeling flies
In airy labyrinths, or with eaſier wing
Skims by his ſide, and ſtuns his patient ear
With hideous cries, then peals his forehead broad,
Or at her eyes his fatal malice aims.
The other, like the bolt of angry heaven,
Darts down at once, and fixes on his back
Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine: the blood, and ſweat diſtill'd
From many a dripping furrow, ſtains the ſoil.
Who pities not this fury-haunted wretch
Embarraſs'd thus, on every ſide diſtreſs'd?
Death will relieve him: for the gray-hounds fierce,
Seizing their prey, ſoon drag him to the ground:
Groaning he falls; with eyes that ſwim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies. The grandees preſs around
To dip their ſabres in his boiling blood;
Unſeemly joy! 'Tis barbarous to inſult
A fallen foe. The dogs, and birds of prey
Inſatiate, on his reeking bowels feaſt,
But the ſtern falconer claims the lion's ſhare.
Such are the ſports of kings, and better far
Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws
Of all devouring war. Each animal,
By natural inſtinct taught, ſpares his own kind:
But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,
Free-booter unreſtrain'd, deſtroys at will
The whole creation, men and beaſts his prey,
Theſe for his pleaſure, for his glory thoſe.
Next will I ſing the valiant falcon's fame
Aerial fights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray; but bird with bird
Juſts in mid air. Lo! at his ſiege the hern,
Upon the bank of ſome ſmall purling brook,
Obſervant ſtands to take his ſcaly prize,
Himſelf another's game. For mark behind
The wily falconer creeps; his grazing horſe
Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fiſt
Th' unhooded falcon ſits: with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and, in her wild
Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.
Up ſprings the hern, redoubling every ſtroke,
Conſcious of danger ſtretches far away,
With buſy pennons and projected beak,
Piercing th' opponent clouds: the falcon ſwift
Follows at ſpeed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
Gives vigour to her wings. Another ſoon
Strains after to ſupport the bold attack,
Perhaps a third. As in ſome winding creek,
On proud Iberia's ſhore, the corſairs fly
Lurk waiting to ſurpriſe a Britiſh ſail,
Full freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,
Or rich Byzantium; after he they ſcud,
Daſhing the ſpumy waves with equal oars,
And ſpreading all their ſhrouds; ſhe makes the main
Inviting every gale, nor yet forgets
To clear her deck, and tell th' inſulting foe,
In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
So flies the hern purſu'd, but fighting flies.
Warm grows the conflict, every nerve's employ'd;
Now through the yielding element they ſoar
Aſpiring high, then ſink at once, and rove
In trackleſs mazes through the troubled ſky.
No reſt, no peace. The falcon hovering flies
Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold
Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow.

Full at his destin'd head. The watchful hern
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift
That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.
Observe th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd
On this important war, and pleasing hope
Glows in each breast. The vulgar and the great,
Equally happy now, with freedom share
The common joy. The shepherd-boy forgets
His bleating care; the labouring hind lets fall
His grain unsown; in transport lost, he robs
Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.
Where is the tongue can speak the falconer's cares,
'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest tost?
His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confess
His inward woe. Now like a wearied stag,
That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;
Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breast
Receives the latent death; down plum she falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
The falconer in despair, his favourite bird
Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage:
Nor wants he long the means; the hern fatigu'd,
Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth
He drops: his cruel foes wheeling around
Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid;
Then muttering inward curses breaks his wings,
And fixes in the ground his hated beak;
Sees with malignant joy the victors proud
Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast.

Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight!
Who fenc'd thine eyrie round with sacred laws.
Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear
Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearl, and brillant gems adorn'd.
Now, if the crystal stream delight thee more,
Sportsman, lead on, where through the reedy bank
Th' insinuating waters filter'd stray
In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
Gluts on the fattening ouse, or steals the spawn
Of teeming shoals, her more delicious feast.
How do the sun-beams on the glassy plain
Sport wanton and amuse our wondering eyes
With variously-reflected changing rays!
The murmuring stream salutes the flowery mead
That glows with fragrance; nature all around
Consents to bless. What sluggard now would sink
In beds of down? what miser would not leave
His bags untold for this transporting scene?
Falconer, take care, oppose thy well-train'd steed,
And slily stalk; unhood thy falcon bold,
Observe at feed the unsuspecting team
Paddling with oary feet: he's seen, they fly.
Now at full speed the falconer spurs away
T' assist his favourite hawk, she from the rest
Has singled out the mallard young and gay,
Whose green and azure brightens in the sun.
Swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid sky:
Behoves him now both oar and sail; for see
Th' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds th' aërial course; they rise, they fall,
Now skim in circling rings, then stretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal stroke
The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,
Truss'd in mid-air bears down her captive prey.
'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft the duck
Mistrusts her coward wings, and seeks again
The kind protecting flood: if haply then
The falcon rash aim a decisive blow,
And spring to gripe her floating prey; at once
She dives beneath, and near some osier's root
Pops up her head secure; then views her foe
Just in the grasping of her fond desires,
And in full pride of triumph, whelm'd beneath
The gliding stream. Ah! where are now, proud bird!
Thy stately trappings, and thy silver bells,
Thy glossy plumage, and thy silken crest?
Say, tyrant of the skies! Wouldst thou not now
Exchange with thy but late desponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy polish'd beak,
For her web-feet despis'd? How happy they!
Who, when gay pleasure courts, and fortune smiles,
Fear the reverse, with caution tread those paths
Where roses grow, but wily vipers creep!

These are expensive joys, fit for the great
Of large domains possess'd: enough for me
To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,
Or fly the partridge from the bristly field,
Retrieve the covy with my busy train,
Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark.

But, if the shady woods my cares employ,
In quest of feather'd game, my spaniels beat
Puzzling th' entangled copse; and from the brake
Push forth the whirring pheasant; high in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing. Soon from th' uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death
O'ertakes him; and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.

When autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues;
My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, aw'd by discipline
Severe, he dares not own; but cautious creeps
Low-cowering, step by step; at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborne
The floating net unfolded flies; then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives rise in vain.

Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the scaly glutton. See! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight

My taper angle bends; surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun, and struggling pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares,
And sweet amusements, such each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy.
Thus, most illustrious prince, have I presum'd
In my obscure sojourn to sing at ease
Rural delights, the joy, and sweet repast
Of every noble mind: and now perchance
Untimely sing; since from yon neighbouring shore
The grumbling thunder rolls; calm peace alarm'd
Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Sounds harsh in every ear. But righteous heaven!
Britain deserted, friendless, and alone,
Will not as yet despair: shine but in arms,
O prince, belov'd by all! patron profess'd
Of liberty! with every virtue crown'd! [cliffs,
Millions shall crowd her strand; and her white
As Teneriff, or Atlas firm, defy
The break of seas, and malice of her foes;
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæsar fail'd.

NOTES ON FIELD-SPORTS.

Ver. 18. Straits of Thermopylæ. See the story of Xerxes.

Ver. 103. The place where the hern takes his stand, watching his prey.

Ver. 169. This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk: they generally also break their legs.

Ver. 172. The reward of the hawk made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian, *Soppa*.

Ver. 174. No man was permitted to shoot within 600 yards of the eyrie, or nest of an hern, under great penalties.

Ver. 176. The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Asia in their turbans.

OCCASIONAL POEMS, TRANSLATIONS, FABLES, AND TALES.

"Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus." PHÆD.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE

OF WARWICKSHIRE, ESQ.

On reading several of his Excellent Poems. By Allan Ramsay.

Sir, I have read, and much admire,
Your muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
That gives the bright and cheerful glow.

I conn'd each line with joyous care,
As I can such from sun to sun;
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature and art,
In all your numbers so combine,
As to complete their just desert,
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your muse regard,
When she like Pindar's spreads her wings;
And virtue, being its own reward,
Expresses by the sister springs.

Emotions tender crowd the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind,
"The mighty fall'n on mount Gilbo."

Much surely was the virgin's joy,
Who with the Iliad had your lays;
For e'er, and since the siege of Troy,
We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,
I never yet could think a crime;
But first-rate virtues which inspire
The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boast,
Like your "gilt ass," who stood to bray,
Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him "th' incurious Bencher" hits,
With his own tale, so tight and clean,
That, while I read, streams gush, by fits
Of hearty laughter, from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine,
Fontaine and Prior, who have sung
Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine
On Lob, they'd own'd themselves out-done.

The plot's pursued with so much glee,
The too officious "dog and priest,"
The "squire oppress'd," I own for me,
I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an omber game,
And "King revenging captive queen;"
He merits; but had won more fame,
If author of your "Bowling-green."

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, just, and with such ease,
That, while I read, upon my soul!
I wonder how I chance to please.

Yet I have pleas'd, and pleaſe the beſt;
And ſure to me laurels belong,
Since Britiſh fair, and 'mongſt the beſt,
Somervile's conſort likes my ſong.

Raviſh'd I heard th' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the ſky,
My verſes with a Scotian air;
Then ſaints were not ſo bleſt as I.

In her the valued charms unite;
She really is what all would ſeem,
Gracefully handſome, wiſe and ſweet:
'Tis merit to have her eſteem.

Your noble kinſman, her lov'd mate,
Whoſe worth claims all the world's reſpect,
Met in her love a ſmiling fate,
Which has, and muſt have, good effect.

You both from one great lineage ſpring,
Both from de Somervile, who came,
With William, England's conquering king,
To win fair plains, and laſting fame.

Whichnour he left to's eldeſt ſon;
That firſt-born chief you repreſent:
His ſecond came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'le takes deſcent.

On him and you may fate beſtow
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long's ye'd wiſh to live below,
Still bleſt with all you would deſire.

O ſir! oblige the world, and ſpread
In print thoſe and your other lays;
This ſhall be better'd while they read,
And after-ages ſound your praiſe.

I could enlarge—but if I ſhould
On what you've wrote, my ode would run
Too great a length—Your thoughts ſo crowd,
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muſe,
Who on her Pictland hills ne'er tires:
Nor ſhould (when worth invites) refuſe
To ſing the perſon ſhe admires.

AN ODE.

Humbly inſcribed to the Duke of Marlborough, upon his Removal from all his Places.

" Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ
" Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
" Nec ſumit, aut ponit ſecures,
" Arbitrio popularis auræ."
HOR.

When, in meridian glory bright,
You ſhine with more illuſtrious rays,
Above the muſe's weaker flight,
Above the poet's praiſe.
In vain the goddeſs mounts her native ſkies,
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to riſe;
In vain ſhe toils to do her hero right,
Loſt in exceſs of day, and boundleſs tracks of light.
The Theban ſwan with daring wings,
And force impetuous, ſoars on high,
Above the clouds ſublimely ſings,
Above the reach of mortal eye.
But what, alas! would Pindar do,
Were his bold muſe to ſing of you?
Can Chromius' ſtrength be nam'd with yours?
Can mimic fights and ſportive war
With Schellembergh's demoliſh'd towers,
Or Blenheim's bloody field compare?
The bard would bluſh at Theron's ſpeed,
When Marlborough mounts the fiery ſteed;
And the deſpairing foe's purſued
Through towns and provinces ſubdued.
Fond poet, ſpare thy empty boaſt,
In vain thy chariots raiſe ſo great a duſt;
See Britain's hero with whole armies flies,
To execute his vaſt deſigns,
To paſs the Scheld, to force the lines,
Swift as thy ſmoking car, to win th' Olympic prize.
But now, when, with diminiſh'd light,
And beams more tolerably bright,
With leſs of grandeur and ſurpriſe,
Mild you deſcend to mortal eyes;
Your ſetting glories charm us more,
Than all your dazzling pomp before.
Your worth is better underſtood,
The hero more diſtinctly view'd,
Glad we behold him not ſo great as good.
True virtue's amiable face
Improves, when ſhaded by diſgrace;
A lively ſenſe of conſcious worth,
Calls all her hidden beauties forth;
Darts through the gloom a lovely ray,
And, by her own intrinſic light, creates a nobler day.

Let fickle chance with partial hands divide
Her gaudy pomp, her tinſel pride;
Who to her knaves and fools ſupplies
Thoſe favours which the brave deſpiſe.
Let faction raiſe the ſaucy crowd,
And call her multitude to arms;
Let envy's vipers hiſs aloud,
And rouſe all hell with dire alarms:
Go ſhake the rocks, and bid the hills remove;
Yet ſtill the hero's mind ſhall be
Unchangeable, reſolv'd, and free,
Fix'd on its baſe, firm as the throne of Jove.
Britons, look back on thoſe auſpicious days,
On Iſter's banks when your great leader ſtood,
And with your gaſping foes incumber'd all the flood.
Or when Ramillia's bloody plain
Was fatten'd with the mighty ſlain;
Or when Blaregnia's ramparts were aſſail'd,
With force that heaven itſelf had ſcal'd.
Did then reviling pens profane
Your Marlborough's ſacred name?
Did noiſy tribunes then debauch the crowd?
Did their unrighteous votes blaſpheme aloud?
Did mercenary tools conſpire
To curſe the hero whom their foes admire?
No!—The contending nations ſung his praiſe;
While bards of every clime
Exert their moſt triumphant lays,
No thought too great, no diction too ſublime.
Hail, glorious prince! 'tis not for thee we grieve,
For thy invulnerable fame

No diminution can receive,
Thou, mighty man! art ſtill the ſame,
Thy purer gold eludes the flame;
This fiery trial makes thy virtue ſhine,
And perſecution crowns thy brows with rays divine.
But what, alas! ſhall fainting Europe do?
How ſtand the ſhock of her imperious foe?
What ſucceſſor ſhall bear the weight
Of all our cares? and prop the ſtate?
Since thou our Atlas art remov'd,
O beſt deſerving chief! and therefore beſt belov'd?

To your own Blenheim's bliſsful ſeat,
From this ungrateful world retreat;
A gift unequal to that hero's worth,
Who from the peaceful Thames led our bold Britons forth,
To free the Danube and the Rhine;
Who by the thunder of his arms
Shook the proud Rhône with loud alarms,
And rais'd a tempeſt in the trembling Seine.
After the long fatigues of war,
Repoſe your envy'd virtues here;
Enjoy, my lord, the ſweet repaſt
Of all your glorious toils,
A pleaſure that ſhall ever laſt,
The mighty comfort that proceeds
From the juſt ſenſe of virtuous deeds, [ſpoils
Content with endleſs fame, contemn the meaner
Pomona calls, and Pan invites,
To rural pleaſures, chaſte delights;
The orange and the citron grove
Will by your hand alone improve;
Would fain their gaudy liveries wear,
And wait your preſence to revive the year.
In this Elyſium, more than bleſt,
Laugh at the vulgar's ſenſeleſs hate,
The politician's vain deceit,
The fawning knave, the proud ingrate.
Revolve in your capacious breaſt
The various unforeſeen events,
And unexpected accidents, [great.
That change the flatt'ring ſcene, and overturn the
Frail are our hopes, and ſhort the date
Of grandeur's tranſitory ſtate.
Corinthian braſs ſhall melt away,
And Parian marble ſhall decay;
The vaſt Coloſſus, that on either ſhore
Exulting ſtood, is now no more;
Arts and artificers ſhall die,
And in one common ruin lie.
Behold your own majeſtic palace riſe,
In haſte to emulate the ſkies;
The gilded globes, the pointed ſpires:
See the proud dome's ambitious height,
Emblem of power and pompous ſtate,
Above the clouds aſpires:
Yet Vulcan's ſpight, or angry Jove,
May ſoon its towering pride reprove,
Its painted glories ſoon efface,
Divide the ponderous roof, and ſhake the ſolid baſe.
Material ſtructures muſt ſubmit to fate.
But virtue which alone is truly great,
Virtue like yours, my lord, ſhall be
Secure of immortality.

Nor foreign force, nor factious rage,
Nor envy, nor devouring age,
Your laſting glory ſhall impair,
Time ſhall myſterious truths declare,
And works of darkneſs ſhall diſcloſe;
This bleſſing is reſerv'd for you
T' outlive the trophies to your merit due,
And malice of your foes.
If glorious actions, in a glorious cauſe,
If valour negligent of praiſe,
Deſerving, yet retiring from applauſe,
In generous minds can great ideas raiſe:
If Europe ſav'd, and liberty reſtor'd,
By ſteady conduct, and a proſperous ſword,
Can claim in free-born ſouls a juſt eſteem;
Britain's victorious chief ſhall be
Rever'd by late poſterity,
The hero's pattern, and the poet's theme.

ODE,

Occaſioned by the Duke of Marlborough's embarking for Oſtend, An. 1712.

" Interque mœrentes amicos.
" Egregius properavit exul." Hor.

Ye powers, who rule the boundleſs deep,
Whoſe dread commands the winds obey,
To roll the waters on a heap,
Or ſmooth the liquid way:
Propitious hear Britannia's prayer,
Britannia's hope is now your care,
Whom oft to yonder diſtant ſhore,
Your hoſpitable billows bore,
When Europe in diſtreſs implor'd
Relief from his victorious ſword;
Who, when the mighty work was done,
Tyrants repell'd, and battles won,
On your glad waves, proud of the glorious load,
Through theſe your watery realms, in yearly triumph rode.
To winds and ſeas, diſtreſs'd he flies,
From ſtorms at land, and faction's ſpight:
Though the more fickle crowd denies,
The winds, the ſeas, ſhall do his virtue right.
Be hush't, ye winds! be ſtill, ye ſeas!
Ye billows ſleep at eaſe,
And in your rocky caverns reſt!
Let all be calm as the great hero's breaſt.
Here no unruly paſſions reign,
Nor ſervile fear, nor proud diſdain,
Each wilder luſt is baniſh'd hence,
Where gentle love preſides, and mild benevolence.
Here no gloomy cares ariſe,
Conſcious honour ſtill ſupplies,
Friendly hope, and peace of mind,
Such as dying martyrs find.
Serene within, no guilt he knows,
While all his wrongs ſit heavy on his foes.

Say, muſe, what hero ſhall I ſing,
What great example bring,
To parallel this mighty wrong,
And with his graceful woes adorn my ſong?

Shall brave Themiſtocles appear
Before the haughty Perſian's throne?
While conquer'd chiefs confeſs their fear,
And ſhatter'd fleets his triumphs own;
In admiration fix'd, the monarch ſtood,
With ſecret joy, his glorious prize he view'd,
Of more intrinſic worth than provinces ſubdued.
Or faithful Ariſtides, ſent,
For being juſt, to baniſhment,
He writ the rigid ſentence down,
He pitied the miſguided clown.
Or him, who, when brib'd orators miſled
The factious tribes, to hoſtile Sparta fled;
The vile ingrateful crowd,
Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud,
But ſoon the fools diſcover'd to their coſt,
Athens in Alcibiades was loſt.
Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
The great Dictator's fate deplore,
Camillus againſt noiſy faction bold,
In victories and triumphs old.
Ungrateful Rome!
Puniſh'd by heaven's avenging doom,
Soon ſhall thy ardent vows invite him home,
The mighty chieftain ſoon recall,
To prop the falling capitol,
And ſave his country from the perjur'd Gaul.
Search, muſe, the dark records of time,
And every ſhameful ſtory trace,
Black with injuſtice and diſgrace,
When glorious merit was a crime;
Yet theſe, all theſe, but faintly can expreſs
Folly without excuſe, and madneſs in exceſs.

The nobleſt object that our eyes can bleſs,
Is the brave man triumphant in diſtreſs;
Above the reach of partial fate,
Above the vulgar's praiſe or hate,
Whom no feign'd ſmiles can raiſe, no real frowns
View him, ye Britons, on the naked ſhore,
Reſolv'd to truſt your faithleſs vows no more,
That mighty man! who for ten glorious years
Surpaſs'd our hopes, prevented all our prayers.
A name, in every clime renown'd,
By nations bleſs'd, by monarchs crown'd.
In ſolemn jubilees our days we ſpent,
Our hearts exulting in each grand event.
Factions applaud the man they hate,
And with regret, to pay their painful homage
Have I not ſeen this crowded ſhore,
With multitudes all cover'd o'er?
While hills and groves their joy proclaim,
And echoing rocks return his name.
Attentive to the lovely form they gaze:
He with a cheerful ſmile,
Glad to reviſit this his parent iſle,
Flies from their incenſe, and eſcapes their praiſe.
Yes, Britons, view him ſtill unmov'd,
Unchang'd, though leſs belov'd.
His generous ſoul no deep reſentment fires,
But, bluſhing for his country's crimes, the kind
good man retires.
Ev'n now he fights for this devoted iſle,
And labours to preſerve his native ſoil,
Diverts the vengeance which juſt heaven pre-
Accus'd, diſarm'd, protects us with his prayers.
Obdurate hearts! cannot ſuch merit move?
The hero's valour, nor the patriot's love?
Fly, goddeſs, fly this inauſpicious place;
Spurn at the vile degenerate race,
Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
In other climes his laſting fame,
Where honeſt hearts, unknowing to forget
The bleſſings from his arms receiv'd,
Confeſs with joy the mighty debt,
Their altars reſcued, and their gods reliev'd.
Nor fails the hero to a clime unknown,
Cities preſerv'd, their great deliverer own:
Impatient crowds about him preſs,
And with ſincere devotion bleſs.
Thoſe plains, of ten years war the bloody ſtage,
(Where panting nations ſtruggled to be free
And life exchang'd for liberty)
Retain the marks of ſtern Bellona's rage.
The doubtful hind miſtakes the field
His fruitleſs toil ſo lately till'd:
Here deep intrenchments ſunk, and vales appear,
The vain retreats of Gallic fear;
There new-created hills deform the plain,
Big with the carnage of the ſlain:
Theſe monuments, when faction's ſpite
Has ſpit its poiſonous foam in vain,
To endleſs ages ſhall proclaim
The matchleſs warrior's might.
The graves of ſlaughter'd foes ſhall do his valour
Theſe when the curious traveller
Amaz'd ſhall view, and with attentive care
Trace the ſad footſteps of deſtructive war;
Succeſſive bards ſhall tell,
How Marlborough fought, how gaſping tyrants
Alternate chiefs confeſs'd the victor's fame,
Pleas'd and excus'd in their ſucceſſor's ſhame.
In every change, in every form,
The Proteus felt his conquering arm:
Convinc'd of weakneſs, in extreme deſpair,
They lurk'd behind their lines, and wag'd a lazy
Nor lines nor forts could calm the ſoldier's fear,
Surpris'd he found a Marlborough there.
Nature, nor art, his eager rage withſtood,
He meaſur'd diſtant plains, he forc'd the rapid
flood,
He fought, he conquer'd, he purſued.
In years advanc'd, with youthful vigour warm'd,
The work of ages in a day perform'd.
When kindly gleams diſſolve the winter ſnows
From Alpine hills, with ſuch impetuous haſte
The icy torrent flows;
In vain the rocks oppoſe,
It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the regions waſte.
Stop, goddeſs, thy preſumptuous flight,
Nor ſoar to ſuch a dangerous height,
Raiſe not the ghoſt of his departed fame,
To pierce our conſcious ſouls with guilty ſhame:
But tune thy harp to humbler lays,
Nor meditate offenſive praiſe.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occaſioned by his purchaſing an Eſtate in Warwickſhire.

" —En erit unquam
" Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!

"En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem,
"Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!"
VIRG.

To the gay town where guilty pleasure reigns,
The wise good man prefers our humble plains:
Neglected honours on his merit wait,
Here he retires when courted to be great,
The world resigning for this calm retreat.
His soul with wisdom's choicest treasures fraught,
Here proves in practice each sublimer thought,
And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.
Great bard! how shall my worthless muse aspire
To reach your praise, without your sacred fire?
From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,
To the best natur'd man secure she flies.
When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid;
Presumptuous folly blush'd, and vice withdrew,
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.
'Tis true, confederate wits their forces join,
Parnassus labours in the work divine:
Yet these we read with too impatient eyes,
And hunt for you through every dark disguise;
In vain your modesty that name conceals,
Which every thought, which every word, reveals,
With like success bright beauty's goddess tries
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
Her graceful port, and her celestial mien,
To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;
Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,
She glides along the plain in majesty confess'd.
Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,
To please at once, and to reform mankind:
Yet, when you write, truth charms with such address,
Pleads virtue's cause with such becoming grace,
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,
He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys:
You touch our follies with so nice a skill,
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.
Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
His great design all ages shall commend,
But more his happy choice in such a friend.
So the fair queen of night the world relieves,
Nor at the sun's superior honour grieves,
Proud to reflect the glories she receives.
When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,
His merits censur'd, and his wounds forgot:
When burnish'd helms and gilded armour rust,
And each proud trophy sinks in common dust:
Fresh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,
He shares the mighty blessings he bestows
His spreading fame enlarges as it flows.
Had not your muse in her immortal strain
Describ'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,
Even Marlborough might have fought, and Dormer bled in vain.
When honour calls, and the just cause inspires,
Britain's bold sons to emulate their sires;
Your muse these great examples shall supply,
Like that to conquer, or like this to die.
Contending nations antient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name;
Our happier soil the prize shall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.
Ye silvan powers, and all ye rural gods,
That guard these peaceful shades, and blest abodes;
For your new guest your choicest gifts prepare,
Exceed his wishes, and prevent his prayer;
Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,
And as his virtues, let his stores increase.
His lavish hand no deity shall mourn,
The pious bard shall make a just return;
In lasting verse eternal altars raise,
And over-pay your bounty with his praise.
Tune every reed, touch every string, ye swains,
Welcome the stranger to these happy plains,
With hymns of joy in solemn pomp attend
Apollo's darling, and the muses' friend.
Ye nymphs, that haunt the streams and shady groves,
Forget a while to mourn your absent loves;
In song and sportive dance your joy proclaim,
In yielding blushes own your rising flame:
Be kind, ye nymphs, nor let him sigh in vain.
Each land remote your curious eye has view'd,
That Grecian arts, or Roman arms subdu'd,
Search every region, every distant soil,
With pleasing labour and instructive toil:
Say then, accomplish'd bard! What god inclin'd?
To these our humble plains your generous mind;
Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
Which none know better, or describe so well.
In vain ambrosial fruits invite your stay,
In vain the myrtle groves obstruct your way,
And ductile streams that round the borders stray.
Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,
Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakspeare's birth;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides;
Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant soil,
And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
The babe was born; his bed with roses strow'd:
Here in an ancient venerable dome,
Oppress'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.
Angels unseen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
And in soft elegies complaining mourn!
While the bless'd saint, in loftier strains above,
Reveals the wonders of eternal love.
The heavens, delighted in his tuneful lays,
With silent joy attend their Maker's praise.
In heaven he sings; on earth your muse supplies
Th' important loss, and heals our weeping eyes,
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart,
With equal genius, but superior art.
Hail, happy pair! ordain'd by turns to bless,
And save a sinking nation in distress.
By great examples to reform the crowd,
Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.
When Brutus strikes for liberty and laws,
Nor spares a father in his country's cause;
Justice severe applauds the cruel deed,
A tyrant suffers, and the world is freed,
But, when we see the godlike Cato bleed,
The nation weeps; and from thy fate, oh Rome!
Learns to prevent her own impending doom.
Where is the wretch a worthless life can prize,
When senates are no more, and Cato dies?

Indulgent sorrow, and a pleasing pain,
Heaves in each breast, and beats in every vein.
Th' expiring patriot animates the crowd,
Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,
The dear-bought purchase of their fathers' blood.
Fair Liberty her head majestic rears,
Ten thousand blessings in her bosom bears;
Serene she smiles, revealing all her charms,
And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms.
Faction's repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey,
Forlorn she sits, and dreads the fatal day,
When eastern gales shall sweep her hopes away.
Such ardent zeal your muse alone could raise,
Alone reward it with immortal praise.
Ages to come shall celebrate your fame,
And rescued Britain bless the poet's name.
So when the dreaded powers of Sparta fail'd,
Tyrtæus and Athenian wit prevail'd.
Too weak the laws by wise Lycurgus made,
And rules severe without the muses' aid:
He touch'd the trembling strings, the poet's song
Reviv'd the faint, and made the feeble strong;
Recall'd the living to the dusty plain,
And to a better life restor'd the slain.
The victor-host amaz'd, with horror view'd
Th' assembling troops, and all the war renew'd;
To more than mortal courage quit the field,
And to their foes th' unfinish'd trophies yield.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE IX.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable James Stanhope, Esq. one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, afterwards Earl Stanhope.

Born near Avona's winding stream
I touch the trembling lyre,
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,
Shall the bold muse inspire.
'Tis immortality's her aim;
Sublime she mounts the skies,
She climbs the steep ascent to fame,
Nor ever shall want force to rise,
While she supports her flight with Stanhope's name.
What though majestic Milton stands alone
Inimitably great!
Bow low, ye bards, at his exalted throne,
And lay your labours at his feet;
Capacious soul! whose boundless thoughts survey
Heaven, hell, earth, sea;
Lo, where th' embattled gods appear,
The mountains from their seats they tear,
And shake th' empyreal heavens with impious war!
Yet, nor shall Milton's ghost repine
At all the honours we bestow
On Addison's deserving brow,
By whom convinc'd, we own his work divine,
Whose skilful pen has done his merit right,
And set the jewel in a fairer light.
Enliven'd by his bright essay
Each flowery scene appears more gay,
New beauties spring in Eden's fertile groves,
And by his culture paradise improves.
Garth, by Apollo doubly bless'd,
Is by the god entire possess'd:
Age, unwilling to depart,
Begs life from his prevailing skill;
Youth, reviving from his art,
Borrows its charms and power to kill:
But when the patriot's injur'd fame,
His country's honour, or his friends,
A more extensive bounty claim,
With joy the ready muse attends,
Immortal honours she bestows,
A gift the muse alone can give;
She crowns the glorious victor's brows,
And bids expiring virtue live.
Nymphs yet unborn shall melt with amorous flames
That Congreve's lays inspire;
And Philips warm the gentle swains
To love and soft desire.
Ah, shun, ye fair, the dangerous sounds!
Alas, each moving accent wounds!
The sparks conceal'd revive again,
The god restor'd, resumes his reign,
In killing joys and pleasing pain.
Thus does each bard in different garb appear,
Each muse has her peculiar air,
And in propriety of dress becomes more fair;
To each, impartial Providence
Well-chosen gifts bestows,
He varies his munificence,
And in divided streams the heavenly blessing flows.

If we look back on ages past and gone,
When infant Time his race begun,
The distant view still lessens to our sight,
Obscur'd in clouds, and veil'd in shades of night.
The muse alone can the dark scenes display,
Enlarge the prospect, and disclose the day.
'Tis she the records of times past explores,
And the dead hero to new life restores,
To the brave man who for his country died,
Erects a lasting pyramid,
Supports his dignity and fame,
When mouldering pillars drop his name.
In full proportion leads her warrior forth,
Discovers his neglected worth,
Brightens his deeds, by envious rust o'ercast,
T' improve the present age, and vindicate the past.
Did not the muse our crying wrongs repeat,
Ages to come no more should know
Of Lewis by oppression great
Than we of Nimrod now:
The meteor should but blaze and die,
Depriv'd of the reward of endless infamy.
Ev'n that brave chief, who set the nations free,
The greatest name the world can boast,
Without the muse's aid, shall be
Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion lost.
The sculptor's hand may make the marble live,
Or the bold pencil trace
The wonders of that lovely face,
Where every charm, and every grace,
That man can wish, or heaven can give,
In happy union join'd confess
The hero born to conquer, and to bless.
Yet vain, alas! is every art,
Till the great work the muse complete,
And everlasting fame impart,
That soars aloft, above the reach of fate.

Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods beſtow
A genius equal to the vaſt deſign,
Whoſe thoughts ſublime in eaſy numbers flow,
While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.
How ſhall our trembling ſouls ſurvey
The horrors of each bloody day;
The wreaking carnage of the plain
Incumber'd with the mighty ſlain,
The ſtrange variety of death,
And the ſad murmurs of departing breath?
Scamander's ſtreams ſhall yield to Danube's flood,
To the dark boſom of the deep purſued
By fiercer flames, and ſtain'd with nobler blood.
The gods ſhall arm on either ſide,
Th' important quarrel to decide;
The grand event embroil the realms above,
And faction revel in the court of Jove;
While heaven, and earth, and ſea, and air,
Shall feel the mighty ſhock and labour of the war.

Virtue conceal'd obſcurely dies,
Loſt in the mean diſguiſe
Of abject ſloth, depreſs'd, unknown. [lies,
Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond
Till chance, or art, reveal its worth,
And call its latent glories forth;
But when its radiant charms are view'd,
Becomes the idol of the crowd,
And adds new luſtre to the monarch's crown.
What Britiſh harp can lie unſtrung,
When Stanhope's fame demands a ſong?
Upward, ye muſes, take your wanton flight,
Tune every lyre to Stanhope's praiſe,
Exert your moſt triumphant lays,
Nor ſuffer ſuch heroic deeds to ſink in endleſs night.
The golden Tagus ſhall forget to flow,
And Ebro leave its channel dry,
Ere Stanhope's name to time ſhall bow,
And loſt in dark oblivion lie.
Where ſhall the muſe begin her airy flight?
Where firſt direct her dubious way?
Loſt in variety of light,
And dazzled in exceſs of day?
Wiſdom and valour, probity and truth,
At once upon the labouring fancy throng,
The conduct of old age, the fire of youth,
United in one breaſt perplex the poet's ſong.
Thoſe virtues which diſpers'd and rare
The gods too thriftily beſtow'd,
And ſcatter'd to amuſe the crowd,
When former heroes were their care;
T' exert at once their power divine,
In thee, brave chief, collected ſhine.
So from each lovely blooming face
Th' ambitious artiſt ſtole a grace,
When in one finiſh'd piece he ſtrove
To paint th' all-glorious queen of love.
Thy provident unbiaſs'd mind
Knowing in arts of peace and war,
With indefatigable care,
Labours the good of human kind:
Erect in dangers, modeſt in ſucceſs,
Corruption's everlaſting bane,
Where injur'd merit finds redreſs,
And worthleſs villians wait in vain.
Though fawning knaves beſiege thy gate,
And court the honeſt man they hate;
Thy ſteady virtue charges through,
Alike unerring to ſubdue,
As when on Almanara's plain the ſcatter'd squadrons flew.
Vain are th' attacks of force or art,
Where Cæſar's arm defends a Cato's heart.
Oh! could thy generous ſoul diſpenſe
Through this unrighteous age its ſacred influence;
Could the baſe crowd from thy example learn,
To trample on their impious gifts with ſcorn,
With ſhame confounded to behold
A nation for a trifle ſold,
Dejected ſenates ſhould no more
Their champion's abſence mourn,
Contending boroughs ſhould thy name return;
Thy bold Philippics ſhould reſtore
Britannia's wealth, and power, and fame,
Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,
While tyrants trembled on a foreign ſhore.
No ſwelling titles, pomp, and ſtate,
The trappings of a magiſtrate,
Can dignify a ſlave, or make a traitor great.
For, careleſs of external ſhow,
Sage nature dictates whom t' obey,
And we the ready homage pay,
Which to ſuperior gifts we owe.
Merit like thine repuls'd an empire gains,
And virtue, though neglected, reigns.
The wretch is indigent and poor,
Who brooding ſits o'er his ill-gotten ſtore;
Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his ſin;
He feels the rigid judge within.
But they alone are bleſs'd, who wiſely know
T' enjoy the little which the gods beſtow,
Proud of their glorious wants, diſdain
To barter honeſty for gain;
No other ill but ſhame they fear,
And ſcorn to purchaſe life too dear:
Profuſely laviſh of their blood,
For their dear friends or country's good,
If Britain conquer, can rejoice in death,
And in triumphant ſhouts reſign their breath.

TO DR. MACKENZIE.

O THOU, whoſe penetrating mind,
Whoſe heart benevolent, and kind,
Its ever preſent in diſtreſs,
Glad to preſerve, and proud to bleſs:
Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
On Caledonian hills to rove;
But hear our fond united prayer,
Nor force a county to deſpair.
Let homicides in Warwick-lane,
With hecatombs of victims ſlain,
Butcher for knighthood, and for gain;
While thou purſueſt a nobler aim,
Declining intereſt for fame.
Where'er thy Maker's image dwells,
In gilded roofs, or ſmoky cells,
The ſame thy zeal: o'erjoy'd to ſave
Thy fellow-creature from the grave:

For well thy soul can understand
The poor man's call is God's command;
No frail, no transient good, his fee;
But heaven, and bless'd eternity.
Nor are thy labours here in vain,
The pleasure over-pays the pain.
True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone, in doing good;
Speak, all ye wise, can God bestow,
Or man a greater pleasure know?
See where the grateful father bows!
His tears confess how much he owes:
His son, the darling of his heart,
Restor'd by your prevailing art;
His house, his name, redeem'd by you,
His ancient honours bloom anew.
But oh! what idioms can express
The vast transcendant happiness
The faithful husband feels? his wife,
His better half, recall'd to life:
See, with what rapture! see him view
The shatter'd frame rebuilt by you!
See health rekindling in her eyes!
See baffled death give up his prize!
Tell me, my friend, canst thou forbear,
In this gay scene to claim a share?
Does not thy blood more swiftly flow?
Thy heart with secret transports glow?
Health, life, by heaven's indulgence sent,
And thou the glorious instrument!
Safe in thy art, no ills we fear,
Thy hand shall plant Elysium here;
Pale sickness shall thy triumphs own,
And ruddy health exalt her throne.
The fair, renew'd in all her charms,
Shall fly to thy protecting arms;
With gracious smiles repay thy care,
And leave her lovers in despair.
While multitudes applaud and bless
Their great asylum in distress,
My humble muse, among the crowd,
Her joyful Pœans sings aloud.
Could I but with Mæonian flight
Sublimely soar through fields of light,
Above the stars thy name should shine,
Nor great Machaon's rival thine!
But father Phœbus, who has done
So much for thee his favourite son,
His other gifts on me bestows
With partial hands, nor hears my vows:
Oh! let a grateful heart supply,
What the penurious powers deny!

THE WIFE.

Imperial Jove (as poets sung of old)
Was coupled to a more imperial scold,
A jealous, termagant, insulting jade,
And more observant than a wither'd maid:
She watch'd his waters with unweary'd eyes,
And chas'd the god through every sly disguise,
Out-brav'd his thunder with her louder voice,
And shook the poles with everlasting noise.
At midnight revels when the gossips met,
He was the theme of their eternal chat:
This ask'd what form great Jove would next devise,
And when his godship would again Taurise?
That hinted at the wanton life he led
With Leda, and with baby Ganymede:
Scandals and lies went merrily about,
With heavenly lambs-wool, and nectarial stout.
Home she returns erect with lust and pride,
At bed and board alike unsatisfy'd;
The hen-peck'd god her angry presence flies,
Or at her feet the passive thunderer lies,
In vain: still more she raves, still more she storms,
And heaven's high vaults echo her loud alarms:
To Bacchus, merry blade, the god repairs,
To drown in nectar his domestic cares,
The fury thither too pursues the chase,
Palls the rich juice, and poisons every glass;
Wine, that makes cowards brave, the dying strong,
Is a poor cordial 'gainst a woman's tongue.
To arms! to arms! th' impetuous fury cries,
The jolly god th' impending ruin flies:
His trembling tigers hide their fearful heads,
Scar'd at a fierceness which their own exceeds;
Bottles aloft, like bursting bombs resound;
And smoking spout their liquid ruin round;
Like storms of hail the scatter'd fragments fly,
Bruis'd bowls and broken glass obscure the sky;
Tables, and chairs, and stools, together hurl'd,
With universal wreck fright all the nether world.
Such was the clamour, such great Jove's surprise,
When by gigantic hands the mountains rise,
To wrest his thunder, and invade the skies.
Who would not envy Jove eternal life,
And wish for godhead clogg'd with such a wife?
If e'er it be my wayward fate to wed,
Avert, ye powers, a Juno from my bed!
Let her be foolish, ugly, crooked, old,
Let her be whore, or any thing but scold!
With prayers incessant for my lot I crave
The quiet cuckold, not the hen-peck'd slave;
Or give me peace on earth, or give it in the grave!

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. MR. MOORE.

Of humble birth, but of more humble mind,
By learning much, by virtue more refin'd,
A fair and equal friend to all mankind.
Parties and sects, by fierce divisions torn,
Forget their hatred, and consent to mourn;
Their hearts unite in undissembled woe,
And in one common stream their sorrows flow.
Each part in life with equal grace he bore,
Obliging to the rich, a father to the poor.
From sinful riots silently he fled,
But came unbidden to the sick man's bed.
Manners and men he knew, and when to press
The poor man's cause, and plead it with success.
No penal laws he stretch'd, but won by love
His hearers' hearts, unwilling to reprove.
When sour rebukes and harsher language fail,
Could with a lucky jest, or merry tale,
O'er stubborn souls in virtue's cause prevail.
Whene'er he preach'd, the throng attentive stood,
Feasted with manna, and celestial food:
He taught them how to live, and how to die;
Nor did his actions give his words the lye:

Go, happy ſoul! ſublimely take thy flight
Through fields of æther, in long tracks of light,
The gueſt of angels; range from place to place,
And view thy great Redeemer face to face.
Juſt God! eternal ſource of power and love!
Whom we lament on earth, give us above!
Oh! grant us our companion and our friend,
In bliſs without alloy, and without end!

EPITAPH

Upon Hugh Lumber, Huſbandman.

In cottages and homely cells,
True piety neglected dwells:
Till call'd to heaven, her native ſeat,
Where the good man alone is great:
'Tis then this humble duſt ſhall riſe,
And view his judge with joyful eyes;
While haughty tyrants ſhrink afraid,
And call the mountains to their aid.

THE HIP. TO WILLIAM COLMORE, ESQ.

The Day after the great Meteor, in March 1715.

This diſmal morn, when eaſt winds blow,
And every languid pulſe beats low,
With face moſt ſorrowfully grim,
And head oppreſs'd with wind and whim,
Grave as an owl, and juſt as witty,
To thee I twang my doleful ditty;
And in mine own dull rhymes would find
Muſic to ſoothe my reſtleſs mind:
But oh! my friend, I ſing in vain,
No doggrel can relieve my pain;
Since thou art gone my heart's deſire,
And heaven, and earth, and ſea conſpire,
To make my miſeries complete;
Where ſhall a wretched Hip retreat?
What ſhall a drooping mortal do,
Who pines for ſunſhine and for you?
If in the dark alcove I dream,
And you, or Phillis, is my theme,
While love or friendſhip warm my ſoul,
My ſhins are burning to a coal.
If rais'd to ſpeculations high,
I gaze the ſtars and ſpangled ſky,
With heart devout and wondering eye,
Amaz'd I view ſtrange globes of light,
Meteors with horrid luſtre bright,
My guilty trembling ſoul affright.
To mother earth's prolific bed,
Penſive I ſtoop my giddy head,
From thence too all my hopes are fled.
Nor flowers, nor graſs, nor ſhrubs appear,
To deck the ſmiling infant year;
But blaſts my tender bloſſoms wound,
And deſolation reigns around.
If ſea-ward my dark thoughts I bend,
O! where will my misfortunes end?
My loyal ſoul diſtracted meets
Attainted dukes, and * Spaniſh fleets.
Thus jarring elements unite,
Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with ſpight,
Succeſſive miſchiefs every hour
On my devoted head they pour.
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
'Tis ſtill an endleſs ſcene of wo.
'Tis thus diſconſolate I mourn,
I faint, I die, till thy return;
'Till thy briſk wit, and humorous vein,
Reſtore me to myſelf again.
Let others vainly ſeek for eaſe,
From Galen and Hippocrates,
I ſcorn ſuch nauſeous aids as theſe.
Haſte then, my dear, unbrib'd attend,
The beſt elixir is a friend.

* *An invaſion from Spain was then expected.*

TO A LADY,

Who made me a Preſent of a Silver Pen.

Fair-one, accept the thanks I owe,
'Tis all a grateful heart can do.
If e'er my ſoul the muſe inſpire
With raptures and poetic fire,
Your kind munificence I'll praiſe,
To you a thouſand altars raiſe:
Jove ſhall deſcend in golden rain,
Or die a ſwan; but ſing in vain.
Phœbus the witty and the gay,
Shall quit the chariot of the day,
To baſk in your ſuperior ray.
Your charms ſhall every god ſubdue,
And every goddeſs envy you.
Add this but to your bounty's ſtore,
This one great boon, I aſk no more:
O gracious nymph, be kind as fair,
Nor with diſdain neglect my prayer,
So ſhall your goodneſs be confeſs'd,
And I your ſlave entirely bleſs'd;
This pen no vulgar theme ſhall ſtain.
The nobleſt palm your gift ſhall gain,
To write to you, nor write in vain.

Preſenting to a Lady a White Roſe and a Red on the Tenth of June.

If this pale roſe offend your ſight,
It in your boſom wear;
'Twill bluſh to find itſelf leſs white,
And turn Lancaſtrian there.

But, Celia, ſhould the red be choſe,
With gay vermilion bright;
'Twould ſicken at each bluſh that glows,
And in deſpair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain;
As uncontrolable as fate,
Imperial Love ſhall reign.

Each haughty faction ſhall obey,
And whigs and tories join,
Submit to your deſpotic ſway,
Confeſs your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,
They're tyrants that oppreſs;
'Tis mercy muſt ſupport your throne,
And 'tis like heaven to bleſs.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wandering currents flow,
A large ſmooth plain extends its verdant brow,
Here every morn while fruitful vapours feed
The ſwelling blade, and bleſs the ſmoking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns: like time, the ſwain
Whets his unrighteous ſcythe, and ſhaves the plain.
Beneath each ſtroke the peeping flowers decay,
And all th' unripen'd crop is ſwept away,
The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whiſs his ſhort pipe, or roars a rural ſong,
With curious eye then the preſs'd turf he views,
And every riſing prominence ſubdues.
Now when each craving ſtomach was well-ſtor'd,
And church and king had travel'd round the board,
Hither at fortune's ſhrine to pay their court,
With eager hopes the motley tribe reſort;
Attornies ſpruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
And roſy parſons fat, and orthodox:
Of every ſect, whigs, papiſts, and high-flyers,
Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd ſquires:
Fox-hunters, quacks, ſcribblers in verſe and proſe,
And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaux;
On the green cirque the ready racers ſtand,
Diſpos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand:
Each poliſh'd ſphere does his round brother own,
The twins diſtinguiſh'd by their marks are known.
As the ſtrong rein guides the well-manag'd horſe,
Here weighty lead infus'd directs their courſe.
Theſe in the ready road drive on with ſpeed,
But thoſe in crooked paths more artfully ſucceed.
So the tall ſhip that makes ſome dangerous bay,
With a ſide wind obliquely ſlopes her way.
Lo! there the ſilver tumbler fix'd on high,
The victor's prize, inviting every eye!
The champions, or conſent, or chance divide,
While each man thinks his own the ſurer ſide,
And the jack leads, the ſkilful bowler's guide.
Bendo ſtrip'd firſt, from foreign coaſts he brought
A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
Where the tumultuous whims to faction prone,
Still juſtled monarch Reaſon from her throne:
More dangerous than the porcupine his quill,
Inur'd to ſlaughter, and ſecure to kill.
Let looſe, juſt heaven! each virulent diſeaſe,
But ſave us from ſuch murderers as theſe:
Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
Th' unpeopled world would ſink beneath his rage:
Nor need t' appeaſe the juſt Creator's ire
A ſecond deluge or conſuming fire.
He winks one eye, and knits his brow ſevere,
Then from his hand launches the flying ſphere;
Out of the green the guiltleſs wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his patients from this nether world:
Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd
Deride his ſenſeleſs rage, and ſhout aloud,
Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious prieſt!
Still late at church, but early at a feaſt.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace,
His garments black, vermilion paints his face;
His wattles hang upon his ſtiffen'd band.
His platter feet upon the trigger ſtand,
He graſps the bowl in his rough brawny hand.
Then ſquatting down, with his grey goggle eyes
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
Zadoc purſues, and wabbles o'er the plain, [vain;
But ſhakes his ſtrutting paunch, and ambles on in
For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
The inmate lead the lighter wood miſguides.
He ſharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
Then on the counter ſide with pain reclines;
As if he meant to regulate its courſe,
By power attractive, and magnetic force,
Now almoſt in deſpair, he raves, he ſtorms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms:
Unhappy Proteus! ſtill in vain he tries
A thouſand ſhapes, the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his prayers, regardleſs of his cries.
His puffing cheeks with riſing rage inflame,
And all his ſparkling rubies glow with ſhame.
Bendo's proud heart, proof againſt fortune's frown,
Reſolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, ſurveying all the green,
And meaſures with his eye the ſpace between.
But, as on him 'twas a peculiar curſe,
To fall from one extreme into a worſe;
Conſcious of too much vigour, now for fear
He ſhould exceed, at hand he checks the ſphere,
Soon as he found its languid force decay,
And the too weak impreſſion die away;
Quick after it he ſcuds, urges behind
Step after ſtep, and now, with anxious mind,
Hangs o'er the bowl, ſlow-creeping on the plain,
And chides its faint efforts, and bawls amain.
Then on the guiltleſs green the blame to lay,
Curſes the mountains that obſtruct his way;
Brazens it out with an audacious face,
His inſolence improving by diſgrace.
Zadoc, who now with three black mugs had cheer'd
His drooping heart, and his ſunk ſpirits rear'd,
Advances to the trigg with ſolemn pace,
And ruddy hope ſits blooming on his face.
The bowl he pois'd, with pain his hams he bends,
On well-choſe ground unto the mark it tends:
Each adverſe heart pants with unuſual fear,
With joy he follows the propitious ſphere;
Alas! how frail is every mortal ſcheme!
We build on ſand, our happineſs a dream.
Bendo's ſhort bowl ſtops the proud victor's courſe,
Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force.
At Bendo from each corner of his eyes
He darts malignant rays, then muttering flies
Into the bower; there, panting and half dead,
In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.
Muſe, raiſe thy voice, to win the glorious prize,
Bid all the fury of the battle riſe:
Theſe but the light-arm'd champions of the field,
See Griper there: a veteran well ſkill'd;
This able pilot knows to ſteer a cauſe
Through all the rocks and ſhallows of the laws:
Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client ſaves
On the next plank, and diſappoints the waves.
In this, at leaſt, all hiſtories agree,
That, though he loſt his cauſe, he ſav'd his fee.
When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
How complaiſant the

But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his caſe,
And poverty ſits ſhrinking on his face,
How like a cur he ſnarls! when at the door
For broken ſcraps he quarrels with the poor.
The farmer's oracle, when rent-day's near,
And landlords, by forbearance, are ſevere;
When huntſmen treſpaſs, or his neighbour's ſwine,
Or tatter'd crape extorts by right divine.
Him all the rich their contributions pay,
Him all the poor with aching hearts obey:
He in his ſwanſkin doublet ſtruts along,
Now hegs, and now rebukes, the preſſing throng.
A paſſage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
And gently from his hand lets looſe the ſphere:
Smooth as a ſwallow o'er the plain it flies,
While he purſues its track with eager eyes;
Its hopeful courſe approv'd, he ſhouts aloud,
Claps both his hands, and juſtles through the crowd,
Hovering a while, ſoon at the mark it ſtood,
Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiſs'd the wood;
Loud is th' applauſe of every betting friend,
And peals of clamorous joy the concave rend.
But in each hoſtile face, a diſmal gloom
Appears, the ſad preſage of loſs to come;
'Mong theſe, Trebellius with a mournful air
Of livid hue, juſt dying with deſpair,
Shuffles about, ſkrews his chop-fallen face,
And no whipp'd gigg ſo often ſhifts his place.
Then gives his ſage advice with wondrous ſkill,
Which no man ever heeds, or ever will:
Yet he perſiſts, inſtructing to confound,
And with his cane points out the dubious ground.

Strong Nimrod now, freſh as the riſing dawn
Appears, his ſinewy limbs, and ſolid brawn,
The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
Delights, nor pompous balls; but rural ſports
Are his ſoul's joy. At the horn's briſk alarms
He ſhakes the unwilling Phillis from his arms;
Mounts with the ſun, begins his bold career,
To chaſe the wily fox, or rambling deer.
So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
From ſavage beaſts and monſters freed the land.
Hark! from the covert of yon gloomy brake,
Harmonius thunder rolls, the foreſts ſhake:
Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chaſe,
Tumultuous tranſports fluſh in every face;
With ears erect the courſer paws the ground,
Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with cheering cries
reſound:
Drive down the precipice (brave youths) with
ſpeed,
Bound o'er the river banks, and ſmoke along the
mead.
But whither would the devious muſe purſue
The pleaſing theme, and my paſt joys renew?
Another labour now demands thy ſong,
Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th' expecting throng,
As Nimrod pois'd the ſphere: his arm he drew
Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew,
Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as
ſwift it flew:
Bowls daſh'd on bowls confounded all the plain,
Safe ſtood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.
Aſſaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
Eſcaping by the ruin of their friends.

But now, he ſtands expos'd, their order broke,
And ſeems to dread the next deciſive ſtroke.
So at ſome bloody ſiege, the ponderous ball
Batters with ceaſeleſs rage the crumbling wall,
(A breach once made) ſoon galls the naked town,
Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.

Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
Griper beheld, exerting all his art;
Once more reſolves to check his furious foe,
Block up the paſſage, and elude the blow.
With cautious hand, and with leſs force, he
threw
The well-pois'd ſphere, that gently circling
But ſtopping ſhort, cover'd the mark from view.
So little Teucer on the well-fought field,
Securely ſkulk'd behind his brother's ſhield.

Nimrod, in dangers bold, whoſe heart elate,
Nor courted fortune's ſmiles, nor fear'd her hate;
Perplex'd, but not diſcourag'd, walk'd around,
With curious eye examin'd all the ground;
Not the leaſt opening in the front was found.
Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his way, and moderates his might.
Smooth-gliding o'er the plain th' obedient ſphere
Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in every breaſt:
Now rolling nearer to the mark it preſs'd;
Then chang'd its courſe, by the ſtrong biaſs rein'd,
And on the foe diſcharg'd the force that yet remain'd.
Smart was the ſtroke, away the rival fled,
The bold intruder triumph'd in his ſtead.

Victorious Nimrod ſeiz'd the glittering prize,
Shouts of outrageous joy invade the ſkies:
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,
Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID
OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Proſtrate on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Iſrael's beauty on the mountains dies;
How are the mighty fallen!
Huſh'd be my ſorrows, gently fall my tears,
Leſt my ſad tale ſhould reach the aliens ears:
Bid fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In heathen Gath, or Aſcalon, our ſhame;
Leſt proud Philiſtia, leſt our haughty foe,
With impious ſcorn inſult our ſolemn woe.

O Gilboa! ye hills aſpiring high,
The laſt ſad ſcene of Iſrael's tragedy:
No fattening dews be on thy lawns diſtill'd,
No kindly ſhowers refreſh thy thirſty field;
No hallow'd fruits thy barren ſoil ſhall raiſe,
No ſpotleſs kids that on our altars blaze;
Loneſome and wild ſhall thy bleak ſummits riſe,
Accurs'd by men, and hateful to the ſkies.
On thee the ſhields of mighty warriors lay,
The ſhield of Saul was vilely caſt away;
The Lord's anointed, Saul! his ſacred blood
Diſtain'd thy brow, and ſwell'd the common
flood.
How are the mighty fallen!

Where'er their bands the royal heroes led,
The combat thicken'd, and the mighty bled;

The ſlaughter'd hoſts beneath their falchions die,
And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly;
Unknowing to return, ſtill urge the foe,
As fate inſatiate, and as ſure the blow.
The ſon, who next his conquering father fought,
Repeats the wonders his example taught:
Eager his fire's illuſtrious ſteps to trace,
And by heroic deeds aſſert his race.
The royal eagle thus her ripening brood
Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood:
His darling thus, the foreſt monarch rears,
A firm aſſociate for his future wars;
In union terrible, they ſeize the prey,
The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.
In peace united, as in war combin'd,
Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd,
Paternal grace with filial duty vy'd,
And love the knot of nature cloſer ty'd,
Ev'n fate relents, reveres the ſacred band,
And undivided bids their friendſhip ſtand.
From earth to heaven enlarg'd, their joys improve,
Still fairer, brighter ſtill they ſhine above
Bleſt in a long eternity of love.
Daughters of Iſrael, o'er the royal urn
Wail and lament; the king, the father, mourn.
Oh! now at leaſt indulge a pious woe,
'Tis all the dead receive, the living can beſtow.
Caſt off your rich attire and proud array,
Let undiſſembled ſorrows cloud the day:
Thoſe ornaments victorious Saul beſtow'd,
With gold your necks, your robes with purple glow'd:
Quit crowns, and garlands, for the ſable weed,
To ſongs of triumph let dumb grief ſucceed
Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron bleed.
How are the mighty fallen!
Though thus diſtreſs'd, though thus o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Light is the burthen that admits relief;
My labouring ſoul ſuperior woes oppreſs,
Nor rolling time can heal, nor fate redreſs.
Another Saul your ſorrows can remove,
No ſecond Jonathan ſhall bleſs my love.
O Jonathan! my friend, my brother dear!
Eyes, ſtream afreſh, and call forth every tear:
Swell, my ſad heart each faultering pulſe beat low,
Down ſink my head beneath this weight of woe:
Hear my laments, ye hills! ye woods, return
My ceaſeleſs groans; with me, ye turtles, mourn!
How pleaſant haſt thou been! each lovely grace,
Each youthful charm, fate blooming on thy face:
Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories ſprung,
And manna dropt from thy perſuaſive tongue.
Witneſs, great heav'n! (from you thoſe ardours came)
How wonderful his love! the kindeſt dame
Lov'd not like him, nor felt ſo warm a flame.
No earthly paſſion to ſuch height aſpires,
And ſeraphs only burn with purer fires.
In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,
And Iſrael's cauſe the pious patriot warms:
In vain, while deaths promiſcuous fly below,
Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE ILIAD OF HOMER TRANSLATED.

Go, happy volume, to the fair impart
The ſecret wiſhes of a wounded heart:
Kind advocate! exert thy utmoſt zeal,
Deſcribe my paſſion, and my woes reveal.
Oft ſhalt thou kiſs that hand where roſes bloom,
And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;
On thee her eyes ſhall ſhine, thy leaves employ
Each faculty, and ſooth her ſoul with joy.
Watch the ſoft hour, when peaceful ſilence reigns,
And Philomel alone like me complains:
When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,
But end a day of calumny in prayer:
O'er Quarles or Bunyan nod, in dreams relent,
Without diſguiſe give all their paſſions vent,
And mourn their wither'd charms, and youthful prime miſpent.
Then by the waxen taper's glimmering light,
With thee the ſtudious maid ſhall paſs the night;
Shall feel her heart beat quick in every page,
And tremble at the ſtern Pelides' rage:
With horror view the half-drawn blade appear,
And the deſponding tyrant pale with fear;
To calm that ſoul untam'd, ſage Neſtor fails,
And ev'n celeſtial wiſdom ſcarce prevails.
Then lead her to the margin of the main,
And let her hear th' impatient chief complain;
Toſs'd with ſuperior ſtorms, on the bleak ſhores
He lies, and louder than the billows roars.
Next the dread ſcene unfold of war and blood,
Hector in arms triumphant, Greece ſubdued;
The partial gods who with their foes conſpire,
The dead, the dying, and the fleet on fire.
But tell, oh! tell the cauſe of all this woe,
The fatal ſource from whence theſe miſchiefs flow;
Tell her 'twas love deny'd the hero fir'd,
Depriv'd of her whom moſt his heart deſir'd.
Not the dire vengeance of the thundering Jove,
Can match the boundleſs rage of injur'd love.
Stop the fierce torrent, and its billows riſe,
Lay waſte the ſhores, invade both earth and ſkies:
Confine it not, but let it gently flow,
It kindly cheers the ſmiling plains below,
And everlaſting ſweets upon its borders grow.
To Troy's proud walls the wondering maid convey,
With pointed ſpires and golden turrets gay,
The work of gods: thence let the fair behold
The court of Priam, rich in gems and gold;
His numerous ſons, his queen's majeſtic pride,
Th' aſpiring domes, th' apartments ſtretching wide,
Where on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,
And weav'd the battles which their lovers fought.
Here let her eyes ſurvey thoſe fatal charms,
The beauteous prize that ſet the world in arms;
Through gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,
She walks, and every panting heart beats love.
Ev'n ſapleſs age new bloſſoms at the ſight,
And views the fair deſtroyer with delight:
Beauty's vaſt power, hence to the nymph make known,
In Helen's triumphs let her read her own;

Nor blame her ſlaves, but lay the guilt on fate,
And pardon failings which her charms create.
Raſh bard! forbear, nor let thy flattering muſe,
With pleaſing viſions, thy fond heart abuſe;
Vain are thy hopes preſumptuous, vain thy prayer,
Bright is her image, and divinely fair:
But oh! the goddeſs in thy arms is fleeting air.
So dreams th' ambitious man when rich Tokay,
Or Burgundy, refines his vulgar clay:
The white rod trembles in his potent hand,
And crowds obſequious wait his high command;
Upon his breaſt he views the radiant ſtar,
And gives the word around him, peace or war:
In ſtate he reigns, for one ſhort, buſy night,
But ſoon convinc'd by the next dawning light,
Curſes the fading joys that vaniſh from his ſight.

AN EPISTLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

Near fair Avona's ſilver tide,
Whoſe waves in ſoft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted ſwains,
Your jocund ſongs and rural ſtrains.
Smooth as her ſtreams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in varied beauties ſhow,
Like flowers that on her borders grow.
While I ſurvey, with raviſh'd eyes,
His* friendly gift, my valued prize,
Where ſiſter arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty ſhine,
Alternately my ſoul is bleſt.
Now I behold my welcome gueſt,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artiſt ſhown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expreſſive draught deſign'd,
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
Unſtudied wit, and manly ſenſe.
Then, as your book I wander o'er,
And feaſt on the delicious ſtore
(Like the laborious buſy bee,
Pleas'd with the ſweet variety),
With equal wonder and ſurpriſe,
I ſee reſembling portraits riſe.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way.
Here the droll figures ſlyly ſneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural ſcene,
And ſwains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire, and art.
'Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants againſt the ſouthern wind,
And ſeeks the ſtream through unknown ways;
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt ſuch longings, ſuch deſires,
As I to view thoſe lofty ſpires,
Thoſe domes, where fair Edina ſhrouds
Her towering head amid the clouds.

But oh! what dangers interpoſe!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with ſnows,
Proud winter floods with rapid force,
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe.
But ſure we bards, whoſe purer clay,
Nature has mixt with leſs allay,
Might ſoon find out an eaſier way.
Do not ſage matrons mount on high,
And ſwitch their broom-ſticks through the ſky;
Ride poſt o'er hills, and woods, and ſeas,
From Thule to th' Heſperides†?
And yet the men of Greſham own
That this and ſtranger feats are done,
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the ſky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs muſt more intenſely glow.
Did not the Theban ſwan take wing,
Sublimely ſoar, and ſweetly ſing?
And do not we of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier ſtrain,
Mount ſheer out of the reader's ſight,
Obſcurely loſt in clouds and night?
Then climb your Pegaſus with ſpeed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed:
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To ſwell the flood with crimſon gore;
Like the Cadmean murdering brood,
Each thirſting for his brother's blood.
For now all hoſtile rage ſhall ceaſe;
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honeſt hands and hearts ſhall join,
O'er jovial banquets, ſparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I ſhall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold—oh! take a ſpecial care,
T' admit no prying kirkman there;
I dread the penitential chair.
What a ſtrange figure ſhould I make,
A poor abandon'd Engliſh rake;
A 'ſquire well born, and ſix foot high,
Perch'd in that ſacred pillory?
Let ſpleen and zeal be baniſh'd thence,
And troubleſome impertinence,
That tells his ſtory o'er again:
Ill-manners and his faucy train,
And ſelf-conceit, and ſtiff-rumpt pride,
That grin at all the world beſide;
Foul ſcandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;
Fame's buſy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair:
Envy, hypocriſy, deceit,
Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To friendſhip and the world's repoſe.
But mirth inſtead, and dimpling ſmiles,
And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toaſts, that round the table ſail:
While laughter, burſting through the crowd
In vollies, tells our joys aloud.

* *Lord Somerville was pleaſed to ſend me his own picture, and Mr. Ramſay's works.*

† *The Scilly iſlands were ſo called by the ancients.*

Hark! the ſhrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the ſtreams, the rocks reply,
To his far-ſounding melody.
Behold each labouring ſqueeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Obſerve Croudero's active bow,
His head ſtill noddling to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks, with raptures glow.
See, ſee the baſhful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance;
Flying ſtill, the ſwains purſuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.
This, this ſhall be the joyous ſcene;
Nor wanton elves that ſkim the green
Shall be ſo bleſt, ſo blythe, ſo gay,
Or leſs regard what dotards ſay.
My Roſe ſhall then your Thiſtle greet,
The Union ſhall be more complete;
And, in a bottle and a friend,
Each national diſpute ſhall end.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE EPISTLE,

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

Sir, I had your's, and own my pleaſure,
On the receipt, exceeded meaſure.
You write with ſo much ſpirit and glee,
Sae ſmooth, ſae ſtrong, correct, and free;
That any he (by you allow'd
To have ſome merit) may be proud.
If that's my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha've lent me ſic a lift to fame.
Your ain tours high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like the firſt-rate ſtar,
And all the world beſtow due praiſe
On the collection of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts firſt poets ſhine:
Like Mat and Swift ye ſing with eaſe,
And can be Waller when you pleaſe.
Continue, ſir, and ſhame the crew
That's plagu'd with having nought to do,
Who fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aſpiring wit;
Such kenna how t' employ their time,
And think activity a crime:
Aught they to either do, or ſay,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When money, their Factotum, 's able
To furniſh them a numerous rabble,
Who will, for daily drink and wages,
Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
Could they, like you employ their hours
In planting theſe delightful flowers,
Which carpet the poetic fields,
And laſting funds of pleaſure yields;
Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,
Or ſleep or loiter out the day,
Or waſte the night damning their ſauls
In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls:
Whence pox and poverty proceed
An early eild, and ſpirits dead.
Reverſe of you;—and him you love,
Whoſe brighter ſpirit tours above
The mob of thoughtleſs lords and beaux,
Who in his ilka action ſhows
"True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
"Unſtudy'd wit, and manly ſenſe."
Allow here what you've ſaid your ſell,
Nought can b' expreſt ſo juſt and well:
To him and her, worthy his love,
And every bleſſing from above,
A ſon is given, God ſave the boy,
For theirs and every Som'ril's joy.
Ye wardins round him take your place,
And raiſe him with each manly grace;
Make his meridian virtues ſhine,
To add freſh luſtres to his line:
And many may the mother ſee
Of ſuch a lovely progeny.

Now, ſir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
Hail, ſnaw and ſleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
While Caledonia's hills are green,
And a' her ſtraths delight the een;
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a' the year its beauty ſhows;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your northern tour?
Be ſure of welcome: nor believe
Thoſe wha an ill report would give
To Ed'nburgh and the land of cakes,
That nought what's neceſſary lacks.
Here plenty's goddeſs frae her horn
Pours fiſh and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance;—and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
Nor will North Britain yield for fouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To any but her ſiſter South.—

True, rugged roads are curſed driegh,
And ſpeats aft roar frae mountains high:
The body tires—poor tottering clay,
And likes with eaſe at hame to ſtay;
While ſauls ſtride warlds at ilka ſtend,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine ſees you, while you chearfu' roam
On ſweet Avona's flowery howm,
There recollecting, with full view,
Thoſe follies which mankind purſue;
While, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
You riſe with a correcting ſpirit;
And, as an agent of the gods,
Laſh them with ſharp ſatyric rods:
Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I ſee you range,
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in pureſt air;
While joy frae heights and dales reſounds,
Rais'd by the hola, horn and hounds:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chaſe outrun,
I ſee the friend, and ſetting ſun,
Invite you to the temperate bicker,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
The clock ſtrikes twelve, to reſt you bound,
To ſave your health by ſleeping ſound.
Thus with cool head and healſome breaſt
You ſee new day ſtream frae the eaſt:
Then all the muſes round you ſhine,
Inſpiring every thought divine;

Be long their aid—Your years and bleſſes,
Your ſervant Allan Ramſay wiſhes.

TO ALLAN RAMSAY,

Upon his publiſhing a ſecond Volume of Poems.

Hail, Caledonian bard! whoſe rural ſtrains
Delight the liſtening hills, and cheer the plains!
Already poliſh'd by ſome hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careleſs of cenſure, like the ſun, ſhine forth,
In native luſtre, and intrinſic worth.
To follow nature is by rules to write,
She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.
From her the critic's taſte, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain, till ſhe from heaven inſpire:
By the ſame guide inſtructed how to ſoar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.
Ye choſen youths! who dare like him aſpire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre!
Keep nature ſtill in view; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dangerous ſteep aſcent
To laſting fame. Perhaps a little art
Is needful, to plane o'er ſome rugged part;
But the moſt labour'd elegance and care,
T' arrive at full perfection muſt deſpair.
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
Alas! ſome venial ſins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due,
Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addiſon a few;
But thoſe, like miſts that cloud the morning ray,
Are loſt and vaniſh in the blaze of day.
Though ſome intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We ſtill love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her leſs a goddeſs than before.
Slight wounds in no diſgraceful ſcars ſhall end,
Heal'd by the balm of ſome good-natur'd friend.
In vain ſhall canker'd Zoilus aſſail,
While Spence preſides, and candour holds the ſcale.
His generous breaſt, nor envy ſours, nor ſpite,
Taught by his * founder's motto how to write,
Good manners guides his pen. Learn'd without pride,
In dubious points not forward to decide.
If here and there uncommon beauties riſe,
From flower to flower he roves with glad ſurpriſe.
In failings no malignant pleaſure takes,
Nor rudely triumphs over ſmall miſtakes.
No nauſeous praiſe, no biting taunts offend,
W' expect a cenſor, and we find a friend.
Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,
Stripp'd of their rags, ſhall like Ulyſſes ſhine,
With more heroic port, and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no ſund of ſenſe,
Can e'er atone for loſt benevolence.
May Wykeham's ſons, who in each art excel,
And rival ancient bards in writing well, [ſing,
While from their bright examples taught they
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleneſs of heart!

* *William of Wykeham,* "*Manners maketh man.*"

Such critics, Ramſay, jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice inſolently blame,
But lur'd by praiſe the haggard muſe reclaim.
Retouch each line till all is juſt and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almoſt complete.
So when ſome beauteous dame, a reigning toaſt,
The flower of Forth, and proud Edina's boaſt,
Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
In all her richeſt head-geer trimly clad,
The curious hand-maid, with obſervant eye,
Corrects the ſwelling hoop that hangs awry;
Through every plait her buſy fingers rove,
And now ſhe plies below, and then above,
With pleaſing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon ſmooths, adjuſts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full luſtre ſhine,
And Homer's Juno was not half ſo fine.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

Was ever work to ſuch perfection wrought;
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not ſparingly adorn'd with ſcatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze:
So breaks the day upon the ſhades of night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded light.
To humble man's proud heart, thy great deſign;
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So juſtly plann'd, and ſo politely writ,
And not be proud, and boaſt of human wit?
Yet juſt to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarſe allay,
Our happineſs to love, adore, obey;
To praiſe him for each gracious boon beſtow'd,
For this thy work, for every leſſer good,
With proſtrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.
The muſe, which ſhould inſtruct, now entertains,
On trifling ſubjects, in enervate ſtrains;
Be it thy taſk to ſet the wanderer right,
Point out her way in her aerial flight;
Her noble mien, her honours loſt reſtore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly ſoar.
Thy theme ſublime, and eaſy verſe, will prove
Her high deſcent, and miſſion from above.
Let others now tranſlate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
In virtue's cauſe ſhall glorioully prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail,
Made wiſe by thee, whoſe happy ſtyle conveys
The pureſt morals in the ſofteſt lays,
As angels once, ſo now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming muſe ſhall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

EPISTLE TO MR. THOMSON,

ON THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS SEASONS.

So bright, ſo dark, upon an April day,
The ſun darts forth, or hides his various ray;

So high, so low, the lark aspiring sings,
Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
So smooth, so rough, the sea that laves our shores,
Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest roars.
Believe me, Thomson, 'tis not thus I write,
Severely kind, by envy sour'd or spite:
Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
Such arts are to my honest soul unknown.
I read thee over as a friend should read,
Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you succeed.
Why should thy muse, born so divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilet's daily care?
Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face:
Studiously plain, and elegantly clean,
With unaffected speech, and easy mien,
Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire.
Discretely daring, with a stiffen'd rein,
Firm in thy seat the flying steed restrain.
Though few thy faults, who can perfection boast?
Spots in the sun are in his lustre lost:
Yet ev'n those spots expunge with patient care,
Nor fondly the minuteſt error spare.
For kind and wise the parent, who reproves
The slightest blemish in the child he loves.
Read Philips much, consider Milton more;
But from their dross extract the purer ore.
To coin new words, or to restore the old,
In southern bards is dangerous and bold;
But rarely, very rarely, will succeed,
When minted on the other side of Tweed.
Let perspicuity o'er all preside—
Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.
The rhiming, jingling tribe, with bells and song,
Who drive their limping Pegasus along,
Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to rise
To scorn the beaten road, and range the skies.
A genius so refin'd, so just, so great,
In Britain's isle shall fix the muse's seat,
And new Parnassus shall at home create:
Rules from thy works each future bard shall draw,
Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY ANNE COVENTRY.

Upon viewing her fine Chimney-piece of Shell-work.

The greedy merchant ploughs the sea for gain,
And rides exulting o'er the watery plain:
While howling tempests, from their rocky bed,
Indignant break around his careful head.
The royal fleet the liquid waste explores,
And speaks in thunder to the trembling shores;
The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear,
The vanquish'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
Those quit their chain, and these resign their palm,
While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.
The curious sage, nor gain nor fame pursues,
With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
Hangs o'er the cliff inquisitive to know
The secret causes of its ebb and flow;
Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its smooth face,
Or ranks in classes all the fishy race,
From those enormous monsters of the main,
Who in their world, like other tyrants, reign,
To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band,
Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the strand.
Yet ev'n their shells the forming hand divine
Has, with distinguish'd lustre, taught to shine.
What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!
Th' Almighty painter glows in every line:
How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold design,
And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
Justly supreme! let us thy power revere,
Thou fill'st all space! all-beauteous every where,
Thy rising sun with blushes paints the morn,
Thy shining lamps the face of night adorn;
Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills;
The vales thy pastures green, and bubbling rills;
Thy coral groves, thy rocks that amber weep,
Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep;
Thy yellow sands distinct with golden ore,
And these thy variegated shells the shore.
To all thy works such grandeur hast thou lent,
And such extravagance of ornament.
For the false traitor, man, this pomp and show!
A scene so gay, for us poor worms below!
No—for thy glory all these beauties rise,
Yet may improve the good, instruct the wise.
You, madam, sprung from Beaufort's royal line,
Who, lost to courts, can in your closet shine,
Best know to use each blessing he bestows,
Best know to praise the power from whence it flows.
Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
Or agat, or Ægyptian porphyry—
More glossy they, their veins of brighter dye.
See! where your rising pyramids aspire,
Your guests surpris'd the shining pile admire!
In future times, if some great Phidias rise,
Whose chissel with his mistress nature vies,
Who, with superior skill, can lightly trace
In the hard marble block the softeſt face:
To crown this piece, so elegantly neat,
Your well-wrought bust shall the whole complete;
O'er your own work from age to age preside,
Its author once, and then its greatest pride.

ADDRESS

To his Elbow-chair new-clothed.

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend;
If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;
Why should'st not *thou* attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?
True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings and external show?
To real worth alone I make my court,
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.
Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay;
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;
Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house!

Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful *then*, my conſtancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd;
I lov'd thee *more*; nor, like a courtier, ſpurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
With conſcious ſhame, yet frankly, I confeſs,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee leſs.
Where vanity, where pleaſure call'd, I ſtray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But ſage experience taught me how to prize
Myſelf; and how, this world: ſhe bade me riſe
To nobler flights regardleſs of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliſs, and lodg'd me in thy ſoft embrace.
Here on thy yielding down I ſit ſecure;
And, patiently, what heaven has ſent, endure;
From all the futile cares of buſineſs free;
Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be*:
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the paſt;
And ſeriouſly prepare to meet the laſt.
So ſafe on ſhore the penſion'd ſailor lies;
And all the malice of the ſtorm defies:
With eaſe of body bleſt, and peace of mind,
Pities the reſtleſs crew he left behind;
Whilſt, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

SONG.

As o'er Aſteria's fields I rove,
The bliſsful ſeat of peace and love,
Ten thouſand beauties round me riſe,
And mingle pleaſure with ſurpriſe.
By nature bleſt in every part,
Adorn'd with every grace of art,
This paradiſe of blooming joys
Each raptur'd ſenſe, at once, employs.

But when I view the radiant queen,
Who form'd this fair enchanting ſcene;
Pardon, ye grots! ye cryſtal floods!
Ye breathing flowers! ye ſhady woods!
Your coolneſs now no more invites;
No more your murmuring ſtream delights;
Your ſweets decay, your verdure's flown;
My ſoul's intent on her alone.

PARAPHRASE UPON A FRENCH SONG.

" Venge moi d'une ingrate maitreſſe,
" Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvreſſe."

Kind relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus! hear my prayer,
Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair!
In thy ſmiling cordial bowl,
Drown the ſorrows of my ſoul,
All thy deity employ,
Gild each gloomy thought with joy.
Jolly Bacchus! ſave, oh ſave,
From the deep devouring grave,
A poor, deſpairing, dying ſwain.
Haſte away,
Haſte away,
Laſh thy tigers, do not ſtay,
I'm undone if thou delay.
If I view thoſe eyes once more,
Still ſhall love, and ſtill adore,
And be more wretched than before.
See the glory round her face!
See her move!
With what a grace!—
Ye gods above!
Is ſhe not one of your immortal race?—
Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
Dart like lightning through the ſky:
Would ye in marble temples dwell,
The dear-one to my arms compel;
Bring her in bands of myrtle tied:
Bid her forget, and bid her hide,
All her ſcorn, and all her pride.
Would ye that your ſlave repay
A ſmoking hecatomb each day;
O reſtore
The beauteous goddeſs I adore;
O reſtore, with all her charms,
The faithleſs vagrant to my arms!

HUDIBRAS AND MILTON RECONCILED.

TO SIR ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

" Si fractus illabatur orbis,
" Impavidum ferient ruinæ."——Hor.

Dear knight, how great a drudge is he
Who would excel in poetry!
And yet how few have learnt the art,
T' inform the head, or touch the heart!
Some, with a dry and barren brain,
Poor rogues! like coſtive lap-dogs ſtrain;
While others with a flux of wit,
The reader and their friends beſh-t.
Would you (Sir Knight) my judgment know?
He ſtill writes worſt who writes *ſo-ſo*.
In this the mighty ſecret lies,
To elevate and to ſurpriſe:
Thus far my pen at random run,
The fire was out, the clock ſtruck one,
When, lo! ſtrange hollow murmurs from without,
Invade my ears. In every quarter rous'd,
The warring winds ruſh from their rocky caves
Tumultuous; the vapours dank, or dry,
Beneath their ſtandards rang'd, with lowering front
Darken the welkin. At each dreadful ſhock
Oaks, pines, and elms, down to their mother earth
Bend low their ſuppliant heads: the nodding towers
Menace deſtruction, and old Edrick's houſe
From its foundation ſhakes. The bellowing clouds
Burſt into rain, or gild their ſable ſkirts
With flakes of ruddy fire; fierce elements
In ruin reconcil'd! redoubled peals
Of ceaſeleſs thunder roar. Convulſions rend
The firmament. The whole creation ſtands
Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits its doom.
And now perhaps, dear friend, you wonder
In this dread ſcene of wind, rain, thunder,

What a poor guilty wretch could do;
Then hear—(for, faith, I tell you true)
I water'd, ſhook my giddy head,
Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

UPON MIRANDA'S LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

The ſun departing hides his head,
The lily and the roſe are dead,
The birds forget to ſing;
The cooing turtles now no more
Repeat their amorous ditties o'er,
But watch th' approaching ſpring.

For ſoon the merry month of May
Reſtores the bright all-cheering ray;
Soft notes charm every grove:
The flowers ambroſial incenſe breathe,
And all above, and all beneath,
Is fragrance, joy, and love.

So when Miranda hence retires,
Each ſhepherd only not expires:
How rueful is the ſcene!
How the dull moments creep along!
No ſportive dance, nor rural ſong,
No gambols on the green.

Yet, when the radiant nymph appears,
Each field its richeſt livery wears,
All nature's blith and gay;
The ſwains tranſported with delight,
After a long and gloomy night,
Bleſs the reviving day.

While thus, indulgent to our prayer
Kind heaven permitted us to ſhare
A bleſſing ſo divine;
While ſmiling hope gave ſome relief,
And joys alternate ſooth'd our grief,
What ſhepherd could repine?

But now—her fatal loſs we mourn,
Never, oh! never to return
To theſe deſerted plains;
Undone, abandon'd to deſpair,
Alas! 'tis winter all the year
To us unhappy ſwains.

Ye little loves, lament around;
With empty quivers ſtrew the ground,
Your bows unbent lay down;
Harmleſs your wounds, pointleſs your darts,
And frail your empire o'er our hearts,
Till ſhe your triumphs crown.

Ye nymphs, ye fawns, complaining ſigh;
Ye graces, let your treſſes fly,
The ſport of every wind:
Ye mimic echoes tell the woods,
Repeat it to the murmuring floods,
She's gone! ſhe's gone! unkind!

Break, ſhepherds, break each tuneleſs reed,
Let all your flocks at random feed,
Each flowery garland tear;
Since wit and beauty quit the plain,
Paſt pleaſures but enhance our pain,
And life's not worth our care.

TO PHYLLIS.

Though cloſe immur'd, poor captive maid!
Young Danaë play'd a wanton's part;
The gold that in her lap was laid,
Soon found a paſſage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguil'd
By Juno's unrelenting hate,
Amid the bright deſtruction ſmil'd,
Enjoy'd her god, and dy'd in ſtate.

The ſwan on Leda's whiter breaſt,
Artful deceiver! neſtling lay,
With joy ſhe claſp'd her downy gueſt,
Fond of a bird ſo ſoft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit ſhare,
Where intereſt reigns, or pride, or ſhow?
'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,
The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart ſhall beat,
Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan?
Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,
For woman loves herſelf alone.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF HALIFAX,

With the Fable of the two Springs.

O Halifax! a name for ever dear
To Phœbus, and which all the Nine revere;
Accept this humble pledge of my eſteem,
So juſtly thine, benevolence my theme.
In myſtic tales, and parables, of old
Grave eaſtern ſeers inſtructive leſſons told;
Wiſe Greece from them receiv'd the happy plan
And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.
The matron Truth appears with better grace,
When well-wrought fables veil her reverend face:
Dry precept may inſtruct, but can't delight,
While pleaſing fictions all our powers excite.
Our buſy minds each faculty employ,
And range around, and ſtart their game with joy;
Pleas'd with the chaſe, make the rich prey their own,
And glory in the conqueſts they have won.
Fable alone can crown the poet's brow,
Upon his works immortal charms beſtow:
And 'twere a ſin that method to diſprove,
Which Heaven has fix'd by ſanctions from above.
My humble muſe in calm retirement roves
Near moſſy fountains, and near ſhady groves:
Yet there, ev'n there, her loyal hands would raiſe
Some rural trophy to her monarch's praiſe;
Inſtruct thoſe fountains and thoſe groves to ſhow,
What copious bleſſings from his bounty flow;
While flowers and ſhrubs bleſs his propitious aid,
His urn refreſhing, or protecting ſhade.
Great friend of human kind! thy pious hand
Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.
Let haughty tyrants of falſe glory dream,
Without remorſe purſue the bloody ſcheme;
To fame forbidden tread the lawleſs way,
And o'er the ravag'd world extend their ſway;

'Tis thine, great George, to guard thy favourite isle
From open force, and every secret wile,
To raise th' oppress'd, to make the captives smile;
To pay just heaven what righteous monarchs owe,
And, like that heaven, to bless the world below:
To build new temples, to repair the old,
To bring the straggling sheep into the fold,
And by wise laws restore an age of gold.
Ye blissful seats where Tame and Isis join,
Lovely retirement of the sacred Nine,
Parent of arts, and once my sweet abode,
Can ye forget the blessings he bestow'd?
Can sophistry prevail against that prince,
Whose mercy and beneficence convince?
Oh! touch each tuneful string, let every muse
From all her stores her noblest Pæans choose;
Pay what she can in tributary lays,
And to his virtue grant supplies of praise.
To all the world your grateful hearts make known,
And in your monarch's fame record your own.
His fame—which envy's breath can never blast,
But ages yet to come shall join the past,
And Brunswick's glory with the world shall last.

A SONG FOR THE LUTE.

Gently, my lute, move every string,
Soft as my sighs, reveal my pain;
While I, in plaintive numbers, sing
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

In vain her airs, in vain her art,
In vain she frowns when I appear;
Thy notes shall melt her frozen heart;
She cannot hate, if she can hear.

And see she smiles! through all the groves
Triumphant Iö-Pæans sound:
Clap all your wings, ye little loves;
Ye sportive graces, dance around.

Ye listening oaks, bend to my song;
Not Orpheus play'd a nobler lay:
Ye savages, about me throng;
Ye rocks, and harder hearts, obey.

She comes, she comes, relenting fair!
To fill with joy my longing arms;
What faithful lover can despair,
Who thus with verse, and music, charms?

THE COQUET.

When tortur'd by the cruel fair
And almost mad with wild despair,
My fleeting spirits rove;
One cordial glance restores her slave,
Redeems me from the gaping grave,
And soothes my soul to love.

Thus in a sea of doubt I'm tos'd,
Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast;
What wretch can long endure
Such odd, perplexing pangs as these,
When neither mortal the disease,
Nor yet complete the cure?

Proud tyrant! since to save, or kill,
Depends on thy capricious will,
This milder sentence give;
Reverse my strange, untoward fate,
Oh! let me perish by thy hate,
Or by thy kindness live!

THE SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

Dead to the soft delights of love,
Spare me, O! spare me, cruel boy:
Nor seek in vain that heart to move,
Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy swain,
(When smit with fair Pastora's charms)
I serv'd thee many a long campaign,
And wide I spread thy conquering arms.

Now, mighty God, dismiss thy slave,
To feeble age let youth succeed;
Recruit among the strong and brave,
And kindly spare an invalid.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares,
Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains!
My soul for better guests prepares,
Reason restor'd, and virtue reigns.

But why, my Cloe, tell me why?
Why trickles down this silent tear?
Why do these blushes rise and die?
Why stand I mute when thou art here?

Ev'n sleep affords my soul no rest,
Thee bathing in the stream I view;
With thee I dance, with thee I feast,
Thee through the gloomy grove pursue.

Triumphant god of gay desires!
Thy vassal's raging pains remove;
I burn, I burn, with fierce fires,
Oh! take my life, or crown my love.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

Who now regards Chloris, her tears, and her whining,
Her sighs and fond wishes, and awkward repining?
What a pother is here, with her amorous glances,
Soft fragments of Ovid, and scraps of romances!

A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!
Cold December affects the sweet blossoms of May;
To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom spurn us,
Is to quench love's bright torch, and with touch-wood to burn us.

Believe me, dear maids, there's no way of evading;
While ye pish, and cry nay, your roses are fading:
Though your passion survive, your beauty will dwindle,
And our languishing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your zeniths we prostrate before ye,
When ye set in a cloud, what fool will adore ye?
Then, ye fair, be advis'd, and snatch the kind blessing,
And shew your good conduct by timely possessing.

ANACREONTIC.

TO CLOE DRINKING.

When, my dear Cloe, you reſign
One happy hour to mirth and wine,
Each glaſs you drink ſtill paints your face
With ſome new victorious grace:
Charm in reſerve my ſoul ſurpriſe,
And by freſh wounds your lover dies.
Who can reſiſt thee, lovely fair!
That wit! that ſoft engaging air!
Each panting heart its homage pays,
And all the vaſſal world obeys.
God of the grape, boaſt now no more
Thy triumphs on far Indus' ſhore:
Each uſeleſs weapon now lay down,
Thy tigers, car, and ivy crown;
Give but this juice in full ſupplies,
And truſt thy fame to Cloe's eyes.

TO A DISCARDED TOAST.

Celia, confeſs 'tis all in vain,
To patch the ruins of thy face;
Nor of ill-natur'd time complain,
That robs it of each blooming grace.

If love no more ſhall bend his bow,
Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
If no lac'd fop, nor feather'd beau,
Deſpairing at thy feet ſhall die:

Yet ſtill, my charmer, wit like thine
Shall triumph over age and fate;
Thy ſetting beams with luſtre ſhine,
And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flower! ſoon fades away,
And tranſient are the joys of love;
But wit, and virtue, ne'er decay,
Ador'd below, and bleſs'd above.

THE PERJUR'D MISTRESS.

From Horace, Epod. xv. *ad Neæram.*

'Twas night, and heaven intent with all its eyes
Gaz'd on the dear deceitful maid;
A thouſand pretty things ſhe ſaid,
A thouſand artful tricks ſhe play'd,
From me, deluded me, her falſehood to diſguiſe.

She claſp'd me in her ſoft encircling arms,
She preſs'd her glowing cheek to mine,
The clinging ivy, or the curling vine,
Did never yet ſo cloſely twine;
Who could be man and bear the luſtre of her charms?

And thus ſhe ſwore: by all the powers above,
When winter ſtorms ſhall ceaſe to roar,
When ſummer ſuns ſhall ſhine no more,
When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
Neæra then, and not till then, ſhall ceaſe to love.

Ah! falſe Neæra! perjur'd fair! but know,
I have a ſoul too great to bear
A rival's proud inſulting air,
Another may be found as fair,
As fair, ungrateful nymph! and far more juſt than you.
Shouldſt thou repent, and at my feet be laid,
Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
And all thy former follies mourn,
Thy proffer'd paſſion I would ſcorn:
The gods ſhall do me right on that devoted head.

And you, ſpruce ſir, who inſolently gay,
Exulting, laugh at my diſgrace,
Boaſt with vain airs, and ſtiff grimace,
Your large eſtate, your handſome face,
Proud of a fleeting bliſs, the pageant of a day:

You too ſhall ſoon repent this haughty ſcorn;
When, fickle as the ſea or wind,
The proſtitute ſhall change her mind,
To ſuch another coxcomb kind;
Then ſhall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Who ſpent the Night in Tears, upon a Report that her Brother was to fight a Duel the next Morning.

Pastora weeps, let every lover mourn,
Her grief is no leſs fatal than her ſcorn:
Thoſe ſhining orbs inflict an equal pain,
O'erflown with tears, or pointed with diſdain.
When doubts and fears invade the tender breaſt,
Where peace, and joy, and love ſhould ever reſt;
As flowers depriv'd of the ſun's genial ray,
Earthward we bend, and ſilently decay;
In ſpight of all philoſophy can do,
Our hearts relent, the burſting torrents flow,
We feel her pains, and propagate her woe.
Each mournful muſe laments the weeping fair,
The graces all their comely treſſes tear,
Love drags his wings, and droops his little head,
And Venus mourns as for Adonis dead.
Patience, dear maid, nor without cauſe complain,
O laviſh not theſe precious drops in vain:
Under the ſhield of your prevailing charms,
Your happy brother lives ſecure from harms,
Your bright reſemblance all my rage diſarms.
Your influence unable to withſtand,
The conſcious ſteel drops from my trembling hand;
Low at your feet the guilty weapon lies,
The foe repents, and the fond lover dies.
Æneas thus by men and gods purſued,
Feeble with wounds, defil'd with duſt and blood,
Beauty's bright goddeſs interpos'd her charms,
And ſav'd the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms.

TO DR. M——

READING MATHEMATICS.

Vain our purſuits of knowledge, vain our care,
The coſt and labour we may juſtly ſpare.
Death from this coarſe alloy refines the mind,
Leaves us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd;
All ſcience opens to our wondering eyes,
And the good man is in a moment wiſe.

FROM MARTIAL.

EPIG. xlvii.

Would you, my friend, find out the true receipt,
To live at eaſe, and ſtem the tide of fate;

The grand elixir thus you muſt infuſe,
And theſe ingredients to be happy chooſe:
Firſt an eſtate, not got with toil and ſweat,
But unincumber'd left, and free from debt:
For let that be your dull foreſather's care,
To pinch and drudge for his deſerving heir;
Fruitful and rich, in land that's ſound and good,
That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood;
That cold nor hunger may your houſe infeſt,
While flames invade the ſkies, and pudding crowns the feaſt.
A quiet mind, ſerene, and free from care,
Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noiſy at the bar;
A body ſound, that phyſic cannot mend;
And the beſt phyſic of the mind, a friend,
Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,
Thy other ſelf, diſtinguiſh'd but by face;
Whoſe ſympathetic ſoul takes equal ſhare
Of all thy pleaſure, and of all thy care.
A modeſt board, adorn'd with men of ſenſe,
No French ragouts, nor French impertinence,
A merry bottle to engender wit,
Not over-dos'd, but *quantum ſufficit*:
Equal the error is in each exceſs,
Nor dullneſs leſs a ſin, than drunkenneſs.
A tender wife diſſolving by thy ſide,
Eaſy and chaſte, free from debate and pride,
Each day a miſtreſs, and each night a bride.
Sleep undiſturb'd, and at the dawn of day,
The merry horn, that chides thy tedious ſtay;
A horſe that's clean, ſure-footed, ſwift, and ſound,
And dogs that make the echoing clifts reſound;
That ſweep the dewy plains, out-fly the wind,
And leave domeſtic ſorrows far behind. [paſt.
Pleas'd with thy preſent lot, nor grudging at the
Nor fearing when thy time ſhall come, nor hoping for thy laſt.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO MARRIED HIS CAST MISTRESS.

From Horace, Book III. *Ode* ix.

D. While I was yours, and yours alone,
Proud, and tranſported with your charms,
I envy'd not the Perſian throne,
But reign'd more glorious in your arms.

B. While you were true, nor Suky fair
Had chas'd poor Bruny from your breaſt;
Not Ilia could with me compare,
So fam'd, or ſo divinely bleſt.

D. In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie,
So ſweetly ſings the warbling fair!
For whom moſt willingly I'd die,
Would fate the gentle ſyren ſpare.

B. Me Billy burns with mutual fire,
For whom I'd die, in whom I live,
For whom each moment I'd expire,
Might he, my better part, ſurvive.

D. Should I once more my heart reſign,
Would you the penitent receive?
Would Suky ſcorn'd atone my crime?
And would my Bruny own her ſlave?

B. Though brighter he than blazing ſtar,
More fickle thou than wind or ſea,
With thee, my kind returning dear,
I'd live, contented die with thee.

A DAINTY NEW BALLAD:

Occaſioned by a Clergyman's Widow of ſeventy years of age, being married to a young Exciſeman.

There liv'd in our good town,
A relick of the gown,
A chaſte and humble dame;
Who, when her man of God
Was cold as any clod,
Dropt many a tear in vain.

But now, good people, learn all,
No grief can be eternal;
Nor is it meet, I ween,
That folks ſhould always whimper,
There is a time to ſimper,
As quickly ſhall be ſeen.

For love, that little urchin,
About this widow lurching,
Had ſlily fix'd his dart;
The ſilent creeping flame
Boil'd ſore in every vein,
And glow'd about her heart.

So when a pipe we ſmoke,
And from the flint provoke
The ſparks that twinkling play;
The touch-wood old and dry
With heat begins to fry,
And gently waſtes away.

With art ſhe patch'd up nature,
Reforming every feature,
Reſtoring every grace:
To gratify her pride,
She ſtopp'd each cranny wide,
And painted o'er her face.

Nor red, nor eke the white,
Was wanting to invite,
Nor coral lips that pout;
But, oh, in vain ſhe tries!
With darts to arm thoſe eyes
That dimly ſquint about.

With order and with care,
Her pyramid of hair
Sublimely mounts the ſky;
And, that ſhe might prevail,
She bolſter'd up her tail,
With rumps three ſtories high.

With many a rich perfume,
She purify'd her room,
As there was need, no doubt;
For on theſe warm occaſions,
Offenſive exhalations
Are apt to fly about.

On beds of roſes lying,
Expecting, wiſhing, dying,
Thus languiſh'd for her love
The Cyprian queen of old,
As merry bards have told,
All in a myrtle grove.

In pale of mother church,
She fondly hop'd to lurch,
But, ah me! hop'd in vain;
No doctor could be found,
Who this her caſe profound
Durſt venture to explain.

At length a youth full ſmart,
Who oft by magic art
Had div'd in many a hole;
Or kilderkin, or tun,
Or hogſhead, 'twas all one,
He'd ſound it with his pole.

His art, and eke his face,
So ſuited to her caſe,
Engag'd her love-ſick heart;
Quoth ſhe, my pretty Diver,
With thee I'll live for ever,
And from thee never part.

For thee my bloom reviving,
For thee freſh charms ariſing,
Shall melt thee into joy;
Nor doubt, my pretty ſweeting,
Ere nine months are completing,
To ſee a bonny boy.

As ye have ſeen, no doubt,
A candle when juſt out,
In flames break forth again;
So ſhone this widow bright,
All blazing in deſpight
Of threeſcore years and ten.

CANIDIA'S EPITHALAMIUM.

UPON THE SAME.

Time as malevolent, as old,
To blaſt Canidia's face,
(Which once 'twas rapture to behold)
With wrinkles and diſgrace.

Not ſo in blooming beauty bright,
Each envying virgin's pattern,
She reign'd with undiſputed right
A * prieſteſs of St. Cattern.

Each ſprightly ſoph, each brawny thrum,
Spent his firſt runnings here;
And hoary doctors dribbling come,
To languiſh and deſpair.

Low at her feet the proſtrate arts
Their humble homage pay;
To her the tyrant of their hearts,
Each bard directs his lay.

But now, when impotent to pleaſe,
Alas! ſhe would be doing;
Reverſing nature's wiſe decrees,
She goes herſelf a-wooing.

Though brib'd with all her pelf, the ſwain
Moſt awkwardly complies;
Preſs'd to bear arms, he ſerves in pain,
Or from his colours flies.

So does an ivy, green when old,
And ſprouting in decay;
In juiceleſs, joyleſs arms infold
A ſapling young and gay.

The thriving plant, if better join'd,
Would emulate the ſkies;
But, to that wither'd trunk confin'd,
Grows ſickly, pines, and dies.

HUNTING-SONG.

Behold, my friend, the roſy-finger'd morn,
With bluſhes on her face,
Peeps o'er yon azure hill;
Rich gems the trees enchaſe,
Pearls from each buſh diſtil,
Ariſe, ariſe, and hail the light new-born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, Come away:
Quit, quit the downy bed;
Break from Amynta's arms;
Oh, let it ne'er be ſaid,
That all, that all her charms,
Though ſhe's as Venus fair, can tempt thy ſtay.

Perplex thy ſoul no more with cares below,
For what will pelf avail!
Thy courſer paws the ground,
Each beagle cocks his tail,
They ſpend their mouths around,
While health, and pleaſure, ſmiles on every brow.

Try, huntſmen, all the brakes, ſpread all the plain,
Now, now, ſhe's gone away,
Strip, ſtrip, with ſpeed purſue;
The jocund god of day,
Who fain our ſport would view,
See, ſee, he flogs his fiery ſteeds in vain.

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys,
On the wings of the wind
The merry beagles fly;
Dull ſorrow lags behind:
Ye ſhrill echoes, reply;
Catch each flying ſound, and double our joys.

Ye rocks, woods, and caves, our muſic repeat:
The bright ſpheres thus above,
A gay refulgent train,
Harmoniouſly move
O'er yon celeſtial plain
Like us whirl along, in concert ſo ſweet.

Now Puſs threads the brakes, and heavily flies,
At the head of the pack
Old Fidler bears the bell,
Every foil he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,
Till, forc'd into view, ſhe pants, and ſhe dies.

In life's dull round thus we toil, and we ſweat;
Diſeaſes, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting purſue,
Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while we may,
What's decreed by dark fate
Is not in our own power,
Since to-morrow's too late,
Take the preſent kind hour:
With wine cheer the night, as ſports bleſs the day

* *She was bar-keeper at the Cattern-wheel in Oxford.*

A TRANSLATION OF HORACE, EP. X.

Horace recommends a Country Life, and diſſuades his Friend from Ambition and Avarice.

Health to my friend loſt in the ſmoky town,
From him who breathes in country air alone,
In all things elſe thy ſoul and mine are one;
And like two aged long acquainted doves,
The ſame our mutual hate, the ſame our mutual loves,
Cloſe, and ſecure, you keep your lazy neſt,
My wandering thoughts won't let my pinions reſt:
O'er rocks, ſeas, woods, I take my wanton flight,
And each new object charms with new delight,
To ſay no more, my friend, I live, and reign,
Lord of myſelf: I've broke the ſervile chain,
Shook off with ſcorn the triſles you deſire,
All the vain empty nothings fops admire.
Thus the lean ſlave of ſome fat pamper'd prieſt
With greedy eyes at firſt views each luxurious feaſt;
But, quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat
Their godly viands, and their holy meat:
Wiſely ambitious to be free and poor,
Longs for the homely ſcraps he loth'd before.
Seek'ſt thou a place where nature is obſerv'd,
And cooler reaſon may be mildly heard;
To rural ſhades let thy calm ſoul retreat,
Theſe are th' Elyſian fields, this is the happy ſeat,
Proof againſt winter's cold, and ſummer's heat,
Here no invidious care thy peace annoys,
Sleep undiſturb'd, uninterrupted joys;
Your marble pavements with diſgrace muſt yield
To each ſmooth plain, and gay enamel'd field:
Your muddy aqueducts can ne'er compare
With country ſtreams, more pure than city air;
Our yew and bays enclos'd in pots ye prize,
And mimic little beauties we deſpiſe.
The roſe and woodbine marble walls ſupport,
Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court:
But yet in vain all ſhifts the artiſt tries,
The diſcontented twig but pines away and dies.
The houſe ye praiſe that a large proſpect yields,
And view with longing eyes the pleaſure of the fields;
'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confeſs,
Th' inimitable charms the peaceful country bleſs.
In vain from nature's rules we blindly ſtray,
And puſh th' uneaſy monitrix away:
Still ſhe returns, nor lets our conſcience reſt,
But night and day inculcates what is beſt,
Our trueſt friend, though an unwelcome gueſt
As ſoon th' unſkilful fool that's blind enough,
To call rich Indian damaſk Norwich ſtuff,
Shall become rich by trade, as he be wiſe,
Whoſe partial ſoul and undiſcerning eyes
Can't at firſt ſight, and at each tranſient view,
Diſtinguiſh good from bad, or falſe from true.
He that too high exalts his giddy head
When fortune ſmiles, if the jilt frowns, is dead:
Th' aſpiring fool, big with his haughty boaſt,
Is the moſt abject wretch when all his hopes are loſt.
Sit looſe to all the world, nor aught admire,
Theſe worthleſs toys too fondly we deſire;
Since when the darling's raviſh'd from our heart,
The pleaſure's over-balanc'd by the ſmart.
Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy looſe deſires,
For thrifty nature no great coſt requires:
A healthy body, and thy miſtreſs kind,
A humble cot, and a more humble mind:
Theſe once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,
From thy poor cell deſpiſe the tottering throne,
And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down.
The ſtag well-arm'd, and with unequal force,
From fruitful meadows chas'd the conquer'd horſe;
The haughty beaſt that ſtomach'd the diſgrace,
In meaner paſtures not content to graze,
Receives the bit, and man's aſſiſtance prays.
The conqueſt gain'd, and many trophies won,
His falſe confederate ſtill rode boldly on;
In vain the beaſt curs'd his perfidious aid,
He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could perſuade
The rider from his back, or bridle from his head.
Juſt ſo the wretch that greedily aſpires,
Unable to content his wild deſires;
Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,
Loſes a prize worth all his golden ore,
The happy freedom he enjoy'd before.
About him ſtill th' uneaſy load he bears,
Spurr'd on with fruitleſs hopes, and curb'd with anxious fears.
The man whoſe fortune fit not to his mind,
The way to true content ſhall never find;
If the ſhoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,
In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aſide.
But you, my friend, in calm contentment live,
Always well pleas'd with what the god, ſhall give;
Let not baſe ſhining pelf thy mind deprave,
Tyrant of fools, the wiſe man's drudge and ſlave;
And me reprove if I ſhall crave for more,
Or ſeem the leaſt uneaſy to be poor.
Thus much I write, merry, and free from care,
And nothing covet, but thy preſence here.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. II.

Happy the man, who, free from care,
Manures his own paternal fields,
Content, as his wife fathers were,
T' enjoy the crop his labour yields.

Nor uſury torments his breaſt,
That barters happineſs for gain,
Nor war's alarms diſturb his reſt,
Nor hazards of the faithleſs main:

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
With coſtly noiſe, and dear debate,
Proclaims an everlaſting war;
Nor fawns on villains baſely great.

But for the vine ſelects a ſpouſe,
Chaſte emblem of the marriage-bed,
Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,
And graſts more happy in their ſtead.

Or hears the lowing herds from far,
That fatten on the fruitful plains,
And ponders with delightful care,
The proſpect of his future gains.

Or ſhears his ſheep that round him graze,
And droop beneath their curling loads;
Or plunders his laborious bees
Of balmy nectar, drink of gods!

His cheerful head when Autumn rears,
And bending boughs reward his pains,
Joyous he plucks the luſcious pears,
The purple grape his finger ſtains.

Each honeſt heart's a welcome gueſt,
With tempting fruit his tables glow,
The gods are bidden to the feaſt,
To ſhare the bleſſings they beſtow.

Under an oak's protecting ſhade,
In flowery meads profuſely gay,
Supine he leans his peaceful head,
And gently loiters life away.

The vocal ſtreams that murmuring flow,
Or from their ſprings complaining creep,
The birds that chirp on every bough,
Invite his yielding eyes to ſleep.

But, when bleak ſtorms and lowering Jove
Now ſadden the declining year,
Through every thicket, every grove,
Swift he purſues the flying deer.

With deep-hung hounds he ſweeps the plains;
The hills, the vallies, ſmoke around:
The woods repeat his pleaſing pains,
And echo propagates the ſound.

Or, puſh'd by his victorious ſpear,
The griſly boar before him flies,
Betray'd by his prevailing fear
Into the toils, the monſter dies.

His towering falcon mounts the ſkies,
And cuts through clouds his liquid way;
Or elſe with ſly deceit he tries
To make the leſſer game his prey.

Who, thus poſſeſs'd of ſolid joy,
Would love, that idle imp, adore?
Cloe's coquet, Myrtilla's coy,
And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore.

Adieu, fantaſtic idle flame!
Give me a profitable wife,
A careful, but obliging dame,
To ſoften all the toils of life:

Who ſhall with tender care provide,
Againſt her weary ſpouſe return,
With plenty ſee his board ſupply'd,
And make the crackling billets burn:

And while his men and maids repair
To fold his ſheep, to milk his kine,
With unbought dainties feaſt her dear,
And treat him with domeſtic wine.

I view with pity and diſdain
The coſtly trifles coxcombs boaſt,
Their Bourdeaux, Burgundy, Champaign,
Though ſparkling with the brighteſt toaſt.

Pleas'd with ſound manufacture more,
Than all the ſtum the knaves impoſe,
When the vain cully treats his whore,
At Brawn's, the Mitre, or the Roſe.

Let ſops their ſickly palates pleaſe,
With luxury's expenſive ſtore,
And feaſt each virulent diſeaſe
With dainties from a foreign ſhore.

I, whom my little farm ſupplies,
Richly on nature's bounty live;
The only happy are the wiſe,
Content is all the gods can give.

While thus on wholeſome cates I feaſt,
Oh, with what rapture I behold
My flocks in comely order haſte
T' enrich with foil the barren fold!

The languid ox approaches ſlow,
To ſhare the food his labours earn:
Painful he tugs th' inverted plough,
Nor hunger quickens his return.

My wanton ſwains, uncouthly gay,
About my ſmiling hearth delight,
To ſweeten the laborious day,
By many a merry tale at night.

Thus ſpoke old Gripe, when bottles three
Of Burton ale, and ſea-coal fire,
Unlock'd his breaſt; reſolv'd to be
A generous, honeſt, country 'ſquire.

That very night his money lent,
On bond, or mortgage, he call'd in,
With lawful uſe of ſix *per cent.*
Next morn, he put it out at ten.

FABLE I.

The Captive Trumpeter.

" — Quo non præſtantior alter
" Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu."
VIRG.

A PARTY of huſſars of late
For prog and plunder ſcour'd the plains,
Some French Gens d' Armes ſurpris'd, and beat,
And brought their trumpeter in chains.

In doleful plight, th' unhappy bard
For quarter begg'd on bended knee,
Pity, Meſſieurs! in truth 'tis hard
To kill a harmleſs enemy.

Theſe hands, of ſlaughter innocent,
Ne'er brandiſh'd the deſtructive ſword,
To you or yours no hurt I meant,
O take a poor muſician's word.

But the ſtern foe, with generous rage,
Scoundrel! reply'd, thou firſt ſhalt die,
Who, urging others to engage,
From fame and danger baſely fly.

The brave by law of arms we ſpare,
Thou by the hangman ſhalt expire;
'Tis juſt, and not at all ſevere,
To ſtop the breath that blew the fire.

FABLE II.

The bald-pated Welſhman, and the Fly.

" — Qui non moderabitur iræ, [mens,
" Infectum volet eſſe, dolor quod ſuaſerit et
" Dum pœnas odio per vim feſtinat inulto."
HOR.

A 'SQUIRE of Wales, whoſe blood ran higher
Than that of any other 'ſquire,

Haſty and hot; whoſe peeviſh honour
Reveng'd each ſlight was put upon her,
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray;
He ſum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he ſwore,
Exhal'd a ſea at every pore:
At laſt, ſuch inſults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting ſhade;
Where, as he lay diſſolv'd in ſweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's beſt diſguiſe,
By which, folks of maturer ages
Vie with ſmooth beaux, and ladies pages:
Though 'twas a ſecret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropt his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large ſmooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numſkul bare,
And courted the refreſhing air,
New perſecutions ſtill appear,
A noiſy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and ſenſe
Could bear ſuch vile impertinence?
Yet ſo diſcourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.
This inſect now, whoſe active ſpight,
Teaz'd him with never-ceaſing bite,
With ſo much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his noſe, his eyes;
For now at laſt, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worſhip's crown,
With teeth and claws his ſkin he tore,
And ſtuff'd himſelf with human gore.
At laſt, in manners to excel,
Untruſs'd a point, ſome authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could aſſuage
The furious 'ſquire, ſtark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul diſgrace,
From inſect of ſo mean a race;
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fiſt he aims a blow:
The nimble fly eſcap'd by flight,
And ſkip'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending ſtroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let ſenates hence learn to preſerve their ſtate,
And ſcorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by th' unequal ſtrife grows popular and great.
Let him buz on, with ſenſeleſs rant defy
The wiſe, the good; yet ſtill 'tis but a fly.
With puny foes the toil 's not worth the coſt,
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be loſt:
Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage.
True honour o'er the clouds ſublimely wings;
Young Ammon ſcorns to run with leſs than kings.

FABLE III.

The Ant and the Fly.

" Quem res plus nimio delectavêre ſecundæ,
" Mutatæ quatient." Hor.

The careful ant that meanly fares,
And labours hardly to ſupply,
With wholeſome cates and homely tares,
His numerous working family;

Upon a viſit met one day
His couſin fly, in all his pride,
A courtier inſolent and gay,
By Goody Maggot near ally'd:

The humble inſect humbly bow'd,
And all his loweſt congees paid,
Of an alliance wondrous proud
To ſuch a huffing tearing blade.

The haughty fly look'd big, and ſwore
He knew him not, nor whence he came
Huff'd much, and with impatience bore
The ſcandal of ſo mean a claim.

Friend Clodpate, know, 'tis not the mode
At court, to own ſuch clowns as thee,
Nor is it civil to intrude
On flies of rank and quality.

I—who, in joy and indolence,
Converſe with monarchs and grandees,
Regaling every nicer ſenſe
With olios, ſoups, and fricaſſees;

Who kiſs each beauty's balmy lip,
Or gently buz into her ear,
About her ſnowy boſom ſkip,
And ſometimes creep the Lord knows where!

The ant, who could no longer bear
His couſin's inſolence and pride,
Toſs'd up his head, and with an air
Of conſcious worth, he thus reply'd:

Vain inſect! know, the time will come,
When the court-ſun no more ſhall ſhine,
When froſts thy gaudy limbs benumb,
And damps about thy wings ſhall twine;

When ſome dark naſty hole ſhall hide
And cover thy neglected head,
When all this lofty ſwelling pride
Shall burſt, and ſhrink into a ſhade:

Take heed, leſt fortune change the ſcene:
Some of thy brethren I remember,
In June have mighty princes been,
But begg'd their bread before December.

MORAL.

This precious offspring of a t—d
Is firſt a pimp, and then a lord;
Ambitious to be great, not good,
Forgets his own dear fleſh and blood.
Blind goddeſs! who delight'ſt in joke,
O fix him on thy loweſt ſpoke;
And ſince the ſcoundrel is ſo vain,
Reduce him to his filth again.

FABLE IV.

The Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape.

" Clodius accuſat Mœchos, Catilina Cethegum."
Juv.

THE wolf impeach'd the fox of theft,
The fox the charge deny'd;
To the grave ape the caſe was left,
In juſtice to decide.

Wiſe Pug with comely buttocks ſate,
And nodded o'er the laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd well through the debate,
And thus adjudg'd the cauſe:

The goods are ſtole, but not from thee,
Two pickled rogues well met,
Thou ſhalt be hang'd for perjury,
He for an arrant cheat.

MORAL.

Hang both, judicious brute, 'twas bravely ſaid,
May villains always to their ruin plead!
When knaves fall out, and ſpitefully accuſe,
There's nothing like the reconciling nooſe.
O hemp! the nobleſt gift propitious heaven
To mortals with a bounteous hand has given,
To ſtop malicious breath, to end debate,
To prop the ſhaking throne, and purge the ſtate.

FABLE V.

The Dog and the Bear.

" —Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
" Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine et irâ
" Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, et extra."
Hor.

TOWSER, of right Hockleian ſire,
A dog of mettle and of fire,
With Urſin grim, an errant bear,
Maintain'd a long and dubious war:
Oft Urſin on his back was toſt,
And Towſer many a collop loſt;
Capricious fortune would declare,
Now for the dog, then for the bear.
Thus having try'd their courage fairly,
Brave Urſin firſt deſir'd a parly;
Stout combatant (quoth he) whoſe might
I've felt in many a bloody fight,
Tell me the cauſe of all this pother,
And why we worry one another?
That's a moot point, the cur reply'd,
Our maſters only can decide.
While thee and I our hearts blood ſpill,
They prudently their pockets fill;
Halloo us on with all their might,
To turn a penny by the fight.
If that's the caſe, return'd the bear,
'Tis time at laſt to end the war;
Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,
To combat in a nobler cauſe;
Sleep in a whole ſkin, I adviſe,
And let them bleed, who gain the prize.

MORAL.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall,
The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.

FABLE VI.

The Wounded Man, and the Swarm of Flies.

" E malis minimum."—

SQUALID with wounds, and many a gaping ſore,
A wretched Lazar lay diſtreſs'd;
A ſwarm of flies his bleeding ulcers tore,
And on his putrid carcaſe feaſt.

A courteous traveller, who paſs'd that way,
And ſaw the vile Harpeian brood,
Offer'd his help the monſtrous crew to flay,
That rioted on human blood.

Ah! gentle ſir, th' unhappy wretch reply'd,
Your well-meant charity reſrain;
The angry gods have that redreſs deny'd,
Your goodneſs would increaſe my pain.

Fat, and full-fed, and with abundance cloy'd,
But now and then theſe tyrants feed;
But were, alas! this pamper'd brood deſtroy'd,
The lean and hungry would ſucceed.

MORAL.

The body politic muſt ſoon decay,
When ſwarms of inſects on its vitals prey;
When blood-ſuckers of ſtate, a greedy brood,
Feaſt on our wounds, and fatten with our blood.
What muſt we do in this ſevere diſtreſs?
Come, doctor, give the patient ſome redreſs:
The quacks in politics a change adviſe,
But cooler counſels ſhould direct the wiſe.
'Tis hard, indeed; but better this, than worſe;
Miſtaken bleſſings prove the greateſt curſe.
Alas! what would our bleeding country gain,
If, when this viperous brood at laſt is ſlain,
The teeming Hydra pullulates again;
Seizes the prey with more voracious bite,
To ſatisfy his hungry appetite?

FABLE VII.

The Wolf and the Dog.

" Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema tri-
" umphum
" Ducere maluerim, quam ter capitolia curru
" Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugur-
" thæ." Luc.

A PROWLING wolf that ſcour'd the plains,
To eaſe his hunger's griping pains;
Ragged as courtier in diſgrace,
Hide-bound, and lean, and out of caſe;
By chance a well-fed dog eſpy'd,
And being kin, and near ally'd,
He civilly ſalutes the cur,
How do you, cuz? Your ſervant, ſir!
O happy friend! how gay thy mien!
How plump thy ſides, how ſleek thy ſkin!
Triumphant plenty ſhines all o'er,
And the fat melts at every pore!

While I, alas! decay'd and old,
With hunger pin'd, and ſtiff with cold,
With many a howl, and hideous groan,
Tell the relentleſs woods my moan.
Pr'ythee, my happy friend! impart
Thy wond'rous, cunning, thriving art.
Why, faith, I'll tell thee as a friend,
But firſt thy ſurly manners mend;
Be complaiſant, obliging, kind,
And leave the wolf for once behind.
The wolf, whoſe mouth began to water,
With joy and rapture gallop'd after;
When thus the dog: At bed and board,
I ſhare the plenty of my lord;
From every gueſt I claim a fee,
Who court my lord by bribing me:
In mirth I revel all the day,
And many a game at romps I play:
I fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
And twenty ſuch diverting tricks.
'Tis pretty, faith, the wolf reply'd,
And on his neck the collar ſpy'd:
He ſtarts, and without more ado
He bids the abject wretch adieu:
Enjoy your dainties, friend; to me
The nobleſt feaſt is liberty.
The famiſh'd wolf upon theſe deſart plains,
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.

MORAL.

Thus bravely ſpoke the nurſe of ancient Rome,
Thus the ſtarv'd Swiſs, and hungry Griſons roam,
On barren hills, clad with eternal ſnow,
And look with ſcorn on the prim ſlaves below.
Thus Cato 'ſcap'd by death the tyrant's chains,
And walks unſhackled in th' Elyſian plains.
Thus, Britons, thus your great forefathers ſtood
For liberty, and fought in ſeas of blood.
To barren rocks, and gloomy woods confin'd,
Their virtues by neceſſity refin'd,
Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could ſhake their
ſteady mind.
No ſaucy Druid then durſt cry aloud,
And with his ſlaviſh cant debauch the crowd:
No paſſive legions in a ſcoundrel's cauſe
Pillage a city, and affront the laws.
The ſtate was quiet, happy, and ſerene,
For Boadicea was the Briton's queen;
Her ſubjects their juſt liberties maintain'd,
And in her people's hearts the happy monarch
reign'd.

FABLE VIII.

The Oyſter.

" —— In jus
" Acres procurrunt, magnum ſpectaculum uter-
" que." HOR.

Two comrades, as grave authors ſay,
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye pleaſe, define)
Had found an oyſter in their way.

Conteſt and foul debate aroſe,
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words ſoon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence ſucceed,
Each hero's obſtinately ſtout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counſel fee'd.

The parſon of the place, good man!
Whoſe kind and charitable heart
In human ills ſtill bore a part,
Thrice ſhook his head, and thus began:

Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in diſpute,
I'll ſoon decide th' important ſuit,
And finiſh all without a fee.

Give me the oyſter then—'tis well—
He opens it, and at one ſup
Gulps the conteſted triſle up,
And, ſmiling, gives to each a ſhell.

Henceforth let fooliſh diſcord ceaſe,
Your oyſter's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat,
God bleſs you both, and live in peace.

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common ſenſe;
Nor thruſt your neighbours into goals
For every ſlight offence.

Baniſh thoſe vermin of debate,
That on your ſubſtance feed;
The knaves, who now are ſerv'd in plate,
Would ſtarve, if fools agreed.

FABLE IX.

The Sheep and the Buſh.

" Lætus ſorte tuâ vives ſapientèr." HOR.

A SHEEP, well-meaning brute! one morn
Retir'd beneath a ſpreading thorn,
A pealing ſtorm to ſhun;
Eſcap'd indeed both rain and wind,
But left, alas! his fleece behind:
Was it not wiſely done?

MORAL.

Beneath the blaſt while pliant oſiers bend,
The ſtubborn oak each furious wind ſhall rend;
Diſcreetly yield, and patiently endure,
Such common evils as admit no cure.
Theſe fate ordains, and Heaven's high will hath
ſent:
In humble littleneſs ſubmit content.
But thoſe thy folly brings, in time prevent.

FABLE X.

The Frog's Choice.

Ὦ ποποι, οιον δη νυ Θεὸς βροτοὶ απιοσιλαι.
Εξ ημεων γαρ φασι κακ' εμμεναι· οι δε και αυτοι
Σφησιν ατασθαλιησιν υπερ μορον αλγι' εχουσιν.

In a wild ſtate of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the ſtrong,
With anarchy oppreſs'd and griev'd.

At length the lawleſs rout,
Taught by their ſufferings, grew devout:
An embaſſy to Jove they ſent,
And begg'd his highneſs would beſtow
Some ſettled form of government,
A king to rule the ſens below.
Jove, ſmiling, grants their odd requeſt,
A king th' indulgent power beſtow'd,
(Such as might ſuit their genius beſt)
A beam of a prodigious ſize,
With all its cumberous load,
Came tumbling from the ſkies.
The waters daſh againſt the ſhore,
The hollow caverns roar;
The rocks return the dreadful ſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each ſkulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And ſmoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more reſolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold;
Recover'd from his firſt ſurpriſe,
As o'er the wave his head he popt,
He ſaw—but ſcarce believ'd his eyes,
On the ſame bank where firſt he dropt,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, careleſs, content:
Is this the monarch Jove has ſent,
(Said he) our warlike troops to lead?
Ay! 'tis a glorious prince indeed!
By ſuch an active general led,
The routed mice our arms ſhall dread,
Subdued ſhall quit their claim:
Old Homer ſhall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raiſe,
Sing our victorious arms, and juſtify our fame.
Then laughing impudently loud,
He ſoon alarm'd the daſtard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthleſs indolent,
On wings of winds, ſwift ſcandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lies,
Hoarſe treaſons, tuneleſs blaſphemies.
With active leap at laſt upon his back they ſtride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers addreſt,
And once more Jove grants their requeſt:
A ſtork he ſends of monſtrous ſize,
Red lightning flaſhing in his eyes;
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds preſs'd to his court;
Admire his ſtately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addreſſes of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full-freight with truth and ſenſe,
Exhauſted all their eloquence.
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings muſt have meat;
The Grand Vizier firſt goes to pot,
Three Baſſas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradiſe by being eat.
And this, ſaid he, and this is mine,
And this, by right divine:
In ſhort; 'twas all for public weal,
He ſwallow'd half a nation at a meal.
Again they beg Almighty Jove,
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce reſentment in his eyes,
The frowning thunderer replies;
Thoſe evils which yourſelves create,
Raſh fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through neceſſity, but choice! [curſe,
Be gone!—Nor wreſt from heaven ſome heavier
Better bear this, this ſtork, than worſe.

MORAL.

Oppreſs'd with happineſs, and ſick with eaſe,
Not heaven itſelf our fickle minds can pleaſe.
Fondly we wiſh, cloy'd with celeſtial ſtore,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, ſtill deſiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty ſtarv'd, and ev'n with health diſeas'd.
With partial eyes each preſent good we view,
Nor covet what is beſt, but what is new.
Ye powers above, who make mankind your care,
To bleſs the ſupplicant, reject his prayer!

FABLE XI.

Liberty and Love; or, the two Sparrows.

" — Dos eſt uxoria, lites." OVID.

A SPARROW and his mate,
(Believe me, gentle Kate)
Once lov'd like I and you;
With mutual ardour join'd,
No turtles e'er ſo kind,
So conſtant, and ſo true.

They hopp'd from ſpray to ſpray,
They bill'd, they chirp'd all day,
They cuddled cloſe all night;
To bliſs they wak'd each morn,
In every buſh and thorn,
Gay ſcenes of new delight.

At length the fowler came,
(The knave was much to blame)
And this dear pair trapann'd;
Both in one cage confin'd,
Why, faith and troth, 'twas kind;
Nay, hold—that muſt be ſcann'd.

Fair liberty thus gone,
And one coop'd up with one,
'Twas awkward, new, and ſtrange;
For better and for worſe,
O diſmal, fatal curſe!
No more abroad to range.

No carols now they ſing,
Each droops his little wing,
And mourns his cruel fate:
Clouds on each brow appear,
My honey, and my dear,
Is now quite out of date.

They pine, lament, and moan,
'Twould melt an heart of ſtone,
To hear their ſad complaint:
Nor he ſupply'd her wants,
Nor ſhe reſrain'd from taunts,
That might provoke a ſaint.

Hard words improve to blows;
For now, grown mortal foes,
They peck, they ſcratch, they ſcream;
The cage lies on the floor,
The wires are ſtain'd with gore,
It ſwells into a ſtream.

Dear Kitty, would you know
The cauſe of all this woe,
It is not hard to gueſs;
Whatever does conſtrain,
Turns pleaſure into pain,
'Tis choice alone can bleſs.

When both no more are free,
Inſipid I muſt be,
And you loſe all your charms;
My ſmother'd paſſion dies,
And even your bright eyes,
Neceſſity diſarms.

Then let us love, my fair,
But unconſtrain'd as air,
Each join a willing heart;
Let free-born ſouls diſdain
To wear a tyrant's chain,
And act a nobler part.

FABLE XII.

The two Springs.

" — Errat longè meâ quidem ſententiâ
" Qui imperium credat gravius eſſe aut ſtabilius
" Vi quod fit, quàm illud quod amicitiâ adjungi-
" tur." TER.

Two ſiſter ſprings, from the ſame parent hill,
Born on the ſame propitious day,
Through the cleft rock diſtil:
Adown the reverend mountain's ſide,
Through groves of myrtle glide,
Or through the violet beds obliquely ſtray.
The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
From them receives her high renown,
From them the curling vine
Her cluſters big with racy wine,
To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
And her vermilion bluſh the roſe.
The gracious ſtreams in ſmooth meanders flow,
To every thirſty root diſpenſe
Their kindly cooling influence,
And paradiſe adorns the mountain's brow.

But oh! the ſad effect of pride!
Theſe happy twins at laſt divide.
" Siſter (exclaims th' ambitious ſpring)
" What profit do theſe labours bring?
" Always to give, and never to enjoy,
" A fruitleſs and a mean employ!
" Stay here inglorious if you pleaſe,
" And loiter out a life of indolence and eaſe:
" Go, humble drudge, each thiſtle rear,
" And nurſe each ſhrub, your daily care,
" While, pouring down from this my lofty ſource,
" I deluge all the plain,
" No dams ſhall ſtop my courſe,
" And rocks oppoſe in vain.
" See where my foaming billows flow,
" Above the hills my waves aſpire,
" The ſhepherds and their flocks retire,
" And talleſt cedars as they paſs in ſign of homage
" bow.
" To me each tributary ſpring
" Its ſupplemental ſtores ſhall bring,
" With me the rivers ſhall unite,
" The lakes beneath my banners fight,
" Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
" Shall own their fame eclips'd by mine;
" Both gods and men ſhall dread my watery ſway,
" Nor theſe in cities ſafe, nor in their temples
" they."

Away the haughty boaſter flew
Scarce bade her ſiſter ſtream a cool adieu,
Her waves grow turbulent and bold,
Not gently murmuring as of old,
But roughly daſh againſt the ſhore,
And toſs their ſpumy heads, and proudly roar.
The careful farmer with ſurpriſe,
Sees the tumultuous torrent riſe;
With buſy looks the ruſtic band appear,
To guard their growing hopes, the promiſe of the year.
All hands unite, with dams they bound
The raſh rebellious ſtream around;
In vain ſhe foams, in vain ſhe raves,
In vain ſhe curls her feeble waves,
Beſieg'd at laſt on every ſide,
Her ſource exhauſted and her channel dry'd,
(Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)
A ſhallow pond ſhe ſtands confin'd,
The refuge of the croaking kind.
Ruſhes and ſags, an inbred foe,
Choke up the muddy pool below;
The tyrant ſun on high
Exacts his uſual ſubſidy;
And the poor pittance that remains,
Each gaping cranny drains.
Too late the fool repents her haughty boaſt,
A nameleſs nothing, in oblivion loſt.

Her ſiſter ſpring, benevolent and kind,
With joy ſees all around her bleſt,
The good ſhe does, into her generous mind
Returns again with intereſt.
The farmer oft invokes her aid
When Sirius nips the tender blade;
Her ſtreams a ſure elixir bring,
Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual ſpring.
Where'er the gardener ſmooths her eaſy way,
Her ductile ſtreams obey.
Courteous ſhe viſits every bed,
Narciſſus rears his drooping head,
By her diffuſive bounty fed.
Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn,
Rich in the bleſſings ſhe beſtows
All nature ſmiles where'er ſhe flows.
Enamour'd with a nymph ſo fair,
See where the river gods appear,
A nymph ſo eminently good,
The joy of all the neighbourhood;
They claſp her in their liquid arms,
And riot in th' abundance of her charms.

Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton ſtreams they join'd,
Like Arethuſa ſhe, as lovely, and as kind.
Now ſwell'd into a mighty flood,
Her channel deep and wide,
Still ſhe perſiſts in doing good,
Her bounty flows with every tide.
A thouſand rivulets in her train
With fertile waves enrich the plain:
The ſcaly herd, a numerous throng,
Beneath her ſilver billows glide along,
Whoſe ſtill increaſing ſhoals ſupply
The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury:
Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage gaze,
And with their tuneful notes reſound her praiſe.
Here flocks and herds in ſafety feed,
And fatten in each flowery mead;
No beaſts of prey appear
The watchful ſhepherd to beguile,
No monſters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious ſhark, nor wily crocodile;
But Delia and her nymphs, chaſte ſylvan queen,
By mortals prying eyes unſeen,
Bathe in her flood, and ſport upon her borders green.
Here merchants, careful of their ſtore,
By angry billows toſt,
Anchor ſecure beneath her ſhore,
And bleſs the friendly coaſt.
Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her ſurface ride:
The buſy trader on her banks appears,
An hundred different tongues ſhe hears.
At laſt, with wonder and ſurpriſe,
She ſees a ſtately city riſe;
With joy the happy flood admires
The lofty domes, the pointed ſpires;
The porticos, magnificently great,
Where all the crowding nations meet;
The bridges that adorn her brow,
From bank to bank their ample arches ſtride,
Through which her curling waves in triumph glide,
And in melodious murmurs flow.
Now grown a port of high renown,
The treaſure of the world her own,
Both Indies with their precious ſtores,
Pay yearly tribute to her ſhores.
Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled ſtream,
Nor father Thames himſelf of more eſteem.

MORAL.

The power of kings (if rightly underſtood)
Is but a grant from heaven of doing good;
Proud tyrants, who maliciouſly deſtroy,
And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy;
Humbled in duſt, ſoon to their coſt ſhall know
Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe;
While gracious monarchs reap the good they ſow:
Bleſſing, are bleſs'd; far ſpreads their juſt renown,
Conſenting nations their dominion own,
And joyful happy crowds ſupport their throne.
In vain the powers of earth and hell combine,
Each guardian angel ſhall protect that line,
Who by their virtues prove their right divine.

FABLE XIII.

The Bald Bachelor.

Being a paraphraſe upon the Second Fable in the Second Book of Phædrus.

" Frigidus in venerem ſenior, fruſtraque laborem
" Ingratum trahit: et ſi quando at prælia ventum
" eſt,
" Ut quondam in ſtipulis magnus ſine viribus ignis,
" Incaſſum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis
" Præcipuè."— VIRG. Georg. lib. iii.

A BACHELOR, who, paſt his prime,
Had been a good one in his time,
Had ſcour'd the ſtreets, had whor'd, got drunk,
Had fought his man, and kept his punk:
Was ſometimes rich, but oftener poor,
With early duns about his door;
Being a little off his mettle,
Thought it convenient now to ſettle:
Grew wondrous wiſe at forty-five,
Reſolving to be grave, and thrive.
By chance he caſt his roguiſh eye
Upon a dame who liv'd hard by;
A widow debonair and gay,
October in the dreſs of May;
Artful to lay both red and white,
Skill'd in repairs, and, ev'n in ſpite
Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.
But he, whoſe heart was apt to rove,
An arrant wanderer in love;
Beſides this widow, had Miſs Kitty,
Juicy and young, exceeding witty:
On her he thought, ſerious or gay,
His dream by night, his toaſt by day;
He thought, but not on her alone,
For who would be confin'd to one?
Between them both ſtrange work he made;
Gave this a ball, or maſqueade;
With that, at ſerious ombre play'd:
The ſelf-ſame compliments he ſpoke,
The ſelf-ſame oaths he ſwore, he broke;
Alternately on each beſtows
Frail promiſes and ſhort-liv'd vows.
Variety! kind ſource of joy!
Without whoſe aid all pleaſures cloy;
Without thee, who would ever prove
The painful drudgeries of love?
Without thee, what indulgent wight
Would read what we in garrets write!
But, not to make my tale perplex'd,
And keep more cloſely to my text;
'Tis fit the courteous reader know
This middle-aged man had been a beau.
But, above all, his head of hair
Had been his great peculiar care;
To which his ſerious hours he lent,
Nor deem'd the precious time miſpent.
'Twas long, and curling, and jet black,
Hung to the middle of his back;
Black, did I ſay? Ay, once 'twas ſo,
But cruel time had ſmok'd the beau,
And powder'd o'er his head with ſnow.

As an old horſe that had been hard rid,
Or from his maſter's coach diſcarded,
Forc'd in a tumbrel to go filler,
Or load for ſome poor rogue a miller;
On his grave noddle, o'er his eyes,
Black hairs and white promiſcuous riſe;
Which chequer o'er his reverend pate,
And prove the keffel more ſedate:
So with this worthy 'ſquire it far'd,
Yet he nor time nor labour ſpar'd,
But, with exceſſive coſt and pains,
Still made the beſt of his remains.
Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,
Each morn in modiſh ringlets curl'd it;
Now made his comely treſſes ſhine,
With orange-butter, jeſſamine;
Then with ſweet powder and perfumes
He purify'd his upper rooms.
So when a jockey brings a mare,
Or horſe, or gelding, to a fair,
Though he be ſpavin'd, old, and blind,
With founder'd feet, and broken wind;
Yet, if he's maſter of his trade,
He'll curry well, and trim the jade,
To make the cheat go glibly down,
And bubble ſome unwary clown.
What woman made of fleſh and blood,
So ſweet a gallant e'er withſtood?
They melt, they yield, both, both are ſmitten,
The good old puſs, and the young kitten;
And, being now familiar grown,
Each look'd upon him as her own;
No longer talk'd of dear, or honey,
But of plain downright matrimony.
At that dread word his worſhip ſtarted,
And was (we may ſuppoſe) faint-hearted;
Yet, being reſolv'd to change his ſtate,
Winks both his eyes, and truſts to fate.
But now new douhts and ſcruples riſe,
To plague him with perplexities;
He knew not which, alas! to chooſe,
This he muſt take, and that refuſe.
As when ſome idle country lad
Swings on a gate, his wooden pad;
To right, to left, he ſpurs away,
But neither here nor there can ſtay;
Till, by the catch ſurpris'd, the lout
His journey ends, where he ſet out:
Ev'n ſo this dubious lover ſtray'd,
Between the widow and the maid;
And, after ſwinging to and fro,
Was juſt *in æquilibrio*.
Yet ſtill a lover's warmth he ſhows,
And makes his viſits and his bows;
Domeſtic grown, both here and there,
Nor Pug, nor Shock, were half ſo dear:
With bread and butter, and with tea,
And madam's toilet, who but he?
There fix'd a patch, or broke a comb;
At night, the widow's drawing-room.
O ſweet viciſſitude of love!
Who would covet heaven above,
Were men but thus allow'd to rove?
But, alas! ſome curs'd event,
Some unexpected accident,
Humbles our pride, and ſhows the odds
Between frail mortals and the gods:
This by the ſequel will appear
A truth moſt evident and clear.
As on the widow's panting breaſt
He laid his peaceful head to reſt,
Dreaming of pleaſures yet in ſtore,
And joys he ne'er had felt before;
His grizly locks appear diſplay'd,
In all their pomp of light and ſhade,
Alas! my future ſpouſe, ſaid ſhe,
What do mine eyes aſtoniſh'd ſee?
Marriage demands equality.
What will malicious neighbours ſay,
Should I, a widow young and gay,
Marry a man both old and gray?
Thoſe hideous hairs!—with that a tear
Did in each cryſtal ſluice appear;
She fetch'd a deep ſigh from her heart,
As who ſhould ſay, Beſt friends muſt part!
Then mus'd a while; there is but one,
But this expedient left alone,
To ſave that dear head from diſgrace;
Here, Jenny, fetch my tweaſer-caſe.
To work then went the treacherous fair,
And grubb'd up here and there a hair:
But, as ſhe meant not to renew
His charms, but ſet her own to view;
And by this foil more bright appear,
In youthful bloom when he was near,
The cunning gipſy nipt away
The black, but ſlily left the gray.
O Delilah! perfidious fair!
O ſex ingenious to enſnare!
How faithleſs all your doings are!
Whom nature form'd your lord, your guide,
You his precarious power deride,
Tool of your vanity and pride.
The 'ſquire, who, thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt
What the deceitful traitreſs meant;
Thrice kiſs'd her hand, and then retir'd,
With more exalted thoughts inſpir'd:
To his fair Filly next repairs,
With ſtatelier port, and youthful airs.
Lord! ſir—(ſaid ſhe) you're mighty gay,
But I muſt tell you by the way,
That no brood gooſe was e'er ſo gray.
Here, let this hand eradicate
Thoſe foul diſhonours of your pate,
For ſhe, poor thing! whoſe virgin heart,
Unſkill'd in every female art,
In pure ſimplicity believ'd
His youth might this way be retriev'd;
At leaſt his age diſguis'd, and ſhe,
From ſpightful prudes, and cenſure free;
With earneſt diligence and care,
Grubb'd by the roots each grizzled hair;
Some few black hairs ſhe left behind,
But not one of the ſilver kind.
But when ſhe ſaw what work ſhe'd made,
His bald broad front, without a ſhade,
And all his hatchet face diſplay'd,
With ſcarce ſix hairs upon a ſide,
His large out-ſpreading lugs to hide;

She laugh'd, she ſcream'd; and Nan and Beſs,
In concert laugh'd, and ſcream'd no leſs.
Home ſculk'd the 'ſquire, and hid his face,
Sore ſmitten with the foul diſgrace:
Softly he knock'd, but truſty John,
Who knew his hour was twelve, or one,
Rubb'd both his eyes, and yawn'd, and ſwore,
And quickly blunder'd to the door.
But ſtarting back at this diſaſter,
Vow'd that old Nick had hagg'd his maſter:
The landlady, in ſore affright,
Fell into fits, and ſwoon'd out-right;
The neighbourhood was rais'd, and call'd,
The maids miſcarry'd, children bawl'd,
The cur, whom oft his bounty fed,
With many a ſcrap and bit of bread;
Now own'd him not, but in the throng
Growl'd at him as he ſneak'd along.
To bed he went, 'tis true, but not
Or clos'd his eyes, or ſlept one jot;
Not Niſus was in ſuch deſpair,
Spoil'd of his kingdom and his hair:
Not ev'n Belinda made ſuch moan,
When her dear favourite lock was gone.
He ſum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain,
And all his paſt life ran o'er again;
Damn'd every female bite to Tyburn,
From mother Eve, to mother Wyburn,
Each youthful vanity abjur'd,
Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd:
And, having loſt by female art
This darling idol of his heart,
Thoſe precious locks, that might out-vie
The trim-curl'd God who lights the ſky;
Reſolv'd to grow devout and wiſe,
Or what's almoſt the ſame—preciſe;
Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd moſt odly,
Was very ſlovenly and godly
(For nothing makes devotion keen,
Like diſappointment and chagrin):
In fine, he ſet his houſe in order,
And piouſly put on a border.

MORAL.

To you, gay ſparks, who waſte your youthful prime,
Old Æſop ſends this monitory rhyme;
Leave, leave, for ſhame your trulls at Sh—er hall,
And marry in good time, or not at all.
Of all the monſters Smithfield e'er could ſhow,
There's none ſo hideous as a batter'd beau.
Truſt not the noon of life, but take the morn;
Will Honeycomb is every female's ſcorn.
Let him be rich, high born, book-learn'd, and wiſe,
Believe me, friends, in every woman's eyes,
'Tis back, and brawn, and ſinew, wins the prize.

FABLE XIV.

The Fortune Hunter.

"Fortuna ſævo læta negotio, et
"Ludum inſolentem ludere pertinax
"Tranſmutat incertos honores." HOR.

CANTO I.

SOME authors, more abſtruſe than wiſe,
Friendſhip confine to ſtricter ties,
Require exact conformity,
In perſon, age, and quality;
Their humours, principles, and wit,
Muſt, like exchequer tallies, hit.
Others, leſs ſcrupulous, opine
That hands and hearts in love may join,
Though different inclinations ſway,
For Nature's more in fault than they.
Whoe'er would ſift this point more fully,
May read St Evremond and Tully;
With me the doctrine ſhall prevail
That's *à propos* to form my tale.
Two brethren (whether twins or no
Imports not very much to know)
Together bred; as fam'd their love
As Leda's brats begot by Jove:
As various too their tempers were;
That briſk, and frolic, debonair;
This more conſiderate and ſevere.
While Bob, with diligence would pore
And con by heart his battle door,
Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,
Or ſwitch'd his hobby round the room.
The ſtriplings now too bulky grown,
To make dirt-pies, and lounge at home,
With aching hearts to ſchool are ſent,
Their humours ſtill of various bent:
The ſilent, ſerious, ſolid boy,
Came on apace, was daddy's joy,
Conſtrued, and pars'd, and ſaid his part,
And got *Quæ-genus* all by heart.
While Franky, that unlucky rogue,
Fell in with every whim in vogue,
Valued not Lilly of a ſtraw,
A rook at chuck, a dab at taw.
His bum was often bruſh'd, you'll ſay,
'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day:
So leeches at the breech are fed,
To cure vertigos in the head.
But, by your leave, good doctor Freind,
Let me this maxim recommend;
"A genius can't be forc'd;" nor can
You make an ape an alderman:
The patch-work doublet well may ſuit,
But how would furs become the brute?
In ſhort, the caſe is very plain,
When maggots once are in the brain,
Whole loads of birch are ſpent in vain.
Now to purſue this hopeful pair
To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,
Would take more ink than I can ſpare.
Nor ſhall I here minutely ſcore
The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
The laundreſſes turn'd up by Frank,
With many a ſtrange diverting prank;
'Twould jade my muſe, though better fed,
And kept in body clothes and bread,
When briſtles on each chin began
To ſprout, the promiſe of a man,
The good old gentleman expir'd,
And decently to heaven retir'd:
The brethren, at their country ſeat,
Enjoy'd a pleaſant, ſnug retreat;
Their cellars and their barns well ſtor'd,
And plenty ſmoking on their board:

Ale and tobacco for the vicar,
For gentry ſometimes better liquor.
Judicious Bob had read all o'er
Each weighty ſtay'd philoſopher,
And therefore rightly underſtood
The real from th' apparent good;
Subſtantial bliſs, intrinſic joys,
From buſtle, vanity, and noiſe;
Could his own happineſs create,
And bring his mind to his eſtate:
Liv'd in the ſame calm, eaſy round,
His judgment clear, his body ſound;
Good humour, probity, and ſenſe,
Repaid with peace and indolence:
While rakiſh Frank, whoſe active ſoul
No bounds, no principle control,
Flies o'er the world where pleaſure calls,
To races, maſquerades, and balls;
At random roves, now here, now there,
Drinks with the gay, and toaſts the fair.
As when the full-fed reſty ſteed
Breaks from his groom, he flies with ſpeed;
His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
Upon his back his tail he bears,
His main upon his ſhoulders curls,
O'er every precipice he whirls,
He plunges in the cooling tides,
He laves his ſhining pamper'd ſides,
He ſnuffs the females on the plain,
And to his joy he ſprings amain,
To this, to that, impetuous flies,
Nor can the ſtud his luſt ſuffice;
Till nature flags, his vigour ſpent,
With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,
The humble beaſt returns content,
Waits tamely at the ſtable door,
As tractable as e'er before.
This was exactly Franky's caſe;
When blood ran high he liv'd apace;
But pockets drain'd, and every vein,
Look'd ſilly, and came home again.
At length extravagance and vice,
Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
Sunk his exchequer; cares intrude,
And duns grow troubleſome and rude.
What meaſures ſhall poor Franky take
To manage wiſely the laſt ſtake,
With ſome few pieces in his purſe,
And half a dozen brats at nurſe?
Penſive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
Now bit his nails, then ſcratch'd his head,
At laſt reſolv'd: Reſolv'd! on what?
There's not a penny to be got;
The queſtion now remains alone,
Whether 'tis beſt to hang or drown.
Thank you for that, good friendly devil!
You're very courteous, very civil;
Other expedients may be try'd,
The man is young, the world is wide,
And, as judicious authors ſay,
"Every dog ſhall have his day;"
What if we ramble for a while?
Seek Fortune out, and court her ſmile,
Act every part in life to win her,
Firſt try the ſaint, and then the ſinner;
Preſs boldly on; ſlighted, purſue;
Repuls'd, again the charge renew;
Give her no reſt, attend, entreat,
And ſtick at nothing to be great.
Fir'd with theſe thoughts, the youth grew vain,
Look'd on the country with diſdain;
Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
And dream a lazy life away;
Thinks poverty the greateſt ſin,
And walks on thorns till he begin:
But firſt before his brother laid
The hopeful ſcheme, and begg'd his aid.
Kind Bob was much abaſh'd, to ſee
His brother in extremity,
Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,
A beggar, and not worth a groat.
He griev'd full ſore, gave good advice,
Quoted his authors grave and wiſe,
All who with wholeſome morals treat us,
Old Seneca and Epictetus.
What's my unhappy brother doing?
Whither rambling? whom purſuing
An idle, tricking, giddy jade,
A phantom, and a fleeting ſhade;
Graſp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,
The falſe jilt fawns, then a fond ſmile;
On that ſhe leers, he like the reſt
Is ſoon a bubble and a jeſt;
But live with me, juſt to thyſelf,
And ſcorn the bitch, and all her pelf;
Fortune's ador'd by fools alone,
The wiſe man always makes his own.
But 'tis, alas! in vain t' apply
Fine ſayings and philoſophy,
Where a poor youth's o'erheated brain,
Is ſold to intereſt and gain,
And pride and fierce ambition reign.
Bob found it ſo, nor did he ſtrive
To work the nail that would not drive;
Content to do the beſt he could,
And as became his brotherhood,
Gave him what money he could ſpare,
And kindly paid his old arrear,
Bought him his equipage and clothes,
So thus ſupply'd away he goes,
For London town he mounts, as gay
As tailors on their wedding-day.
Not many miles upon the road,
A widow's ſtately manſion ſtood;
What if dame Fortune ſhould be there?
(Said Frank) 'tis ten to one, I ſwear:
I'll try to find her in the crowd,
She loves the wealthy and the proud.
Away he ſpurs, and at the door
Stood gallant gentry many a ſcore,
Penelope had never more.
Here tortur'd cats-gut ſqueals amain,
Guittars in ſofter notes complain,
And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
Frank, with a careleſs, eaſy mien,
Sung her a ſong, and was let in.
The reſt with envy burſt, to ſee
The ſtranger's odd felicity.
Low bow'd the footman at the ſtairs,
The gentleman at top appears:

And is your lady, sir, at home?
Pray walk into the drawing-room.
But here my muse is too well bred,
To prattle what was done or said;
She lik'd the youth, his dress, his face,
His calves, his back, and every grace:
Supper was serv'd, and down they sit,
Much meat, good wine, some little wit.
The grace-cup drunk, or dance, or play;
Frank chose the last, was very gay,
Had the good luck the board to strip,
And punted to her ladyship.
The clock strikes one, the gentry bow'd,
Each to his own apartment show'd;
But Franky was in piteous mood,
Slept not a wink; he raves, he dies,
Smit with her jointure and her eyes.
Restless as in a lion's den,
He sprawl'd and kick'd about till ten:
But, as he dreamt of future joys,
His ear was startled with a noise,
Six trumpets and a kettle-drum;
Up in a hurry flies the groom,
Lord, sir! get dress'd, the colonel's come:
Your horse is ready at the door,
You may reach Uxbridge, sir, by four.
Poor Franky must in haste remove,
With disappointment vex'd, and love;
To dirt abandon'd, and despair,
For lace and feather won the fair.
Now for the town he jogs apace,
With leaky boots and sun-burnt face;
And, leaving Acton in his rear,
Began to breathe sulphureous air.
Arriv'd at length, the table spread,
Three bottles drunk, he reels to bed.
Next morn his busy thoughts begun,
To rise and travel with the sun;
Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round,
But how dame Fortune might be found,
Was the momentuous grand affair,
His secret wish, his only care.
Damme, thought Franky to himself,
I'll find this giddy wandering elf;
I'll hunt her out in every quarter.
Till she bestow the staff or garter:
I'll visit good Lord Sunderland,
Who keeps the jilt at his command;
Or else some courteous duchess may
Take pity on a runaway.
Dress'd to a pink, to court he flies,
At this levee, and that he plies;
Bows in his rank, an humble slave,
And meanly fawns on every knave;
With maids of honour learns to chat,
Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.
Fortune he sought from place to place,
She led him still a wild-goose chase;
Always prepar'd with some excuse,
The hopeful younker to amuse;
Was busy, indispos'd, was gone
To Hampton-court, or Kensington;
And, after all her wiles and dodgings,
She slipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.
Jaded, and almost in dispair,
A gamester whisper'd in his ear;
Who would seek Fortune, sir, at court?
At H—l's is her chief resort;
'Tis there her midnight hours she spends,
Is very gracious to her friends;
Shows honest men the means of thriving,
The best, good-natur'd goddess living.
Away he trudges with his rook,
Throws many a main, is bit, is broke;
With dirty knuckles, aching head,
Disconsolate he sneaks to bed.

CANTO II.

How humble, and how complaisant,
Is a proud man reduc'd to want!
With what a silly, hanging face,
He bears his unforeseen disgrace!
His spirits flag, his pulse beats low,
The gods, and all the world his foe;
To thriving knaves a ridicule,
A butt to every wealthy fool.
For where is courage, wit, or sense,
When a poor rake has lost his pence?
Let all the learn'd say what they can,
'Tis ready money makes the man;
Commands respect where'er we go,
And gives a grace to all we do.
With such reflections Frank distress'd,
The horrors of his soul express'd:
Contempt, the basket, and a gaol,
By turns his restless mind assail;
Aghast the dismal scene he flies,
And death grows pleasing in his eyes:
For since his rhino was all flown,
To the last solitary crown,
Who would not, like a Roman, dare
To leave that world he could not share?
The pistol on his table lay,
And death fled hovering o'er his prey;
There wanted nothing now to do,
But touch the trigger, and adieu.
As he was saying some short prayers,
He heard a wheezing on the stairs,
And looking out, his aunt appears;
Who from Moorfields, breathless and lame,
To see her graceless godson came:
The salutations being past,
Coughing, and out of wind, at last
In his great chair she took her place,
How does your brother? is my neice
Well marry'd? when will Robin settle?
He answer'd all things to a tittle;
Gave such content in every part,
He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.
"Godson," said she, "alas! I know
"Matters with you are but so-so:
"You're come to town, I understand,
"To make your fortune out of hand;
"Your time and patrimony lost,
"To beg a place, or buy a post.
"Believe me, godson, I'm your friend;
"Of this great town, this wicked end
"Is ripe for judgment; Satan's seat,
"The sink of sin, and hell complete.
"In every street of trulls a troop,
"And every cook-wench wears a hoop;

" Sodom was lefs deform'd with vice,
" Lewdnefs of all kinds, cards and dice."
Frank blufh'd (which, by the way, was more
Than ever he had done before);
And own'd it was a wretched place,
Unfit for any child of grace.
The good old aunt o'erjoyed to fee
Thefe glimmerings of fanctity;
" My dear," faid fhe, " this purfe is yours,
" It coft me many painful hours;
" Take it, improve it, and become
" By art and induftry a plumb.
" But leave, for fhame, this impious ftreet,
" All over mark'd with cloven feet;
" In our more holy quarter live,
" Where both your foul and ftock may thrive;
" Where righteous citizens repair,
" And heaven and earth the godly fhare,
" Gain this by jobbing, that by prayer.
" At Jonathan's go fmoke a pipe,
" Look very ferious, dine on tripe;
" Get early up, late clofe your eyes,
" And leave no ftone unturn'd to rife:
" Then each good day at Salter's-Hall
" Pray for a bleffing upon all."
Lowly the raviſh'd Franky bows,
While joy fat fmiling on his brows;
And without fcruple, in a trice,
He took her money and advice.
Not an extravagant young heir,
Befet with duns, and in defpair,
When joyful tidings reach his ear,
And dad retires by heaven's commands,
To leave his chink to better hands;
Not wandering failors almoft loft,
When they behold the wifh'd-for coaft;
Not culprit when the knot is plac'd,
And kind reprive arrives in haſte;
E'er felt a joy in fuch exceſs,
As Frank reliev'd from this diſtreſs.
A thoufand antic trics he play'd,
The purfe he kifs'd, fwore, curs'd and pray'd;
Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,
And hugg'd his unexpected ſtore;
Built ſtately caſtles in the air,
Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair;
Pick'd out his title and his place,
Was ſcarce contented with your Grace.
Strange viſions working in his head,
Frantic, half mad, he ſtrolls to bed;
Sleeps little; if he ſleeps, he dreams
Of ſceptres, and of diadems.
" Fortune," ſaid he, " ſhall now no more
" Trick and deceive me as of yore:
" This paſſport ſhall admittance gain,
" In ſpight of all the jilt's diſdain:
" 'Tis this the tyrant's pride diſarms,
" And brings her bluſhing to my arms;
" This golden bough my wiſh ſhall ſpeed,
" And to th' Elyſian fields ſhall lead."
The morn ſcarce peep'd, but up he roſe,
Impatient huddled on his clothes;
Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
And to 'Change-Alley whirl'd away.
'Tis here dame Fortune every day
Opens her booth, and ſhows her play;
Here laughing ſits behind the ſcene,
Dances her puppets here unſeen,
And turns her whimſical machine.
Powel, with all his wire and wit,
To her great genius muſt ſubmit:
Exact at twelve the goddeſs ſhows.
And fame aloud her trumpet blows;
Harangues the mob with ſhams and lies,
And bids their actions fall, or riſe.
Old Chaos here his throne regains;
And here in odd confuſion reigns;
All order, all diſtinction loſt,
Now high, now low, the fools are toſt.
Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy heads, there in deſpair
Sits humbled pride, with downcaſt look,
Bankrupts reſtor'd, and miſers broke,
Strange figures here our eyes invade,
And the whole world in maſquerade;
A carman in a hat and feather,
A lord in frieze, his breeches leather:
Tom Whiplaſh in his coach of ſtate,
Drawn by the tits he drove of late:
A colonel of the bold train-bands,
Selling his equipage and lands.
Hard by a cobler bidding fair,
For the gold chain, and next lord mayor:
A butcher bluſtering in the crowd,
Of his late purchas'd 'ſcutcheon proud,
Retains his cleaver for his creſt,
His motto too beneath the reſt,
" Virtue and merit is a jeſt."
Two toaſts with all their trinkets gone,
Padding the ſtreets for half a-crown:
A daggled counteſs and her maid,
Her houſe-rent and her ſlaves unpaid,
A tailor's wife in rich brocade.
All ſects, all parties, high and low,
At fortune's ſhrine devoutly bow;
Nought can their ardent zeal reſtrain,
Where each man's godlineſs is gain.
From taverns, meeting-houſes, ſtews,
Atheiſts and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
Stateſmen and fidlers, beaux and porters,
Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
As human race of old began
From ſtones and clods, transform'd to man,
So from each dunghill, ſtrange ſurpriſe!
In troops the recent gentry riſe,
Of muſhroom growth, they wildly ſtare,
And ape the great with awkward air:
So Pinkethman upon the ſtage,
Mounting his aſs in warlike rage,
With ſimpering Dicky for his page,
In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
Burleſques the prince of Ammon's race.
Induſtrious Frank, among the reſt,
Bought, ſold, and cavil'd, bawl'd and preſs'd;
Lodg'd in a garret on the ſpot,
Follow'd inſtructions to a jot,
The praying part alone forgot.
Learnt every dealing term of art,
And all th' ingenious cant by heart;
Nor doubted but he ſoon ſhould find
Dame Fortune complaiſant and kind.

After her oft he call'd aloud,
But ſtill ſhe vaniſh'd in the crowd;
Now with ſmooth looks and tempting ſmiles
The faithleſs hypocrite beguiles;
Then with a cool and ſcornful air,
Bids the deluded wretch deſpair;
Takes pet without the leaſt pretence,
And wonders at his inſolence.
Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
And between hopes and fears perplex'd;
His patience quite worn out at laſt
Reſolves to throw one deſperate caſt.
" 'Tis vain," ſaid he, " to whine and woo,
" 'Tis one briſk ſtroke the work muſt do.
" Fortune is like a widow won,
" And truckles to the bold alone;
" I'll puſh at once and venture all,
" At leaſt I ſhall with honour fall."
But, curſe upon the treacherous jade,
Who thus his ſervices repaid;
When now he thought the world his own,
He bought a bear, and was undone.

CANTO III.

As here is ſomething in a face,
An air, and a peculiar grace,
Which boldeſt painters cannot trace;
That more than features, ſhape, or hair,
Diſtinguiſhes the happy fair;
Strikes every eye, and makes her known.
A ruling toaſt through all the town:
So in each action 'tis ſucceſs
That gives it all its comelineſs;
Guards it from cenſure and from blame,
Brightens and burniſhes our fame.
For what is virtue, courage, wit,
In all men, but a lucky hit?
But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,
The wiſeſt conduct nought avails;
The man of merit ſoon ſhall find
The world to proſperous knaves inclin'd,
Himſelf the laſt of all mankind.
Too true poor Frank this theſis found,
Bankrupt, deſpoil'd, and run aground,
In durance vile detain'd and loſt,
And all his mighty projects croſt:
With grief and ſhame at once oppreſt,
Tears ſwell his eyes, and ſighs his breaſt;
A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
Where ſhall he turn? what meaſures take?
Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite,
By his own greedy appetite;
He mourns his fatal luſt of pelf,
And curſes Fortune and himſelf:
In limbo pent, would fain get free,
Importunate for liberty.
So when the watchful hungry mouſe,
At midnight prowling round the houſe.
Winds in a corner toaſted cheeſe,
Glad the luxurious prey to ſeize;
With whiſkers curl'd, and round black eyes,
He meditates the luſcious prize,
Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
The rigorous decrees of fate:
Reſtleſs his freedom to regain,
He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
The wretched captive thus diſtreſs'd,
His buſy thoughts allow no reſt:
Fond on each project to depend,
Kind hope his only faithful friend;
Odd whimſies floating in his brain,
He plots, contrives, but all in vain,
Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
As when the ſhipwreck'd wretch is toſt
From wave to wave, and almoſt loſt,
Beat by the billows from the ſhore,
Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
The friendly plank he graſp'd before:
So Frank, when all expedients fail,
To ſave his carcaſe from a gaol,
Eat up with vermin and with care,
And almoſt ſinking in deſpair,
Reſolves once more to make his court
To his old aunt, his laſt reſort:
Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
Then blots his paper with his tears,
Ranſacks his troubled ſoul, to raiſe
Each tender ſentiment and phraſe;
And every lame excuſe ſupplies
With artful colouring and diſguiſe;
Kind to himſelf, lays all the blame
On Fortune, that capricious dame:
In ſhort informs her all was loſt,
And ſends it by the penny-poſt.
Soon as the ancient nymph had read
The fatal ſcroll, ſhe took her bed,
Cold palſies ſeize her trembling head;
She groans, ſhe ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe ſmears
Her ſpectacles and beard with tears;
Her noſe that wont to ſympathiſe
With all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,
Adown in pearly drops diſtils,
Th' united ſtream each chaſm fills.
Geneva now, nor Nants will do,
Her toothleſs gums their hold let go;
And on the ground, O fatal ſtroke!
The ſhort coæval pipe is broke:
With vapours chok'd, entranc'd ſhe lies,
Belches, and prays, and ſ—ts, and dies,
But ſleep, that kind reſtorative,
Recall'd her ſoul, and bid her live;
With cooler thoughts the caſe ſhe weigh'd,
And brought her reaſon to her aid.
Away ſhe hobbles, and with ſpeed
Reſolves to ſee the captive freed;
Wipe off this ſtain and foul diſgrace,
And vindicate her ancient race.
With her a ſage director comes,
More weighty than a brace of plumbs,
A good man in the city cant,
Where caſh, not morals, makes the ſaint.
T' improve a genius ſo polite,
The clumſy thing was dubb'd a knight:
Fortune's chief confident and friend,
Grown fat by many a dividend;
And ſtill her favour he retains,
By want of merit and of brains;
On her top ſpoke ſublime he ſits,
The jeſt and theme of ſneering wits:

For fools in fortune's pillory plac'd
Are mounted to be more disgrac'd.
This rich old Hunks, as Woodcock wife,
Was call'd the younker to advife :
" Young man," faid he, " refrain from tears,
" While joyful tidings bleſs thine ears;
" Up and be doing, boy, and try
" To conquer fate by induſtry;
" For know that all of mortal race,
" Are born to loſſes and diſgrace :
" Ev'n I broke twice, I, heretofore
" A tailor deſpicably poor,
" In every hole for ſhelter crept,
" On the ſame bulk, botch'd, lous'd, and ſlept,
" With ſcarce one penny to prepare
" A friendly halter in deſpair ;
" My credit like my garment torn,
" Threadbare, and ragged, over-worn :
" But ſoon I patch'd it up again,
" Theſe buſy hands, this working brain,
" Ne'er ceas'd from labour, pain, and ſweat,
" Till fortune ſmil'd, and I was great.
" Now at each pompous city feaſt,
" Who but Sir Triſtram ? Every gueſt
" Reſpectful bows. In each debate,
" My nod muſt give the ſentence weight :
" On me prime miniſters attend,
" And ——Aiſlabie 's my friend :
" In embryo each bold project lies,
" Till my conſenting purſe ſupplies.
" This hand—nay do not think me vain,
" Soften'd the Swede, and humbled Spain.
" To me the fair, whom all adore,
" Addreſs their prayers, and own my power ;
" When the poor toaſt by break of day
" Has punted all her gold away,
" Undreſs'd, and in her native charms,
" She flies to theſe indulgent arms;
" She curls each dimple in her face
" To win the good Sir Triſtram's grace ;
" Offers her brilliants with a ſmile,
" That might an achoret beguile ;
" And when my potent aid is lent,
" Away the dear-one wheels content.
" He that can money get, my boy,
" Shall every other good enjoy ;
" Be rich, and every boon receive,
" That man can wiſh, or Heaven can give.
" Now to the means, dear youth, attend,
" By which thy ſorrows ſoon ſhall end :
" Thy good old aunt reſolves to bail
" Her hopeful godſon out of gaol;
" But what is freedom to the poor ?
" The man who begs from door to door
" Is free ; in lazy wretchedneſs
" He lives, till Heaven his ſubſtance bleſs ;
" But, having learnt to cog and chouſe,
" To cut a purſe, or break a houſe,
" Then ſoon he mends his own apparel,
" Eats boil'd and roaſt, and taps his barrel ;
" Drinks double bub, with all his might,
" And hugs his doxy every night :
" Thy ſprightly genius ne'er ſhall lie
" Depreſs'd by want and penury ;
" Go, with a proſperous merry gale,
" To the South Seas adventurous ſail ;
" Fat Plenty dwells on thoſe rich ſhores,
" Abundance opens all her ſtores ;
" Ingots and pearls for beads are ſold,
" And rivers glide on ſands of gold ;
" Profit and Pleaſure hand in hand,
" Smile on the fields, and bleſs the land ;
" The ſwains unlabour'd harveſts reap,
" Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap.
" Fortune is always true and kind,
" Nor veers, as here, with every wind ;
" Not, as in theſe penurious iſles,
" Retails her bleſſings and her ſmiles ;
" But deals by wholeſale with her friends,
" And gluts them with her dividends.
" Then haſte, fet ſail, the ſhip's unmoor'd,
" And waits to take thee now on board."
The youth o'erjoy'd this project hears,
From his flock-bed his head he rears,
And waters all his rags with tears.
In ſhort, he took his friend's advice,
Pack'd up his baggage in a trice ;
Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
With all Potoſi in his view.

CANTO IV.

Behold the youth juſt now ſet free
On land, immur'd again at ſea ;
Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
In queſt of other worlds for gold.
He who ſo late regal'd at eaſe,
On olios, ſoups, and fricaſſees;
Drank with the witty and the gay,
Sparkling Champaign, and rich Tokay ;
Now breaks his faſt with Suffolk cheeſe,
And burſts at noon with pork and peaſe ;
Inſtead of wine, content to ſip,
With noiſy tars, their nauſeous flip :
Their breath with chew'd mundungus ſweet,
Their jeſts more fulſome than their meat.
While thunder rolls, and ſtorms ariſe,
He ſnoring in his hammock lies ;
In golden dreams enjoys the night,
And counts his bags with vaſt delight.
Mountains of gold erect his throne,
Each precious gem is now his own ;
Kind Jove deſcends in golden fleet,
Pactolus murmurs at his feet;
The ſea gives up its hoarded ſtore,
Poſſeſſing all he covets more.
O gold ! attractive gold ! in vain
Honour and conſcience would reſtrain
Thy boundleſs univerſal reign.
To thee each ſtubborn virtue bends,
The man oblig'd betrays his friends;
The patriot quits his country's cauſe,
And ſells her liberty and laws ;
The pious prude's no longer nice,
And ev'n lawn ſleeves can flatter vice.
At thy too abſolute command,
Thy zealots ranſack ſea and land :
Where'er thy beams thy power diſplay,
The ſwarming inſects haſte away,
To baſk in thy refulgent ray.
Now the bold crew with proſperous wind,
Leave the retreating land behind;

Fearleſs they quit their native ſhore,
Albion's cliffs are ſeen no more.
Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
Their rigging and their tackle torn;
Danger in various ſhapes appears,
Sudden alarms, and ſhivering fears.
Here, might ſome copious bard dilate
And ſhow fierce Neptune drawn in ſtate;
While guards of Triton's clear his way,
And Nereids round his chariot play;
Then bid the ſtormy Boreas riſe,
And forky lightning cleave the ſkies;
The ſhip nigh foundering in the deep,
Or bounding o'er the ridgy ſteep:
Deſcribe the monſters of the main,
The Phocæ, and their finny train,
Tornados, hurricanes, and rain.
Spouts, ſhoals, and rocks of dreadful ſize,
And pirates lurking for their prize;
Amazing miracles rehearſe,
And turn all Dampier into verſe.
My negligent and humble muſe
Leſs ambitious aims purſues;
Content with more familiar phraſe,
Nor deals in ſuch embroider'd lays;
Pleas'd if my rhyme juſt meaſure keeps,
And ſtretch'd at eaſe my reader ſleeps.
Hibernian matrons thus of old,
Their ſoporific ſtories told;
To ſleep in vain the patient ſtrove,
Perplex'd with buſineſs, croſs'd in love;
Till ſoothing tales becalm'd his breaſt,
And lull'd his troubled ſoul to reſt.
Suffice it only to recite,
They drank all day, they ſnor'd all night:
And, after many moons were paſt,
They made the wiſh'd-for ſhores at laſt.
Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
Leap'd joyful on the golden ſtrand;
Open'd his toy-ſhop in the port,
Trinkets of various ſize and ſort;
Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
Bath-metal rings, and knives, and ſciſſars;
And in one lucky day got more
Than Bubble-boy in half a ſcore:
For Fortune now, no longer coy,
Smil'd on her darling favourite boy;
No longer from his arms retir'd,
But gave him all his heart deſir'd,
Ah! thoughtleſs youth! in time beware,
And ſhun the treacherous harlot's ſnare;
The wiſer ſavages behold,
Who truck not liberty for gold;
Proof againſt all her ſubtle wiles,
Regardleſs of her frowns or ſmiles;
If frugal Nature want ſupplies,
The lance or dart unerring flies:
The mountain boar their prey deſcends,
Or the fat kid regales their friends;
The jocund tribe, from ſun to ſun,
Feaſt on the prize their valour won.
Ceaſe, babbling muſe, thy vain advice,
'Tis thrown away on avarice:
Bid hungry lions quit their prey,
Or ſtreams that down the mountains ſtray
Divert their courſe, return again,
And climb the ſteep from whence they came.
Unbleſt with his ill-gotten ſtore,
Th' inſatiate youth ſtill craves for more;
To counſel deaf, t' examples blind,
Scrapes up whatever he can find.
Now maſter of a veſſel grown,
With all the glittering freight his own,
To Fortune ſtill he makes his court,
And coaſts along from port to port.
Each rolling tide brings freſh ſupplies,
And heaps on heaps delight his eyes.
Through Panama's delicious bay,
The loaded veſſel ploughs her way;
With the rich freight oppreſs'd ſhe ſails,
And ſummons all the friendly gales,
Frank on her deck triumphant ſtood,
And view'd the calm tranſparent flood;
Let book-learn'd ſots, ſaid he, adore
Th' aſpiring hills that grace thy ſhore;
Thy verdant iſles, the groves that bow
Their nodding heads, and ſhade thy brow;
Thy face ſerene, thy gentle breaſt,
Where ſyrens ſing, and halcyons reſt;
Propitious flood! on me beſtow
The treaſures of thy depths below;
Which long in thy dark womb have ſlept,
From age to age ſecurely kept.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, ſtrange ſurpriſe!
Th' indignant waves in mountains riſe,
And hurricanes invade the ſkies;
The ſhip againſt the ſhoals was ſtruck,
And in a thouſand pieces broke;
But one poor truſty plank, to ſave
Its owner from the watery grave;
On this he mounts, is caſt on ſhore,
Half dead, a bankrupt as before:
Spiritleſs, fainting, and alone,
On the bare beach he makes his moan.
Then climbs the ragged rock, t' explore
If aught was driving to the ſhore,
The poor remains of all his ſtore:
With greedy diligence prepar'd
To ſave whate'er the waves had ſpar'd.
But, oh! the wretch expects in vain
Compaſſion from the furious main;
Men, goods, are ſunk. Mad with deſpair
He beat his breaſt, he tore his hair:
Then leaning o'er the craggy ſteep,
Look'd down into the boiling deep;
Almoſt reſolv'd to caſt himſelf,
And periſh with his dear, dear pelf.

CANTO V.

If Heaven the thriving trader bleſs,
What fawning crowds about him preſs!
But, if he fail, diſtreſs'd and poor,
His mob of friends are ſeen no more;
For all men hold it meet to fly
Th' infectious breath of poverty.
Poor Frank, deſerted and forlorn,
Curſes the day that he was born:
Each treacherous crony hides his face,
Or ſtarts whene'er he haunts the place.

His wealth thus loſt, with that his friends,
On Fortune ſtill the youth depends:
One ſmile, ſaid he, can ſoon reſtore
A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;
She will not, ſure, refuſe her aid?
Fallacious hope! for the falſe jade
That very day took wing, was flown,
And on her wonted journey gone
(Intent her coſtly goods to ſell)
From Panama to Portobel:
Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
And groan beneath the precious ware,
The goddeſs rides ſublime in air;
And hence conveys a freſh ſupply,
For pride, debate, and luxury.
Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,
Like a ſtaunch hound the chaſe purſues,
Takes the ſame rout, doubles his ſpeed,
Nor doubts her help in time of need.
O'er the wide waſte, through pathleſs ways,
The ſolitary pilgrim ſtrays;
Now on the ſwampy deſart plain,
Through brakes of mangroves works with pain;
Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the torrid zone.
With berries and green plantains fed,
On the parch'd earth he leans his head;
Fainting with thirſt, to heaven he cries,
But finds no ſtream but from his eyes.
Ah, wretch! thy vain laments forbear,
And for a worſe extreme prepare;
Sudden the lowering ſtorms ariſe,
The burſting thunder rends the ſkies,
Aſlant the ruddy lightning flies;
Darts through the gloom a tranſient ray,
And gives a ſhort, but dreadful day:
With pealing rain the woods reſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid ground.
Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear,
The wolves around him howl for food,
The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,
And canibals more fierce than they
(Monſters who make mankind their prey)
Riot and feaſt on human gore,
And, ſtill inſatiate, thirſts for more.
Half dead at every noiſe he hears,
His fancy multiplies his fears;
Whate'er he read or heard of old,
Whate'er his nurſe or Cruſoe told,
Each tragic ſcene his eyes behold:
Things paſt as preſent fear applies.
Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.
At length the ſun began to peep,
And gild the ſurface of the deep,
Then on the reeking moiſture fed,
The ſcatter'd clouds before him fled,
The rivers ſhrunk into their bed:
Nature revives; the feather'd throng
Salute the morning with a ſong.
Frank with his fellow-brutes aroſe,
Yet dreaming ſtill he ſaw his foes,
Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
And ſtarting, doubts if yet he lives.
At laſt his ſpirits mend their pace,
And hope ſat dawning on his face;
Ev'n ſuch is human life, ſaid he,
A night of dread and miſery,
Till heaven relents, relieves our pain,
And ſun-ſhine days return again.
O Fortune! who doſt now beſtow,
Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,
Do not thy faithful ſlave deſtroy,
But give th' alternative of joy.
Then many a painful ſtep he takes,
O'er hills and vales, through woods and brakes;
No ſturdy deſperate buccaneer
E'er ſuffer'd hardſhips more ſevere.
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No dangers can divert his mind;
His tedious journey he purſues,
At laſt his eye tranſported views
Fair Portobel, whoſe riſing ſpires
Inflame his heart with new deſires.
Secure of Fortune's grace, he ſmiles,
And flattering hope the wretch beguiles.
Though nature calls for ſleep and food,
Yet ſtronger avarice ſubdued;
Ev'n ſhameful nakedneſs and pain,
And thirſt and hunger, plead in vain:
No reſt he gives his weary feet,
Fortune he ſeeks from ſtreet to ſtreet;
Careful in every corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,
Wherever buſy crowds reſort,
The change, the market, and the port;
In vain he turns his eye-balls round,
Fortune was no where to be found;
The jilt, not many hours before,
With the Plate-fleet had left the ſhore
Laughs at the credulous fool behind,
And joyful ſcuds before the wind.
Poor Frank forſaken on the coaſt,
All his fond hopes at once are loſt.
Aghaſt the ſwelling ſails he views,
And with his eye the fleet purſues,
Till, leſſen'd to his wearied ſight,
It leaves him to deſpair and night.
So when the faithleſs Theſeus fled
The Cretan nymph's deſerted bed,
Awak'd, at diſtance on the main,
She view'd the proſperous perjur'd ſwain,
And call'd th' avenging gods in vain.
Proſtrate on earth till break of day,
Senſeleſs and motionleſs he lay,
Till tears at laſt find out their way;
Guſh like a torrent from his eyes,
In bitterneſs of ſoul he cries,
" O Fortune now too late I ſee,
" Too late, alas! thy treachery.
" Wretch that I am, abandon'd, loſt,
" About the world at random toſt,
" Whither, oh, whither ſhall I run?
" Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.
" In the dark mines go hide thy head
" Accurs'd, exchange thy ſweat for bread,
" Sculk under ground, in earth's dark womb
" Go, ſlave, and dig thyſelf a tomb:
" There's gold enough; pernicious gold!
" To which long ſince thy peace was ſold;
" Vain helpleſs idol! canſt thou ſave
" This ſhatter'd carcaſe from the grave?

" Reſtleſs diſturber of mankind,
" Canſt thou give health, or peace of mind?
" Ah, no! deceiv'd the fool ſhall be
" Who puts his confidence in thee.
" Fatally blind, my native home
" I left, in this rude world to roam;
" O brother! ſhall I view no more
" Thy peaceful bowers? fair Albion's ſhore?
" Yes (if kind Heaven my life ſhall ſpare)
" Some happy moments yet I'll ſhare,
" In thy delightful bleſt retreat,
" With thee contemn the rich and great;
" Reedeem my time miſpent, and wait
" Till death relieve th' unfortunate."
Adverſity, ſage uſeful gueſt,
Severe inſtructor, but the beſt;
It is from thee alone we know
Juſtly to value things below;
Right reaſon's ever faithful friend,
To thee our haughty paſſions bend;
Tam'd by thy rod, poor Frank at laſt
Repents of all his follies paſt;
Reſign'd, and patient to endure
Thoſe ills, which Heaven alone can cure.
With vain purſuits and labours worn,
He meditates a quick return,
Longs to reviſit yet once more,
Poor prodigal his native ſhore.
In the next ſhip for Britain bound,
Glad Frank a ready paſſage found;
Nor veſſel now, nor freight his own,
He fears no longer Fortune's frown;
No property but life his ſhare,
Life a frail good not worth his care;
Active and willing to obey,
A merry mariner, and gay,
He hands the ſails, and jokes all day.
At night no dreams diſturb his reſt,
No paſſions riot in his breaſt;
For, having nothing left to loſe,
Sweet and unbroken his repoſe:
And now fair Albion's cliffs are ſeen,
And hills with fruitful herbage green:
His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
His faltering tongue burſts from his eyes.
At length, thus hail'd the well-known land,
And kneeling kiſs'd the happy ſtrand.
" And do I then draw native air,
" After an age of toil and care?
" O welcome parent iſle! no more
" The vagrant ſhall deſert thy ſhore,
" But, flying to thy kind embrace,
" Here end his life's laborious race."
So when the ſtag, intent to rove,
Quits the ſafe park and ſheltering grove,
Tops the high pale, ſtrolls unconfin'd,
And leaves the lazy herd behind,
Bleſt in his happy change a while,
Corn fields and flowery meadows ſmile,
The pamper'd beaſt enjoys the ſpoil;
Till on the next returning morn,
Alarm'd, he hears the fatal horn;
Before the ſtaunch, blood-thirſty hounds,
Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds,
With clamour every wood reſounds:
He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,
He ſeeks the diſtant ſtream in vain,
And now, by ſad experience wiſe,
To his dear home the rambler flies;
His old encloſure gains once more,
And joins the herd he ſcorn'd before.
Nor are his labours finiſh'd yet,
Hunger and thirſt, and pain and ſweat,
And many a tedious mile remains,
Before his brother's houſe he gains.
Without one doit his purſe to bleſs,
Nor very elegant his dreſs;
With a tarr'd jump, a crooked hat,
Scarce one whole ſhoe, and half a hat;
From door to door the ſtroller ſkipp'd,
Sometimes reliev'd, but oftener whipp'd;
Sun-burnt and ragged, on he fares,
At laſt the manſion-houſe appears,
Timely relief for all his cares.
Around he gaz'd, his greedy ſight
Devours each object with delight;
Through each known haunt tranſported roves,
Gay ſmiling fields, and ſhady groves,
Once conſcious of his youthful loves.
About the hoſpitable gate
Crowds of dejected wretches wait;
Each day kind Bob's diffuſive hand,
Cheer'd and refreſh'd the tatter'd band,
Proud the moſt godlike joy to ſhare,
He fed the hungry, cloth'd the bare.
Frank amongſt theſe his ſtation choſe,
With looks revealing inward woes;
When, lo! with wonder and ſurpriſe,
He ſaw dame Fortune in diſguiſe;
He ſaw, but ſcarce believ'd his eyes.
Her fawning ſmiles, her trickling air,
Th' egregious hypocrite declare;
A gipſy's mantle round her ſpread,
Of various dye, white, yellow, red;
Strange feats ſhe promis'd, clamour'd loud,
And with her cant amus'd the crowd:
There every day impatient ply'd,
Puſh'd to get in, but ſtill deny'd;
For Bob, who knew the ſubtle whore,
Thruſt the falſe vagrant from his door.
But, when the ſtranger's face he view'd,
With no deceitful tears bedew'd,
His boding heart began to melt,
And more than uſual pity felt:
He trac'd his features o'er and o'er,
That ſpoke him better born, though poor,
Though cloth'd in rags, genteel his mien,
That face he ſomewhere muſt have ſeen:
Nature at laſt reveals the truth,
He knows, and owns the hapleſs youth.
Surpris'd, and ſpeechleſs, both embrace,
And mingling tears o'erflow each face;
Till B b thus eas'd his labouring thought,
And this inſtructive moral taught.
Welcome, my brother, to my longing arms,
Here on my boſom reſt ſecure from harms;
See Fortune there, that falſe deluſive jade,
To whom thy prayers and ardent vows were paid:
She (like her ſex) the fond purſuer flies;
But flight the jilt, and at thy feet ſhe dies

Now ſafe in port, indulge thyſelf on ſhore,
Oh, tempt the faithleſs winds and ſeas no more;
Let unavailing toils, and dangers paſt,
Though late, this uſeful leſſon teach at laſt,
True happineſs is only to be found
In a contented mind, a body ſound,
All elſe is dream, a dance on fairy ground:
While reſtleſs fools each idle whim purſue,
And ſtill one wiſh obtain'd creates a new,
Like froward babes, the toys they have, deteſt,
While ſtill the neweſt trifle pleaſes beſt:
Let us, my brother, rich in wiſdom's ſtore,
What Heaven has lent, enjoy, nor covet more;
Subdue our paſſions, curb their ſaucy rage,
And to ourſelves reſtore the golden age.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED,

A TALE.

A VICAR liv'd on this ſide Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent,
Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His pariſh large, his income ſmall,
Yet ſeldom wanted wherewithal;
For againſt every merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful paſtor; but his ſheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A ſcabby flock, that every day
Run riot, and would go aſtray.
He thump'd his cuſhion, fretted, vext,
Thump'd o'er again each uſeful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His pariſh was the more profane:
The ſcrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd ſtill.
At laſt, when each expedient fail'd,
And ſerious meaſures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke as well as pray;
Not like ſome hide-bound folk, who chaſe
Each merry ſmile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At chriſtenings and each jovial feaſt,
He ſingled out the ſinful beaſt:
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very ſly,
And left my maſters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then ſet off to view
With lucky fictions and ſheer wit,
That pierc'd where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his ſide,
While paſſive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole pariſh was with eaſe
Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chryſoſtom and Auſtin fail.

THE OFFICIOUS MESSENGER,

A TALE.

MAN, of precarious ſcience vain,
Treats other creatures with diſdain;
Nor Pug nor Shock have common ſenſe,
Nor even Pol the leaſt pretence,
Though ſhe prates better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It ſeems, is nature's puppet-ſhow;
But clock-work all, and mere machine,
What can theſe idle gimcracks mean?
Ye world-makers of Greſham-hall,
Dog Rover ſhall confute you all;
Shall prove that every reaſoning brute
Like Ben of Bangor can diſpute;
Can apprehend, judge, ſyllogize;
Or like proud Bently criticiſe:
At a moot point, or odd diſaſter,
Is often wiſer than his maſter.
He may miſtake ſometimes, 'tis true,
None are infallible but you.
The dog whom nothing can miſlead
Muſt be a dog of parts indeed:
But to my tale; hear me, my friend,
And with due gravity attend.
Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the ſetting breed,
Rang'd high, was ſtout, of noſe acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.
In parallel lines his ground he beat,
Not ſuch as in one centre meet,
In thoſe let blundering doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down cloſe he ſinks, and eyes his prey.
Though different paſſions tempt his ſoul,
True as the needle to the pole,
He keeps his point, and panting lies,
The floating net above him flies,
Then, dropping, ſweeps the fluttering prize.
Nor this his only excellence:
When ſurly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the ſport deny'd,
Still faithful to his maſter's ſide,
A thouſand pretty pranks he play'd,
And cheerful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the ſpit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
And forty ſuch diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge, nor wiſe Gadbury,
Could find loſt goods ſo ſoon as he;
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And ſeek the glove you hid before,
Still his unerring noſe would wind it,
If above ground, was ſure to find it;
Whimpering for joy his maſter greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.
But hold—it cannot be deny'd,
That uſeful talents miſapply'd,
May make wild work. It hapt one day,
'Squire Lobb, his maſter, took his way,

New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighbouring knight;
In his best trowsers he appears
(A comely person for his years);
And clean white drawers, that many a day
In lavender and rose-cakes lay.
Across his brawny shoulders strung,
On his left side his dagger hung;
Dead-doing blade! a dreadful guest,
Or in the field, or at the feast.
No Franklin carving of a chine
At Christide, ever look'd so fine.
With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,
Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
A while they travell'd, when within
Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din:
Then warring winds, for want of vent,
Shook all his earthly tenement.
So in the body politic
(For states sometimes, like men, are sick)
Dark faction mutters through the crowd,
Ere bare-fac'd treason roars aloud:
Whether crude humours undigested
His labouring entrails had infested,
Or last night's load of bottled ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol:
The cause of this his awkward pain,
Let Johnston or let H——th explain;
Whose learned noses may discover,
Why nature's stink pot thus ran over.
My province is th' effect to trace,
And give each point its proper grace,
Th' effect, O lamentable case!
Long had he struggled, but in vain,
The factious tumult to restrain:
What should he do? Th' unruly rout
Press'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
T' unbutton, and to let all out.
The trowsers soon his will obey!
Not so his stubborn drawers, for they,
Beneath his hanging paunch close ty'd,
His utmost art and pains defy'd:
He drew his dagger on the spot,
Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
In the same road just then pass'd by
(Such was the will of destiny)
The courteous curate of the place,
Good-nature shone o'er all his face;
Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,
And deeming slaughter must ensue,
Off from his back himself he threw,
Then without ceremony seiz'd
The 'squire impatient to be eas'd.
"Lord! Master Lobb, who would have thought
"The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought;
"Is suicide so slight a fault?
"Rip up thy guts, man! What—go quick
"To hell? Outrageous lunatic!
"But, by the blessing, I'll prevent
"With this right hand, thy foul intent."
Then gripp'd the dagger fast: the 'squire,
Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire;
While the good man like Pallas stood,
And check'd his eager thirst for blood,
At last, when both a while had strain'd,
Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd.
The curate in all points obey'd,
Into the sheath returns the blade:
But first th' unhappy 'squire he swore,
T' attempt upon his life no more.
With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
But was it so, friend Lobb? I own,
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Satan supplies the swelling tide,
And ills on ills are multiply'd.
Subdued and all his measures broke,
His purpose and intent mistook;
Within his drawers, alas! he found
His guts let out without a wound:
For, in the conflict straining hard,
He left his postern gate unbarr'd;
Most wofully bedawb'd, he moans
His piteous case, he sighs, he groans.
To lose his dinner, and return,
Was very hard, not to be borne:
Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
Will make a fool a man of parts.
The sharp-set 'squire resolves at last,
Whate'er befel him, not to fast;
He mus'd a while, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
At last on this expedient hits;
To the next brook with sober pace
He tends, preparing to uncase,
Straddling and muttering all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
The coast now clear, no soul in view,
Off in a trice his trowsers drew;
More leisurely his drawers, for care
And caution was convenient there:
So fast the plaister'd birdlime stuck,
The skin came off with every pluck,
Sorely he gaul'd each brawny ham;
Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
Forbids a bashful muse to name.
Not without pain the work atchiev'd,
He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd;
Then, with nice hand and look sedate,
Folds up his drawers, with their rich freight,
And hides them in a bush, at leisure
Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure:
The trusty Rover lay hard by,
Observing all with curious eye.
Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
Brisk as a snake in merry May,
That just has cast his slough away,
Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
As he presum'd both sweet and clean;
For, oh! amongst us mortal elves,
How few there are smell out themselves!
With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,
And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly
On others' faults implacably.
But where's that ear, that eye, that nose,
Against its master will depose?
Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,
Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear,
Yet romps about me every day,
Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.
Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills,

Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
What fatal ſecrets he beſtows:
Let him deſtroy each day a ſcore,
'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
In fine, ſelf-love bribes every ſenſe,
And all at home is excellence.
The 'ſquire arriv'd in decent plight
With reverence due ſalutes the knight;
Compliments paſt, the dinner-bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
To greedy Lobb! Th' Orphean lyre
Did ne'er ſuch rapturous joy inſpire;
Though this the ſavage throng obey,
That hunger tames more fierce than they.
In comely order now appear
The footmen loaded with good cheer,
Her ladyſhip brings up the rear.
Simpering ſhe liſps, "Your ſervant, ſir—
"The ways are bad, one can't well ſtir
"Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind
"To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
"She's well, I hope—Maſter, they ſay,
"Comes on apace—How's Miſs, I pray?"
Lobb bow'd, and cring'd; and, muttering low,
Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.
Theſe weighty points adjuſted, ſoon
My lady brandiſhes her ſpoon.
Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had choſe his ſeat:
When, oh! th' effluvia of his bum
Begin amain to ſcent the room,
Ambroſial ſweets, and rich perfume.
The flickering footman ſtopt his noſe;
The chaplain too, under the roſe,
Made awkward mouths; the knight took ſnuff;
Her ladyſhip began to huff;
"Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—
"'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
"Dogs in their place are good, I own—
"But in the parlour—ſoh!—be gone."
Now Rockwood leaves th' unfiniſh'd bone,
Baniſh'd for failings not his own;
No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,
And favourite Virgin fawn'd in vain.
The ſervants, to the ſtranger kind,
Leave truſty Rover ſtill behind;
But Lobb, who would not ſeem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brows, bids him get out:
By ſigns expreſſes his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or through miſtake or ſpight
(Grave authors have not ſet us right),
Fled back the very way he came,
And in the buſh ſoon found his game;
Brought in his mouth the ſavoury load,
And at his maſter's elbow ſtood.
O Lobb! what idioms can expreſs
Thy ſtrange confuſion and diſtreſs,
When on the floor the drawers diſplay'd
The fulſome ſecret had bewray'd?
No traitor, when his hand and ſeal
Produc'd his dark deſigns reveal,
E'er look'd with ſuch a hanging face,
As Lobb half dead at this diſgrace.
Wild-ſtaring, thunder-ſtruck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter ſhake the room;
Each ſaſh thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heart-ſtrings almoſt break,
The chaplain giggled for a week;
Her ladyſhip began to call,
For hartſhorn, and her Abigail;
The ſervants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conſcious of his foul miſtake,
Truſts to his heels to ſave his life;
The 'ſquire ſneaks home, and beats his wife.

THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM:

A TALE.

Frank Plume, a ſpark about the town,
Now weary of intriguing grown,
Thought it adviſable to wed,
And chooſe a partner of his bed,
Virtuous and chaſte—Aye, right—but where
Is there a nymph that's chaſte as fair?
A bleſſing to be priz'd, but rare.
For continence penurious heaven
With a too ſparing hand has given;
A plant but ſeldom to be found,
And thrives but ill on Britiſh ground.
Should our adventurer haſte on board,
And ſee what foreign ſoils afford?
Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
And jealous dons have Argus' eyes,
Where the rich caſket, cloſe immur'd,
Is under lock and key ſecur'd?
No—Frank, by long experience wiſe,
Had known theſe ſorts took by ſurpriſe.
Nature in ſpite of art prevail'd,
And all their vigilance had fail'd.
The youth was puzzled—ſhould he go
And ſcale a convent? would that do?
Is nuns-fleſh always good and ſweet?
Fly-blown ſometimes, not fit to eat.
Well—he reſolves to do his beſt,
And prudently contrives this teſt;
If the laſt favour I obtain,
And the nymph yield, the caſe is plain:
Marry'd, ſhe'll play the ſame odd prank
With others—ſhe's no wife for Frank.
But, could I find a female heart
Impregnable to force or art,
That all my batteries could withſtand,
The ſap, and even ſword in hand;
Ye gods! how happy ſhould I be,
From each perplexing thought ſet free,
From cuckoldom, and jealouſy!
The project pleas'd. He now appears,
And ſhines in all his killing airs,
And every uſeful toy prepares,
New opera tunes, and billet-doux,
The clouded cane, and red-heel'd ſhoes;
Nor the clock-ſtocking was forgot,
Th' embroider'd coat, and ſhoulder-knot;

All that a woman's heart might move,
The potent trumpery of love.
Here importunity prevails,
There tears in floods, or sighs in gales.
Now, in the lucky moment try'd,
Low at his feet the fair one dy'd,
For Strephon would not be deny'd.
Then, if no motives could persuade,
A golden shower debauch'd the maid,
The mistress truckled, and obey'd.
To modesty a sham pretence
Gain'd some, others impertinence;
But most, plain downright impudence.
Like Cæsar, now he conquer'd all,
The vassal sex before him fall;
Where'er he march'd, slaughter ensued,
He came, he saw, and he subdued.
At length a stubborn nymph he found,
For bold Camilla stood her ground;
Parry'd his thrusts with equal art,
And had him both in tierce and quart:
She kept the hero still in play,
And still maintain'd the doubtful day.
Here he resolves to make a stand,
Take her, and marry out of hand.
The jolly priest soon ty'd the knot,
The luscious tale was not forgot,
Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.
The posset drunk, the stocking thrown,
The candles out, the curtains drawn,
And sir and madam all alone;
" My dear (said he) I strove, you know,
" To taste the joys you now bestow,
" All my persuasive arts I try'd,
" But still relentless you deny'd;
" Tell me, inexorable fair,
" How could you, thus attack'd, forbear?"
" Swear to forgive what's past (she cry'd);
" The naked truth shan't be deny'd."
He did; the baggage thus reply'd:
Deceiv'd so many times before
By your false sex, I rashly swore,
To trust deceitful man no more.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT:

A TALE.

" For shame, said Ebony, for shame,
" Tom Ruby, troth, you're much to blame,
" To drink at this confounded rate,
" To guzzle thus, early and late!"
Poor Tom, who just had took his whet,
And at the door his uncle met,
Surpris'd and thunder-struck, would fain
Make his escape, but, oh! in vain.
Each blush, that glow'd with an ill grace,
Lighted the flambeaux in his face;
No loop-hole left, no slight pretence,
To palliate the foul offence.
" I own (said he) I'm very bad—
" A sot—incorrigibly mad—
" But, sir—I thank you for your love,
" And by your lectures would improve:
" Yet, give me leave to say, the street
" For conference is not so meet.
" Here in this room—nay, sir, come in—
" Expose, chastise me for my sin;
" Exert each trope, your utmost art,
" To touch this senseless, flinty heart.
" I'm conscious of my guilt, 'tis true,
" But yet I know my frailty too;
" A slight rebuke will never do.
" Urge home my faults—come in, I pray—
" Let not my soul be cast away."
Wise Ebony, who deem'd it good
T' encourage by all means he could
These first appearances of grace,
Follow'd up stairs, and took his place.
The bottle and the cruft appear'd,
And wily Tom demurely sneer'd.
" My duty, sir!"—" Thank you, kind Tom!"—
" Again, an't please you!"—" Thank you!
" Come—"
" Sorrow is dry—I must once more—"
" Nay, Tom, I told you at the door
" I would not drink—what! before dinner?—
" Not one glass more, as I'm a sinner—
" Come, to the point in hand; is't fit
" A man of your good sense and wit
" Those parts which heaven bestow'd should drown,
" A butt to all the sots in town?
" Why, tell me, Tom—what sort can stand
" (Though regular, and bravely man'd)
" If night and day the fierce foe plies
" With never-ceasing batteries;
" Will there not be a breach at last?"—
" Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what's past."
" But if nor interest, nor fame,
" Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,
" Hast not a conscience, man? no thought
" Of an hereafter? dear are bought
" These sensual pleasures."—" I relent,
" Kind sir—but give your zeal a vent—"
Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still
Took care his uncle's glass to fill,
Which as his hurry'd spirits sunk,
Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
Old Ebony stuck to his text,
Grown warm, like any angel spoke,
Till intervening hickups broke
The well-strung argument. Poor Tom
Was now too forward to reel home.
That preaching still, this still repenting,
Both equally to drink consenting,
Till both brimful could swill no more,
And fell dead drunk upon the floor.
Bacchus, the jolly god, who sate
Wide-straddling o'er his tun in state,
Close by the window side, from whence
He heard this weighty conference;
Joy kindling in his ruddy checks,
Thus the indulgent godhead speaks:
" Frail mortals know, reason in vain
" Rebels, and would disturb my reign.
" See there the sophister o'erthrown,
" With stronger arguments knock'd down
" Than e'er in wrangling schools were known!
" The wine that sparkles in this glass
" Smooths every brow, gilds every face:

" As vapours when the ſun appears,
" Far hence anxieties and fears:
" Grave ermine ſmiles, lawn ſleeves grow gay,
" Each haughty monarch owns my ſway,
" And cardinals and popes obey:
" Ev'n Cato drank his glaſs, 'twas I
" Taught the brave patriot how to die
" For injur'd Rome and liberty;
" 'Twas I who with immortal lays
" Inſpir'd the bard that ſung his praiſe.
" Let dull unſociable fools
" Loll in their cells, and live by rules;
" My votaries, in gay delight
" And mirth, ſhall revel all the night;
" Act well their parts on life's dull ſtage,
" And make each moment worth an age."

THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIMED:

A TALE.

In thoſe bleſt days of jubilee,
When pious Charles ſet England free
From canting and hypocriſy;
Moſt graciouſly to all reſtoring
Their ancient privilege of whoring;
There liv'd, but 'tis no matter where,
The ſon of an old cavalier;
Of ancient lineage was the 'ſquire,
A man of mettle and of fire;
Clean-ſhap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,
Made a good figure at a ball,
And only wanted wherewithal.
His penſion was ill-paid and ſtrait,
Full many a loyal hero's fate:
Often half ſtarv'd, and often out
At elbows, an hard caſe, no doubt.
Sometimes perhaps a lucky main
Prudently manag'd in Long-Lane
Repair'd the thread-bare beau again;
And now and then ſome ſecret favours,
The kind returns of pious labours,
Enrich'd the ſtrong and vigorous lover,
His honour liv'd a while in clover.
For (to ſay truth) it is but juſt,
Where all things are decay'd but luſt,
That ladies of maturer ages
Give citron-water and good wages.
Thus far Tom Wild had made a ſhift,
And got good helps at a dead lift;
But John, his humble meagre ſlave,
One foot already in the grave,
Hide-bound as one of Pharoah's kine,
With good Duke Numps was forc'd to dine:
Yet ſtill the thoughtful ſerious elf
Would not be wanting to himſelf;
Bore up againſt both tide and wind,
Turn'd every project in his mind,
And each expedient weigh'd, to find
A remedy in this diſtreſs.
Some god—(nay, ſir, ſuppoſe no leſs,
For in this hard and knotty caſe,
T' employ a god is no diſgrace;
Though Mercury be ſent from Jove,
Or Iris wing it from above)
Some god, I ſay, inſpir'd the knave,
His maſter and himſelf to ſave.
As both went ſupperleſs to bed
One night (firſt ſcratching of his head)
" Alas!" quoth John, " ſir, 'tis hard fare
" To ſuck one's thumbs, and live on air;
" To reel from pillar unto poſt,
" An empty ſhade, a walking ghoſt;
" To hear one's guts make piteous moan,
" Thoſe worſt of duns, and yet not one,
" One mouldy ſcrape to ſatisfy
" Their craving importunity.
" Nay—good your honour pleaſe to hear:"
(And then the varlet dropt a tear)
" A project form'd in this dull brain,
" Shall ſet us all adrift again;
" A project, ſir, nay, let me tell ye,
" Shall fill your pockets, and my belly.
" Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,
" Who purchas'd at any eaſy rate,
" Your manor-houſe and fine eſtate.
" Nay, ſtare not, ſir: by G— 'tis true
" The devil for once has got his due:
" The raſcal has left every penny,
" To his old maiden ſiſter Jenny:
" Go, claſp the dowdy in your arms,
" Nor want you bread, though ſhe want charms:
" Cajole the dirty drab, and then
" The man ſhall have his mare again;
" Clod-Hall is your's, your houſe, your rents,
" And all your lands, and tenements."
" Faith, John," ſaid he, (then lick'd his chops)
" This project gives indeed ſome hopes:
" But curſed hard the terms, to marry,
" To ſtick to one, and never vary;
" And that one old and ugly too:
" Frail mortals tell me what to do?"
" For that," ſaid John, " truſt me; my treat
" Shan't be one ill-dreſs'd diſh of meat;
" Let but your honour be my gueſt,
" Variety ſhall crown the feaſt."
" 'Tis done," reply'd Tom Wild, " 'tis done,
" The flag hangs out, the fort is won;
" Ne'er doubt my vigorous attacks,
" Come to my arms, my * Sycorax;
" Bold in thy right we mount our throne,
" And all the iſland is our own."
Well—forth they rode, both Squire and John;
Here might a florid bard make known,
His horſe's virtues, and his own;
A thouſand prodigies advance,
Retailing every circumſtance.
But I, who am not over-nice,
And always love to be conciſe,
Shall let the courteous reader gueſs
The ſquire's accoutrements and dreſs.
Suppoſe we then the gentle youth
Laid at her feet, all love, all truth;
Haranguing it in verſe and proſe,
A mount her forehead white with ſnows,
Her cheeks the lily and the roſe;

* *See Dryden's Tempeſt, altered from Shakſpeare.*

Her ivory teeth, her coral lips,
Her well-turn'd ears, whose ruby tips
Afford a thousand compliments,
Which he, fond youth, profusely vents:
The pretty dimple in her chin,
The den of love, who lurks within.
But, oh! the lustre of her eyes,
Nor stars, nor moon, nor sun suffice,
He vows, protests, raves, sinks, and dies.
Much of her breasts he spoke, and hair,
In terms most elegant and rare;
Call'd her the goddess he ador'd,
And in heroic fustian soar'd.
For, though the youth could well explain
His mind in a more humble strain;
Yet Ovid and the wits agree,
That a true lover's speech should be
In rapture and in simile.
Imagine now, all points put right,
The fiddles and the wedding-night;
Each noisy steeple rock'd with glee,
And every bard sung merrily:
Gay pleasure wanton'd unconfin'd,
The men all drunk, the women kind:
Clod-Hall did ne'er so fine appear,
Floating in posset and strong beer.
Come, muse, thou flattern house-wife, tell,
Where's our friend John? I hope he's well;
Well! Ay, as any man can be,
With Susan in the gallery.
Sue was a lass buxom and tight,
The chamber maid and favourite;
Juicy and young, just fit for man,
Thus the sweet dialogue began.
"Lard, sir," quoth Sue, "how brisk, how gay,
"How spruce our master look'd to-day!
"I'm sure no king was e'er so fine,
"No sun more gloriously can shine."
"Alas, my dear, all is not gold
"That glisters, as I've read of old,
"And all the wise and learned say,
"The best is not without allay."
"Well, master John, name if you can
"A more accomplish'd gentleman.
"Beside (else may I never thrive)
"The best good-natur'd 'squire alive."
(John shrugg'd, and shook his head. "Nay sure
"You by your looking so demure
"Have learnt some secret fault; if so,
"Tell me, good John, nay pr'ythee do,
"Tell me, I say, I long to know.
"Safe as thy gold in thy strong box,
"This breast the dark deposit locks,
"These lips no secrets shall reveal."
"Well—let me first affix my seal:
Then kiss'd the soft obliging fair.
"But hold—now I must hear you swear,
"By all your virgin charms below,
"No mortal e'er this tale shall know."
She swore; then thus the cunning knave,
With look most politic and grave,
Proceeds: "Why—faith and troth, dear Sue,
"This jewel has a flaw, 'tis true;
"My master's generous, and all that,
"Not faulty but unfortunate."
"Why will you keep one in suspense?
"Why teaze one thus?"—"Have patience.
"The youth has failings, there's no doubt,
"And who, my Suky, is without?
"But should you tell—nay that I dread"—
"By heaven, and by my maidenhead—
"Now speak, speak quick."—"He who denies
"Those pouting lips, those roguish eyes,
"Must sure be more than man—then know,
"My dearest, since you'll have it so;
"My master Wild not only talks
"Much in his sleep, but also walks;
"Walks many a winter night alone,
"This way and that, up stairs and down:
"Now, if disturb'd, if by surprise
"He's rous'd, and slumbers quit his eyes;
"Lord, how I tremble! how I dread
"To speak it! Thrice beneath the bed,
"Alas! to save my life I fled:
"And twice behind the door I crept,
"And once out of the window leapt.
"No raging bedlam just got loose
"Is half so mad; about the house
"Frantic he runs; each eye-ball glares,
"He raves, he foams, he wildly stares;
"The family before him flies,
"Whoe'er is overtaken dies.
"Opiates, and breathing of a vein,
"Scarce settle his distemper'd brain,
"And bring him to himself again.
"But, if not cross'd, if let alone
"To take his frolic, and be gone;
"Soon he returns from whence he came,
"No lamb more innocent and tame."
Thus having gain'd her point, to bed
In haste the flickering gipsy fled;
The pungent secret in her breast
Gave such sharp pangs, she could not rest:
Prim'd, charg'd, and cock'd, her next desire
Was to present, and to give fire.
Sleepless the tortur'd Susan lay,
Tossing and tumbling every way,
Impatient for the dawn of day.
So labours in the sacred shade,
Full of the god, the Delphic maid:
So wind, in hypocondrics pent,
Struggles and heaves to find a vent;
In labyrinths intricate it roars,
Now downward sinks, then upward soars;
Th' uneasy patient groans in vain,
No cordials can relieve his pain;
Till at the postern gate, enlarg'd,
The bursting thunder is discharg'd.
At last the happy hour was come,
When call'd into her lady's room;
Scarce three pins stuck into her gown,
But out it bolts, and all is known.
Nor idle long the secret lies,
From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,
And grows amain in strength and size:
For fame, at first of pigmy birth,
Walks cautiously on mother earth;
But soon (as ancient bards have said)
In clouds the giant hides her head.
To council now the gossips went,
Madam herself was president;

Th' affair is banded *pro* and *con*,
Much breath is ſpent, few conqueſts won.
At length dame Hobb, to end the ſtrife,
And madam Blouſe, the parſon's wife,
In this with one conſent agree,
That, ſince th' effect was lunacy
If wak'd, it were by much the beſt,
Not to diſturb him in the leaſt:
Ev'n let him ramble if he pleaſe;
Troth, 'tis a comical diſeaſe;
The worſt is to himſelf: when cold
And ſhivering he returns, then fold
The vagrant in your arms; he'll reſt
With pleaſure on your glowing breaſt.
Madam approv'd of this advice,
Iſſued her orders in a trice;
" That none henceforth preſume to ſtir,
" Or thwart th' unhappy wanderer."
John, when his maſter's knock he heard,
Soon in the dreſſing-room appear'd,
Archly he look'd, and ſlily leer'd.
" What game?" ſays Wild. " Oh! never more,
" Pheaſants and patridge in great ſtore;
" I wiſh your ammunition laſt!"
And then réveal'd how all had paſt.
Next thought it proper to explain
His plot, and how he laid his train:
" The coaſt is clear, ſir, go in peace,
" No dragon guards the golden fleece."
Here, muſe, let ſable night advance,
Deſcribe her ſtate with elegance;
Around her dark pavilion ſpread
The clouds; with poppies crown her head;
Note well her owls, and bats obſcene;
Call her an Æthiopian queen;
Or, if you think 'twill mend my tale,
Call her a widow with a veil;
Of ſpecters and hobgoblins tell,
Or ſay 'twas midnight, 'tis as well.
Well then—'twas midnight, as was ſaid,
When Wild ſtarts upright in his bed,
Leaps out, and, without more ado,
Takes in his room a turn or two;
Opening the door, ſoon out he ſtalks,
And to the next apartment walks;
Where on her back there lay poor Sue,
Alas! friend John, ſhe dreamt of you.
Wak'd with the noiſe, her maſter known,
By moon-light and his brocade gown,
Frighted ſhe dares not ſcream, in bed
She ſinks, and down ſhe pops her head;
The curtains gently drawn, he ſprings
Between the ſheets, then cloſely clings.
Now, muſe, relate what there he did:
Hold, impudence!—it muſt be hid!—
He did—as any man would do
In ſuch a caſe—did he not, Sue?
Then up into the garret flies,
Where Joan, and Dol, and Betty lies;
A leaſh of laſſes all together,
And in the dog-days—in hot weather;
Why, faith, 'twas hard—he did his beſt,
And left to Providence the reſt.
Content the paſſive creatures lie,
For who in duty could deny?
Was non-reſiſtance ever thought
By modern caſuiſts a fault?
Were not her orders ſtrict and plain?
All ſtruggling dangerous and vain?
Well, down our younker trips again;
Much wiſhing, as he reel'd along,
For ſome rich cordial warm and ſtrong.
In bed he quickly tumbled then,
Nor wak'd next morn till after ten.
Thus night by night he led his life,
Bleſſing all females but his wife;
Much work upon his hands there lay,
More bills were drawn than he could pay;
No lawyer drudg'd ſo hard as he,
In Eaſter Term or Hillary;
But lawyers labour for their fee:
Here no ſelf-intereſt or gain,
The pleaſure balances the pain.
So the great ſultan walks among
His troop of laſſes fair and young:
So the town-bull in Opentide,
His lowing lovers by his ſide,
Revels at large in nature's right,
Curb'd by no law, but appetite;
Friſking his tail, he roves at pleaſure,
And knows no ſtint, and keeps no meaſure,
But now the ninth revolving moon
(Alas! it came an age too ſoon;
Curſe on each haſty fleeting night!)
Some odd diſcoveries brought to light.
Strange tympanies the women ſeize,
An epidemical diſeaſe;
Madam herſelf with theſe might paſs
For a clean-ſhap'd and taper laſs.
'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,
For hoops were not then *à la-mode*;
Sue, being queſtion'd, and hard preſs'd,
Blubbering the naked truth confeſs'd:
" Were not your orders moſt ſevere,
" That none ſhould ſtop his night-career?
" And who durſt wake him? troth not I;
" I was not then prepar'd to die."
" Well Sue, ſaid ſhe, thou ſhalt have grace,
" But then this night I take thy place,
" Thou mine, my night-clothes on thy head,
" Soon ſhall he leave thee ſafe in bed:
" Lie ſtill, and ſtir not on thy life,
" But do the penance of a wife;
" Much pleaſure haſt thou had; at laſt
" 'Tis proper for thy ſins to faſt."
This point agreed, to bed ſhe went,
And Sue crept in, but ill-content:
Soon as th' accuſtom'd hour was come,
The younker ſally'd from his room,
To Sue's apartment whipt away,
And like a lion ſeiz'd his prey;
She claſp'd him in her longing arms,
Sharp-ſet, ſhe feaſted on his charms.
He did whate'er he could; but more
Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*
Fain would he now elope, ſhe claſpt
Him ſtill, no bur e'er ſtuck ſo faſt.
At length the morn with envious light
Diſcover'd all: in what ſad plight

Poor man, he lay! abaſh'd, for ſhame
He could not ſpeak, not ev'n one lame
Excuſe was left. She, with a grace
That gave new beauties to her face;
And with a kind obliging air
(Always ſucceſsful in the fair),
Thus ſoon reliev'd him from deſpair.
" Ah! generous youth, pardon a fault,
" No fooliſh jealouſy has taught;
" 'Tis your own crime, open as day,
" To your conviction paves the way.
" Oh! might this ſtratagem regain
" Your love! let me not plead in vain;
" Something to gratitude is due,
" Have I not given all to you?"
Tom ſtar'd, lock'd pale, then in great haſte
Slipp'd on his gown; yet thus at laſt
Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he ſtood,
" I will, my dear, be very good."

THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT:

A TALE.

In days of yore, when belles and beaux
Left maſquerades and puppet-ſhows,
Deſerted ombre and baſſet,
At Jonathan's to ſqueeze and ſweat;
When ſprightly rakes forſook champaign,
The play-houſe, and the merry main,
Good mother Wyburn and the ſtews,
To ſmoke with brokers, ſtink with Jews:
In fine, when all the world run mad
(A ſtory not leſs true than ſad);
Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known
To all this chaſte and ſober town,
Got every penny he could rally,
To try his fortune in 'Change-Alley:
In haſte to loll in coach and ſix,
Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks,
Amongſt his brother lunatics.
Tranſported at his firſt ſucceſs,
A thouſand whims his fancy bleſs,
With ſcenes of future happineſs.
How frail are all our joys below!
Mere dazzling meteors, flaſh and ſhow!
Oh, fortune! falſe deceitful whore!
Caught in thy trap with thouſands more,
He found his rhino ſunk and gone,
Himſelf a bankrupt, and undone.
Ned could not well digeſt this change,
Forc'd in the world at large to range;
With Babel's monarch turn'd to graſs,
Would it not break an heart of braſs?
'Tis vain to ſob and hang the lip;
One penny left, he buys a ſlip,
At once his life and cares to loſe,
Under his ear he fits the nooſe.
An hook in an old wall he ſpies,
To that the fatal rope he ties:
Like Curtius now, at one bold leap
He plung'd into the gaping deep;
Nor did he doubt in hell to find
Dealings more juſt, and friends more kind.
As he began to twiſt and ſprawl,
The looſen'd ſtones break from the wall;
Down drops the rake upon the ſpot,
And after him an earthen pot:
Reeling he roſe, and gaz'd around,
And ſaw the crock lie on the ground;
Surpris'd, amaz'd, at this odd ſight,
Trembling, he broke it in a fright;
When, lo! at once came pouring forth
Ingots, and pearls, and gems of worth.
O'erjoy'd with fortune's kind bequeſt,
He took the birds, but left the neſt;
And then, to ſpy what might enſue,
Into a neighbouring wood withdrew;
Nor waited long. For ſoon he ſees
A tall black man ſculk through the trees;
He knew him by his ſhuffling pace,
His thread-bare coat and hatchet face:
And who the devil ſhould it be,
But ſanctify'd Sir Timothy!
His uncle by his mother's ſide,
His guardian, and his faithful guide.
This driveling knight, with pockets full,
And proud as any Great Mogul,
For his wiſe conduct had been made
Director of the jobbing trade:
And had moſt piouſly drawn in
Poor Ned and all his neareſt kin.
The greedy fools laid out their gold,
And bought the very ſtock he ſold;
Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,
By *bocus pocus*, to himſelf;
And, to ſecure the ſpoils he got,
Form'd this contrivance of the pot.
Here every night, and every morn,
Devout as any monk new ſhorn,
The proſtrate hypocrite implores
Juſt heaven to bleſs his hidden ſtores;
But, when he ſaw dear mammon flown,
The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,
No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,
No thief when beadles flay his back,
No loſing rook, no carted whore,
No failor when the billows roar,
With ſuch a grace e'er curs'd and ſwore.
Then, as he por'd upon the ground,
And turn'd his haggard eyes around,
The halter at his feet he ſpy'd,
" And is this all that's left?" he cry'd:
" Am I thus paid for all my cares,
" My lectures, repetitions, prayers?
" 'Tis well—there's ſomething ſav'd at leaſt,
" Welcome, thou faithful, friendly gueſt;
" If I muſt hang, now all is loſt,
" 'Tis cheaper at another's coſt;
" To do it at my own expence,
" Would be downright extravagance."
Thus comforted, without a tear,
He fix'd the nooſe beneath his ear,
To the next bough the rope he ty'd,
And moſt heroically dy'd.
Ned, who behind a ſpreading tree,
Beheld this tragi-comedy,
With hearty curſes rung his knell,
And bid him thus his laſt farewel.
" Was it not, uncle, very kind,
" In me, to leave the rope behind?

" A legacy ſo well beſtow'd,
" For all the gratitude I ow'd.
" Adieu, Sir Tim; by heaven's decree,
" Soon may thy brethren follow thee,
" In the ſame glorious manner ſwing,
" Without one friend to cut the ſtring;
" That hence rapacious knaves may know,
" Juſtice is always ſure, though ſlow."

A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH:

A TALE.

Jack Dimple was a merry blade,
Young, amorous, witty, and well made;
Diſcreet?—Hold, ſir—nay, as I live,
My friend, you're too inquiſitive:
Diſcretion, all men muſt agree,
Is a moſt ſhining quality,
Which like leaf-gold makes a great ſhow,
And thinly ſpread ſets off a beau.
But, ſir, to put you out of pain,
Our younker had not half a grain,
A leaky blab, raſh, faithleſs, vain.
The victories his eyes had won,
As ſoon as e'er obtain'd, were known;
For trophies rear'd, the deed proclaim
Spoils hung on high expoſe the dame,
And love is ſacrific'd to fame.
Such inſolence the ſex alarms,
The female world is up in arms;
Th' outrageous Bacchanals combine,
And brandiſh'd tongues in concert join.
Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
T' eſcape ſo terrible a foe?
Seek ſhelter on the Libyan ſhore,
Where tigers and where lions roar?
Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
And truſt the wily crocodile?
'Tis vain to ſhun a woman's hate,
Heavy the blow, and ſure as fate.
Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,
But not ſo talkative and loud,
With ſilence and with care ſuppreſt
The glowing vengeance in her breaſt,
Reſolv'd, by ſtratagem and art,
To make the ſaucy villain ſmart.
The cunning baggage had prepar'd,
Pomatum, of the fineſt lard,
With ſtrong aſtringents mix'd the meſs,
Alom, and vitriol, *Q. S.*
Arſenic, and bole. But I want time
To turn all Quincy into rhyme,
'Twould make my diction too ſublime.
Her grandame this receipt had taught,
Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,
An able ſtyptic (as 'tis ſaid)
To ſodder a crack'd maidenhead.
This ointment being duly made,
The jilt upon her toilet laid:
The ſauntering cully ſoon appears,
As uſual, vows, proteſts, and ſwears;
Careleſs an opera tune he hums,
Plunders her patch-box, breaks her combs.
As up and down the monkey play'd,
His hand upon the box he laid,
The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,
The treacherous Pandora ſmiles.
" What's this?" cries Jack. " That box!" ſaid ſhe:
" Pomatum; what elſe ſhould it be?"
But here 'tis fit my reader knows
'Twas March, when bluſtering Boreas blows,
Stern enemy to belles and beaux.
His lips were ſore; rough, pointed, torn,
The coral briſtled like a thorn.
Pleas'd with a cure ſo *à-propos*,
Nor jealous of ſo fair a foe,
The healing ointment thick he ſpread,
And every gaping cranny fed.
His chops begin to glow and ſhoot,
He ſtrove to ſpeak, but, oh! was mute,
Mute as a fiſh, all he could ſtrain,
Were ſome horſe gutturals forc'd with pain.
He ſtamps, he raves, he ſobs, he ſighs,
The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
He thought but could not ſpeak a curſe,
His lips were drawn into a purſe.
Madam no longer could contain,
Triumphant joy burſts out amain;
She laughs, ſhe ſcreams, the houſe is rais'd,
Through all the ſtreet th' affair is blaz'd:
In ſhoals now all the neighbours come,
Laugh out, and preſs into the room.
Sir Harry Taudry and his bride,
Miſs Tulip deck'd in all her pride;
Wife Madam Froth, and widow Babble,
Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble.
So great a concourſe ne'er was known
At Smithfield, when a monſter's ſhown;
When bears dance jiggs with comely mien,
When witty Punch adorns the ſcene,
Or frolic Pug plays Harlequin.
In vain he ſtrives to hide his head,
In vain he creeps behind the bed,
Ferreted thence, expos'd to view,
The crowd their clamorous ſhouts renew:
A thouſand taunts, a thouſand jeers,
Stark dumb, the paſſive creature hears.
No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,
And pelted in the pillory,
His face beſmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,
Was e'er ſo maul'd. Phyllis, at laſt,
To pay him for offences paſt,
With ſneering malice in her face,
Thus ſpoke, and gave the *coup-de-grace*:
" Lard! how demure, and how preciſe
" He looks! ſilence becomes the wiſe.
" Vile tongue! its maſter to betray,
" But now the priſoner muſt obey,
" I've lock'd the door, and keep the key.
" Learn hence, what angry woman can,
" When wrong'd by that falſe traitor man;
" Who boaſts our favours, ſoon or late,
" The treacherous blab ſhall feel our hate."

THE WISE BUILDER:

A TALE.

Wise Socrates had built a farm,
Little, convenient, ſnug, and warm,
Secur'd from rain and wind:
A gallant whiſper'd in his ear,
" Shall the great Socrates live here,
" To this mean cell confin'd?"

" The furniture's my chiefeſt care,"
Reply'd the ſage; " here's room to ſpare,
" Sweet ſir, for I and you;
" When this with faithful friends is fill'd,
" An ampler palace I ſhall build;
" Till then, this cot muſt do."

THE TRUE USE OF THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A TALE.

Tom Careful had a ſon and heir,
Exact his ſhape, genteel his air,
Adonis was not half ſo fair.
But then, alas! his daughter Jane
Was but ſo-ſo, a little plain.
In mam's apartment, as one day
The little romp and hoyden play,
Their faces in the glaſs they view'd,
Which then upon her toilet ſtood;
Where, as Narciſſus vain, the boy
Beheld each riſing charm with joy;
With partial eyes ſurvey'd himſelf,
But for his ſiſter, poor brown elf,
On her the ſelf-enamour'd chit
Was very laviſh of his wit.
She bore, alas! whate'er ſhe could,
But 'twas too much for fleſh and blood;
What female ever had the grace
To pardon ſcandal on her face?
Diſconſolate away ſhe flies,
And at her daddy's feet ſhe lies;
Sighs, ſobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
And tears, that readily obey'd;
Then aggravates the vile offence,
Exerting all her eloquence:
The cauſe th' indulgent father heard,
And culprit ſummon'd ſoon appear'd;
Some tokens of remorſe he ſhow'd,
And promis'd largely to be good.
As both the tender father preſs'd
With equal ardour to his breaſt,
And ſmiling kiſs'd, " Let there be peace,"
Said he; " let broils and diſcord ceaſe:
" Each day, my children, thus employ
" The faithful mirror; you, my boy,
" Remember that no vice diſgrace
" The gift of heaven, that beauteous face:
" And you, my girl, take ſpecial care
" Your want of beauty to repair
" By virtue, which alone is fair."

MAHOMET ALI BEG:

OR, THE FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

A long deſcent, and noble blood,
Is but a vain fantaſtic good,
Unleſs with inbred virtues join'd,
An honeſt, brave, and generous mind.
All that our anceſtors have done,
Nations reliev'd, and battles won;
The trophies of each bloody field,
Can only then true honour yield,
When, like Argyll, we ſcorn to owe,
And pay that luſtre they beſtow;
But, if, a mean degenerate race,
Slothful we faint, and ſlack our pace,
Lag in the glorious courſe of fame,
Their great atchievements we diſclaim.
Some bold plebeian ſoon ſhall riſe,
Stretch to the goal, and win the prize.
For, ſince the forming hand of old,
Caſt all mankind in the ſame mold;
Since no diſtinguiſh'd clan is bleſt
With finer porcelain than the reſt;
And ſince in all the ruling mind
Is of the ſame celeſtial kind;
'Tis education ſhows the way
Each latent beauty to diſplay;
Each happy genius brings to light,
Conceal'd before in ſhades of night:
So diamonds from the gloomy mine,
Taught by the workman's hand to ſhine,
On Cloe's ivory boſom blaze,
Or grace the crown with brilliant rays.
Merit obſcure ſhall raiſe its head,
Though dark obſtructing clouds o'erſpread;
Heroes, as yet unſung, ſhall fight
For ſlaves oppreſs'd, and injur'd right;
And able ſtateſmen prop the throne,
To Battle-Abbey-Roll * unknown.
Sha Abbas, with ſupreme command,
In Perſia reign'd, and bleſs'd the land;
A mighty prince, valiant and wiſe,
Expert, with ſharp diſcerning eyes,
To find true virtue in diſguiſe.
Hunting (it ſeems) was his delight,
His joy by day, his dream by night:
The ſport of all the brave and bold,
From Nimrod, who, in days of old,
Made men as well as beaſts his prey,
To mightier George, whoſe milder ſway
Glad happy crowds with pride obey.
In queſt of his fierce ſavage foes,
Before the ſun the monarch roſe,
The grizly lion to engage,
By baying dogs provok'd to rage;
In the cloſe thicket to explore,
And puſh from thence the briſtled boar:
Or to purſue the flying deer,
While deep-mouth'd hounds the vallies cheer;
And echo from repeating hills
His heart with joy redoubled fills.
Under a rock's projecting ſhade,
A ſhepherd boy his ſeat had made,
Happy as Crœſus on his throne,
The riches of the world his own.
Content on mortals here below,
Is all that heaven can beſtow.
His crook and ſcrip were by him laid,
Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
His flocks ſecurely couch'd around,
And ſeem'd to liſten to the ſound.
Returning from the chaſe one day,
The king by chance had loſt his way:
Nor guards, nor nobles, now attend;
But one young lord, his boſom friend.
Now tir'd with labour, ſpent with heat,
They fought this pleaſant cool retreat;
The boy leap'd active from his ſeat,
And, with a kind obliging grace,
Offer'd the king unknown his place.

* *A record which contained the names of the chief men that came over with the Conqueror.*

The Perſian monarch, who ſo late,
Lord of the world, rul'd all in ſtate;
On cloth of gold and tiſſue trod,
Whole nations trembling at his nod;
With diamonds and with rubies crown'd,
And girt with fawning ſlaves around;
Behold him now: his canopy
Th' impending rock, each ſhrub, each tree,
That grew upon its ſhaggy brow,
To their great prince obſervant bow;
Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
And bleſs him with a friendly ſhade,
On the bare flint, he ſits alone,
And, oh! would kings this truth but own,
The ſafer and the nobler throne!
But where do I digreſs? 'tis time
To check this arrogance of rhyme.
As the judicious monarch view'd
The ſtripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
With native modeſty ſubdued;
The bluſh that glow'd in all its pride
Then trembled on his cheeks and dy'd.
He grew inquiſitive to trace
What ſoul dwelt in that lovely caſe:
To every queſtion, ſerious, gay,
The youth reply'd without delay;
His anſwers for the moſt part right,
And taking, if not appoſite:
Unſtudy'd, unaffected ſenſe,
Mix'd with his native diffidence.
The king was charm'd with ſuch a prize,
And ſtood with wonder in his eyes;
Commits his treaſure to the care
Of the young lord; bids him not ſpare
For coſt, or pains, t' enrich his breaſt
With all the learning of the eaſt.
He bow'd, obey'd, well cloth'd, well fed,
And with his patron's children bred;
Still every day the youth improv'd,
By all admir'd, by all belov'd.

Now the firſt curling down began
To give the promiſe of a man;
To court he's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
In lower poſts, yet ſtill he gain'd
By candour, courteſy, and ſkill,
The ſubject's love, the king's good will.
Employ'd in greater matters now,
No flatteries, no bribes, could bow
His ſtubborn ſoul; true to his truſt,
Firm, and inexorably juſt,
In judgment ripe, he ſoon became
A Walpole, or a Walſingham;
And, wakeful for the public peace,
No dragon guards the golden fleece
With half that vigilance and care.
His buſy eyes kenn'd every where;
In each dark ſcheme knew how to dive,
Though cunning Derviſes contrive
Their plots, diſguis'd with ſhams and lies,
And cloak'd with real perjuries.
Now high in rank the peer is plac'd,
And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;
No bounds his maſter's bounties know,
His ſwelling coffers overflow,
And he is puzzled to beſtow;
Perplex'd and ſtudious to contrive
To whom, and how, not what to give;
His pious frauds conceal the name,
And ſkreen the modeſt man from ſhame.
Whoe'er would heavenly treaſures raiſe,
Muſt grant the boon, eſcape the praiſe.
But his immenſe and endleſs gain
No private charities could drain:
On public works he fix'd his mind,
The zealous friend of human kind.
Convenient inns on each great road
At his own proper coſts endow'd,
To weary caravans afford
Refreſhment, both at bed and board.
From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
Nations remote with Ali dine;
In various tongues his bounty's bleſt,
While with ſurpriſe the ſtranger gueſt
Does here on unbought dainties feaſt:
See ſtately palaces ariſe,
And gilded domes invade the ſkies.
Say, muſe, what lords inhabit here?
Nor favourite eunuch, prince, nor peer?
The poor, the lame, the blind, the ſick,
The ideot, and the lunatic.
He curb'd each river's ſwelling pride,
O'er the reluctant murmuring tide
From bank to bank his bridges ſtride.
A thouſand gracious deeds were done,
Bury'd in ſilence and unknown.

At length, worn out with years and care,
Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young heir
Sha Seſi, unexperienc'd, raw,
By his ſtern father kept in awe;
To the ſeraglio's walls confin'd,
Barr'd from the converſe of mankind.
Strange jealouſy! a certain rule,
To breed a tyrant and a fool.
Still Ali was prime miniſter,
But had not much his maſter's ear;
Walk'd on unfaithful, ſlippery ground,
Till an occaſion could be found
To pick a quarrel; then, no doubt,
As is the mode at court—turn out.
Sha Seſi, among eunuchs bred,
With them convers'd, by them was led;
Beardleſs, half-men! in whoſe falſe breaſts,
Nor joy, nor love, nor friendſhip, reſts.
There ſpight and pining envy dwell,
And rage as in their native hell;
For, conſcious of their own diſgrace
Each excellence they would debaſe,
And vent their ſpleen on human race.
This Ali found. Strange ſenſeleſs lies
And inconſiſtent calumnies
They buz into the monarch's ears,
And he believes all that he hears.
" Great prince," ſaid they, " Ali, your ſlave—
" Whom we acknowledge wiſe and brave—
" Yet pardon us—we can't but ſee
" His boundleſs pride and vanity:
" His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
" In their own channels taught to glide.
" Each beggar, and each lazy drone,
" His ſubject, more than yours, is grown:

" And for a palace leaves his cell,
" Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
" His inns for travellers provide,
" Strangers are liſted on his ſide:
" In his own houſe how grand the ſcene!
" Tiſſues and velvets are too mean,
" Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expence!
" Suſpected, bold, magnificence!
" Whence can this flood of riches flow?
" Examine his accounts, you'll know:
" Your eye on your exchequer caſt,
" The ſecret will come out at laſt."
Ali next morn (for 'twas his way
To riſe before the dawn of day)
Went early to the council-board,
Proſtrate on earth, his king ador'd.
The king, with countenance ſevere,
Look'd ſternly on his miniſter:
" Ali," ſaid he, " I have been told,
" Great treaſures, both in gems and gold,
" Were left, and truſted to your care;
" 'Mong theſe, one gem exceeding rare,
" I long to view; which was (they ſaid)
" A preſent from the ſultan made,
" The fineſt that the world e'er ſaw,
" White, large, and fair, without a flaw."
Th' unblemiſh'd Ali thus reply'd,
" Great ſir! it cannot be deny'd,
" 'Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,
" The Great Mogul has not its peer.
" Pleaſe it your majeſty, to go
" Into the treaſury below,
" You'll wonder at its piercing ray,
" The ſun gives not a nobler day."
Together now they all deſcend;
Poor Ali had no other friend,
But a ſoul faithful to its truſt,
The ſure aſylum of the juſt.
In proper claſſes now are ſeen
The diamonds bright, and emeralds green;
Pearls, rubies, ſapphires, next appear,
Diſpos'd in rows with niceſt care.
The king views all with curious eyes,
Applauds with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Their order and peculiar grace,
Each thing adapted to its place;
The reſt with envious leer behold,
And ſtumble upon bars of gold.
Next, in an amber box, is ſhown
The nobleſt jewel of the crown:
" This, ſir," ſaid he, " believe your ſlave,
" Is the fine gem the ſultan gave;
" Around it dart its beams of light,
" No comet e'er was half ſo bright."
The king with joy the gem admires,
Well-pleas'd, and half-convinc'd, retires.
" Ali," ſaid he, " with you I dine;
" Your furniture, I'm told, is fine."
Wiſe Ali, for this favour ſhow'd,
Humbly with loweſt reverence bow'd.
At Ali's houſe now every hand
Is buſy at their lord's command;
Where at th' appointed hour reſort
The king and all his ſplendid court.
Ali came forth his prince to meet,
And, lowly bowing, kiſs'd his feet.
On all his compliments beſtows,
Civil alike to friends and foes.
The king, impatient to behold
His furniture of gems and gold,
From room to room the chaſe purſued,
With curious eyes each corner view'd,
Ranſack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er,
Each cloſet ſearch'd, unlock'd each door;
But all he found was plain and coarſe,
The meaneſt Perſian ſcarce had worſe;
Theſe Ali for convenience bought,
Nor for expenſive trifles ſought.
One door a prying eunuch ſpy'd,
With bars and locks well fortify'd,
And now, ſecure to find the prize,
Show'd it the king with joyful eyes.
" Ali," ſaid he, " that citadel
" Is ſtrong, and baricadoed well?
" What have you there?" Ali reply'd,
" Oh, ſir, there's lodg'd my greateſt pride;
" There are the gems I value moſt,
" And all the treaſures I can boaſt."
All now convinc'd of his diſgrace,
Triumph appear'd in every face.
The monarch doubted now no more;
The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,
When, lo! upon the wall appear
His ſhepherd's weeds hung up with care,
Nor crook nor ſcrip was wanting there;
Nor pipe that tun'd his humble lays,
Sweet ſolace of his better days!
Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breaſt,
And thus the wondering king addreſt:
" Great Prince! your Ali is your ſlave,
" To you belong whate'er I have;
" Goods, houſe, are yours, nay yours this head,
" For ſpeak the word, and I am dead:
" Theſe moveables, and theſe alone,
" I may with juſtice call my own.
" Your royal ſire, Abbas the Great,
" Whom nations proſtrate at his feet
" On earth ador'd; whoſe ſoul at reſt,
" In paradiſe a welcome gueſt,
" * Enjoys its full, and fragrant bowers,
" Or wantons upon beds of flowers,
" While the pure ſtream, in living rills,
" From rocks of adamant diſtils,
" And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,
" Fair daughters of that bleſt abode:
" By his command, I left the plain,
" An humble, but contented ſwain.
" Nor ſought I wealth, nor power, nor place;
" All theſe were owing to his grace;
" 'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
" And fix'd me here, in this high ſeat,
" The mark of envy. Much he gave,
" But yet of nought depriv'd his ſlave:
" He touch'd not theſe. Alas! whoſe ſpite,
" Whoſe avarice, would theſe excite?
" My old, hereditary right!
" Grant me but theſe, Great Prince, once more,
" Grant me the pleaſure to be poor,
" This ſcrip, theſe homely weeds, I'll wear,
" The bleating flocks ſhall be my care;

* *Such is the Paradiſe the Turks expect.*

" Th' employ that did my youth engage,
Shall be the comfort of my age."
The king, amaz'd at ſuch a ſcorn
Of riches, in a ſhepherd born;
" How ſoars that ſoul," ſaid he, " above
" The courtier's hate, or monarch's love!
" No power ſuch virtue can efface,
" No jealous malice ſhall diſgrace.
" Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
" But this is to be truly great."
While tears ran trickling down his face,
He claſp'd him in a cloſe embrace;
Then caus'd himſelf to be undreſt,
And cloth'd him in his royal veſt:
The greateſt honour he could give,
Or Perſian ſubjects can receive.

THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

Tell me, my noble generous friend,
With what deſign, and to what end,
Do greedy fools heap up with care
That pelf, which they want heart to ſhare?
What other pleaſure can they know,
But to enjoy, or to beſtow?
Acts of benevolence and love
Give us a taſte of heaven above;
We imitate th' immortal powers,
Whoſe ſun-ſhine, and whoſe kindly ſhowers,
Refreſh the poor and barren ground,
And plant a paradiſe around:
But this mean, ſneaking avarice,
Is a collection of all vice.
Where this foul weed but taints the place,
Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace;
The ſoul a deſert waſte remains,
And ghaſtly deſolation reigns.
But where will theſe grave morals tend?
Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend;
The province of my humbler vein,
Is not to preach, but entertain.
Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,
Was good for nothing, but to ſave;
Mammon his God, to him alone
He bow'd, and his ſhort creed was known:
On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,
" A penny ſav'd's a penny got."
This rich poor man was jogging down,
Once on a time, from London town;
With him his ſon, a handy lad:
To dreſs his daddy—or his pad:
Among his dealers he had been,
And all their ready caſh ſwept clean.
Gripe, to ſave charges on the road,
At each good houſe cramm'd in a load:
With boil'd and roaſt his belly fill'd,
And greedily each tankard ſwill'd:
How ſavoury, how ſweet the meat!
How good the drink when others treat!
Now on the road Gripe trots behind,
For weighty reaſons (as you'll find):
The boy ſoon long'd to take a whet,
His horſe at each ſign made a ſet,
And he ſpurr'd on with great regret.
This the old man obſerv'd with pain,
" Ah! ſon," ſaid he, " the way to gain
" Wealth (our chief good) is to abſtain;
" Check each expenſive appetite,
" And make the moſt of every mite:
" Conſider well, my child, O think
" What numbers are undone by drink!
" Hopeful young men! who might be great,
" Die well, and leave a large eſtate;
" But, by lewd comrades led aſtray,
" Guzzling, throw all their means away.
" Tom Daſh, of parts acute and rare.
" Can ſplit a fraction to a hair;
" Knows Wingate better than his creed,
" Can draw ſtrong ale, or a weak deed;
" By precedents a bond can write,
" Or an indenture tripartite;
" Can meaſure land, paſture, or wood,
" Yet never purchas'd half a rood.
" Whom all theſe liberal arts adorn,
" Is he not rich! as ſheep new ſhorn!
" The reaſon need not far be ſought,
" For three-pence gain'd, he ſpends a groat.
" There's Billy Blowſe, that merry fellow,
" So wondrous witty when he's mellow;
" Ale and mundungus, in deſpite
" Of nature, make the clown polite.
" When thoſe rich ſteams chafe his dull head,
" What flowers ſhoot up in that hot-bed!
" His jeſts, when fogs his temples ſhroud,
" Like the ſun burſting through a cloud,
" Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd:
" They laugh, each wag's exceeding gay,
" While he, poor ninny! jokes away
" By night, whate'er he gets by day.
" To theſe examples I might add
" A 'ſquire or two, troth full as bad;
" Who, doom'd by heaven for their ſins,
" Mind nothing but their nipperkins:
" But theſe, at this time, ſhall ſuffice;
" By ſaving, boy, that is, be wiſe."
Now, muſe, come hold thy noſe, and tell
What doleful accident befel;
His horſe ſet hard, an ancient hack,
That twice ten years carry'd a pack,
But ſuch a cargo ne'er before;
He had him cheap, and kept him poor;
His bowels ſtuft with too much meat,
He ſat uneaſy in his ſeat,
And riggled often to and fro,
With painful gripings gnaw'd below.
His diſtance yet in hope to gain,
For the next inn he ſpurs amain;
In haſte alights, and ſcuds away,
But time and tide for no man ſtay.
No means can ſave whom heaven has curſt,
For out th' impetuous torrent burſt.
Struck dumb, aghaſt at firſt he ſtood,
And ſcratch'd his head in penſive mood:
But, wiſely judging 'twas in vain
To make an outcry, and complain,
Of a bad bargain made the beſt,
And lull'd his troubled ſoul to reſt.
Back he return'd with rueful face,
And ſhuffled through the houſe apace;
My landlady ſcreams out in haſte,
" Old gentleman, ho!—where ſo faſt?
" Before you go, pray pay your ſhot,
" This young man here has drunk a pot."

" A pot!" said Gripe; " oh, the young rogue!
" Ah, ruinous, expensive dog!"
And, muttering curses in his ear,
Look'd like a witch with hellish leer;
But, finding 'twas in vain to fret,
Pull'd out his catskin, paid the debt.
This point adjusted, on they fare,
Ambrosial sweets perfume the air:
The younker, by the fragrant scent,
Perceiving now how matters went,
Laugh'd inwardly, could scarce contain,
And kept his countenance with pain.
At last he cries, " Now, sir, an't please,
" I hope you're better, and at ease."
" Better, you booby!—'tis all out"—
" What's out?" said he. " You drunken lout!
" All in my trowsers—well—no matter.—
" Not great—th' expence of soap and water;
" This charge—if times are not too hard,
" By management may be repair'd:
" But, oh! that damn'd confounded pot!
" Extravagant, audacious sot;
" This, this indeed, my soul does grieve,
" There's two-pence lost without retrieve!"

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

At Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine:
Colonel Brocade among the rest
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night as carelessly he stood,
Cheering his reins before the fire,
(So every true-born Briton should)
Like that, he chaf'd, and fum'd, with ire.
" Jenny," said he, " tis very hard,
" That no man's honour can be spar'd;
" If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
" Or play a game at ombre, such is
" The malice of the world, 'tis said,
" Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
" 'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
" If Madam Doodle would be witty,
" And I am summon'd to the city,
" To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
" What won't such hellish malice do?
" If I but catch her in a corner,
" Humph—'tis, Your servant, Colonel Horner:
" But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
" I prove it, it shall cost them dear;
" I swear by this dead-doing blade,
" Dreadful examples shall be made:
" What—can't they drink bohea and cream,
" But (d—n them) I must be their theme?
" Other men's business let alone,
" Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
As thus he rav'd with all his might
(How insecure from Fortune's spight,
Alas! is every mortal wight!)
To show his ancient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—
Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, fate
A Bencher grave, with look sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smelt out the breach he made:
But not a word—a little fly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A side-long glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blustering colonel felt a smart.
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounc'd about the room;
Then turning short, " Zounds, sir!" he cries—
" Pox on him, had the fool no eyes?
" What! let a man be burnt alive!"
" I am not, sir, inquisitive"
(Reply'd Sir Gravity) " to know
" Whate'er your honour's pleas'd to do;
" If you will burn your tail to tinder,
" Pray what have I to do to hinder?
" Other mens business let alone,
" Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And, wrapping round his frieze surtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

THE BUSY INDOLENT:

A TALE.

Jack Careless was a man of parts,
Well skill'd in the politer arts,
With judgment read, with humour writ:
Among his friends past for a wit:
But lov'd his ease more than his meat,
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
T' expose themselves by being great.
At no levees the suppliant bow'd;
Nor courted for their votes the crowd:
Nor riches nor preferment sought,
Did what he pleas'd, spoke what he thought.
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the state, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never saw;
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never stirr'd from home:
'Tis true he travel'd with great care,
The tour of Europe—in his chair.
Was loth to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.
One day this honest, idle rake,
Nor quite asleep, nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow chair,
And building castles in the air;
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow stood,
When a strange noise offends his ear,
The din increas'd as it came near,
And in his yard at last he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude;

Who that day, walking of their rounds,
Had disagreed about their bounds;
And sure the difference must be wide,
Where each does for himself decide.
Vollies of oaths in vain they swear,
Which burst like guiltless bombs in air; [oaf!"
And, "Thou'rt a knave!" and, "Thou'rt an
Is banded round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree,
His worship should be referee,
Which courteous (Jack consents to be:
Though for himself he would not budge)
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conscience of this point he made,
With pleasure readily obey'd,
And shot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, summon'd to his room,
Bowing with awkward reverence come.
In his great chair his worship sate,
A grave and able magistrate:
Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
In a short speech, he first computes
The vast expence of law disputes,
And everlasting chancery suits.
With zeal and warmth he railed then
Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talesmen!
And recommended in the close,
Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
Perus'd records, heard evidence,
Observ'd, reply'd, hit every blot,
Unravel'd every Gordian knot;
With great activity and parts,
Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts;
And, without fees, or time mispent,
By strength of ale and argument,
Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.
Trusty, who at his elbow sate,
And with surprise heard the debate,
Astonish'd, could not but admire
His strange dexterity and fire;
His wise discernment and good sense,
His quickness, ease, and eloquence.
"Lord! sir," said he, "I can't but chide:
"What useful talents do you hide!
"In half an hour you have done more
"Than Puzzle can in half a score,
"With all the practice of the courts,
"His cases, precedents, reports."
Jack with a smile reply'd, "'Tis true,
"This may seem odd, my friend, to you,
"But give me not more than my due.
"No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
"But hastens to decide the cause:
"Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
"Will struggle to be free again.
"So lazy men and indolent,
"With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
"Exert their utmost powers and skill,
"Work hard; for what? Why, to sit still.
"They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,
"For ev'n sloth prompts to industry.
"Therefore, my friend, I freely own
"All this address I now have shown,
"Is mere impatience, and no more,
"To lounge and loiter as before:
"Life is a span, the world an inn——
"Here, sirrah, t' other nipperkin."

THE YEOMAN OF KENT:

A TALE.

A YEOMAN bold (suppose of Kent)
Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;
Manur'd his own paternal land,
Had always money at command,
To purchase bargains, or to lend,
T' improve his stock, or help a friend:
At Cressy and Poictiers, of old,
His ancestors were bowmen bold;
Whose good yew bows, and sinews strong,
Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long;
For England's glory, strew'd the plain
With barons, counts, and princes slain.
Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
For his delight was doing good:
At every mart his word a law,
Kept all the shuffling knaves in awe.
How just is heaven, and how true,
To give to such desert its due!
'Tis in authentic legions said,
Two twins at once had bless'd his bed;
Frank was the eldest, but the other
Was honest Numps, his younger brother;
That, with a face effeminate,
And shape too fine and delicate,
Took after his fond mother Kate,
A Franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
No heart of oak was half so tough,
And true as steel, to cuff, or kick,
Or play a bout at double stick,
Who but friend Numps? While Frank's delight
Was more (they say) to dance, than fight;
At Whitson-ales king of the May,
Among the maids, brisk, frolic, gay,
He tript it on each holiday.
Their genius different, Frank would roam
To town; but Numps, he staid at home.
The youth was forward, apt to learn,
Could soon an honest living earn;
Good company would always keep,
Was known to Falstaff in East-cheap:
Threw many a merry main, could bully,
And put the doctor on his cully;
Ply'd hard his work, and learnt the way,
To watch all night, and sleep all day.
Flush'd with success, new rigg'd, and clean,
Polite his air, genteel his mien:
Accomplish'd thus in every part,
He won a buxom widow's heart.
Her fortune narrow; and too wide,
Alas! lay her concerns, her pride:
Great as a duchess, she would scorn
Mean fare, a gentlewoman born;
Poor and expensive! on my life
'Twas but the devil of a wife.
Yet Frank, with what he won by night,
A while liv'd tolerably tight;

And ſpouſe, who ſometimes ſate till morn
At cribbidge, made a good return.
While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,
She laid a bantling to the youth;
But whether 'twas his own or no,
My authors don't pretend to know.
His charge enhanc'd, 'tis alſo true
A lying-in 's expenſive too,
In cradles, whittles, ſpice-bowls, ſack,
Whate'er the wanton goſſips lack;
While ſcandal thick as hail-ſhot flies,
Till peaceful bumpers ſeal their eyes.
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
And viſit the good man his ſire;
In the ſtage-coach he ſeats himſelf,
Loaded with madam and her elf;
In her right hand the coral plac'd,
Her lap a China orange grac'd:
Pap for the babe was not forgot;
And lullaby's melodious note,
That warbled in his ears all day.
Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way.
Frank, to the manſion-houſe now come,
Rejoic'd to find himſelf at home;
Neighbours around, and couſins went
By ſcores, to pay their compliment.
The good old man was kind, 'tis true,
But yet a little ſhock'd, to view
A 'ſquire ſo fine, a ſight ſo new.
But above all, the lady fair
Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
Scarce a ſhrieve's wife at an aſſize
Was dreſs'd ſo fine, ſo roll'd her eyes:
And maſter too in all his pride,
His ſilver rattle by his ſide,
Would ſhake it oft, then ſhrilly ſcream,
More noiſy than the yeoman's team;
With taſſals and with plumes made proud,
While jingling bells ring out aloud.
The good old dame, raviſh'd outright,
Ev'n doated on ſo gay a ſight;
Her Frank, as glorious as the morn;
Poor Numps was look'd upon with ſcorn.
With other eyes the yeoman ſage
Beheld each youth; nought could engage
His wary and diſcerning heart,
But ſterling worth and true deſert.
At laſt, he could no longer bear
Such ſtrange ſophiſticated ware;
He cries (enrag'd at this odd ſcene)
" What can this fooliſh coxcomb mean,
" Who, like a pedlar with his pack,
" Carries his riches on his back?
" Soon ſhall this blockhead ſink my rents,
" And alienate my tenements,
" Which long have ſtood in good repair,
" Nor ſunk, nor roſe, from heir to heir;
" Still the ſame rent without advance,
" Since the Black Prince firſt conquer'd France:
" But now, alas! all muſt be loſt,
" And all my prudent projects croſt.
" Brave honeſt race! Is it thus then
" We dwindle into gentlemen?
" But I'll prevent this foul diſgrace,
" This butterfly from hence I'll chaſe."

He ſaddles Ball without delay,
To London town directs his way;
There at the Herald's office he
Took out his coat, and paid his fee,
And had it cheap, as wits agree.
A lion rampant, ſtout and able,
Argent the field, the border ſable;
The gay eſcutcheon look'd as fine,
As any new-daub'd country ſign.
Thus having done what he decreed,
Home he returns with all his ſpeed:
" Here, ſon," ſaid he, " ſince you will be
" A gentleman in ſpight of me;
" Here, ſir, this gorgeous bauble take,
" How well it will become a rake!
" Be what you ſeem: this is your ſhare;
" But honeſt Numps ſhall be my heir;
" To him I'll leave my whole eſtate,
" Leſt my brave race degenerate.

THE HAPPY LUNATIC.

TO DOCTOR M———. A TALE.

When ſaints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
As ſinners now in Drury-Lane;
Wrapt up in myſteries profound,
A ſaint perceiv'd his head turn round:
Whether the ſweet and ſavoury wind,
That ſhould have been diſcharg'd behind,
For want of vent had upward fled,
And ſeiz'd the fortreſs of his head;
Ye ſage philoſophers, debate:
I ſolve no problems intricate.
That he was mad, to me is clear,
Elſe why ſhould he, whoſe nicer ear
Could never bear church-muſic here,
Dream that he heard the bleſt above,
Chanting in hymns of joy and love?
Organs themſelves, which were of yore
The muſic of the ſcarlet whore,
Are now with tranſport heard. In fine,
Raviſh'd with harmony divine,
All earthly bleſſings he deſies,
The gueſt and favourite of the ſkies.
At laſt, his too officious friends
The doctor call, and he attends;
The patient cur'd, demands his fee.
" Curſe on thy farting pills and thee,"
Reply'd the ſaint: " ah! to my coſt
" I'm cur'd; but where's the heaven I loſt?
" Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,
" Who'd barter paradiſe for ſenſe?"
Ev'n ſo *bemus'd* (that is, poſſeſt),
With raptures fir'd, and more than bleſt?
In pompous epic, towering odes,
I ſtrut with heroes, feaſt with gods;
Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,
For me they touch each golden lyre.
Happy deluſion! kind deceit!
Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat;
Your eye ſevere, traces each fault,
Each ſwelling word, each tinſel thought.
Cur'd of my frenzy, I deſpiſe
Such trifles, ſtript of their diſguiſe,
Convinc'd, and miſerably wiſe.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM PATTISON,

Containing

ABELARD TO ELOISA,	ODES,
ROSAMOND TO HENRY,	SONGS,
HENRY TO ROSAMOND,	EPISTLES,
YARICO TO INKLE,	EPIGRAMS,
MORNING CONTEMPLATION,	IMITATIONS,
HOUR-GLASS.	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The honours which from verſe their ſource derive,
Shall both ſurmount detraction, and ſurvive;
And poets have unqueſtion'd right to claim,
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting name.

CONGREVE'S EPISTLE TO HALIFAX.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF PATTISON.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of William Pattiſon, a youth of a very extraordinary genius, few particulars have been tranſmitted by his contemporaries; and for theſe we are chiefly indebted to the anonymous editor of his poems, who was enabled to perform "this act of juſtice to his memory," by a caſual acquaintance, the inſpection of his literary correſpondence, and the communications of his friends "in the north, and at Cambridge."

As the reſearches which have been made in the two ſeminaries of Appleby, and Sidney College, to which this unfortunate ſcholar belonged, have furniſhed no new memorials of his perſon or his genius, the preſent writer muſt content himſelf with repeating the few melancholy incidents, which have hitherto formed the ſlender hiſtory of his life.

He was born at Peaſmarſh, near Rye, in the county of Suſſex, in 1706, of a family in no reſpect illuſtrious; his father being a farmer at that place, who rented a conſiderable eſtate belonging to the Earl of Thanet.

In his early childhood, having diſcovered the moſt promiſing marks of lively parts, and a great propenſity to learning, and his father being unable to give him a ſuitable education, he obtained the patronage of the Earl of Thanet, who placed him at the free-ſchool of Appleby, in Weſtmoreland, under the tuition of Mr. Banks, a teacher of eminent learning and abilities.

After the death of Mr. Banks, he continued about two years under the care of his ſucceſſor, Mr. Thomas Nevinſon of Queen's College, Oxford, during which time he chiefly applied himſelf to the ſtudy of claſſical literature and poetry.

About this time, he became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Noble, ſchoolmaſter at Kirkby Stephen, a man of letters, and an excellent critic in poetry, who uſed frequently to read the claſſics with him, taught him how to diſcern the beauties and the faults of authors, deſcribed to him the difference between falſe wit and judicious writing, and gave him ſuch inſtructions towards the advancement of his knowledge, and the refinement of his taſte, as proved very advantageous to him in the proſecution of his ſtudies.

Mr. Nevinſon being preſented to a living in Northumberland, reſigned the ſchool, and was ſucceeded by Mr. Richard Yates of Queen's College (the preſentation to the ſchool being in that College), under whoſe care he continued about a year.

While he was at ſchool, he happened to contract a debt, of about ten pounds, for books, to three bookſellers in Penrith, who rudely demanded payment. Having no money, nor any friend who could advance him that ſum, he wrote an *Ode upon Chriſtmas Day*, and preſented it to Sir Chriſtopher Muſgrave, Bart. at Edenhall, who was ſo much pleaſed with it, that he ordered his chaplain to pay immediately what money he owed for books.

Some time after, he addreſſed an *Ode to John Tufton, Eſq.*, nephew to the Earl of Thanet, in which his acknowledgments to the Tufton family are finely expreſſed, and for which he was very handſomely rewarded.

Shortly after, he ridiculed the pretenſions of three poetical coxcombs, who, at that time, peſtered the ſchool with their nonſenſical rhymes, by the following tranſpoſition of Dryden's fine epigram on Milton.

Three poetasters in *one* age were born,
And all at once did *Appleby* adorn;
The *first* in *penury of thought* surpast,
In *rumbling cant* the *next*, in *both* the *last*;
The *force* of *dulness* could no farther go,
To make a *third*, she joined the former *two*.

Though he avowed, upon every occasion, the obligations he was under to the Thanet family, yet he had the misfortune, by some misunderstanding, to experience the neglect of his noble patron before he left Appleby; in consequence of which, his election to Queen's College, Oxford, pursuant to the foundation, was prevented, and he returned home to his parents. He left Appleby school in 1723; and the year following, he was sent to Sidney College, Cambridge, "wholly through means of his mother's indulgence, whom he ever declared to be the most tender, as his father was one of the most rigid parents."

As soon as he was settled in the University, he wrote an Epistle *to a Friend* in the north, which contains an elegant and interesting description of a college life.

At Cambridge, as at Appleby, poetry was his favourite pursuit, and angling the chief alleviation of his studies; for he was always averse to the *public disputations*, and on a particular occasion, shewed his resentment at being carried to the *schools* by the *wranglers*.

As the brute world to father Adam came,
Requesting, with inquiring looks, a name,
To every beast a title he assign'd,
And nominated all the sylvan-kind.
So savage multitudes about me throng;
Did Adam's talent but to me belong!
Yet though they cheat the world by their disguise,
They are but *asses* to *poetic eyes*.

He was considered as a youth of much hope; and the proofs which he exhibited of intellectual energy, and literary powers, procured him the acquaintance of the most distinguished scholars in the University.

While his poetical compositions obtained him a high reputation among men of wit and learning, his companionable talents, and the festivity of his conversation, procured him a ready admission to the circles of elegance and fashion.

Few men came into company better qualified to please, or to instruct; but it was his misfortune to split on the rock of misapplication; for he made that which should have been only an amusement, his principal pursuit, and suffered himself to be deluded from the rugged paths of study, by the fascination of elegant society, and the dreams of a warm and voluptuous imagination. This latter disposition led him into some juvenile imprudences, which exposed him to the censure of his tutor, whose temper, it is said, was ill qualified to reconcile him to the discipline of the College.

The grounds of the quarrel between him and his tutor cannot at this time be known; but it appears, from his epistolary correspondence, that "the rigour with which his tutor treated him was not easy to brook, and he could very ill bear restraint;" and he tells of himself, "that it was the threats of expulsion, and the dread of such a scandal, which made him cut his name out of the College book."

He left the University, whatever was the cause, in thoughtless gaiety, by deputing his gown to make his apology in the following verses, which he pinned upon it, at his departure:

Whoever gives himself the pains to stoop,
And take my venerable tatters up,
To his presuming inquisition I,
In loco Pattisoni thus reply:
Tir'd with the senseless jargon of the gown,
My master left the college for the town;
Where, from pedantic drudgery secur'd,
He laughs at follies, which he once endur'd;
And scorns his precious minutes to regale,
With wretched college wit, and college ale;

Far nobler pleaſures open to his view,
Pleaſures for ever ſweet, for ever new!
Bright wit, ſoft beauty, and ambition's fire
Inflame his boſom, and his muſe inſpire;
While to his few, but much endearing friends,
His love and humble ſervice he commends.

His moſt ſincere friends expreſſed their concern at his departure, and ſtrongly urged him either to return, or at leaſt to make an apology for his behaviour to the maſter and fellows of the college. The former he could not be perſuaded to, but the latter he readily complied with, in a ſtate of his caſe, which he tranſmitted in a letter to one of his friends.

"The world is ever inclined," ſays he, "to ſuſpect us of partiality, when we ſpeak of ourſelves; and it is unnatural for a perſon to condemn himſelf, when he has an *adverſary* ſo ready as mine to deal with, I was going to ſay, ſo powerful, without conſidering the *validity* of his *accuſations*, which muſt be *proved*. If they are found to be *true*, I ſhall, with a great deal of reſignation, *ſubmit* to the *cenſures* of *mankind*; and when he has honeſtly acquitted himſelf from the *ſame charge* to his *conſcience*, I invite him to *throw the firſt ſtone*. Here is a field of *ſatire* opened for me; but I ſcorn to draw upon a naked man, and ſhall content myſelf. But I hope, the abſolute neceſſity of *ſuch* a *proceeding* will, in ſome meaſure, excuſe me to that uſual indulgence, which the *maſter* and the *fellows* have ever favoured me with, eſpecially ſince it is the laſt offence I am likely to be guilty of."

In ſupport of the charge againſt his tutor, the following authorities are produced from his epiſtolary correſpondence.

"I adviſe you," ſays Mr. Waſe, of Sidney College, "to ſend a decent epiſtle to the maſter, with an impartial account of the ill treatment which you have met with under B———; diſplay therein his *ſevere uſage* in moving terms, and urge, that he was the chief cauſe of your *abrupt departing hence*. B——— is not as yet returned; the fellows begin in an open manner to complain of his *miſbehaviour* to them, and *diſhoneſty* to his creditors; they have met together twice, to conſult ſome means of redreſſing the *grievance* of college *ſervants* and *others*."

"B——— threatens," ſays Mr. Waſe in another letter, "to give you trouble; but on what ſcore is unknown to me. He ſeems exceedingly incenſed at your leaving college, counter to his permiſſion; and, for the defence of his own reputation with regard to you, expoſes his accounts, and letters from your friends, to every curious eye, and takes no ſmall pains to enumerate, in emphatical words, what mighty ſervices he has done, and what vaſt kindneſſes he always ſhowed you, whilſt in college. He opened his books, to my view, yeſterday morning, wherein I perceive you ſtand indebted to him, all matters juſtly calculated, but for a mere trifle; for he has your *caution-money* in his cuſtody, being ten pounds, and exhibition money, &c. to receive on your account; all which will near amount to a complete diſburſement of himſelf, &c."

"I know of no ſeverities from his tutor," ſays Mr. Webber, of Peaſmarſh, "but what were neceſſary to make him ſenſible of his doings, and to know to whom he was indebted for his favours, which I am ſure he was to Mr. B———."

The laſt account, if not wholly true, is rendered extremely probable, by the circumſtances that may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have miſguided a young, enthuſiaſtic, ambitious mind, like that of Pattiſon. But whatever offices of friendſhip his tutor might ſhew him while under his care, it was ungenerous to expoſe his private affairs after his departure; all obligations being cancelled, when a public declaration is made of them.

The apology which he made, to avert the reproach of expulſion, met with a reception ſo very favourable, as renders it ſufficiently probable, that he had not been guilty of any of thoſe groſs immoralities, which require the infliction of the ſevereſt ſtatutable animadverſion. So unwilling was the ſociety to loſe him, that his exhibition was kept in ſuſpenſe for ſome time, in expectation of his return to college. His friends took occaſion, from this circumſtance, to renew their ſolicitations, and with ſome hopes of ſucceſs. "I will be at Cambridge," ſays he, in a letter to Mr. Waſe, "by next *Diviſion*; for I am afraid I cannot diſpatch affairs before."

But he only talked of returning: his determination, which ſeems never to have been very ſteady, ſoon yielded to the faſcinating pleaſures of irreſiſtible London. "I meet every day," he adds,

" with very great encouragement among perſons of diſtinction, and, in ſhort, live ſo happily, that I begin to be in love with the town."

This happineſs was but of ſhort duration; and his life became the forfeit of his imprudence, in not returning to college, after his friends had prepared the way for his kind reception.

Upon his leaving the Univerſity, in 1726, he had recommendations to many perſons of diſtinguiſhed rank and abilities in London, by whom he was encouraged to publiſh a collection of his poems by ſubſcription. He ſeems to have been introduced to Pope, to whom he addreſſed an *epiſtle*, and who promoted the ſubſcription to his Miſcellany; and he lived in habits of familiar intimacy and correſpondence with Euſden and Harte.

When the perſons of diſtinction, by whom he was careſſed and applauded, became quite tired out, by repeated acts of friendſhip, he ſubſiſted, for ſome time, on the caſual profits of the ſubſcription, till, at length, that reſource failed, and he appears, by the following letter, to have been reduced to ſuch extreme indigence, as to be no longer able to procure the neceſſaries of life.

" If you was ever touched," ſays he, " with a ſenſe of humanity, conſider my condition; what I am, my propoſals will inform you; what *I have been*, Sidney College, in Cambridge, can witneſs; what *I ſhall be* ſome few hours hence, I tremble to think.—Spare my bluſhes!—I have not enjoyed the common neceſſaries of life for theſe two days."

What effect this application met with is unknown; a ſuſpicion is inſinuated, that it was diſregarded, as well as a ſimilar application to Southerne; but it would be a diſhonour to human nature to ſuppoſe, that ſo ſmall a requeſt as only a ſubſcription to his miſcellany, met with a denial.

In this diſtreſs, which was aggravated by a drooping indiſpoſition, he found a friend in Mr. H. Curll, bookſeller in the Strand, who received him into his houſe, in the beginning of June 1727, where he remained about a month, chiefly employed in tranſcribing his poems for the preſs, in order to fulfil his engagements to his ſubſcribers.

Shortly after, when a conſiderable part of the collection was printed, he was ſeized with the ſmall pox, and attended by Dr. Pellet (by the recommendation of his friend Euſden), who had him conveyed to the houſe of a nurſe, eminent for her ſkill and care in that diſeaſe, in St. Clement's pariſh.

No care was wanting on the part of Dr. Pellet to have ſaved him, and the greateſt hopes appeared of his recovery; but he had *laid his afflictions to heart*, and all medicinal preſcriptions were ineffectual. A ſudden and unexpected turn of the diſeaſe put an end to his life, and to the hopes he had raiſed in all that knew him, of becoming one of the moſt eminent poets of our nation, July 11. 1727, in the 21ſt year of his age. He was buried in the upper church yard, belonging to St. Clement Danes in the Strand.

On his death bed, he expreſſed a ſtrong deſire to be reconciled to his father, who had withdrawn the allowance he made him at Cambridge; but he not only, while he was alive, denied him this ſatisfaction, but even refuſed, after his death, to perform the laſt offices to his remains.

The editor of his poems obſerves, " that though the ſmall-pox contributed to deprive us of ſo great a genius, yet it was his dying declaration: *His heart was broke, through the misfortunes he had fallen under;* which," he adds, " I wiſh I could not ſay, were wholly owing to himſelf. It muſt be declared, that his ſufferings were inexpreſſible; and to ſum up all in the words of his friend Mr. Harte: *He was miſerably unfortunate, to my knowledge.*"

The Miſcellany, for which he took ſubſcriptions, was printed for H. Curll, in the Strand, in 1728, under the title of, *The Poetical works of Mr. William Pattiſon, late of Sidney College, Cambridge;* which included *Verſes to Mr. John Saunders*, *The Hour-Glaſs*, *The Nightingale and Shepherd*, *The Court of Venus*, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, *and Verſes to Mr. Mitchell*, publiſhed in his lifetime.

It appears, by his letters, that he intended to print a ſecond volume of *Miſcellanies*, which were tranſcribed for the preſs by himſelf, conſiſting of ſeven epiſtles of an intended verſion of Ovid; *Sapho to Phaon*, *Paris to Helen*, *Penelope to Ulyſſes*, *Ariadne to Theſeus*, *Oenone to Paris*, *Dido to Æneas*, *Laodamia to Proteſilaus*, with ſome other *claſſical tranſlations* and *occaſional poems*. He intended alſo, to write a poem on *Angling*, in five cantos.

The compiler of this collection thinks he has ſeen ſomewhere the *Poetical Works of Pattiſon* mentioned in *two* volumes; but the ſecond volume, if it was indeed printed, has eluded his inquiries,

The poems which were publiſhed, and thoſe which were printed, but not publiſhed, in his lifetime, with the omiſſion of a few little pieces offenſive to decency, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

Of his familiar manners and habits of ſtudy, the following account is given by one of the friends of his youth, and the companions of his ſtudies:

" Mr. Pattiſon was a man of great ſpeculation, and conſequently a lover of ſolitude. Of all the books he ever read, Spenſer's " Faery Queen" delighted him moſt. He had read that book through ſeveral times; and I do not queſtion, but his mind received a richneſs from theſe romantic repreſentations and paradiſaical deſcriptions. He was no leſs pleaſed to ſee any of theſe repreſentations realized. There is a place near Appleby, which, by reaſon of the near reſemblance it has to ſome deſcriptions in Cowley, he called *Cowley's Walk*. On one ſide of the walk is a huge rock, grown over with moſs, and ivy climbing to the ſides of it, and, in ſome parts, little trees ſpring out of the crevices of the rock. At the bottom thereof grows a wild row of trees, but very irregular; and indeed every part of it looks aged and venerable. In this rock there is a cave naturally arched over the top, in form of a canopy, and the borders of the arch are edged round with ivy, which hangs down and overſhades the place, and from hence he called it *Hederinda*. At the foot of this cave, there runs a ſtream of water quite through the walk, and the walk is a level plain, which has on one hand the water, and the trees and a precipice on the other. In winter time it looks very full of horror, when nothing remains but rugged rocks and empty waſtes; whereas in the ſpring time, the ſinging of the birds, the fragrancy of the flowers, and the murmuring of the ſtream, greatly contribute to the embelliſhment of the place, and render it exceedingly delightful. Many an agreeable afternoon has he amuſed away in this place with a friend or two, and many a moonlight night has he retired thither to indulge himſelf in that ſadly pleaſing melancholy which the awful ſolemnity of the place neceſſarily produces.

" He was a great admirer of angling. A great inducement to his becoming a fiſher, might probably proceed from that pleaſant gloom of thought, which the murmuring of the ſtream naturally inſpired him with, and which is the ſame caſt of mind, that inclined him to admire *Cowley's Walk*. He was ſo much a lover of this diverſion, that he uſed frequently to ſit up late, and ſometimes whole ſummer nights, upon the banks of his *Ituna*, with his angle in his hand. Here he uſed very often to write verſes; and I have heard him ſay, that many of his lines owed their ſmoothneſs and harmony to theſe ſtreams. Here it was he wrote that agreeable philoſophical poem, *The Morning Contemplation*.

" He was naturally of a facetious fancy, and ſhowed a greater maſtery in no kind of writing more than in the burleſque manner. Add to this, that his panegyric was always genteel, but never fulſome, and his ſatire poignant, but never ſcurrilous."

Next to the " Faery Queen," he was an enthuſiaſtic admirer of Browne's " Britannia's Paſtorals," " an imperfect copy of which he had purchaſed for a ſhilling, and which, through his misfortunes, was the whole library he left behind him."

The friend, to whom he addreſſed the *Epiſtle* from Cambridge, ſays, in a letter, " that even at ſchool an early fondneſs after *Ovid's Epiſtles* began to dawn in his breaſt;" and, " that as to a new tranſlation, he knew none more equal to the undertaking." He farther confirms his opinion, by the ſpecimen Pattiſon ſent him, in this definitive ſentence of his verſification, " your's is that in *Engliſh*, which *Ovid's* is in *Latin*." His friend, Harte, ſent him a letter, only two days before his death, containing ſome judicious remarks on his verſion of *Ovid*, which is preſerved in the *Memoirs of his Life*, and is the moſt valuable article in his epiſtolary correſpondence.

To his amiable qualities, and agreeable manners, his ſchool-fellows and fellow-collegians bear ample teſtimony. He loved and eſteemed, and was eſteemed and beloved by Mr. Taylor, Mr. Roche, Mr. Dickinſon, Mr. Hulſe, Mr. Ward, Mr. Waſe, and Mr. Bunce of Cambridge; and held an amicable correſpondence with Pope, Euſden, and Harte, and retained the affectionate regard of Mr. Yates, of Appleby ſchool, Mr. Noble, of Kirkby Stephen ſchool, and of his *dear friend and ſchool-fellow*, deſigned under the poetical name of *Florio*. Benevolence of diſpoſition, and ſenſibility of temper, in an exceſſive degree, ſeem to have been his peculiar characteriſtics. If, in ſome in-

ſtances, he courted too aſſiduouſly, the company of particular circles, it ought to be obſerved, that one ſo able to communicate as well as to receive pleaſure, was always welcome. He was, by conſtitutional temper, as well as by benevolent diſpoſitions, and by ſprightly talents, a moſt agreeable companion. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his companionable talents, and endearing qualities, procured him no uſeful connection, nor any ſolid and laſting advantage. He brought cares on himſelf, as many other young men of genius have done, to drive away care from others, who, placed by fortune above injury, firſt ſeduced him from the great work of life, and then ſuffered him, after much anxiety and much trouble, to die of a broken heart.

As a poet, the pretenſions of Pattiſon ſeem not to have been hitherto ſufficiently conſidered or allowed. His compoſitions, though little known, are characteriſed by a degree of tenderneſs, terſeneſs, refinement, and harmony, which entitles them to the attention of the readers of poetry. They poſſeſs a conſiderable portion of the ſtrong imagination of Spenſer and Milton, and the rich melody of Dryden and Pope. The piece of moſt conſpicuous merit in his works, is the *Epiſtle of Abelard to Eloiſa*, in anſwer to Pope's inimitable Epiſtle of "Eloiſa to Abelard." It is evidently the production of a man of ſenſibility and genius; and for flowing deſcription, paſſionate language, picturesque imagery, and pathetic exclamation, is only inferior to the production of Pope, of which it is an imitation, even to the cadence of the verſe. It is impoſſible to read it without experiencing the alternate impulſe of deſire, pity, or rage; and laſtly, the freezing languor of irrecoverable deſpair. It has not been exceeded by the compoſitions of Cawthorne and Warwick on the ſame ſubject. The *Epiſtles of Roſamond to Henry*, and *Henry to Roſamond*, abound in natural and tender ſentiments, and appoſite imagery. The fragment of an *Epiſtle from Tarico to Inkle* is truly *Ovidian*; it is much to be regretted, that it is unfiniſhed. The *Morning Contemplation* abounds in excellent morality, enlivened by a variety of appropriate imagery, and many of the ornaments of true poetry. The *verſes on the 5th of November* are vigorouſly written. They abound in ſublime deſcription, vivid imagery, and ſtriking metaphors.

The *College Life* contains ſome animated, expreſſive, and harmonious lines. The livelineſs of the deſcription evinces a moſt vigorous imagination. The *Hour Glaſs* deſerves every praiſe. The morality and the poetry are equally conſpicuous. His tranſlations from *Strada*, *Claudian*, and *Virgil*, are, in general, claſſical and ſpirited, and remarkable for the harmony and elegance of the verſe. His *Feſtum Luſtrale* ſhews what a maſter he was of the Latin language. The deſcription is lively, humorous, and juſt. Of his *amatory*, *humourous* and *occaſional* pieces, the poetical merit is much beyond his years; but they are ſcarcely to be inſpected with all the ſeverity of criticiſm. Conſiderable allowances are to be made for the exerciſes of a ſchool-boy, for the incorrect effuſions of momentary paſſion; for a few lines thrown together to pleaſe a female, or to amuſe a ſchool-fellow; and perhaps not leſs for the haſty and involuntary productions of indigence and neceſſity, calculated for the ſole purpoſe of procuring a ſubſiſtence.

"He had an uncommon genius," ſays Mr. Webber, "for Engliſh poetry, and he was ſo taken with it, as to be negligent of other arts of learning, even of ſuch as muſt be neceſſary for the compoſition of a good poet.

"It is too late now to ſay, that I wiſh he had behaved ſo, as to tarry longer where he was, giving the world now and then a ſpecimen of what they might hope from him in time, and then have launched forth, as his judgment, when more mature, ſhould direct him."

The life of Pattiſon, whoſe talents raiſed him high in the opinion of his intimate acquaintance and friends, but failed to procure him the comforts or even the neceſſaries of life, cannot conclude more properly than in the emphatic words of Dr. Johnſon, which the writer of this narrative wiſhes were written in letters of adamant, on the heart of every man of genius in the world.

"Thoſe who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life, ſhould remember, that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

DEDICATION.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

My Lord,

As the Laurel and the Myrtle, are the undoubted trophies of your worth, the Bays is always ſure of finding your protection.

And when your Lordſhip is aſſured, that, the author of theſe poems deſired they might be placed next to thoſe of his dear friend Mr. Harte, it is but fulfilling his requeſt to aſk this favour, which, it is hoped, will not be denied by your Lordſhip.

If poſterity can be told he had the honour to pleaſe a Mordaunt, the remainder of his papers ſhall ſpeedily be offered up at the ſhrine of merit; if otherwiſe, warned by the fate of their predeceſſors, it is reſolved that, with their author, they ſhall reſt in peace.

I am,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient

Humble ſervant,

LUCASIA

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE.

To John Tufton, Esq. Nephew to the Earl of Thanet.

Nor heaps of gold nor monuments as high
As the ambition of the great,
Can buy one moment tow'rds eternity,
Or change the fix'd decrees of fate;
'Tis verſe alone can give a name,
And crown our actions with eternal fame:
Thus mighty Cæſar's triumphs live,
Not in his monuments, but thoſe his poets give.

In fields of death, the bleeding warriors toil,
And brave the loudeſt ſtorms of fate;
They die to make eternal fame their ſpoil,
And pawn their life for being great:
To virtue, verſe this fame can give,
Virtue by verſe, by virtue poets live;
For her they tune their numbers high;
For virtue is the burning glaſs of poetry.

But, ah! where does this heavenly goddeſs dwell?
Where does her bleſſed ſeat remain?
We ſearch the palace, and the hermit's cell,
We ſearch, but ſearch, alas, in vain!
Gold is the load-ſtone of the great,
And vulgar ſouls muſt catch the glitt'ring bait;
The ſcale of juſtice ſinks with gold,
And impious bribes to win the cauſe, muſt damn the ſoul.

In Tufton, muſe behold the deity,
With him begin to grace your ſong;
All that is great, and good in him, you ſee,
To him your voice, and lyre, belong;
He rais'd you from a low degree,
Then let your numbers raiſe him to the ſky;
Offer what gifts the muſe can give,
He gave you fame, then make his fame to live.

But, ah, my muſe, your colours are too faint,
Your ſtrength too weak, your theme too great,
Alas in vain, your pencil ſtrives to paint,
What mortal cannot imitate:
But if he ſmile, then ſtretch your wing,
And tune his praiſes on a bolder ſtring;
Then ev'ry tongue ſhall ſpeak his fame,
And critics ſpare my verſe, protected with his name

Thus gold at firſt, is but a ſluggiſh maſs,
Whilſt it lies cover'd in the earth;
But when 'tis coin'd, the awful monarch's face
Makes it a god, and gives it birth;
The world the ſudden god adore,
And humbly own his univerſal power;
Sceptres and kings are in his hand,
And nature reverences his ſupreme command.

To my School-Fellow, Mr. William Pattiſon, upon his Departure from Appleby School.

Lend me thy muſe, thy merits to proclaim,
And give thy worth its juſt intrinſic fame;
My muſe too humble, and my lays too ſlow,
My wings too ſlender, and my verſe too low.
To me a while, my friend, thy muſe impart,
Grief chills my vigour, and diſarms my heart;
Thy verſe alone can tell thy boundleſs praiſe,
Thy lays alone are worthy of thy lays.

Say, never-dying, ever tuneful nine,
How oft the bard attended at your ſhrine,
How oft he rais'd the voice, and tun'd the ſtring,
How oft he ſung your fame,—how oft ſhall ſing.

Ye verdant trees, that in green order rear
Your waving treſſes in the fluid air;
In a more formidable proſpect ſtand,
With nodding foilage on poetic land.
Ye purling ſtreams, that run by Cowley's ſide,
Have learn'd, by him, in ſmoother feet to glide;
His verſe diſcover'd Hederinda's ſhade,
With age and ivy, memorable made:
The rock affords her never-dying bays,
To crown her poet with immortal praiſe.

Your lovely Laura's name ſhall never die,
But live coeval with eternity.
Venus, and all the goddeſſes around,
Dreſt in your verſe, with ſurer light'nings wound
The little loves, and ſmiles in numbers roll,
And Cupid's arrows ſteal upon the ſoul.

But now no more the Naïads prattling play,
But in ſoft ſilence ſlumber out the day;
Cupid's full quiver, and the court of love,
The chequer'd ſcene of Hederinda's grove,
No more, alas! its wonted joy diſplays,
He's gone, that dreſs'd them in viviſic lays:
He's gone—in Homer no delights abound,
No ſweet variety in Virgil's found,
Nor muſic which can heal a lover's wound!
Sorrow, like the priſmatic glaſs does ſhow
One undiſtinguiſh'd ſpectacle of woe;

His preſence ev'ry ſweeteſt joy improv'd
Still lov'd, and honour'd, by the muſe he lov'd.

December 7th, 1723.

YARICO TO INKLE:

AN EPISTLE.

DEAR, faithleſs man! if e'er that cruel breaſt
Love's pleaſing toys, and ſoft delights, confeſt;
Diſtreſs like mine, may ſure thy pity move,
For tender pity is the child of love!
But can compaſſion from thy boſom flow?
Source of my wrongs, and fountain of my woe!
Wilt thou repentant, ſoften at my grief,
Melt at my tears, and lend a late relief!
What have I done? ah! how deſerv'd thy hate?
Or was this vengeance treaſur'd up by fate?
Then will I mourn my fate's ſevere decree,
Nor charge a guilt ſo black, ſo baſe on thee;
For O! I know, ah no! I knew, thy mind
Soft as the dove, and as the turtle kind;
How have I ſeen thy gentle boſom move,
And heave, contagious, to ſome tale of love!
How have I heard thee paint the faithfull'ſt pair,
Deſcribe their bliſs, and e'en their raptures ſhare!
Then have thy lips, with ſweet tranſition ſwore
Thy love more laſting, and thy paſſion more!

And what, is truth, if ſigns like theſe deceive!
Signs! that might win the warieſt to believe.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE COLLEGE LIFE.

TO A FRIEND.

Sid. Coll. Cantab. March 15. 1724-5.

SIR,
FROM ſacred ſhades, and academic groves,
Where, loſt in thought, a muſing fancy roves;
What kind endearing numbers ſhall I ſend,
To meet the critic in the fondling friend?

Here learned ſolitudes ſalute our eyes,
And the gay ſcenes in real raptures riſe;
Through claſſic ſhades majeſtic domes aſpire,
And dimly from the piercing eye retire.
Deep through the groves old Cam ſerenely flows,
Free from the prattling Naiads babbling noiſe.
His nymphs in gentle ſilence move along,
And hear their murmurs in ſome ſoft'ning ſong;
Till by the forcing torrent borne away,
They mourn becauſe they can no longer ſtay:
Poetic hills the wide horizon bound,
And wall the learned paradiſe around.

But yet—though all things with my ſoul agree,
Pall'd are my joys, and taſteleſs without thee;
Theſe viſionary pleaſures but renew
The real happineſs I found in you;
Where venerable Cowley's ſacred ſhade
The ſweeteſt ſcene of ſolitude is made;
When ſtretch'd at eaſe, amuſingly we lay,
How tuneſully the minutes danc'd away.

Oh! ſoothe me, fancy, with ſome pleaſing dream,
And gently waft me to Ituna's ſtream—
Hark! the ſoft, balmy, breathing breezes blow—
Hark! Hederinda's warbling murmurs flow—
Here oft I left the buſy world behind,
And found the better part, in you refin'd.

But would you know how I divide my time,
Betwixt my ſtudies, buſineſs, and my rhyme?

Wak'd, by the promiſe of a day, we riſe,
And with our ſouls ſalute the dawning ſkies;
All ſummon'd, to devotion's ſane repair,
And pioufly begin the day with prayer;
Thence, led by reaſon's glimmering light, deſcry
The dark receſſes of philoſophy;
Through claſſic groves the wily wanton trace,
And logically urge the puzzling chaſe.

But when the ſounds of the preſaging bell
Noon's pleaſurable invitation tell;
Moods, methods, figures, ſwim before my ſight,
And ſyllogiſms wing their airy flight.
Confus'd the fairy viſion flits away—
And no ideas, but of dinner, ſtay.

Thus, fabled hags, at midnight's ſolemn noon,
With magic ſpells enchant the labouring moon;
But when the cock proclaims the ſpringing light,
Each horrid phantom diſappears in night.

Now, thoſe, whom recreating toils invite,
Pour'd on the plain, indulge their lov'd delight;
Now flies aloft in air the whirling ball,
Anxious, the learned rabble wait its fall;
Purſu'd by wafting caps the fury flies,
Riſes in height, and leſſens in the ſkies.

Thus healthfully refreſh'd, we leave the plain,
For pleaſure oft repeated, is but pain.
Next we ſurvey the vaſt capacious ball,
And take long journies o'er the learned wall:
Or from her tender birth Britannia trace,
And all her glories center'd in great Brunſwick's race.
The dark original of time renew,
And bring three thouſand wond'ring years to view.

Now to the muſes ſoft retirements fly,
Or ſoar with Milton, or with Waller ſigh;
Each fav'rite bard o'erpays my curious view,
For who can fail to pleaſe who charms like you.

To find us thus, Apollo takes his way,
To ſooth the ſultry labours of the day;
The tuneful muſes charm his liſt'ning ears,
And in ſoft ſounds he bears away his cares.

Thus, deareſt Florio, thus my faithful friend,
In learned luxury my time I ſpend;
Till length'ning ſhades the ſetting ſun diſplay,
And falling dews lament the falling day:
Then, loſt in thought, where aged Cam divides
Thoſe verdant groves that paint his azure tides,
With muſing pleaſure I reflect around,
And ſtand inchanted on poetic ground.
Straight to my glancing thought thoſe bards appear,
That fill'd the world with fame, and charm'd us here:
Here Spenſer, Cowley, and that awful name
Of mighty Milton, flouriſh'd into fame;
From theſe amuſing groves, his copious mind,
The blooming ſhades of paradiſe deſign'd.
In theſe retirements, Dryden fann'd his fire,
And gentle Waller tun'd his tender lyre;

Hail! happy bards, whilſt thus I think I hear
Your tuneful melody improve my ear,
With rev'rence I approach each ſacred ſhade,
Perhaps by your creating numbers made.
Deluſion helps my fancy as I walk,
Hears waters murmur, and ſoft echoes talk;
Through the dim ſhade its ſacred poet ſees,
Or hears his muſic in the waſted breeze.

Here Locke and Newton through the world were known,
And made unravell'd nature's works their own;
Too ſoon we loſt thoſe fav'rites of the ſky,
Yet, Florio may the double loſs ſupply.
Haſte, then, my friend, nor let me mourn your ſtay,
Lo! the world ſuffers by your long delay—
Let proſp'rous fortune on your will attend,
And in your happy wiſhes bleſs your friend.

THE JEALOUS SHEPHERD:

A PASTORAL.

It happen'd once upon a ſummer's day,
When lads and laſſes go to making hay;
The weary mowers laid themſelves adown,
To take a bottle and a nap at noon;
When Bootyſlub (for ſo was call'd the ſwain
That languiſh'd under Dorothy's diſdain)
While others ſlept, by love was kept awake,
To mourn his fate, and mend his Dolly's rake.

Dolt as I am, (complains the love-ſick lout)
Not to conſider what I am about?
Here I employ my little ſtock of art,
But who, alas! ſhall mend my broken heart?
None can that work perform but Dorothy,
And that will ne'er be done by cruelty;
For ſtill ſhe perſecutes me with diſdain,
Laughs at my woes, and banters all my pain.

Ah, Dolly! Dolly! can you be ſo dull,
To leave your lover for a fopiſh fool?
A butterfly the cabbages deſtroys,
On you a butterfly his breath employs—
I ſay no more—my meaning you may gueſs—
Perhaps you had been pleas'd, had I ſaid leſs.

But yet there was a time, or elſe I dream'd,
When Bootyſlub in your good graces ſeem'd;
Then, if you knew I kiſs'd a laſs at town,
How have I ſeen you pout, and fret, and frown?
Nay, once you told me, that I need not roam,
For charity ſhould ſtill begin at home.
Theſe jealous hints, or I miſtake them, prove
The greateſt and the ſureſt ſigns of love;
Yet, if you lov'd, methinks you cou'd not be
So kind to Floripert, ſo croſs to me.

Remember, how, to jealouſy betray'd,
You ſcolded at the parſon's pretty maid;
When with inquiring looks you paſs'd the houſe,
And catch'd me keeping up the damſel's cows;
Your ſcornful eyes with jealous fury burn'd,
On her they glanc'd, and then on me they turn'd;
I took the hint, and fear'd what might enſue,
So ſtooping, ſeem'd to buckle up my ſhoe,
Then left the laſs, and ſneak'd away to you.

Alas! alas! that I your love believ'd!
I lov'd, and in my turn am thus deceiv'd,
Nor dare I of my cruel fate complain,
Or, if I do, alas! 'tis all in vain.
For ever curſt be that deteſted day,
When from the laſt May-fair we took our way,
Remember how you forg'd a falſe excuſe
Your eaſy natur'd lover to abuſe.
No fondling father call'd you back again,
A better reaſon! 'twas your fondling ſwain;
And if I meet him e'er alone, I vow,
I'll ſurely beat the puppy black and blue.
I mark'd the watchful coxcomb all the day,
And kept him from his meditated prey;
Invited him to exerciſe the ball,
And bravely give, or bravely ward a fall:
So ſhould we both our pleading merits ſhow,
And you, though blind, the difference might know!
But all I urg'd, I urg'd alas! in vain,
Nor would he glory give, nor could he gain.

Ah, Dolly! Dolly! where were all your vows,
When cheeſe-cakes lur'd you to the tavern-houſe;
Your vows were as your cheeſe-cakes ſweet, yet weak!
And can you both alike together break?
But if you do ſo—you, with equal eaſe, [pleaſe.
Can make new vows, and cheeſe-cakes when you

And could you then your Bootyſlub forget,
And in another's lap ſo kindly ſit?
Around his neck your fondling arms you flung,
And learn'd the ſilly catches which he ſung.
Whilſt unconcern'd at home you hear me ſing,
Or tunefully torment the roſin'd ſtring;
Your favour every way I try to gain,
But dance, or fiddle; ſing, or pipe; in vain.

Oh learn at laſt a flatterer to hate,
And think on Suſan Silly's cruel fate:
Her pride poor honeſt Hobbinol deſpis'd,
And vainly Tommy Taudry's folly priz'd.
But now, too late, ſhe ſees herſelf undone,
Her portion ſquander'd, and her honour gone—
What better canſt thou hope from ſuch a flame,
But love refuſes what my rage would name.

How chang'd is Dolly now, from what ſhe was
When firſt—Ah, had I never ſpy'd the laſs!
The very time I perfectly can tell,
For love remembers every thing too well!

Sure, I can ne'er forget the Sunday morn,
Though from her mem'ry ſo ſoon 'tis worn:
A goodly bible in my hand I took,
And very gravely thought to read my book;
When through the window, by a luckleſs chance,
Heedleſs, I caſt a cuſtomary glance;
'Twas there I ſaw the pretty Dolly walk,
Fair, and upright as roſes on their ſtalk:
So trimly was the tidy damſel dreſs'd,
That, ſpite of all the flowers, ſhe ſeem'd the beſt.
Sometimes to ſmell a pretty roſe ſhe ſtopp'd,
Pleas'd with the ſmell, the pretty roſe ſhe cropp'd;
Then in her ſnowy breaſt the fav'rite plac'd,
Her ſweeter breaſt the bluſhing fav'rite grac'd;
But then! how did I wiſh myſelf between
Her ſwelling boſom, and the flower, unſeen!

But as I wiſh'd, I found a pleaſing ſmart,
I know not how, begin to melt my heart:
Nay, all my limbs with ſuch a ſhiv'ring ſhook,
That I the chillneſs for an ague took.
Ah, had it been one, I had felt leſs harm,
For I can cure an ague with a charm!
Now, all my ſpells and charms but trifles prove,
Far ſtronger are the magic charms of love.

But when I found ſhe ſmil'd to ſee me look,
I pleas'd as well, ſoon laid aſide my book,
And, boldly blithſome, to the garden went,
Where ſhe, as well as I, knew what I meant,
Yet ſeemingly my ſearching ſight to ſhun,
Behind an apple-tree the gipſy run;
But ſoon I found the amorous deceit,
And forc'd a kiſs, to reconcile the cheat.
But forc'd it ſo, that when ſhe ſeem'd to ſtrive
To keep it moſt, the more ſhe ſeem'd to give.
Remember then, my lovely faithleſs maid,
What oaths, what vows, what promiſes, you made;
Think for your own, if not your lover's ſake,
How bad it is a binding oath to break.

But while I thus theſe ſilly tales repeat,
I find myſelf already in a ſweat:
What ſhall I do, too well ſhe knows my love,
And her coy coldneſs does the ſcorner prove.

Well then—when ſhadows length'ning o'er the vale,
Call forth the milk-maid, with her cleanly pail,
To my old ſweat-heart Cicily will I go,
And more than all my former kindneſs ſhow;
Conduct the girl along the crowded mead,
And to teaze Dolly, through the paſture lead;
Perhaps I'll whiſper out-ſome ſecret place,
And kiſs her too before her jealous face;
Then let her rival cry, and frown, and fret,
And in my cruelty her own forget.
Then let her be as much, or more afraid
Of Cicily, than ſhe was the parſon's maid.
So ſhall my ſcorn, and counterfeit diſdain
Revive her love, if any love remain.
Sid. Col. April 5. 1725.

TO MR. JOHN SAUNDERS,

Occaſioned by a ſight of ſome of his Paintings at Cambridge.

When nature, from her unexhauſted mine,
Reſolves to make ſome mighty ſcience ſhine;
Her embryo ſeeds inform the future birth
Improve the ſoul, and animate the earth;
From thence, an Homer, or Apelles, riſe,
A Shakſpeare, or a Saunders, ſtrike our eyes;
And, lo! the promis'd wonder charms my view,
The old Apelles rivall'd in the new!
See! like the ſun, his beams their pow'r diſcloſe,
Like him, he paints his progreſs, as he goes;
Renews the opening ſpring's enlivening dye,
Or bids rich autumn ripen to the eye.

Let ſome, elaborately vain, impart
The cold effects of induſtry, and art,
The warmer draughts deſerve a nobler name,
Nature's thy art, as nature is thy theme,
Taught by thy touch, the lily fairer blows,
A ſofter damaſk bluſhes in the roſe,
And a more gay creation from thy pencil flows.
Nor flowers, nor fruits alone, improv'd we ſee,
But beauty owes her empire half to thee:
How bloom Belinda's never-fading charms!
How, in thy paint, the fair perfection warms!
What pure vermillion tinctures every grace!
How all the goddeſs brightens in her face!
The mimic rolling eye, now ſeems to move,
Dawns into life, and kindles into love;
Struck, at each look, a captive of thy art,
I ſigh! and fancy arrows in my heart:
Confounded at thy nice creative hand, [ſtand.
Think the draught lives, and, like ſome picture,

Would thus each nymph, with providential care,
Enſure her charms, and ſhine for ever fair,
How might ſhe brave the dire, deteſted rage,
Of ſpleen, ſmall-pox, or all-devouring age!
Then, when ~~old time~~ ſhould bid the roſes die,
Pale the red pouting lip and dim the ſparkling eye;
Then might the fair a bright reverſion ſave,
Bloom in her death, and triumph in her grave:
Then Cælia, ſpight of that bewitching frown,
Would ſee thy paint more laſting than her own.

But lo! more glorious aims thy hand purſues,
More glorious ſcenes attract the raviſh'd muſe:
Silent I ſtand, and, loſt in wonder ſee,
A godhead ſhrouded in mortality!
What majeſty eclips'd the ſhades diſplay!
How the light kindles with eternal day!
What beams of love! what pitying tears are ſeen!
Meltingly ſad, yet ſolemnly ſerene!

O happy artiſt! live for ever bleſt! [thy breaſt?
Whence dawn'd this heaven-ſprung image in
Sure ſome kind angel, ſtudious in thy art,
Ting'd the bright dyes, and quicken'd every part;
Hence, like their great original they ſhine,
Appear as human, but are all divine!
What may not now thy lively touch command?
What may not owe new glories to thy hand?
Thy wond'rous hand not only nature drew,
But copied ev'n the Lord of Nature too.
Sid. Col. Feb. 9. 1725-6.

TO MR. SAUNDERS,

Occaſioned by the breaking of the Glaſs of Mr. Euſden's Picture.

Oft have I thought thy wonder-working art,
Could more than nature's outward form impart,
But now my eyes convinc'd the truth believe,
For lo! the picture more than ſeems to live,
Pleas'd to decide miſtruſting reaſon's ſtrife,
Breaks through the glaſs, and ſtartles into life.

BURLESQUE.

Dear Hulse,

When Ovid in his exile wrote,
Low was his verſe, and barren was his thought;
My caſe is juſt the ſame, and for to mock it,
The muſe keeps equal tenor with my pocket;
And for th' aſſurance of a moderate poet,
I think theſe lines are proof enough to ſhow it.

Reſt that, howe'er, as 'twill—can I be-ſong ye,
So as to get a little caſh among ye;
This week, by carrier Haſwel, you may ſend it,
And, may the gods that guard the roads defend it!
With that inſpir'd, a gorgeous ſword I'll buy me,
And, plum'd with hopes, to good Sir Robert hie me.
Preſent myſelf with this new-modell'd trifle,
Which, ſhould he chance to like, I'll lay my life, he'll
Make every wiſh, a bard can frame, ſucceed,
And then my muſe, and I, are made indeed! [me,
But ſtay—One word forgot—with love commend
To all ſuch honeſt fellows as befriend me
With their ſubſcriptions—But I cannot on
For rhyme—And ſo excuſe your Pattiſon.

P. S. Septemb. the twenty-fifth, or twenty-ſixth
As to my lodging, for à date, t'en't fix'd.

N. B. For memorandum, you may put once
More, your direction to your friend, at Button's.

A SESSION OF THE CAMBRIDGE POETS.

By a vacant preferment Apollo thought fit
To ſettle the bays, and eſtabliſh a wit,
For his truſty friend Roche, by much merit and grace,
Had obtain'd in Elyſium the laureat's place;
Accordingly, to the fam'd borders of Cam,
Deſcended the god, with a goddeſs hight fame,
The figure ſhe wore, as Dan Virgil declares,
Was illumin'd with eyes, and becluſter'd with ears,
(And faith, as you'll find, ſhe had of them all,
To pick one good poet, and hear ev'ry call,)
A trumpet ſhe blew, for a trumpet ſhe bore,
As the laudable cuſtom informs us of yore.
Thick as bees, when they ſwarm to the tinkling braſs,
The bards flock around her, and darken the place;
Each pretender, for ſuch was Apollo's command,
Brought his works, and conducted his muſe in his hand:
But, good Lord! how his godſhip at firſt was amaz'd,
To find the chaſte nine to ſuch numbers were rais'd?
However, to baniſh immodeſt ſuſpicions,
He order'd a ſilence, and heard the petitions.

B——ll * firſt, as the candidates joſtled along,
With a gate moſt affected, emerg'd from the throng.
Apollo obſerv'd ſomewhat odd in his look,
And, giving a beck, thus the goddeſs beſpoke:
Pr'thee, what's that fame fellow? Some half-witted beau?
I don't know as ever I've ſeen him till now ——
Nor can I remember, I think, replies Fame,
To have heard of his worth, or ſo much as his name:
But odds, I will lay, by thoſe papers there brought,
'Tis the ſame, who the place in the Memoirs has bought—— *
Say you ſo, cries Apollo, and is he ſo vain?
Yet pſhaw; 'tis the only place that he can gain.
The bard now elate with ambition appear'd,
Propos'd his pretence, and deſir'd to be heard;
When Apollo ſtraight bid him his labours produce,
And, for his authority, bring him his muſe.
More haſty, than wiſely, the labours were ſhown,
But, alas! for the muſe, the fly gipſy was flown,
For her birth it was mortal, nor could her feign'd power
Stand the teſt of the godhead ſhe mimick'd before;
O'eraw'd by the deity no longer could ſtay,
But, like Spenſer's falſe Florimel, faded away!

De V——l in the tumult ran bawling aloud,
And ſwore that he ought to be heard by the god,
And heard too he was, for the god cut him ſhort,
And aſk'd what pretenſions could draw him to court!
What pretenſion! cries he; but the godhead replies,
Before you are witty, pray learn to be wiſe,
And if, as they ſay, you are lunatic grown,
For I hear you converſe with my ſiſter the moon,
In ſecret confinement, a purge or two try,
And let your own eſſay bum-fodder ſupply.

Next Ch——y roll'd onward, a bard of renown,
For bulk and bombaſt ſuper-eminent grown,
Of lampoons and Pindarics huge bundles he brought,
But the burden was light, becauſe barren of thought,
From railing at friends, falſely ſmiling he came,
Detraction his pleaſure, ambition his aim.
But Apollo ſoon knew him, notwithſtanding all art,
For your gods, at firſt ſight, can diſcover the heart.
And told him, that pride, and inhuman backbitings,
Were the worſt of all evils,—except his own writings;
Ay, I ſee, cries the god, I ſee your excuſe—
But hang it, that's nothing in ſhape of a muſe!—
I ſuppoſe that it's term'd, by you mortals here, ſature.
But we gods have thought fit to bename it ill-na-
Beſides ſuch a bulk, for high flights was ne'er made well——
And I mortally hate the remembrance of Shadwell.

Little R——th took the hint, and right archly declar'd,
That if body diminutive diſtinguiſh'd the bard,
Then his cauſe it was juſt,—but to humour the joke,
With an affable air, thus the deity ſpoke:
And told him, he could not heroics right ſuit,
For his body, at full length, was ſcarce more than one foot.

Ho, Ward! cries the god, as he ſaw him ſtand by,
Come forward a little, and don't be ſo ſhy—
I know you are modeſt; but harkee between us,
Here, look ye this token, 'twas ſent you by Venus—
For her ladyſhip told me, ſome few days ago,
She came down in the form of a nymph † that you know,

* *A junior bachelor of Trinity-College, who, in a tranſlation of a poem printed in the Univerſity, at his own coſt, impertinently begged pardon for the word emerged in its proper ſenſe.*

* *It is credibly reported, that he gave a certain ſum for the mention of his performances in the memoirs of literature.*

† *Mrs. F—er.*

And, pleas'd with a copy or two of your verſes,
Preſents you this myrtle—'twas wreath'd by the graces—
Here, take't,—'tis as good as my laureat's place is.

Hulſe next he beheld with poetical rage,
And told him, 'twas pity he was not at age;
Nor mind, cries the god, thoſe dull fools, that deſire to
Eclipſe that bright merit—they ne'er can aſpire to;
Juſt ſo, in a morning, I ſee, as I riſe
Black fogs, and dull vapours uſurping my ſkies—
But two dramatiſts here, the mere ſcum of the gang,
Broke the ſimile ſhort, and began to harangue;
Four acts of a play, cries the one I have writ,
And had I a plot, then the work were complete;
My characters—go, cries the god, ſcribbling elf,
And learn firſt to get thee a good one thyſelf.

As Pattiſon ſtood unconcern'd in the crowd,
Apollo beheld him, and call'd him aloud;
Declaring his manners, though perhaps not his wit,
His identical ſelf to a nicety hit;
Alike their employments, alike their delight,
Both rambled all day, and both tippled all night;
Both us'd the ſame haunts, both purſu'd the like game,
And Laura and Thetis but differ'd in name.
Now the bard, without doubt, the reaſon acquir'd,
But Woman and Fate, both againſt him conſpir'd,
For, unhappily! juſt as he drew up more nigh,
A pretty tight damſel came tripping it by;
No longer the laurel attracted his eyes,
They were fix'd on a far more deſirable prize—
His highneſs he thank'd; but reſigning his lays,
Declar'd, that a nymph was far better than bays.

Apollo now, tir'd with debates and confuſion,
Was glad to draw his affairs to concluſion,
And, ſick at the numbers ſtill ſwarming around,
Thrice Tayr he call'd, but no Tayr was found:
Not here? (cries the god) oh! I gueſs at his ſtay—
He ſtole a few poems of mine t'other day---
But, however, I forgive him the cunning device,
And, ſince his are my labours, be his too my prize.

1725-6.

ROSAMOND TO HENRY:

AN EPISTLE.

Qualis populeâ mærens Philomela ſub Umbrâ
Flet Noctem ramoque ſedens, miſerabile Carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis latè Loca Queſtibus implet.
VIRG. Georg.

FROM theſe lone ſhades, and ever-gloomy bowers,
Once the dear-ſhade of Henry's ſofter hours!
What tender ſtrains of paſſion can impart
The pangs of abſence to an amorous heart!
Far, far too faint the powers of language prove,
Language that ſlow interpreter of love!
Souls pair'd like ours, like ours to union wrought,
Converſe by ſilent ſympathy of thought;
O then, by that myſterious art, divine
The wild impatience of my breaſt, by thine!
And to conceive what I would ſay to thee,
Conceive, my love, what thou would'ſt ſay to me!

As in the tenderneſs of ſoul I ſigh,
Methinks I hear thy tender ſoul reply;
And as in thought, o'er heaps of heroes ſlain,
I trace thy progreſs on the fatal plain,
Perhaps thy thought explores me through the grove,
And, ſoft'ning, ſteals an interval of love.
In the deep covert of a bow'ring ſhade
Deſcribes my poſture, languiſhingly laid!
Now, ſadly ſolac'd with the murm'ring ſprings,
Now, melting into tears, the ſofteſt things!
And how the feign'd ideas all agree!
So bowers the ſhade, ſo melt my tears for thee!
Here, as in Eden, once we bliſsful lay:
How oft night ſtole, unheeded, on the day!
Our ſoft-breath'd raptures charm'd the liſtening grove,
And all was harmony, for all was love!

But hark! the trumpet ſounds! ſee diſcords riſe!
'Tis honour calls; from me my Henry flies!
Honour, to him, more bright than Roſamonda's eyes!
Not thus my honour with his paſſion ſtrove,
His ſighs I pity, and indulg'd his love:
He then cry'd, honour was an empty name,
And love a ſweeter recompence than fame.

Oh! had I liv'd in ſome obſcure retreat,
Securely fair, and innocently ſweet;
How had I bleſs'd ſomé humble ſhepherd's arms!
How kept my fame as ſpotleſs as my charms!
Then, hadſt thou ne'er beheld theſe eyes of mine,
Nor they bewail'd the fatal power of thine!
Dear fatal power! to me for ever dear---
Fix'd in my tender breaſt, and rooted there!
For ever in my tender breaſt remain---
And be for ever a delightful pain!

With what ſurpriſe thoſe glories firſt I view'd,
That in one moment my whole heart ſubdu'd!
With ſuch reſiſtleſs beams, ſo fierce they ſhone,
Not ſuch the dazzling radiance of thy crown!
Sent from thy crown I never felt a dart;
The lover, not the monarch, won my heart:
Nor e'er the monarch with ſuch charms appears,
As when the lovers ſoften'd dreſs he wears:
As when he, ſilent, deigns my breaſt to ſeek,
And looks ſuch language, as no tongue can ſpeak.

Whene'er my crimes (if love a crime can be,
If 'tis a crime to live, and die for thee!)
In hideous forms ariſe, and cloud my ſoul,
One thought on Henry can that gloom controul:
No more my breaſt alternate paſſions move,
The froſts of honour melt before the fires of love.

Again, I muſt repeat that fatal hour, [bower;
Which ſnatch'd my Henry from his Woodſtock
When mad Bellona, with tumult'ous cries,
The hero rous'd, and drown'd the lover's ſighs.
Stretch'd on my downy couch, at eaſe I lay,
And ſought by reading to beguile the day;
With am'rous ſtrains I ſooth'd a grateful fire,
And all the woman glow'd with ſoft deſire.

Till, as I wiſh'd, I heard the vocal breeze,
Proclaim my Henry ruſtling through the trees;
O'erjoy'd, I ran to meet thy longing arms,
And taſte a dear remembrance of thy charms;
But ſoon I ſaw ſome ſad conceal'd ſurpriſe,
Fade on thy cheeks, and languiſh on thy eyes;
Through each diſſembled ſmile, a ſorrow ſtole,
And whiſper'd out the ſecret of thy ſoul.
What this could mean, uncertain to divine.
No fault I knew, yet fear'd ſome fault was mine.
But ſoon thy love diſpell'd thoſe airy fears,
Diſpell'd alas!---but brought too ſolid cares.
For as with hands, entwin'd in hands, we walk'd,
Of love, and hapleſs lovers, ſtill thou talk'd:
Thy tears of pity anſwer'd each ſad moan,
And in their ſeeming mis'ries, wept thy own.
"I cannot leave her!"---I o'erheard thee ſay,---
Pierc'd to the ſoul, I ſunk, and dy'd away.
What art reſtor'd me, thou alone can'ſt tell,
For thy kind arms embrac'd me, as I fell.
My opening eyes, fix'd on thy beauties, hung,
And my ears drunk the cordial of thy tongue.
Again my thoughts return with killing pain,
Within thy arms I ſink, and ſwoon again:
Again thou doſt my ſweet phyſician prove,
From death to life alternately I move,
Now dead by anguiſh, now reviv'd by love.
But when, without diſguiſe, truth I found,
My agonizing ſorrows knew no bound:
My locks I tore, then, all entranc'd, I lay,
Till by degrees my grief to words gave way,
And ſoft I cry'd,---Oh! ſtay, my Henry, ſtay.
One moment more! add yet, and yet, a kiſs!---
Oh! give me thine, and take my ſoul in this!
Farewell!---perhaps, farewell for ever!---oh!
Who can ſuſtain ſo dire a weight of woe?

Ah, wretched maid! alas, a maid no more!
No hero's that ſpotleſs title can reſtore!
Ah, who ſhall now protect thy injur'd fame?
Who ſhield thy weakneſs from th' aſſaults of ſhame?
Who lull thy anxious ſoul to balmy reſt,
If Henry, deareſt Henry, flies thy breaſt?

Yet, though he flies, your wings, ye angels, ſpread,
And hover, guardians, o'er my Henry's head,
Who knows but this kind pray'r is pour'd too late,
And he already ſtruggles with his fate?
Already, wounded, pants, and gaſps in death,
And Roſamonda is his lateſt breath?

Propitious Heaven! vouchſafe a gracious ear!
Grant, theſe be only phantoms of my fear:
Heav'n ſtill is gracious, if true ſuppliants pray;
And lo!—the foul chimæras fleet away!
Tranſporting proſpects to my wiſhes riſe,
Beam on my ſoul, and brighten in my eyes!
He lives! he lives! I ſee his banner ſpread,
And laurels, wreath'd round the gay victor's head!
Ye winds! convey the news to Albion's floods!
Ye floods! reſound it to the joyous woods!
Ye joyous woods! your tuneful choirs prepare
To hail my hero from the toils of war!

Deluſive ſcenes! too beautiful to ſtay!
They fade in viſionary ſtreaks away.

Alas! no lovely Henry now is nigh!
His genius took his form to ſoothe my eye.
No more I ſeem his melting voice to hear!
Peace! babling fountains! nor abuſe my ear.
Ye flowers! ye ſtreams! ye gales, no longer move!
For ah! how ſtrong is fancy, join'd with love!

O! frail inconſtancy of mortal ſtate!
One hour dejected, and the next elate!
Rais'd by falſe hopes, or by falſe fears depreſt,
How different paſſions ſway the human breaſt!
Now ſmiling pleaſures, with fair charms, invite,
Now frowning horrors, with black trains, affright.
Future diſtruſts the preſent joys controul,
And fancy triumphs o'er the reas'ning ſoul.

As mid the trees I ſolitary rove,
The trees awake ſome image of my love:
Where'er their arms in am'rous foldings join,
My longing arms I ſpread to fold in thine.
The beauteous flow'rs thy face reflected bear,
(If flow'rs in beauty may with thee compare),
Their wafted fragrancies thy breath inſpire,
And my ſoul kindles with ideal fire!
The thick-weav'd ſhades, and grove encircling grove,
Are emblems of th' eternity of love,
My bluſhing guilt the crimſon roſes paint,
And I, like roſes, unſupported faint:
Like their's my youthful charms (if charms) conſume,
For love, a cloſer canker, eats my bloom.

How bleſt might other nymphs ſurvey theſe ſcenes,
Fountains and ſhades, and hills, and flow'ry greens?
Proſpects on proſpects, might detain the ſight,
And ſtill variety give new delight.
But, I with thee, ſhould find in deſerts eaſe;
Without thee, not even Paradiſe could pleaſe.
Wilds, by thy preſence, gardens would appear,
Gardens are wilds ſince Henry is not here.
Let grottos ſink, or porticos ariſe?
Heedleſs I view them with unpleaſur'd eyes:
Their mantling umbrage cools the noon-day fire,
But what can cool a lover's fierce deſire?

In the deep boſom of a darkſome ſhade,
By baleful yew and mournful cypreſs made;
A widow turtle weeps her raviſh'd love,
And ſorrowfully ſolaces the grove,
Sometimes my paſſion I aloud diſcloſe;
The widow'd turtle, anſwering, cooes her woes.

Bred by my hand, my ſorrow's ſad relief,
A little linnet learns to ſigh my grief;
Taught by my voice, and by obedience tame,
The pretty liſper whiſtles Henry's name:
Perch'd on my head, the ſylvan ſyren ſings,
And tunes the harſher notes of gurgling ſprings.

Emboſom'd in a vale, thou know'ſt the ſhade,
Faſt by the murmurs of a ſoft caſcade;
There, while one night full beams of Cynthia play,
(Warm was the night) with wand'rings tir'd, I lay,
Till, by degrees, the falling waters clos'd
My eye-lids, and my weary'd limbs repos'd.
Sudden the fairy monarch I behold,
Near he approach'd, and thus my fate foretold:

'Twas the fame Oberon*, that once we faw
Circle the green, and give his dancers law.)

Unhappy nymph! thy beauty is thy crime,
And muſt ſuch beauty periſh in its prime!
No more great Henry ſhall enjoy theſe charms
Nor thou ill fated fair adorn his arms!
Cropt like an opening roſe thy fall I fear!
But riſe and ſupplicate the vengeance near.

Then (as methought) I wak'd with threaten'd woes
Emerging from thick ſhades, a phantom roſe.
One hand ſuſtain'd—a ſhort, but naked ſword,—
And one a golden bowl, with poiſon ſtor'd.
The jealous queen, the frowning form expreſs'd,
It ſpoke, and aim'd the dagger at my breaſt.

Ariſe! nor aſk thy crime—but chooſe thy fate,
Know prayers are vain—repentance is too late!
Vengeance is mine—Here, drink this poiſon'd
Or this keen dagger drinks thy guilty ſoul? [bowl,
It ceas'd: convulſions in my boſom ſtrove,
My curdling blood ſcarce in ſtiff tides could move.
Thrice I cry'd Henry, with a feeble ſound,
And thrice I ſtarted at the ſad rebound!
Ev'n echo now grew frightful: with ſurpriſe
Trembling I lay, nor dar'd t' unveil my eyes,
Till warbling birds proclaim'd the morning light,
And told me 'twas a viſion of the night;
Yet not the morn could chaſe my gloomy care,
But winds and trees, alarm'd my ſoul with fear;
While waving boughs, that in the ſun-beams play'd,
Seem'd to ſhow daggers in each pointed ſhade.

Why was I form'd with ſuch a coward mind?
The ſport of ſhadows, or a ruſtling wind!
Nerves, better ſtrung, did manly ſpirits warm,
Glad would I part with every female charm,
Then, cas'd in ſteel, the front of battle dare,
And, with great Henry, rouſe the ſoul of war!
This arm ſhall guard the hero from the foe,
Repel the ſtorm, or intercept the blow;
And ſhould my weakneſs in the warrior fail,
The ſoft-befeeching woman ſhould prevail;
For thee, I'll ſoothe each proud inſulting foe,
And melt him with petitionary wo;
With thee, in every hardy hazard join,
In dangers ſave thy life, to make it mine.
By night, compoſe thy haraſs'd ſoul to reſt,
And huſh it on the pillow of my breaſt;
With patient eyes eternal vigils keep,
And court good angels to protect thy ſleep.

Alas! in vain I urge my fruſtrate will,
I find myſelf a feeble woman ſtill;
The feeble woman to my breaſt returns,
For Henry's gone, and Roſamonda mourns!
O! ſee my eyes their ſtreaming anguiſh pour,
O! hear my ſighs increaſe the ſwelling ſhower;
What can I more than ſhed my tears and ſighs?
Poor woman's ſtrength alone in weakneſs lies?

But whether is ungovern'd fancy flown?
Thoughts of impoſſibilities he gone!
Guilt claims no miracles, nor heav'n conſpires
To aid my crimes, and fan my lawleſs fires.

Life irkſome grows; deteſted is the light,
And my ſoul dreads the viſions of the night.
Swift let me to ſome hallow'd convent go.—
Can I for ever Henry leave?—ah! no:—
But O loſt innocence!—I loſt a name:—
O honour!—broken is the bubble, fame.
Are my ſins monſtrous? Do invented crimes,
Alike unknown to paſt, or preſent times,
Demand red vengeance? Some peculiar curſe?—
Crowds ſtand recorded for the ſame,—or worſe.
Have I, unpitying, heard the poor complain,
Or ſeen the wretched weep, and weep in vain?
Have I my flame feign'd for a ſordid end?
E'er wrong'd a ſoe, or e'er betray'd a friend?
Not to my charge ſuch crimes has malice brought,
Love, only love, is my unbounded fault:
A fault, that ſure may heav'n to pity move,
Since half of heav'n ('tis ſaid) conſiſts in love.

Ah! fooliſh nymph!—Here, view the queen! the laws!—
But there, view Henry, as th' enchanting cauſe!
By ſuch a cauſe the prieſteſs would retire,
And quit the veſtal for a nobler fire.

I will again th' immortal powers implore;
Brave Henry for Britannia's ſake reſtore!
In him ſhe lives, to him her joys are due,
And only ſends her earlieſt thanks to you.
But oh! my lord, my darling lord, beware!
Tempt not too bold the dangers of the war!
Think, when thou ſeeſt the fate impelling dart,
O! think it aim'd at Roſamonda's heart!
Were but each breaſt as ſoft as mine! no more
Should tumults riſe, or martial thunders roar:
Heroes ſhould ſcorn the glories of the field,
And the fam'd laurel to the myrtle yield:
For ſweeter paſſions, ſweeter ſtrifes inſpire,
And love alone ſhould ſet the ſoul on fire.

May then theſe eyes in tears no longer mourn,
But cheerful hail their Henry's wiſh'd return!
O! ſwift, victorious, huſh the war's alarms!
Swift, if thy Roſamonda boaſts ſome charms,
Fly on the wings of love, and conqueſt to her arms!

October 20. 1725.

HENRY TO ROSAMOND:

AN EPISTLE.

SHALL then his beauteous Roſamonda mourn,
Nor Henry's ſoul the ſoft complaint return!
O ceaſe, my fair! I deeply feel thy ſmart,
And all thy ſorrows double in my heart:
Far from my breaſt, ye ſcenes of war! remove,
Far from my breaſt, be every ſcene but love;
Soft riſing thoughts as when, in Woodſtock-bowers,
Joyful, we lov'd away the laughing hours.

Now midnight-reſt relieves the ſoldier's care,
Huſh'd are the drums, and every voice of war;
Faint gleam the fires along the dewy field,
And faint the noiſe, that ſleeping courſers yield;
Yet love, the lordly tyrant of my breaſt,
Alarms my ſoul, and interrupts my reſt;
In vain a nation's cares the monarch move,
For ah! far greater is the monarch Love!

* *King of the fairies.*

Warm from my lips, thy tender letter lies,
And every word is magic to my eyes;
Weeping, I read, and hear thy soft-breath'd woes,
And all the warrior in the lover lose:
Then I by fancy vanish'd joys restore,
Feast on false love, and act past pleasures o'er.
Fancy can soothe my soul with pleasing dreams
While tented Galia, bowery Woodstock seems;
Led by delusive steps, in thought, I rove,
Through well known greens, and every winding grove.
There, haply on some flowery bank reclin'd
My sweet-reposing Rosamonda find;
When then (for then thy secret thoughts I see)
In pious slumbers breath'st thy soul to me;
Dissolv'd with joy, and feasting on thy charms,
I clasp thee in imaginary arms;
And then—ah then!—I seem sincerely blest—
Then only Rosamonda, knows the rest—

O glories! empires' crowns! how weak ye prove,
If thus out-rivalled by a dream of love!
O love! what toys thy real sweets bestow,
When ev'n their shadows can transport me so!
O bless ecstatic! blest relief from cares!
Thus let me lose my soul in softer wars!
By love's transporting sighs my sweet alarms,
Nor worlds, but Rosamonda crown my arms!
In her alone, my full desires agree,
Her charms are empires, glories, all to me!

THE HOUR GLASS.

As in my silent study late I sate,
Intent on poet's poor precarious state,
Around my sight a sudden dimness play'd,
And ting'd the taper with a blewy shade;
When to my eyes appear'd that watchful pow'r
Which measures out the sandy-streaming hour,
An human form the meagure phantom wore,
And on its brow a faded laurel bore,
On me were fix'd its looks, whilst thus it spoke,
And sounds like these the solemn silence broke.
" At length the time is come to tell a truth
" To thee, to thee alone, O fated youth!
" Then mark my story well—in happier days,
" Like thine my bosom panted after praise;
" For to the grave fatigues of life I strove
" To grow immortal in a myrtle grove:
" Lost there, I lavish'd out my little store,
" Destin'd to live poetically poor;
" What slender gains my labours brought I spent,
" And through the glass my luscious profit went;
" From thence, with fictious inspiration warm'd,
" A vain eternity's reversion charm'd;
" My fate I bless'd---for future fame reserv'd!
" For that I glory'd!---and for that I---starv'd!
" Thence by some powerful transmigration turn'd,
" In these repentant streams my folly mourn'd:
" Here, as you see, my fleeting minutes pass,
" Still, as of old, devoted to the glass.
" As once too humble for proud rooms of state,
" In homely cottages I seek my fate,
" And find my vast poetic promis'd land
" All dwindled to this little barren sand;
" With which advise, ye youthful sons of rhyme,
" In abler studies to employ your time;
" Warn'd by my fate, to learn, for learn you must
" That all your fame, like mine, but turns to dust."

THE CAMBRIDGE BEAUTIES.

By an Admirer of the Fair Sex

Ye gentle nymphs, to whom my lays belong;
Approve my numbers, and assist my song;
Soft smiling may your bright'ning eyes inspire
At once the poet's, and the lover's fire:
So shall the muse each magic charm rehearse,
So shall each charm be lasting as her verse.

Bless'd in my choice! what blooming beauties rise!
How court my numbers with inspiring eyes!
O could my lays like gentle Waller move,
Like gentle Waller, tune the soul to love;
Bright as my theme, each easy note should shine,
And Sacharissas smile in ev'ry line.
To Aurenelia fam'd Carlisle should yield,
And Waller own his fav'rite fair excell'd:
Had charms like her's inspir'd his lofty lays,
How had he grown immortal in her praise!
How might the muse her wonted gift receive,
And poetry from beauty learn to live!

When Sylvia smiles, methinks she smiles to prove
Her charms superior to the power of love.
Gay sportive Cupids flutter round the fair,
Pant on her breast and wanton in her hair;
With ev'ry lock, a new adorer gain,
And ev'ry ringlet is a lover's chain;
The orbit ringlets, soft dissolving down,
Flow on her breast, and half her bosom drown;
Through the bright shades, her panting bubbies heave,
Like swans emerging from a silver wave.

On Delia's cheeks, eternal roses bloom,
Her ruby lips exhale a sweet perfume;
Her ruby lips indulge a mutual kiss,
And blush luxuriant in their envy'd bliss.

When bright Belinda leads the sprightly dance,
With ev'ry step our captive hearts advance;
Her magic charms the soft enchantress prove,
And on her breast descends the god of love
Smiling, she seems to imitate those airs,
That form their regularity by her's;
Moves, as the soul-dissolving numbers move;
And musically swims the maze of love:
On the soft sounds, her gentle motions flow,
And sail along magestically slow:
Her waving arms in snowy circles play,
And all the easy conqueror display;
Melodious music warbles love's alarms,
Sounds the soft charge, and sings her conqu'ring charms.

When Flora sings, ye gods! 'tis heaven to hear,
We listen to the music of the sphere;
Our ravish'd sight confirms the sweet surprise,
And owns the angel, by her heav'nly eyes.

But, oh! my muse, your tunefull'st charms prepare,
Harmonious, as your Aurenelia's fair.

Where'er she looks, her eyes like lightnings wound,
When e'er she speaks, there's music in the sound;
From her dear lips such melting softness flows,
Soft as when Zephyrs kiss the silken rose:
But when the wondrous charmer talks of love,
Good gods! what raptures in our bosom move!
How each discourse our soul transported warms,
And, if 'tis possible, improves her charms.

O ever beauteous, ever lovely fair,
Pride of my verse, and object of my care.
O take me, clasp me, melting in thy arms,
Unfold thy sweets, and open all thy charms.
On those dear breasts for ever let me rove,
Those breasts to me the true poetic grove!
On those soft hills for ever let me sing,
And sip thy sacred Heliconian spring.

Were Paris here to judge fair beauty's prize,
How might these brighter goddesses surprise;
How could his choice the doubtful favour place,
When a new Venus shines in ev'ry face?
But since that task, that pleasing task I claim,
O Venus guide me to a brighter flame:
To Aurenclia's charms my wishes move,
Warm her cold heart, and tune her breast to love;
There, let my soul a nobler prize impart,
And for an apple, give my bleeding heart.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

In my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
Too soon my soul the well known name confest,
My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast;
Through my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd
And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.

O Eloisa! art thou still the same?
Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of peace, and heav'n
From thy soft soul this fatal passion driven?
Alas! I thought you disengag'd, and free,
And can you still, still sigh, and weep for me?
What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
Can save me from a love, a faith like thine?
Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave;
When not these gloomy cloister's solemn walls,
O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls;
When my dread vows, in vain, their force oppose,
Opposing love, alas! how vain are vows!
In fruitless penance here I wear away
Each tedious night, each sad revolving day:
I fast, I pray; and with deceitful art
Veil thy dear image from my tortur'd heart.
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
I hope, despair, repent, but still I love.
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
For thou, not God, my Eloise art there.
To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
No longer by its wand'ring fires misled;
In learn'd disputes, harsh precepts I infuse,
And give that counsel, I want power to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave, and wise,
Have quench'd each milder sparkle in my eyes;
Each lovely feature of this well-known face,
By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace:
O Eloisa! would the fates once more
(Indulgent to thy wish) this form restore,
How wouldst thou from these arms with horror start,
To miss those charms, familiar to thy heart!
Nor could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
To speak thy Abelard, but love of thee:
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair;
Have Abelard the gay, the young remov'd,
And in the hermit, sunk the man you lov'd.

Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread;
Lost to the world, from all its interest free,
And torn from all my soul held dear in thee;
Ambition, with its train of frailties, gone,
All loves, all forms forgot, but thine alone.

Amidst the blaze of day, and dusk of night,
My Eloisa rises to my sight;
Veil'd as in Paraclete's sea-bath'd tow'rs,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours;
I hear the sigh, see the swift-falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pine with all her cares.
O vows! O converts! your stern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart;
Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show,
Let other tears, for sin, repentant flow;
Low to the earth, my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my contrite soul.
Forgiving pow'r! your gracious call I meet,
Who first empower'd this rebel heart to beat!
Who through this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends diffus'd life's active flame:
O change the temper of this throbbing breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest!
Let springing grace, fair faith and hope remove,
The fatal traces of voluptuous love;
Voluptuous love from his soft mansion tear,
And leave no tracks of Eloisa there.

Are these the wishes of thy inmost soul?
Would I its softest tend'rest peace controul?
Would I, thus touch'd, this gloomy heart resign
To the cold substance of the marble shrine?
Transform'd like these pale saints that round me move,
O bless'd insensibles! that knew not love!
Ah! rather let me keep this hapless flame,
Adieu, false honour, unavailing fame!
Not your harsh rules, but tender love, supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes:
I feel the traitor melt around my heart, [dart!
And through my veins with treach'rous influence
Inspire me heav'n! assist me, grace divine!
Aid me ye saints! unknown to crimes like mine!
You, while on earth, all pangs severe could prove,
All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeless love.
An holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt;
A sympathizing grief alone can cure,
The hand that heals, must feel, what I endure.
Thou Eloise! alone, canst give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside in peace;

Reſtore me to my long loſt heav'n of reſt,
And take thyſelf from my reluctant breaſt:
If crimes, like mine, could an allay receive,
That bleſs'd allay, thy wond'rous charms muſt give.
Thy form, which firſt my heart to love inclin'd,
Still wanders in my loſt, my guilty mind:
I ſaw thee as the new-blown bloſſoms fair,
Sprightly as light, and ſoft as ſummer air;
Wit, youth, and beauty, in each feature ſhone,
Bleſs'd by my fate, I gaz'd, and was undone!
There dy'd the gen'rous fire, whoſe vig'rous flame,
Enlarg'd my ſoul, and led me on to fame;
Nor fame, nor wealth, my ſoften'd heart could move,
My heart, inſenſible to all but love!
Snatch'd from myſelf, my learning taſteleſs grew,
And vain philoſophy oppos'd to you.

A train of woes we mourn; nor ſhouldwe mourn,
The hours that cannot, ought not to return;
As once to love, I ſway'd thy yielding mind,
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd!
To virtue now let me thy breaſt inſpire,
And fan, with zeal divine, the holy fire;
Teach you to injur'd heav'n, all chang'd, to turn,
And bid thy ſoul with ſacred raptures burn.
O that my own example could impart
This noble warmth to thy ſoft trembling heart!
That mine, with pious undiſſembled care,
Might aid the latent virtue ſtruggling there!
Alas, I rave! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a breaſt o'erwhelm'd with crimes, like mine:
Too ſure I find (whilſt I the fortune prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love)
On black deſpair, my forc'd devotion built,
Abſence, to me, has greater pangs than guilt.

Ah! yet my Eloiſe, thy charms I view,
Yet my ſighs break, and my tears flow for you;
Each weak reſiſtance ſtronger knits my chain,
I ſigh, weep, love, deſpair, repent in vain!
Haſte Eliſa, haſte, thy lover free,
Amidſt thy warmer pray'rs, O think of me!
Wing with thy riſing zeal my grov'ling mind:
And let me mine, from thy repentance find:
Ah! labour, ſtrive, thy love, thyſelf controul,
The change will ſure affect my kindred ſoul:
In bleſt concert our purer ſighs ſhall grieve,
And, Heav'n aſſiſting, ſhall our crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, loſt in vain,
Faintly th' unequal combat you ſuſtain:
If not to heaven you feel your boſom riſe,
Nor tears, refin'd, fall contrite from your eyes:
If ſtill thy heart thy wonted paſſions move,
And thy tongue prompts thy tender ſoul to love;
Deaf to the weak eſſays of living breath,
Attend the ſtronger eloquence of death.

When that kind pow'er this captive ſoul ſhall free,
(Which, only then, can ceaſe to doat on thee)
When gently ſunk to my eternal ſleep,
The Paraclete my peaceful urn ſhall keep;
Then Eloiſa, then, thy lover view,
See, theſe quench'd eyes, no longer fix'd on you,
From their dead orbs that tender utt'rance flows,
Which firſt on yours my heart's ſoft tales made known.
This breath no more, at length, to eaſe conſign'd,
Pant, like light aſpines quiv'ring with the wind;
See, all my wild tumultuous paſſions o'er,
And thou, amazing ſcene! belov'd no more:
Behold the deſtin'd end of human love,
But let the ſight thy zeal alone improve;
Let not thy conſcious ſoul, with ſorrow mov'd,
Recal how much, how tenderly you lov'd!
With pious care thy fruitleſs grief reſtrain,
Nor let a tear thy ſacred veil profane;
Nor e'en a ſigh on my cold urn beſtow,
But let thy breath with ſacred rapture glow;
Let love divine, frail mortal love, dethrone,
And to thy mind immortal joys make known;
Let Heav'n, relenting, ſtrike thy raviſh'd view,
And ſtill the bright, the bleſt purſuit, renew:
So, with thy crimes, ſhall thy misfortunes ceaſe,
And thy wreck'd ſoul be calmly huſh'd to peace.

TO THE

LAST (KING GEORGE'S) GUINEA.

Inſcribed to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

What call, bright monarch! can engage thy breaſt,
To leave thy loyal ſubject thus diſtreſt? [gone,
Who knows, my-guardian-aid, when thou art
What foreign tyrant will uſurp thy throne?
When want, rebellious, arrogates thy reign,
What equal power ſhall faction's rage reſtrain?
Too well, alas! my future ſtate I ſee,
I can but ſigh, and only think of thee!

So, when thy bright original repairs
To foreign realms, with equal griefs and cares:
Britannia mourns; and anxious for her fate,
Implores ſome favourite to protect the ſtate;
Wiſely, as ſtill, the monarch makes his choice,
And for his Walpole joins the general voice.

O couldſt thou there advance an equal claim,
Repos'd in him, our ſafety were the ſame!
Auſpicious thought! and with what eaſe may he,
Who has ſecur'd three nations, ſuccour me.

TO A NEEDLE THAT PRICK'D HIS MISTRESS'S FINGER.

From Bonefonius *.

Miracle of cruelty!
Muſt my Laura bleed by thee?
Her finger too, endure the ſmart?
That tender, inoffenſive part!
What could the ſweet offender do,
Soft, and fair, as falling ſnow;
To ſuffer innocently too!
Was it not envy caus'd this hate,
Becauſe thyſelf were found leſs ſtrait?
Did not this thy fury move
To wound the brighter queen of love?

* *All the love poems of this celebrated author, are tranſlated by ſeveral hands. Printed for H. Curll, in the Strand.*

But, ah! then dreadful foe, forbear
To execute thy fury here;
Yet, if you ſtill to rage incline,
Revenge at once, your cauſe, and mine:
Let her obdurate boſom feel
The angry fury of thy ſteel.
Her boſom, ſoft as turtle's down,
Yet harder than the hardeſt ſtone!
Her boſom! colder than the ſnow,
Burning at once, and freezing too,
Will brave thy fierceſt, deadlieſt blow.
Here infix thy piercing dart,
Deep as love has pierc'd my heart:
Then, if thou gain'ſt the victory,
How wond'rous will the conqueſt be?
To win a fortreſs that withſtood
The utmoſt fury of a god;
At once thy ſmall, yet glorious dart
Shall conquer love's, and Laura's heart.

ON LAURINDA.

When nature fram'd Laurinda, heavenly fair,
With each attractive charm, and winning air,
Minerva's eloquence refin'd her tongue,
Charm'd in her ſpeech, and warbled in her ſong;
Imperial majeſty from Juno came,
Sooth'd with the ſoftneſs of the Cyprian dame.
O! would ſome other powers employ their care,
To make her kind, as theſe have made her fair;
That ſingle act ſhould all the reſt outſhine,
And make the fair perfection all divine.

THE BEE AND CUPID.

FROM THEOCRITUS.

As Cupid in a flow'ry valley ſtray'd,
Where bees around their hives in cluſters play'd,
The honey's fragrant ſcent allur'd his noſe,
And to the hive the groping archer goes.
Boldly he thruſts his roguiſh fingers in—
Nor in that heaven of ſweets could fear a ſting—
But ſoon he merited, and met his fate,
Repenting of his roguery, too late;
And now, in vain, he frets, he ſtamps, he tears
The flowing honours of his waving hairs;
Deep is the wound, alas! what can he do!
Revenge he vows, but then he fears the foe?
Now ſwift as thought, to Ida's grove he flies,
And thus complaining, to his mother cries,
Alas! mamma, what pain my hand endures!
O take it, kiſs it, cool it, rub 't with yours.
Searching for honey I this torment found,
Small was the author, but, O! deep the wound---
To whom the mother goddeſs thus reply'd,
Unkindly laughing, while poor Cupid cry'd.

Fie, fie, is this your courage, mighty Love!
And is a bee a ſtronger foe than Jove?
Hence child, compaſſionate each lover's heart,
Since you are conquer'd by ſo ſmall a dart.

TO AN

OLD LADY THAT USED TO PAINT.

Kneller with animated art, could trace,
The magic wonders of a lovely face;
His nice creating fancy could impart,
Fire to each charm, and flames to ev'ry heart;
Yet all this ſkill could but at beſt command
A fancy'd goddeſs at the ſecond hand.

You brighter nymph, can greater wonders ſhow!
And all this ſuperficial art out-do;
What if his hand a ſeeming life could give,
Your greater wonder more than ſeems to live!
His nymph, at beſt, could only raiſe our fire,
But you create, and ſatisfy deſire.

TO ONE WHO BLAMED ME

For writing in praiſe of a very undeſerving Lady.

I own, my friend, Olivia is not fair,
An awkward creature, with a flattern air;
She's nature's error, I confeſs indeed,
What then? the ſick alone the doctor need:
Thus cunning tradeſmen praiſe their paltry ware,
And cry, the very beſt in all the fair;
But let the diamonds ſparkle into fame,
And each ſpectator with their worth inflame.

When fancy's in her infancy, the muſe
Some trivial theme, in trifling lays, purſues,
Till, by degrees, ſhe takes a loftier aim
And crowns her actions with immortal fame.
Thus the keen ſword that's bath'd in heroes blood,
Firſt to be temper'd, drinks the filthly flood.

PRESENTING WALLER'S POEMS

TO A LADY.

Madam,
Accept the ſofteſt ſweeteſt ſtrains,
That ever breath'd a dying lover's pains;
That ever yet could unſucceſsful prove,
When arm'd with all the eloquence of love;
And if you find ſome tender moving part,
Soften your ſoul, and ſteal upon your heart;
(For ſure the moſt obdurate maid muſt blame,
The rigid coyneſs of the cruel dame):
Then lovely Laura, think, you faintly feel
The ſymptoms of a flame I dare not tell;
Think, then, you hear your ſuppliant lover ſigh,
But generouſly, more than ſee him die;
And if you kindly liſten to his pain,
Succeſsful Waller has not ſung in vain.

TO A LADY

AT KING'S-COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Unskill'd in love, unpractis'd in thoſe arts
Of gaining miſtreſſes, and giving hearts,
Mix'd with the gazing crowd I hither come,
Nor dreamt deſtruction near this ſacred dome;
Where holy hymns, and ſolemn ſongs of praiſe,
A venerable adoration raiſe;
But with ſurpriſe, at once I hear and ſee
A ſpeaking, and a ſilent harmony:
Tranſporting ſounds! my fainting ſenſes riſe,
Wing'd with the ſweeter muſic of your eyes:
Your eyes that ſpeak a form ſo bright, ſo fair,
You ſeem the object of each fervent prayer.
Our ſouls the ſweet divinity adore---
Aſpiring vanity can hope no more---

But ah! forbear, thou holy fair, unknown,
Our happineſs to hazard by your own;
Can Heaven, impartial, to your hopes comply,
And give you that, which you to all deny.
Miſtaken maid! you think you bleſſings gain,
When 'tis your very prayers create our pain
And ſave us, but to kill us, with diſdain.
Alas! I feel the fatal poiſon run,
I gaze, I ſigh, I love, and am undone---
Harmonious charms, in vain, my mind reprove,
They ſympathize, and melt, with me, to love:
Whilſt in ſoft ſounds, my ſoul, tranſported, flew,
Miſtook her heav'n, but found a heav'n in you.

THE FOP.

Sir Plume, the banker, of each trading laſs,
(That neweſt French edition of an aſs!
Charm'd by dear ſelf, with love may ſafely ſport,
As things inanimate receive no hurt)
On his own beauteous perſon, deeply read,
No love e'er reach'd his heart, no thought his head;
Pangleſs, he woos ſome pangleſs dame of faſhion,
And in bad French, ſerenely liſps his paſſion;
Then, as the ſuit he makes is right or wrong,
Triumphs in rigadoon, or dies in ſong.

THE REFUSAL OF HER HAND.

That with an eagle's piercing eye,
Ned look'd, what man with eyes can doubt,
When from the feather'd family,
He ſingled this fair chicken out.

A lion's heart, the gen'rous boy
Proudly in ev'ry act maintains,
Bravely attacks the nymph when coy,
When yielding bravely he diſdains.

To play the ſkilful ſurgeon's part,
Two neceſſary points are gain'd;
But to be maſter of his art,
Poor Ned ſtill wants the lady's hand.

THE MORNING CONTEMPLATION.

As I range theſe ſpacious fields,
Feaſt on all that nature yields;
Ev'ry thing conſpires delight,
Charms my ſmell, my taſte, my ſight;
Ev'ry rural ſound I hear
Soothes my ſoul, and tunes my ear.

Yonder azure hills ariſing,
Peeping through the wide horizon;
Strive for the priority,
Which ſhall firſt ſalute my eye:
Gentle winds, each ſweet adorning,
Breathe the wholeſome breath of morning;
Birds on bloſſom'd hawthorns, ſing
Jocund carols to the ſpring;
Hopping o'er the fragrant lawn,
Merrily ſalute the dawn,
And with their muſic ſeem to chide
Man's ingratitude and pride.

O venerable Solitude!
Beſt of bleſſings, chiefeſt good!
Chiefeſt good! for in you is
Every part of happineſs:
No racking paſſions here dim controul,
The peaceful ſurface of my ſoul;
Nothing can my bliſs deſtroy,
Whilſt I thus myſelf enjoy.
Ere the heavens or earth were made,
Or their vaſt foundations laid;
Ere angels yet were taught to ſing,
To tune the lyre, or touch the ſtring;
In godlike pomp the great Three One
Reign'd in their ſolitude alone.

Tell me, all ye mighty wiſe,
Ye governors of colleges;
What deeper wiſdom can you know,
Than eaſy nature's works here ſhow?
All the lonеſome night ye pore,
Philoſophic ſages o'er:
To what prodigious vaſt account
Can all your mighty works amount?
The wiſe man was as wiſe as you,
And yet his wiſdom was---he nothing knew.

Come, ye covetous! ye proud!
Come, ye wiſe fantaſtic crowd!
And as your follies ye diſcern,
Nature's plain inſtructions learn.

See, this river, as it goes,
With what eloquence it flows?
How clear the water, and how fine!
How deep, how rapidly ſerene!
But ſhould it fearful of decay,
Stagnate, and ſtop up its way;
No longer would its ſtreams appear,
Wholeſome, delicate, or clear:
But bury'd in a quagmire ſink,
Or in a choking deluge ſtink.

Believe me, life's the very ſame,
The very image of this ſtream:
If of future fortune fearleſs,
If of preſent changes, careleſs,
It uninterrupted goes,
How ſweet! and how ſerene it flows!
But if ſtopt with theſe reſtraints,
Preſent ills, and future wants;
If anxious doubts, and clogging care,
Betray our reaſon to deſpair;
Life's dull enjoyment only cloys,
And painfully itſelf deſtroys.

View this revential ſhade!
Sacred to retirement made!
What ſurpriſing ſweets ſurround me!
What varieties confound me!
Bleſs'd in this obſcure abode,
I think myſelf almoſt a god!
I think myſelf ſo too the more,
Becauſe I'm out of envy's power!
And if angels envious be,
They alone dare envy me;
And doing ſo, they let me know
I am happier here below.

Where is ſelf-enamour'd pride!
Tinſel vanity beſide:

In what gilded rooms of ſtate
Shaking with the ſtorms of fate
Do they now luxurious lie,
Bound in purple ſlavery!
Can their artificial flowers
Rival theſe delightful bowers?
Compar'd with nature's charms, how faint
Is their mimic-colour'd paint?
I, the living foreſt have,
They the empty ſhadows crave;
Yet, in ſpite of all their theft,
I too have better ſhadows left.
Behold this little ſcrubby thorn,
Of verdure deſtitute, forlorn.
As if it were e'en nature's ſcorn.
Yet this, is of much more poſſeſs'd,
Than any tyrant of the eaſt;
Is richer; nay, is happier far
Than oriental monarchs are:
Can, with equal grandeur, ſhow,
Its brilliant head with diamonds glow:
And contented, knows, next day
Doubly will the loſs repay,
If fortune ſnatches it away.
Princely honours thus remain,
And thus they flee—but ne'er return again—

But this flow'ry meadow walking,
To this prattling echo talking;
As along the ſtream I paſs,
Gazing on my floating face;
Lo! the ruffling winds ariſe,
To ſnatch the proſpect from my eyes:
The mimic form that fury braves,
And proudly triumphs o'er the waves;
Yet though with ev'ry wave 'tis toſt,
The reflection is not loſt.

Virtue wages ſuch a ſtriſe,
In this turbulent ſtream of life;
Rack'd with paſſions, toſt with fears,
Vex'd with jealouſies, and cares:
But a good unſpotted ſoul,
Though ſubject, yet knows no controul,
Whilſt it turns on virtue's pole.

But, lo! the clouds obſcure the ſun,
Swift ſhadows o'er the waters run!
Trembling too, my ſhadow flies?
And by its very likeneſs dies.

Hence learn, reflecting Pattiſon,
How ſilent fate ſtill hurries on,
How ſuddenly you muſt be gone!
And as you now can tell no more,
The likeneſs that your viſage wore,
On the ſurface of the flood,
Where but now you gazing ſtood:
So, as ſoon as you ſhall die,
And reſign mortality;
The deluſive breath of fame,
Shall forget your very name.

VERSES ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Mourn, Rome! thy baffled arts, thy conquer'd arms,
For know! 'tis heav'n thy impious zeal diſarms;

Learn by thy fate, and oft experienc'd coſt,
Our temples ill the true Palladium boaſt:
With ſhame review that dire vindictive day,
When hoſtile nations plow'd the liquid way;
With rebel rage inſpir'd, but ah! how vain
They brav'd the Cynthia of our Britiſh main!
Wing'd with falſe hopes, their floating cities flew,
Like Sodom, doom'd to flaming vengeance too:
Immortal Drake, the Britiſh thunder drove,
Swift, as the bolt, hot-hiſſing from above;
Wide o'er the main, the bright infection flew,
And flying, with tempeſtuous fury grew;
Reflecting billows ſhot a gleamy glare,
And boil'd, and flam'd, with elemental war;
From the deep cavern of his oozy bed,
Old Ocean's ſire emerg'd his azure head;
Like ſcorching Xanthus, felt his floods retire,
And roar'd in anguiſh at the god of fire:
But when he ſaw Britannia's peace alarm'd,
And Heav'n, and Drake, with ſacred vengeance arm'd;
With billowing ſtorms he urg'd the work of fate,
And heav'd huge mountains at the burning fleet;
The burning fleet deplore their impious aim,
And dread the thund'rer, now they feel his flame;
With ſhame, with anguiſh, and with guilt, expire,
Or ſink in wat'ry floods, or floods of fire.

Calm o'er the waves great Drake triumphant rode,
Safe in the ſacred ſanction of a god;
His ark, like Noah's, ſaw the whelming tide,
Abſorp an impious world, and gorge its pride,
Conqueſt ſat ſmiling at the ſcene Heav'n wrought,
And, like the dove, the peaceful olive brought:
Like Iſrael, England, on her ſea-beat ſhore,
Beheld the proud Egyptians, proud no more.

But, as when once, the rebel Titans ſtrove,
And fell ſad victims to a vengeful Jove;
Sprung from the poiſon of their Hydra gore,
A race aroſe, as impious as before;
A race, that durſt uſurp the bleſs'd abodes,
Defy the thund'rer, and dethrone the gods:
So, from this baſe defeat, with impious rage,
New Titans dar'd our Britiſh gods engage;
Salmoneus like, with mimic power they ſtrove,
And madly arm'd the thunder 'gainſt its Jove.

In the deep boſom of the cavern'd earth,
Cloſe plotting treaſon laid the nitrous birth;
Old midwife-night with duſky pinions ſate,
To hatch the ſeeds, and brood them into fate:
When Britain's genius from his ruling ſtar,
Beheld the latent ruin from afar;
(Such, once in heav'n, he ſaw black treaſons rage
When rebel angels durſt their God engage)
With ſailing wings the ſacred pow'r deſcends,
And hov'ring o'er his iſle incumbent bends;
With tutelary care, the guardian fate,
And anxious, watch'd the birth of future fate.
And now the gloomy wings of ſable night,
Embrown'd the ſilver empire of the night;
Nor yet the choral cock proclaim'd the day,
But all in ſilence, all in horror lay;
No breathing breeze the dreary foreſt ſhakes,
And Heaven alone with watchful treaſon wakes:

Repos'd, the meditated martyr lay,
Nor flumb'ring dream'd himself a future prey:
Well might he rest secure from mortal fear;
Whose happiness was Heaven's peculiar care!

Lo! through the gloom, a darting lustre streams,
And, like a comet, sheds its baleful beams;
Like that, each baleful beam malignant springs,
Denouncing fate to empires, and to kings:
For lo! black treason lifts her Hydra head,
Struck at her monster form she starts afraid,
Shrinks in the deepest gloom, and seeks the darkest shade!
But, ah! she turns— "O Britain see thy doom—
"Awake! arise! 'tis hell conspires! 'tis Rome!"
Thanks, Heaven! thy beams dispel the hideous sprite,
She flies, she sinks, she seeks th' abyss of night.
Sink fury! to the deepest hell of pains,
There, curse thy rage, in adamantine chains!
But, hark! Britannia's rousing lion roars,
And thunders treason through her concave shores;
But Heaven protects—ye echoes! waft it round,
Ye repercussive rocks! repeat the sound.

Hence learn, O treach'rous Rome! repuls'd retire,
And only with Britannia's peace, conspire;
Oft as thy plots, and stratagems engage,
As often shalt thou mourn thy baffled rage;
For know, we dare thy poor intending hate,
Whilst Walpole stands the bulwark of our state:
Whilst his judicious hands our vessel guide,
Boldly we'll stem old time's tempestuous tide;
Led by that star, the storms of fate defy,
And launch into immense eternity.

Though rocks, and seas begird Britannia's isle,
Her happy shades with sweets eternal smile.
Though the winds rage, and the rough billows roar,
Soft Halcyon ease adorns her peaceful shore;
Compos'd, she sees the factious floods engage,
And smiles superior to their empty rage;
The breaking waves her rocks with fury beat,
And mourn, like thee, O Rome! in tears their base defeat.

1725.

ON CRASSUS.

Don Crassus plum'd with Bacularian pride,
A cap, a gown, and eke a robe beside,
Pedantically saunters up and down
To satisfy the misbelieving town,
Proud of himself—but prouder of his gown.
And well he may so; for the dapper fellow
Is but poor Fustian, though his gown's Prunello!

CHLOE REPROVED.

As Chloe, conscious of her pretty face,
Kiss'd the reflected goddess in the glass;
And shall these charms, she cries, these matchless charms,
To night be buried in an husband's arms?
No!—since the gods indulgent give me power,
I'll reign, at least, the tyrant of an hour!

She said, and to the glitt'ring toilet flew,
Heighten'd each charm, and ev'n diviner grew;
A thousand arts, a thousand airs she tries,
And thus computes the conquests of her eyes.

With scorn, Honorio's passion I resign,
Brillantis, dear Brillantis! shall be mine;
Conquer'd Sireno shall these charms adore,
Sylvander, and an endless thousand more.

Thus spoke the proud premeditated bride,
And the Cosmetic oracle reply'd.

Beware, fair maid, beware, nor strive to prove,
The dangerous varieties of love;
But think how brittle are those charms you boast,
And think how soon that beauty may be lost.
For this (take notice what I say)
Depend on, to your sorrow,
That if you change your mind to-day,
I'll change your face to-morrow.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND SHEPHERD,

IMITATED FROM STRADA.

'Twas when the sun diffus'd a milder ray,
And length'ning shades confess'd the short'ning day:
To Tiber's banks repair'd an am'rous swain,
The love, and envy, of the neighb'ring plain;
To cool his heat, he sought the breezy grove,
To cool his heat, but more, the heat of love;
To soothe his cares, on a soft lute he play'd,
But the soft lute reviv'd the lovely maid;
Conspiring elms their umbrage shed around,
Wav'd with applause, and listen'd to the sound:
When Philomela, gentle bird of love,
Poor, pretty, harmless Syren of the grove!
Enchanted, heard the shepherd as he play'd,
And stole attentive to the tuneful shade,
Perch'd o'er his head, the charmer seem'd to grow,
And to the lyre, in shadows dance'd below;
With scornful eye elate, inclin'd to hear,
And lent her soul to listen in her ear;
As his swift fingers tremble o'er the lute,
Softly she sings responsive to the note:
Each air, each flowing accent of the song,
She soothes, and sweetens, with her softer tongue;
Gently refines each imitated strain
And with his music charms the ravish'd swain:
The ravish'd swain admir'd the just replies,
At first mistaken for the echoing breeze;
But when he found his little rival near,
Imbibing music both at eye and ear;
Sublimer notes improv'd each lab'ring air,
The daring prelude to the tuneful war:
O'erjoy'd, the charmer heard the bold defy,
And warbling, answer'd, with a brisk reply.

Now tend'rest thoughts the gentle swain inspire,
And with a dying softness tune the lyre,
Echo the music of the vernal woods,
Warble the murmurs of the falling floods.
Thus sweet he plays, but sweet he plays in vain,
For Philomela sings a sweeter strain;

With eaſier art ſhe modulates each note,
More nat'ral muſic melting in her throat.

Much he admir'd the magic of her tongue.
But more to ſee his lute, and art outdone;
And now, to loftier airs, he tunes the ſtrings,
And now, to loftier airs, his echo ſings;
Though loud as thunder, though as ſwift as thought,
She reach'd the ſwelling, caught the flying note;
In trembling treble now in deeper baſe,
She ſhow'd how nature could his art ſurpaſs.

Amaz'd, at length, with rage the ſhepherd burn'd,
His admiration into anger turn'd;
Enflam'd with emulating pride, he ſtood,
And thus defy'd the charmer of the wood.

And wilt thou ſtill my muſic imitate?
Then ſee thy folly, and thy taſk is great---
For know more pow'rful lays remain unſung,
Lays! far ſuperior to that mimic tongue—
If not, this lute, this vanquiſh'd lute, I ſwear,
Shall never more delight the raviſh'd ear;
But, broke in ſcatter'd fragments ſtrew the plain,
And mourn the glory which it could not gain---

He ſaid, and as he ſaid, his ſoul on fire,
With a diſdainful air, he ſwept the lyre;
Quick to the touch, the tides of muſic flow,
Swell into ſtrength, or melt away in woe;
Now, raiſe the ſhrilling trumpet's clanging jar,
Now, rouſe the raging thunders of the war;
Now, ſoft'ning ſounds, and ſadly-pleaſing ſtrains,
Breathe out the lover's joys, and lover's pains.

He ſung, and ceas'd his rivals' notes to hear,
As his dy'd liſt'ning in the ambient air.

But now, too late! her noble folly found,
Sad Philomela ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound. [fill'd,
Though vanquiſh'd, yet, with generous ardour
Ignobly ſtill ſhe ſcorn'd to quit the field;
Each emulated air, each labour'd note,
Trills on her tongue, and trembles through her throat,
But ſlowly faint her penſive accents flow,
Weaken'd with grief, and overcharg'd with woe:
Again, ſhe tunes her voice, again ſhe ſings,
Strains every nerve, and quivers on her wings;
In vain! her ſinking ſpirits fade away,
And in a tuneful agony decay;
Dying, ſhe fell, and as the ſtrains expire,
Breath'd out her ſoul in anguiſh on the lyre;
Diſſolv'd in tranſport, there, reſign'd her breath,
And gain'd a living conqueſt by her death.

THE COURT OF VENUS.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

WHERE the fair Paphian goddeſs kept her court,
Where the loves wanton, and the graces ſport;
A tow'ring mountain lifts its lofty brow,
And bends with pleaſure o'er the plains below;
O'er diſtant, blue-retiring hills ſurveys
Its ſhadows floating in Ionian ſeas;
The top impervious, all acceſs denies,
Tires the faint foot, and dims the dizzy eyes:
No fierce, inclement winter ſhivers here,
No blaſting ſeaſons nip the blooming year;
No ſmoking miſts, nor foggy damps ariſe,
Hang o'er the hills, or fail along the ſkies;
But an untainted Æther ſhines ſerene,
And ſheds its influence on the ſmiling ſcene;
Eternal ſweets the waſting breezes bring,
And whiſper out an everlaſting ſpring.

This pleaſurable mountain by degrees,
Sinks in a level, to ſalute your eyes;
Where joy, ſucceeding joy, for ever new,
For ever riſing to the raviſh'd view,
The wand'ring ſight with ſweet amuſement leads
Through golden groves, and ever-living meads.

Theſe were the gifts, his gratitude to prove,
Vulcan beſtow'd upon the queen of love;
For theſe, the queen of love, reſign'd her charms,
And over-ſold the Heaven in her arms.

Here, a ſoft grove its coolly ſhade affords,
Fann'd by the muſic of the warbling birds;
To this, the ſylvan choriſters reſort,
Hop on the boughs, and to the breezes ſport:
The queen of love, amid the tuneful throng,
With gracious ſmiles rewards the fav'rite ſong;
Elects the worthy tenant of the grove,
And dedicates him to the god of love.

Embow'ring trees the mingled ſhade compoſe,
That imitates the fair, for whom it grows;
With complicating poplars, poplars twine,
With ſpreading alders, ſpreading alders join:
Majeſtic elms with bending foliage flow,
Float in green waves, and fan the ſhades below;
The ſhades below, the cooling gale receive,
And riſing, with the cooling gale, revive:
Two diff'rent rivers murmur through the grove,
Two fatal contrarieties in love!
This, ſweet as mutual joy in youthful veins,
That, bitter, as a dying lover's pains:
Conſcious, the ſtreams, each other ſeem to ſhun,
But, in meanders loſt, too ſoon are one!
Dipt in theſe fabled waves, love's fatal dart,
Stings the diſtracted ſoul, to ſoothe the heart;
To theſe, their double pow'r his arrows owe,
Soft-pleaſing joys, and ſad conſuming woe.

Rang'd on the banks, the little loves reſort,
Plight fancy'd oaths, and bend their bows in ſport;
Theſe, tender nymphs produc'd, a blooming race!
And left their virgin image on their face.
Their ruddy cheeks their parents charms proclaim,
Alike their habit, and their look the ſame:
O'er all theſe troops, preſides the god of love,
A god, whom all the gods revere above;
Sprung from the mother, and the queen of charms,
He ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in ſuperior arms;
His cogent power e'en deities controuls,
And awes the thunderer that awes the poles;
On earth he triumphs o'er a monarch's cares,
And blaſts the laurel which the thunder ſpares:
In woods, and groves, th' inferior archers reign,
Contented with the conqueſts of the plain.

Cloſe by the ſtreams, in fatal pomp array'd,
Love's wild romantic equipage is laid;

Here lawleſs liberty for ever roves,
For ever riots in exceſs of loves;
Inflam'd with wine, diſtracted rage appears,
But ſoon diſſolves in ſelf-accuſing tears
Here warming whiſpers propagate replies,
Sweet-melting murmurs, ſoft-conſenting ſighs;
With all the eloquence that hearts confeſs,
With all the harmony that eyes expreſs:
There young deſire their taſted joys purſue,
Pleas'd with the paſt, and panting for the new;
When ſtrange chimeras on a ſudden riſe,
Shift the falſe ſcene, and intercept their eyes;
Tormenting jealouſies, uneaſy cares,
Diſſembling hopes, imaginary fears;
Accuſing crimes of ill-requitted love,
And breaking vows re-echo through the grove.
Full in the midſt, with nice becoming grace,
Stood youth, too conſcious of his comely face;
Proud of his nervous ſtrength, and vig'rous veins,
With pain his blood the luſcious tide contains;
With haughty ſmiles he mocks declining age,
His ſtarv'd enjoyments, and diſſembled rage;
The wither'd crone avoids him with remorſe,
And ſickens at the thought of, Once he was---

Proud o'er the groves a glitt'ring dome aſcends,
Rich with the labour of Vulcanian hands;
Through the green ranks, the darting luſtre ſtreams,
And the ſhades kindle with reflected flames;
This maſterpiece of ſkill, the Lemnian god,
On his fair ſpouſe a worthy gift beſtow'd.
Immortal monuments of art ſupport
The vaſt foundations of each ample court,
On diamond pillars, diamond pillars riſe;
At once invade, and emulate the ſkies;
Pelucid cryſtal clarifies each ſtone,
And by excluding, makes a double ſun;
In oval ſteps the wavy topaz roll'd,
Gleams by reflexion on the valving gold;
Each ſtone conſpires it emulating rays,
Glitters the beryls, and the rubies blaze;
Carv'd ſaphires melt in undulating flame,
And rink the lucid amber's fainter ſtream.

Here ſpacious greens, reviving areas riſe,
And with a milder ſcene refreſh the eyes;
Through Caſſia groves ambroſial breezes breathe,
And ſteal the aromatic ſweets beneath;
There, ſoft, inferior ſhades of myrtle grow,
And lilies, bluſhing as the roſes glow;
Diſſolv'd with joy, the trickling balm runs o'er,
And the ſweet tears diſtil at every pore.

But now, his journey paſt, the god of love,
With joyful ſteps approach'd his native grove;
And now he re-aſſumes a ſolemn pace,
He moves with majeſty, and looks with grace.

It happen'd then, with future joys elate,
His goddeſs-mother at her toilet ſate;
On either ſide, th' Idalian ſiſters ſtand,
Proud of the ſmiling goddeſſes command;
Theſe ſcatters odours o'er the fragrant fair,
Thoſe thread the mazy tendrils of her hair;
Part exercile the nice correcting comb,
Smooth the ſoft curls, and call the ſtraglers home,
The comely fav'rites, by a nice deſign,
They leave to ſport, and wanton with the wind,
The comely fav'rites, with adorning grace
Wave on the breeze, and flow upon her face,
With cooling airs create an eaſy pride,
And, but increaſe the charms, they ſtrive to hide:
No glaſſes here, deluding lights ſupply,
The brilliant diamond, guides the judging eye;
For as the goddeſs moves new mirrors riſe,
And catch augmenting ſplendors from her eyes;
As to the multiplying ſtones ſhe turns,
In all ſhe dances, and in all ſhe burns.

But, lo! a ſudden ſcene of glory fires
Her riſing ſoul, and breathes more gay deſires;
Her ſon's reflected image ſhe ſurveys,
With trembling joys, ſhe turns to prove the rays,
But turning, conſcious of her only ſon,
Into the bloomy boy's embraces run,
Receives him panting at unfolding charms,
And hugs the little darling in her arms.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FROM VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC.

Incens'd, the raging prophet* thus replies,
Gnaſhes his teeth, and rolls his azure eyes.
No common vengeance does your crimes purſue,
Your crimes, which well deſerve their fatal due;
But humbly ſupplicate immortal hate,
And wiſely ſhun the threat'ning rage of fate;
O! think on Orpheus, and his injur'd ſpouſe,
And mark the wicked author of their woes;
When lawleſs luſt enflam'd thy boiling blood,
To chaſe the flying fair along the flood:
Think, how the ſnake, in verdant ambuſh laid,
Unwarily ſurpris'd the panting maid;
Shrieking, ſhe fell, reſign'd her fainter breath,
And ſought the kinder arms of icy death:
The nymphs, the ſwains, the dying virgin mourn'd,
The river deities, the grief return'd;
The winds, with ſympathiſing ſorrow, ſigh'd,
And the ſad ſtreams their trickling tears ſupply'd.

The wretched huſband, hopeleſs of relief,
In tuneful anguiſh ſought to ſoothe his grief;
But riſing ſorrows all his thoughts controul,
Flow in his eyes, and melt his ſoft'ning ſoul;
In plaintive ſtrains he mourns his conſort gone,
Sighs to the riſing, and the ſetting ſun;
Till wildly loſt in ſolitude and woe,
Raving, he ſought, the dreary ſhades below,
Advent'rous by deſpair, and dar'd to tread
The melancholy manſions of the dead;
With ſongs to ſupplicate th' infernal power,
And ſoothe the god, who ne'er was ſooth'd before.

Lur'd by the magic of the ſacred ſound,
Swift-gliding crowds of ſpectres hover round;
Thick, as when fowls obſcure the ev'ning air,
And to their groves in feather'd clouds repair;
Men, matrons, maids, a viſionary throng,
Surround the poet, and imbibe his ſong;
With all thoſe multitudes of empty ghoſts,
Where Stygian ſtreams ſurround the ſquallid coaſts;
Heedleſs their own unhappy fates to mourn,
Weeping, they make his miſery their own.

* *Proteus.*

E'en hell itſelf, with all its fiends, was charm'd,
Its terrors ſoften'd, and its rage diſarm'd;
The grinning guardian loll'd his triple tongue,
And fawning, lick'd the poet, as he ſung;
The very furies heav'd away their chains,
And found their own too weak for muſic's ſtrains,
Ixion his eternal toil forewent,
And liſt'ning, on his rolling labour, leant.

But now the tuneful bard, his bride reſtor'd,
Back to the realms of day, the path explor'd;
Slowly ſhe follow'd, as he led the way,
Obedient to Proſerpina's decree:
For if, before the gloomy ſhades were paſt,
He turn'd to look, the look muſt be his laſt,
A fault which hell might paſs in ſilence by,
Could hell behold it with a lover's eye:
And now near travers'd o'er the realms of night,
They roſe emergent on the beams of light;
When the poor youth unfortunately kind,
Caſt a too fond-conductive glance behind:
But, as he turn'd, three peals of thunder ſpoke,
The dire conditionary promiſe broke;
While thus the ſadly ſweet, reproving maid,
Beſpoke the youth by too much love betray'd.

Unhappy Orpheus! ah, unhappy boy!
What mov'd thee thus to blaſt our bloomy joy?
Alas! for ever loſt, I leave thee now!
This parting kiſs, to ſoothe eternal woe——
Farewell—dim ſhades of horror round me riſe,
And ſudden night o'erwhelms my ſwimming eyes.

She ſaid; and as ſhe ſaid, in ſhades withdrew,
From his deluded arms, the viſion flew;
With ſtrict embrace, in vain he ſtops her ſtay,
Diſſolv'd to air, unfelt, ſhe glides away;
In vain he ſeeks her with inceſſant eyes,
In vain invokes her with imploring cries;
What could he do? All efforts are too late,
Again her ſoul is ſummon'd down by fate;
Th' infernal ferry-man relents no more,
And e'en his muſic now forgets its power!

Seven months, by fame's report, the loneſome ſwain,
Devoted to his melancholy pain:
Where Scythian hills are bleak with drifted ſnow,
And ſhiver in the frigid floods below,
Diſtracted, with indulgency of grief,
In ſoul-reſtoring ſtrains he ſought relief;
In ſtrains that e'en the barren mountains charm'd,
And their eternal froſts with pity warm'd:
The liſt'ning ſavages his power confeſs'd,
Their rage he ſooth'd, but could not ſoothe his breaſt.

As the lamenting nightingale complains,
Of cruel ſpoilers, and deſtructive ſwains,
When ſad! ſhe ſees her younglings borne away,
Her downy darlings, an inhuman prey!
Sunk in ſome gloom, ſhe darkling pines alone,
Sighs out her grief, and murmurs out her moan.
Thus Orpheus ſought to calm his peaceleſs breaſt,
A ſtranger to the quietude of reſt;
Now wildly tortur'd by deſpair, he goes,
O'er freezing mountains of eternal ſnows,
Delighted to the barren rocks to tell,
The rigorous benevolence of hell;
Averſe to Venus, and the nuptial joys,
In unavailing grief his life deſtroys;
Till frantic Bacchanals that madly ſtrove
To warm his boſom to a ſecond love,
With rage, revenge, and brutal fury arm'd,
More ſavage, than theſe ſavages he charm'd,
Conſpir'd againſt his life, the bard they ſlew,
And on cold Hebe's ſtreams his head they threw;
Yet, e'en in death, his voice bewails his woe,
And with the ſtreams his ſtrains in anguiſh flow;
Eurydice! his dying tongue deplores,
Eurydice! reſounds along the length'ning ſhores.

UPON A NEEDLE.

Occaſioned by ſeeing a Lady Embroidering.

This little inſtrument of art,
Methinks, reſembles Cupid's dart;
As the ſilken wound it gives,
With enliv'ning beauty lives;
So the pointed ſhafts of love,
On my heart, their power prove;
And, as the vital threads they pierce,
Animate a ſpring of verſe,
Whilſt the flowers of poetry
Ariſe, theſe brighter flowers to ſee.

Yet, though thus like, both darts appear,
In the main point, they differ far;
For, but conſider, their employs—
This creates, but that deſtroys!

TO MR. TAYLOR, A. B. OF ST. JOHN'S, &c.

Upon reading ſome of his excellent Poems.

As ſuppliants e'er they ſeek the ſacred ſhrine,
Prefer their off'rings to the power within;
Thus let me fix this token of my zeal, [ſteal;
Here, through theſe gates of fame, a paſs-port
Purſue the paths of glory where you run,
And, like the lark, ſalute the riſing ſun.

But hark! what ſweet enchanting notes I hear?
Does * Horace, or does Taylor charm mine ear?
Deluſive thought! the Roman, now no more,
To Latium loſt, delights th' Elyſium ſhore;
There, hap'ly could he hear thy loftier ſtrain,
Thy lyre would charm him into life again.

† Securely may'ſt thou dare the darts of death,
Defy the tyrant with thy lateſt breath;
For this life loſt, eternal life receive,
And in thy own Pindaric ever live.

‡ What may not all thy lofty numbers raiſe,
When light receives new luſtre from thy lays?
Amaz'd, I view'd thy beams, like ancient night,
Silver my gloom, and cheer my ſoul with light:
Like the fair orb you ſing with equal force,
By your own brightneſs you direct your courſe;
To us below, thy genial rays diſpenſe,
The glorious beams of everlaſting ſenſe;

---

* *Alluding to his odes.*
† *Alluding to a poem againſt the fear of death.*
‡ *Alluding to an ode on light.*

Ripen each thought, recal each fancy forth,
And warm poetic harveſts into birth.
In thee, as in Apollo, both unite,
Celeſtial luſtre, and celeſtial wit.

* Had holy David heard thee weep his woe,
The Pſalmiſt had reſign'd his harp to you;
Muſic, like yours, would all his griefs controul,
And ſoothe him, as he ſooth'd diſtemper'd Saul.

But whilſt I thus thy pleaſing paths purſue,
What fields of glory open to my view?
What riſing raptures, all my breaſt inſpire,
How my ſoul kindles with reflected fire!
Still, as I read, with rage divine I glow,
Dwell on each thought, and ſtrive to think like you:
With wonder view judicious ardour ſhine,
Bloom in each thought, and ripen ev'ry line:
Each manly verſe, with female ſweetneſs flows,
With fruits, and bloſſoms, like the orange glows.

But, oh! forgive a weak officious friend,
And let theſe lines my honeſt love commend:
Whilſt to ſublimer flights your wings aſpire,
Thus let me gaze at diſtance, thus admire;
Receive a ſingle portion of your power,
Nor, like Eliſha, could I wiſh for more.

But, when time ſees thy future laurels grow
For ſome great Iliad, to adorn thy brow,
In the ſoft ſhade, thus let me chant my love,
And live the linnet of thy laurel grove.

TO LAURA.

When Paris ſaw the bright celeſtial Three,
And view'd thoſe beauties, now reviv'd in thee,
Hadſt thou, my Laura, ſeen the grand diſpute,
Hadſt thou contended for the glitt'ring fruit;
Heaven's queen had found her princely preſents vain,
Nor proffer'd empires you alone could gain;
Pallas abaſh'd, had own'd with ſweet ſurpriſe,
The ſilent eloquence of magic eyes;
Such eyes had ſmil'd thee faireſt of the fair,
And Venus own'd a brighter Venus there.
Though Venus ſhone with each alluring grace,
Her charms had only gain'd a ſecond place:
Thine! thine had won the ſhepherd's noble part,
Though hers the apple, thine had been his heart.

TO THE SAME.—WEEPING.

If Laura weep for thoſe her eyes have ſlain,
Then ſmile, my fair, and we'll revive again.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PATCHES.

Laura, you ſay, theſe ſable ſpots impart,
The ſeemly tokens of each love-burnt heart;
As conquer'd trophies grace ſome ſacred ſhrine,
So they adorn a power, as much divine:
But if, among thoſe conqueſts of your eyes,
My humble heart can prove a worthy prize;
O let your lip the faithful token wear,
And let me live on endleſs kiſſes there!

* *Alluding to a poem on David's lamentation over Abſalom.*

TO HER RING.

Bleſt ornament! how happy is thy ſnare,
To bind the ſnowy finger of my fair!
O could I learn thy nice coerſive art,
And as thou bind'ſt her finger, bind her heart!

Not eaſtern diadems, like thee, can ſhine,
Fed from her brighter eyes with beams divine;
Nor can their mightieſt monarch's pow'r command
So large an empire, as thy charmer's hand.

O could thy form thy fond admirer wear,
Thy very likeneſs ſhould in all appear;
My endleſs love, thy endleſs round ſhould ſhow,
And my heart flaming, for thy diamond glow.

ON A LADY'S NECKLACE.

Ye cryſtal orbs that on her boſom lie,
The glitt'ring planets of a brighter ſky,
Like ſtars illumin'd by the lamp of day,
From my Selinda's eye you catch your ray;
Well may thoſe eyes of light like yours inſpire,
When their leaſt beam can ſet my heart on fire.

O happy chain! thy artleſs foldings prove
Superior to the magic charms of love!
O! were you, by a juſt poſſeſſion, mine,
And had I power to make you more divine;
Could art increaſe each globe, as large as this,
Like Anthony, I'd give it for a kiſs:
My worlds, though ſwell'd to thouſands, I'd beſtow,
To circle my Selinda's neck, like you.

TO A LADY,

Who is moſt beautiful when Angry.

Cælia, methinks, that ſweet contracted brow,
Reſembles angry Cupid's bended bow;
Like, that, it aims a ſtroke at every heart,
Whilſt either eye ſupplies a keener dart.

ON WOMEN.

Bright, as thoſe glittering worlds that roll above,
Are women, when in virtue's orb they move;
But then, like ſtars, once fall'n, their light they loſe,
Unheeded fade, and turn to ſlime, like thoſe.

TO MRS. WIGMORE,

Upon ſeeing her at the Mountebank's ſtage.

Could Smith's medicinary power but heal,
With half that eaſe, your fatal glances kill:
How might we bleſs the love-relieving art!
How might it ſoothe this ſad afflicted heart!
But yet, for O! ſo pleaſing is the flame,
So like the charming fair, from whom it came!
Firſt, let each pang diſtract my peaceful reſt,
But never, never! leave my love-ſick breaſt;
Still, ſtill, let hope indulge the dear deſire,
And with the lamp of life alone expire;

So ſhall my death, my faithful paſſion prove,
And my heart die a martyr to my love.

TO MR. EUSDEN,

Deſiring his Corrections on a Poem.*

Dear Sir,

If what a grateful heart can give,
May meet a kind reception, this receive;
To theſe low, humble lines, a while unbend,
And let the critic ſoften to the friend;
Let human candor aid thy judging art,
And thy head ever dictate from thy heart!

Fond to be thought a candidate for fame,
My muſe, ambitious, takes a lofty aim;
But, ah! too bold her wiſh, too large her view,
Unleſs approv'd, unleſs inſpir'd by you;
Unleſs you tune her notes, in vain ſhe ſings,
Unleſs you aid, in vain ſhe ſpreads her wings;
Aw'd by your word, ſhe'll, bluſhing own her fault,
Diſclaiming each extravagance of thought;
Nature, and art, at once, like you, diſpenſe,
And ripen fancy into ſtrength of ſenſe.

Thus, tender trees, with flowers luxuriant ſmile,
Waſte their vain ſap, ungrateful to their ſoil;
Till ſome wiſe hand, with kind corrective care,
Prune their gay pride, and bid their branches bear:
Then fruits, and flowers, promiſcuouſly abound,
Teem from the ſtroke, and bloſſom from the wound.

Sidney-College, Jan. 27. 1725-6.

W. Pattison.

AN APOLOGY TO MR. BELL.

Clarior in tenebris ſi latuiſſet, erat.

Sir,

If I my tributary lays refuſe,
O blame not me, but blame the conſcious muſe!
For when commanding duty bids me ſing,
She ſtops my voice, and breaks the jarring ſtring;
And when I would the pleaſing taſk renew,
The awful Roman riſes to my view,
Let thoſe, ſays he, who aim in all they write,
At once to mingle profit, and delight;
Their theme exactly to their meaſures fit,
Nor vainly hope to riſe above their wit:
Who looks aloft, will ſurely tread awry,
And may miſtake a marl-pit for the ſky.

Yet, like the reſt, I can my tribute bring,
Like ſome perhaps in ſpite of nature ſing:
Ranſack each common author, and from thence
Profane good ancient phraſe with modern ſenſe.
In rapine rich, laboriouſly dull,
Witty, but juſt enough to ſhow a fool;
How could I languiſh in a rural ſong,
And tag the tadpole-paſtoral along?
How ſweetly ſhould the tuneful murmurs creep,
And lull the raviſh'd reader faſt aſleep?
The blaſted oaks ſhould then more juſtly fear,
My rhyming fury, than the thunder's ſcar.

How could I, wing'd with ſplay-foot lyrics fly,
Like hag, on broomſtick, through the troubled ſky!
Rhyming, I'd mount, like Dennis, heretofore,
Bluſter as loudly, and as proudly ſoar.

Well may ſuch poets riſe a tow'ring height,
Who have no thought to intercept their flight;
Nor need they fear to tumble from the ſkies,
For thoſe can never fall, who never riſe.

But ſhall I with collected theft profane
The great, the bleſs'd, the venerable name!
Shall I with murd'rers to the altar fly,
Not through religious zeal, but infamy,
As Blackmore fought in Job a ſanctuary!
Forbid it, Heav'n—I chooſe an humbler fate,
Nor would be wicked, to be vainly great.
Let me in lowlier ſcenes a while delight,
With cooling judgment meditate the flight;
Then, worthy Sir, if time confirm my thought,
The tribute, if 'tis worthy, ſhall be brought;
With double ardour I'll the taſk purſue,
To ſing of Heaven, and ſing to you.

TO MR. HEDGES,

On Reading his Latin Ode to Dr. Broxholme.

Unskill'd in Greek and Roman tongue,
Which words are ſhort, and which are long,
To thee theſe home-ſpun lines I ſend,
Not as a ſcholar, but a friend.

Here I might ſhow from wiſe example,
In work elaborate and ample,
That Homer, though he writ in Greek,
Writ what his mother taughthim ſpeak;
Horace and Virgil's learned Latin,
Was what, when boys, they us'd to prate in,
That all fam'd bards, except the Dutch,
(If there were ever any ſuch)
Have writ the poems, they excel in,
In the ſame tongue they learn'd to ſpell in.

To thee alone, with greateſt eaſe,
'Tis granted, in all ways, to pleaſe;
And, by a gift from heaven miraculous,
All lingua's are to thee vernacula's:
That Horace ſelf had ſcarcely known,
Thy thoughts, or language from his own.

Many a lad returns from ſchool,
A Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fool;
In arts and knowledge ſtill a block,
Though deeply ſkill'd in *hic, hæc, hoc.*
Heavy they tread the up-hill way,
O'er craggy rocks, and found'ring clay,
Till weary with their road, they ſtop
Juſt at the mountain's lofty top;
Still poring on the barren ground,
View not the beauteous proſpect round;
Which, hid beneath the ſummit, lies
Conceal'd from low and vulgar eyes,
And which alone can amply pay
The toil and drudgery of the way:
From hence they might with tranſport view
All that the ancient ſages knew;
What they perform'd, and what they thought,
How Tully ſpoke, and Cæſar fought;
While manners of a world unknown
Should guide their youth, and form their own;

* *Roſamond to Henry.*

While bright examples lead to fame,
And vicious teach to fly their ſhame.

Yet we might ſpare the mighty pains
In ſearching ancient dark remains;
Since greater worthies riſe at home,
And Britain ſcorns to yield to Rome.
Auguſtus' reign, renown'd for peace,
For learning, wit, and wealth's increaſe;
No more we envy, while our land
Is doubly bleſs'd from George's hand.
Ammon's ſucceſs, and Cæſar's mind,
To form victorious Marlbro' join'd;
Demoſthenes', and Tully's fame,
Muſt yield to Walpole's greater name;
Faction, and ſtrife, to hear his voice,
Are dumb, and ceaſe their jarring noiſe:
Whole ſenates bow their yielding minds,
Like woods before the ſouthern winds;
Free from deceit, and ſervile art,
He ſpeaks the dictates of his heart;
His tongue enchants, his counſel leads;
Peace enters firſt, then wealth ſucceeds:
His virtues through the land confeſs'd,
While thus he ſoothes us to be bleſt.

If to new ſcenes we turn our view,
And learning, arts, and wit purſue,
Our land can furniſh men of fame,
To eclipſe the Greek, and Roman name.
Locke ſhall inſtruct, and form our youth,
And teach their underſtandings truth.
Vice ſhall look pale, and virtue thrive,
Humanity, and friendſhip live;
While Addiſon our morals rules,
And proves all villains to be fools.
Newton ſhall lead our raviſh'd ſouls,
Through boundleſs worlds beyond the poles;
From ſtar to ſtar direct our way,
As certain, and as fix'd as they.
Examples were but vain to prove,
Our nation's boaſt, our country's love.
A land of patriots brave, and free,
While all mankind ars ſlaves but we!

To what a height true wit can reach,
Let Waller, and let Congreve teach;
And if we needs muſt write by rules,
Without th' aſſiſtance of the ſchools,
In flowing verſe, and lines well-wrought,
What Horace, what Quintilian thought,
Join'd with a little mother wit,
Roſcommon, and our Pope have writ.

The fair, who beſt the muſe inſpire,
Who warm the heart, and tune the lyre,
Superior to all former dames,
Inhabit now the banks of Thames:
Th' Egyptian queen, the ancient's boaſt,
For whom the well-fought world was loſt,
Tell me, dear Hedges, thou canſt tell,
Thou know'ſt the dead, and living well,
Could ſhe her haughty charms compare
With her, who repreſents her here?
Old Homer's theme, the Grecian dame,
Who ſet whole nations in a flame,
No more had been the beauteous prize,
Had they beheld Lavinia's eyes;
The Greeks for her alone had ſtrove,
And Paris had been falſe to love.

Thus taught, and thus inſpir'd, I write
What friendſhip, and what love indite;
Free from each modern witling's vice,
Envy and ſlander, flattery, lies,
To pleaſe our pride, or gain our end,
Each jeſt ſhould ſacrifice a friend;
While one's ill-nature joins to praiſe
What th' other's malice dully ſays;
In peace my harmleſs minutes paſs,
'Twixt buſineſs, beauty, and a glaſs;
Nor want I aught, my ſoul to cheer,
But thee, to join in pleaſure here;
Thus may I live, till life ſhall end,
And love my miſtreſs, country, friend!

TO A FRIEND,

Diſſuading him from loving a certain Lady.

If aught a kindly caution can impart,
Be this, not love, imprinted on thy heart;
Let every line a well-known truth commend,
And, where you doubt the poet, truſt the friend;
Let vanquiſh'd reaſon re-aſſume the field,
And to the true, the fictious goddeſs yield.

What Homer feigns, when fierce Tydides ſtrove
Inſpir'd by Pallas, with the queen of love;
But ſhows the weakneſs of vain beauty's art,
Whilſt wiſdom's ſacred influence arms the heart:
Yet, green in age, unvers'd in female wiles,
Each ſpecious ſhow our eaſy ſight beguiles;
Gay courting ſcenes the early path adorn,
And blooming beauty paints our youthful morn;
Our heedleſs pleaſures with falſe objects riſe,
Blind to the black'ning cloud, and gathering ſkies.
But, ah! methinks, I hear thee, ſighing, ſay,
Such charms invite! ſo flowery ſmiles the way!
Reſolv'd, fair beauty's lovely maze I'll run—
Who might not thus? who would not be undone!—
O ſtay, raſh youth! beware, be timely wiſe,
Lurk'd in that labyrinth, another monſter lies!

How weak were female ſnares, how vain each wile,
Did not our eyes our hood-wink'd minds beguile?
Like groſs idolaters, we form the power,
Then, the dull image, as a god, adore;
Breath'd in ſoft ſighs, our pleading ſouls impart,
And, for the victim, ſacrifice our heart:
Hence, Celia rules, the tyrant of thy breaſt,
In all the ſeeming Deity confeſt;
Hence, when ſhe ſpeaks, there's muſic in the ſound,
Hence, when ſhe looks, her eyes like lightnings wound:
But, to thy reaſon's eye, the ſcene diſplay,
And the proud phantom-goddeſs fades away;
No more her immortality remains,
Unleſs preſerv'd in thy immortal ſtrains.

Grant we, thy Celia's charms ſuperior ſhine,
Or, in the lover's language, look divine;
Yet, is each charm to her alone confin'd?
Or canſt thou judge, by partial paſſion blind?
Still, will each faithful, love-alluring grace,
Beam in her eye, and brighten up her face?

So, the blue ſummit of ſome mountain's height,
Wrapt in gay clouds, deludes the diſtant ſight;
But, as with gazing eyes we draw more near,
Fades the falſe ſcene, and the rough rocks appear.

Nor outward form thy eaſy thought controul,
But be the look an index to the ſoul;
For, when old nature fram'd the faithleſs fair,
From every work the goddeſs cull'd a ſhare;
In heav'nly beauty bade her face excel,
But made her heart the treaſury of hell:
Hence, pride, and luſt, and jealous fury grow,
The ſprings of ſorrow, and the ſeeds of woe!
Thus brothels with a painted angel ſhine,
Whilſt latent devils enambuſh'd, lurk within.

Nor think, my Damon, that I raſhly blame
Thy too good nature, thy too generous flame;
Like thine, my victim'd heart, the pangs has bore,
But, (ah, delightful change!) endures no more;
Yet, O for oft the thought diſturbs my reſt,
'Tis hard to heal a love-envenom'd breaſt;
So ſoft each arrow ſteals upon our heart,
It glides a feather, but it grows a dart.
Yet, wouldſt thou from increaſing ills be free,
Purſue my precepts, and reſolve like me,
When the falſe ſyren ſingles out her man,
Tips the lewd leer, or flaps the flirting fan;
O ſhun th' infection ſwift, victorious, fly,
She ſmiles a ruin, and ſhe looks a lie!
But, muſt ſome lovely, ſome divinely fair,
Sweeten this draught of life, and ſoothe thy care;
Let the gay muſe relieve thy ſickening pain,
And form a brighter Venus of the brain; [grieve,
Then ſhalt thou ſcorn thoſe charms that made thee
And by the fair illuſion learn to live.

So Iſrael's ſons, by poiſonous ſerpents ſtung,
Aloft in air, a mimic ſerpent hung;
Fix'd on the ſight, the ſad afflicted train
Gaz'd into health, and look'd away their pain.

Sidney-Coll. Feb. 19. 1725-6

ON A PAINTED LADY.

Cælia's fair, the charming toaſt,
May of each perfection boaſt;
What penurious nature owes,
Art more liberal beſtows:
Bids a freſher bluſh ariſe,
Keener lightning arm her eyes;
Adds, or animates a grace,
And wakes the wonders of her face:
The bluſhing tinctures ſmiling flow,
To ſee how cunningly they grow;
To ſee how all the beaus adore
Cælia, mortal now no more,
New created by their power.

Thus the faireſt ſweeteſt place,
Once uncultivated was;
Where parterres their flowers diſcloſe,
Buſhes, brakes, and briars roſe;
Thorns with pointed horror ſtood,
And arm'd the borders of the wood;
But ſince the workman's pow'rful hand
Subdu'd, and civiliz'd the land;
Tun'd the torrents to caſcades,
And ſoften'd foreſts into ſhades,
Surpriſing ſcenes attract our ſight,
And turn diſpleaſure to delight;
The ſavages forſake their place,
And yield to nobler human race.

An Natura intendat Monſtrum? *Mr.*

Tranſlated from the Carm. Quad.

Press'd with a load of poverty and years,
How ſtrange a progidy the wretch appears;
Whoſe trembling limbs, and furrow'd brows reveal,
The noxious witch, foe to the public weal;
Who gathers herbs by moon light, and alarms
The neighb'ring villages with magic charms:
To her imagin'd ſpells dire woes ſucceed,
The gen'rous courſer lothes the flow'ry mead;
Spurning the glebe around the field he flies,
Forſakes his dappled mares, repines, and dies.

From infants tender throats (what nurſes ſay
There numbers ſhall to wond'ring ears convey)
Sharp pins and needles tear their bloody way.
From heifers ſtubborn teats the trickling ſtore
Of milky nectar now deſcends no more;
Dame Baucis trudges to the fields in vain,
Few drops, alas! her ſtinted pails contain.

Oft the malicious hag is ſeen to fly,
Through the large convex of the nether ſky;
Upborn by magic ſtaff ſhe rides ſecure,
(Superior to the giddy whirlwinds power.)
Advent'rous, o'er the pathleſs welkin ſtrays,
Mocks the rude winds, and in the tempeſt plays.
Now dwindled to an hare, ſhe ſcours in view,
While the full cry her circling maze purſue;
Now tir'd, the beagle's eager ſpeed eludes,
In puzzling thickets loſt, or trackleſs woods:
The baffled hunters for the witch inquire,
Now ſafely ſeated by the kitchen fire;
Hid in grimalkin's form, with ſullen pride,
Demure ſhe ſits, and licks her tabby ſide.

Whence knows ſhe thus to vary her diſguiſe,
And in a borrow'd ſhape deceive our eyes?
She, whom the reſtleſs courſe of time made old,
(Time that diſtorts the faireſt human mould)
Though a poor ſimple ſoul as ever liv'd,
Is by the vulgar as a witch receiv'd.
Thus monſters in our mind alone exiſt,
We give 'em birth, and ſhape them as we liſt.

TO MR. ROCHE,

Upon his tranſlating the foregoing Piece.

To praiſe unknown, unknowing to commend,
Diſtinguiſhes the critic from the friend:
Such was my juſt applauſe when public fame
Proclaim'd your merit, but conceal'd your name.
Like Egypt we ador'd the teeming flood,
And bleſs'd the latent author of our good.

No more ſhall ſilly tales the world deceive,
No more the ſillier world thoſe tales believe:
Each wither'd crone ſhall live and die unblam'd,
And be no more a witch or wizard nam'd:
No public grievances inſeſt her eaſe,
But innocently ſhe may ſtink in peace.
The only prodigy which now appears,
Is ſuch a genius ſo beyond its years.

TO A WRETCHED POETASTER;

That went into mourning to counterfeit his ſiſter's death.

In vain, poor fuſtian ſop, you dreſs and write,
Begot in nature's ſcorn, and wit's deſpite;
For ſure ſhe made thee only for a rule,
To form a coxcomb, and a canting fool;
In vain you tag dull miſerable rhyme,
And make it with your ſham'bling legs to chime;
The muſe you may purſue in nature's ſpite,
But never overtake her tow'ring flight;
In this you're only right, ſo ſmart in black,
For then, you ſhow your ſoul, upon your back.

As the ſly peaſant hangs a breathleſs crow,
To ſcare the vermin from the corn below;
So fortune ſets thee in a * world of wit,
To keep fools like thyſelf from taſting it.

Of old, we read Amphion's ſacred ſong,
Could draw dull blocks and ſenſeleſs ſtones along;
The ſame effect among thy books we ſee,
For they draw blocks, as dull, in drawing thee.

Thy wit, and money, both are of a length,
Both ſtol'n, dependant on each other's ſtrength;
But ſoon thy ſiſter ſhall reſume her breath,
And to thy muſe, and thee give ſurer death;
Then, thoſe black enſigns of her wiſh'd-for fate,
May mourn thy tranſient wit, and loſt eſtate.

Wrote at Appleby School, 1723.

SONG.

'Twas in the ſolemn noon of night,
As I lay by a murmuring ſtream,
Betray'd by fancy's ſweet delight,
Amus'd by an amorous dream.

When ſtraight I heard, or ſeem'd to hear,
From an ivy's dark reverend ſhade,
A ſolemn ſound aſſault mine ear,
And heavily pierce the thick glade.

But ſoon a faint pale form appear'd,
Like a ſhade on a moon-ſhiny wall;
To it's gor'd breaſt it's hand it rear'd,
And utter'd this ſorrowful call.

O pity me kind hearted ſwain!
For you knew, ah too well! the falſe maid;
She lov'd me firſt, firſt ſooth'd my pain,
She ſooth'd it, but then ſhe betray'd!

Depreſs'd with anguiſh, rage, and grief,
I fatally fought out this grove,
Here raſhly cut the thread of life,
And ended all hopes of my love!

But yet, though beauty cannot pleaſe,
And, though I'm now taſteleſs of charms,
'Twill rob me of eternal reſt,
To think her enjoy'd in thy arms.

Yet once, I think, thou wert my friend,
Till the friend in the rival was loſt,
O kindly let the rival end.
Nor farther torment a poor ghoſt!

* *Meaning his books.*

For this a reſtleſs ſhade I rove
Be warn'd by my pitiful fate!
Betimes, betimes renounce your love,
Nor ponder this leſſon too late!

So may good angels guard thy ſleep.—
But I to the falſe-hearted maid
Will glide, and through the curtains peep;
There ſhow her the man ſhe betray'd.

She cannot, ſure, ſhe cannot ſee
So wretched an object unmov'd!
At leaſt, I think, ſhe'll pity me,
More truly than ever ſhe lov'd.

Farewell—but, go to yonder cave,
Where my bones to the ravens lie bare;
Inhume them kindly in a grave,
And my fame from aſperſers, O clear!

I trembled as the ſpectre ſpoke,
And ſtarting, awak'd with the fright,
While the hoarſe night bird's hollow croak,
Preſented the ſhivering ſp'rit.

A ſudden chillneſs freez'd my breaſt,
My ſoul in a terror was fled;
Fainting, I ſunk, benumb'd oppreſs'd,
And dreamt that Beliza was dead.

When ſoon, for now the dawning light
Be-jewell'd the dew-dropping vale,
A youth came poſting through the night;
To tell me the fore-boded tale.

The maid was dead—my fears were juſt,
I aroſe, and ſoon found out the cave,
Prepar'd an urn, then mix'd their duſt,
And weeping laid both in a grave.

FROM LONDON TO CAMBRIDGE.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ROCHE.

Sir,

Yours, I receiv'd, with mighty pleaſure,
Attended with my learned * treaſure;
And had I Burkett's knack, and time,
I'd ſhoe my muſe's feet with rhyme,
I'd ſend you ſuch a pack of news,
Nay, make an hackney of my muſe:
Prove logically Pope a fool †,
Sagely denounce great Shakſpeare dull,
To both prefer good Maſter Fenton,
Or, in a moment's time invent one;
But for neceſſity you know,
One's ſelf might ſtand—in *ſtatu quo*.

But hang it, I've no turn for ſatire,
Beſides, 'tis quite againſt my nature;
For criticiſms! pſhaw the bottle——
The devil take your Ariſtotle:
Give me a ſparkling foaming glaſs,
As bright and clever as my laſs;
Thus let us dance an endleſs round,
Till one or t'other throws me down.

But now to talk a little ſerious,
Nor vainly light, nor yet myſterious;

* *Books received.*

† *In anſwer to Burkett's aſſerting theſe tenets.*

Pray how do Cambridge matters ſtand?
How fare the brethren of the band?
For now I think on't in your laſt,
Thoſe things were negligently paſs'd;
But in your next, pray let me know,
If you can come to town or no;
For ſolitary here I ſtay,
Impatient at your long delay;
Moſt indolently ſpend my time,
Or ſleep, or drink, or idly rhyme;
Now lay new models for a poem,
Then in a moment's time undo 'em;
For faith the tuneful tribe neglect me,
While you are abſent to direct me.
But, if you'll come, then in a trice,
Aſſiſted by your good advice;
I'll poliſh my poetic ſtore,
And fiſh for trouts in metaphor;
To Thames' ſerene retreats repair,
And finiſh my ſix cantos there *;
My pleaſurable labours done,
Subſcribe, your ſervant Pattiſon.

TO THE SAME.

While you, my dear, ſit moap'd in college,
And loſe your wit in ſearch of knowledge,
Reſtrain'd by tutors, aw'd by doctors,
And watch'd by ſupercilious proctors;
I make the preſent day my own,
And dedicate it to the town:
As how? why thus; here's juſt a piece
And this is all, my pleaſure's price;
With this I'll get politely drunk,
With this I'll get ſome courtly punk,
Not one of your damn'd common whores,
That ply it at your merchant's doors;
But one, ay, ſuch a one! ſo fine!
You bards would call her ſome divine---
Some---but a rapture here encroaches,
Time ſpends---you captain of the coaches!
Here maſter---where? why to the Roſe,
(A place that every body knows.)

But now we've got a moment's talk,
As folks tell ſtories as they walk;
For once I'll be as dull and ſober,
As if I'd guzzled fat October.

I know you, and twenty more,
If once poetically---poor;
Would ſit and frown, be hipp'd, and ſnivel,
And curſe your fortune to the devil;
Whilſt I, all gay, and debonair,
Till I muſt feel, would nothing fear.
Riches are joys indeed---I want 'em,
And I'll thank fortune if ſhe'll grant 'em;
If not---why I'm the richer ſtill---
No, no, you mean the poorer Will---
The richer, Sir, I ſay again,
And thus the matter I'll explain.

Thoſe mortals, happy, you'll allow,
Who nothing borrow, nothing owe?
But ſearch the world: and if you can
In town or country find that man,
To your opinion I'll deſcend,
If not, I hope, you'll hear your friend.

Well, for that's neareſt, go to court,
Begin your ſearch, I wiſh you ſport:
His Honour, Lordſhip, and his Grace,
All mighty men! in mighty place!
But how are all thoſe honours gain'd?
Thoſe mighty places, how obtain'd?
How? why by intereſt and favour,
Then let me note, Sir, by your leave here;
Thoſe dignities 'tis plainly ſhown,
Are but another's, not their own;
Soon got, they may as ſoon be loſt,
While whim and fancy rule the roaſt;
And very plainly, by the bye,
Belong as much to you or I.

But if they're bob'd by church or ſtate,
You ſay they've got a great eſtate:
A great eſtate! by whom? or how?
Lord, Sir! you're too inquis'tive now---
Job's father's dead, he's eldeſt ſon,
Juſt come to age, ſo all's his own;
What would you more? but lend your ear,
And in a moment you ſhall hear;
Your 'ſquire has wealth, and therefore parts!
Is great at court, deep vers'd in arts:
Yet whilſt his ſtock of wealth and ſenſe,
Is due to men or providence;
He lives!---but on another's pence!
And while he grows the richer, yet
He only runs the more in debt;
Hence logically I could ſhow,
The more we have, the more we owe;
But time's too precious thus to ſpend,
And ſee we're at our journey's end---
Here, O delicious! take the glaſs---
O fill it higher! name the laſs---
Now make a fool, as tale ſhall bleſs us,
Of Ariſtotle, and of Crœſus.

TO MR. MITCHELL,

Upon his poetical petition to the Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

Back, ſcribbler, to thy Caledonian plains,
Cold as thy genius, barren as thy brains;
To thoſe inhoſpitable mountains ſhow,
A curſed rhyming itch they never knew;
Nor think to read thy lectures here; for know,
We never take dictators from the plough:
Then peaceably betimes reſign thy quill,
Scotland to Britiſh power is ſubject ſtill;

While Congreve with a juſt politeneſs warms,
While eaſy Pope with flowing muſic charms;
While witty Swift ſhall every muſe adorn,
And Dennis ſcourge the fools he does not ſcorn;
While Philips' verſe delights the liſt'ning ſwains,
And Steele declines the praiſe his merit gains;
While Fenton's ſadly-pleaſing numbers move,
And Granville kindles up a nobler love.
While happy we theſe tuneful bards can hear,
No foreign jargon ſhall debauch our ear.

* *He had a deſign of writing a poem upon angling, in ſix cantos.*

Yet warm'd by Britiſh heat, and Britiſh lays,
Thou ſtriv'ſt to turn thy libel into praiſe;
Thus Egypt's ſtreams in muddy currents run,
And ripen into monſters by the ſun.
In vain thou'rt ſanctify'd with Milton's name,
Not even Homer ſhould protect thy ſhame;
In Pope, that mighty Greek thy baſeneſs knows,
And Zoilus and Homer ſtill were foes.
Murderers like thee to an aſylum fly,
Not to ſhow zeal, but hide their infamy:
And with convicted villains may'ſt thou go,
Guilty of robbery, and murder too;
For trace thy ſteps, and preſently we find
The hand that robb'd Pack's garden of the mind;
Murdering each ſweet, diſguiſing it for thine,
And making mortal what he made divine.

ON HIS MISTRESS'S FAVOURS.

Like Alexander, Cælia ſpreads her power,
Like him, ſhe makes the vaſſal world adore;
But, ah! like him, to ſoothe a proud deſire,
Firſt conquers towns, then ſets thoſe towns on fire.

TO MR. POPE.

Dear Sir,
And ſure that fond, familiar name,
May hint, that friendſhip is my gen'rous aim;
O then this frankneſs of my heart excuſe,
And with a ſmile confirm the bluſhing muſe;
Ambitious hope! yet ſay, to bleſs our eyes,
Thy mighty Homer ſhould again ariſe,
Wouldſt thou not pant, the wondrous man to ſee?
Speak from thy inmoſt ſoul!---then cenſure me!
And as aloft in laurell'd ſtate you ſit,
And view below the ſubject ſons of wit;
O, teach thoſe arduous ways through which you
came,
And lead her through the flowery paths of fame.
A child, as yet, no certain ſteps ſhe takes,
But now and then a wild excurſion makes;
Mocks the grave dictates of her guardian art,
Steals from her ſight, and plays a wanton's part.
Though croſs'd myſelf in every glorious aim,
'Tis hope, at leaſt, to be ally'd to fame.
And whilſt the witty and the fair commend,
It hints ſome merit to be call'd thy friend.
Fir'd at that word, againſt my fate I'll ſtrive,
And dare to emulate that praiſe I'd give.
What though I fail the bold attempt to gain,
Mean were the thought to think it made in vain.
The richeſt ore ſhines uſeleſs unreveal'd,
And ſmalleſt talents ſhould not be conceal'd.
For, ſure the muſe that gen'rous verſe inſpires,
Which friendſhip dictates, and affection fires;
Warm'd by a faint reflexion of thy flame,
My boſom kindles at immortal fame;
But well I know the raſhneſs of my youth,
Perhaps theſe lines confirm the fatal truth!
No ſordid views could ever yet ſeduce,
The virgin-chaſteneſs of my youthful muſe;
Let venal hards in ſtate-promotion play,
There ſport like atoms in the ſtream of day.
I never made a wealthy idiot laugh,
Or Iſrael-like ador'd a golden calf;
But when I ſee true worth conſpicuous ſhine,
I burn to make the bright alliance mine.
Superior to the formal world's controul,
Pride in its charms, and claim a kindred ſoul;
O! then this token of my zeal receive,
For next to merit praiſes, is to give.

UPON SEEING A LADY

At the Muſic-Booth at Sturbridge-Fair. By J. Taylor.

Could theſe faint numbers glow with equal
fire,
To that which in his breaſt the writer feels:
Could Phœbus like the fair unknown inſpire,
And verſe, but emulate the flame it tells,
The lover ſome ſucceſs had found, and ſhe
Been known to fame, though loſt to love and me.

Wound not that love with too ſevere a name,
Which was not chance, but paſſion in exceſs,
Conceal'd the ſhaft from whence the arrow
came,
My hopes may be, but not my anguiſh leſs:
Strikes not the lightning with a fate as true,
Though baffled reaſon wonder'd whence it flew.

If not in pity to your lover's woes,
For your own ſake, at leaſt, yourſelf reveal,
Leſt when I die, and thou the latent cauſe,
You loſe a triumph you deſerve ſo well;
Nay, ev'n repaid with all my ſuff'rings be,
And envy'd by my fall—if known, I fall by thee.

Yet more—a thouſand loves may lurk behind,
And half the courſe of glory yet to run;
A flowing wit, diſcreet, and beauteous mind,
May crown the conqueſt which your eyes
begun;
Nor bid me dread the thouſand deaths in ſtore,
I look'd, I ſigh'd, and lov'd—and was undone before!

In vain I, midnight-anchorite, muſt boaſt
Of rugged maxims, and pedantic rules,
For what is life, if beſt enjoyment loſt
In the dull mazes of inſipid ſchools?
Love, muſt refine what ſcience ſcarce began,
And mould the letter'd ſavage into man.

Let lazy hermits dream in college-cells
Severely great, and indolently good,
Whoſe frozen breaſts ſuch glimm'ring rapture
ſells,
As lifeleſs, dull platonics underſtood.
Go, tell that doating ſage, who looks on thee
With Plato's eyes, may queſtion if he ſee.

Judge now my paſſion by ſevereſt truth,
And read what rig'rous juſtice cannot blame
If I have err'd, inform a willing youth,
At leſt, miſtaken only was my flame.
Was love a crime? then teach me to adore,
And zeal ſhall be what paſſion was before.

TO A LADY,

THAT SENT ME A FLOWERED CAP.

What flowers of rhet'ric can I uſe
Theſe brighter flowers to commend?

What gift, or preſent, can I chooſe,
Equivalent to ſend?

I've ſearch'd the muſes fertile field,
But ſearching no where can find ſuch,
Nor even nature's ſelf can yield,
What I admire ſo much.

This token, o'er my temples ſpread,
A double power does impart;
For as it gently warms my head,
It fires my bleeding heart.

But let the bluſt'ring ſtorms engage,
The ruffling winds blow high;
Thus arm'd I'll mock their empty rage,
And every blaſt defy.

Like the bold Grecian chief I ſtand,
In arms ſuperior ſhine;
Like his, they boaſt an heavenly hand,
But ſkill, much more divine!

He did not fear a wound, 'tis true,
From none, except the deities:
And I'm invulnerable too,
To all—except my Laura's eyes.

TO MRS. MARY FREWEN,

UPON HER HAVING THE SMALL-POX.

Let others penſive o'er their mirrors trace,
The beauteous ruins of a former face;
Nor for thy beauties, lovely maid repine,
Thy beauties mingled in a mould divine,
Can but endure a momentary pain,
And like all heavenly ſubſtance heal again.

And ſee thy dangers, and our fears are o'er,
Hearts pant, ſighs heave, and ſorrow ſtreams no more!
As gold by purging flame ſtill clearer glows,
As virtue from affliction brighter grows,
Sweet e'en in griefs, and e'en in pangs ſerene,
Dawn the dear glories of Euphrenia's mien;
Dear to the muſe, who trembling ſpreads her wings,
To ſhrowd the lover, as her poet ſings;
But as he loves, alas! he ſings in vain,
When beauty's in affliction, every ſtrain.
When every charm a thouſand charms reſumes,
And fair as Eden, from confuſion blooms,
Raptur'd he ſtands, and boldly dares divine,
How to an angel thou muſt once refine.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD,

Madam,

If the following lines, the reſult of my misfortunes this morning, can engage your ladyſhip's encouragement to the poems I propoſe afterwards, it will be no ſmall recommendation to their publicappearance; and, a very great favour to their author.

Your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted,
and moſt humble ſervant,
William Pattiſon.

Fair patroneſs of gentle arts excuſe,
This rude addreſs of an unhappy muſe;
A muſe, bereft of every worldly view!---
Unknown ſhe comes---but then ſhe comes to you!
And, if a ſtranger's ſoul diſtreſtful, ſigh,
Tun'd by kind ſympathy, our ſouls reply;
Explore the cauſe through a long train of ills,
And, pitying ſhare thoſe woes the ſufferer feels:
The loſs of fortune, friends, or fame divine,---
O grievous loſs! and muſt I call it mine!
And muſt I ſtill reflect thoſe happier hours,
When, peaceably retir'd, in Granta's bowers
I lay, the pleaſing paths to learning plann'd,
And, Moſes-like, juſt ſaw the promis'd land.
Juſt ſaw—but, O my ſoul! I live to mourn
The joyous ſcene, that can no more return!
Diſtreſs!—and have my boundleſs griefs reveal'd
The thought—ambition labouring had conceal'd!
In vain, for when we dictate from the heart,
Nature will ſpeak at every pauſe of art;
And like a baſhful virgin, half expreſt,
In ſpite of all the woman, bluſh the reſt—
Though pangful-martyrs ſmile upon their grief
To man, yet ſigh to him, who ſends relief.
Whence then, my muſe, thy bluſh, and why thy tears,
'Tis not the world—alleviate thy fears;
Remember well, that virtue ſtill the ſame,
Sounds the ſoft earneſt of immortal fame!
Though want itſelf might feed her famiſh'd eye,
And ſorrow ſweeten into harmony?
O how I long to change this mournful ſtrain,
But when fate frowns, the muſes ſmile in vain!
Doom'd by the ſad ſeverity of fate,
And muſt I bound my glory with my hate!
It muſt be ſo—like Noah's dove diſtreſt,
In vain I wander up and down for reſt,
From ſpray to ſpray I traverſe every tree,
And offer up my greeneſt branch to thee?

To the Right Honourable
THE LORD CARTERET.

With an indulgent ſmile, my Lord, excuſe
This ſadly true prediction of the muſe;
And may this ſingle ſpecimen of woe *
Speak for the reſt, and all its author ſhow;
Nor bluſhing let me mourn my youthful hours,
As vainly ſpent in the Parnaſſian bowers.
By nature prompted and a ſlave to fate,
I ſtrove to pleaſe the witty and the great;
Preſumptuous hence, nor without hopes I come
To you, and from your taſte await my doom;
From thence implore the ſanction of your name,
To be my paſſport through the gates of fame.
So, miners, firſt the bullion ore refine,
Then beg their monarch's ſtamp, to make it current coin.

A HARVEST SCENE.

Behold———
The green fields yellowing into corny gold!
White o'er their ranks, an old man half appears,
How hale he looks, though hoar'd with ſeventy years;

* *The hour-glaſs, ſubjoined to his propoſals.*

His prospect mounts, slow-pac'd, he strives to climb,
And seems some ancient monument of time;
Propt o'er his staff the reverend father stands,
And views heaven's blessings with uplifted hands;
Gleeful in heart computes the year's increase,
And portions out, in thought, his homely race,
His homely race before, his hopes improve,
And labour in obedience for his love;
Sweepy they cut, then bind the sheafy-grain,
And bend beneath the burthen of the plain;
His cheerful eyes, with silent praises crown
Their toils, and smile at vigour once his own;
Till the mid-sun to second nature's call,
Noon-marks the distant steeple's ivy'd wall,
Thence warn'd, he waves his arms, with giddy haste,
The circling summons to a cool repaste.

EFFIGIES AUTHORIS.

Oppress'd with griefs, with poverty, and scorn,
Of all forsaken, and of all forlorn,
What shall I do? or whither shall I flie?
Or what kind ear will hear the muse's cry?
With restless heart from place to place I roam,
A wretched vagrant destitute of home;
Driv'n from fair Granta's shade by fortune's frown,
I came to court the flatt'rer in the town.
Three tedious days detain'd me on the road,
Whilst the winds whistled, and the torrents flow'd,
On my devoted head the gusty breeze,
Shook the collected tempest, from the trees;
For shelter to the shades, I ran in vain,
The shades deceitful deluge'd me with rain;
Thus when fate frowns upon our happier days,
Our friend, perhaps, our bosom friend betrays:
But as vicissitudes controul our fate,
And griefs and joys maintain a doubtful state,
So now the sun's emerging orb appears,
And with the spongy clouds dispels my fears,
In tears the transient tempests flits away,
And all the blue expansion flames with day.
My gazing eyes o'er pleasing prospects roll,
And look away the sorrows of my soul,
Pleas'd at each view, some rueful thought to draw,
And moralize on every scene I saw;
Here, with inviting pride blue mountains rise,
Like joys more pleasant to our distant eyes;
In golden waves, there tides of harvest flow,
Whilst idle poppies intermingling grow,
How like their brother fops an empty show!
In every bush the warbling birds advance,
Sing to the sun, and on the branches dance;
No grief, no cares perplex their souls with strife,
Like bards they live a poor but merry life;
In every place alike their fortunes lie,
Both live in want, and unregarded die.
With like concern they meet approaching death,
In prison, or in fields, resign their breath;
Musing, I saw the fate I could not shun,
Shook my grave head, and pensive travell'd on:
But as Augusta's wish'd-for domes arise,
Peep o'er the clouds, and dance before my eyes.
What thoughts, what tumults fill'd my lab'ring
To be conceiv'd alone, but not express'd; [breast,
What intermingled multitudes arose,
Lords parsons, lawyers, baronets, and beaux,
Fops, coxcombs, cits, and knaves of ev'ry class,
While some the better half, some wholly ass,
On either side bewailing suppliants stand, [hand.
Speak with their looks, and stretch their wither'd
In feeble accents supplicate relief,
And by their sorrows multiply my grief,
Mov'd by their wants, my fortune I deplore,
And deal a tribute from my slender store.
With joy, the favour they receive, and pray,
That God, the bounteous blessing, may repay;
Thus providently wise, the lab'ring swain
O'er the plough'd furrows strews the fertile grain:
The grateful plain o'er-pays his bounteous care,
With tenfold blessings, and a golden year.

Now lost in thought, I wander up and down
Of all unknowing, and to all unknown;
Try in each place, and ransack ev'ry news,
To find some friend, some patron of the muse:
But where? or whom? alas! I search in vain,
The fruitless labour only gives me pain;
But soon each pleasing prospect fades away,
And with my money all my hopes decay.

But now the sun diffus'd a fainter ray,
And falling dews bewail'd the falling day,
When to St. James's park my way I took,
Solemn in pace, and sadden'd in my look:
On the first bench my wearied bones I laid,
For gnawing hunger on my vitals prey'd;
There faint in melancholy mood I sate,
And meditated on my future fate.
Nights sable vapours now the trees invade,
And gloomy darkness deepen'd ev'ry shade;
And now, ah! whither shall the helpless fly,
From the nocturnal horrors of the sky;
With empty rage my cruel fate I curse,
While falling tears bedew my meagre purse;
What shall I do? or whither shall I run?
How 'scape the threat'ning fate I cannot shun;
There, trembling cold, and motionless I lay,
Till sleep beguil'd the tumults of the day.
" Yet though this mortal body was resign'd,
" Tormenting objects terrified my mind,
" Despairing forms too dreadful for the light,
" Danc'd on my eyes, and play'd before my sight;
" Here worn with sorrow, poverty appear'd,
" In ev'ry ghastly form by mortals fear'd:
" And now to make my wants the more deplor'd,
" Prepar'd a plenteous table richly stor'd.
" My hand I stretch'd impatient of delay,
" When lo! the fictious treat dissolv'd away,
" Despair arose, and shook a deadly dart,
" Then aim'd the thirsty arrow at my heart;
" Inly I quiver'd, trembled for my life,
" Lost in tumultuous agony and grief.

" But now a kind, though visionary shade
" Gleam'd through the gloom, and brighten'd all
" the glade,
" On its fair head a branching laurel grew,
" And though before unseen, the form I knew;
" While thus it spoke—poor youth, thy fate I
" mourn,
" And weeping make thy miseries my own;

" But patiently reſign—I bring relief,
" For as I caus'd, 'tis juſt, I cure thy grief.
" Then hear—when morning's beamy rays ariſe,
" And ſhoot refulgent glories through the ſkies;
" To Chiſwick's pleaſurable bowers repair,
" To guide your wand'ring path be Thames's care;
" In thoſe fair hoſpitable ſhades you'll find,
" Great Burlington, the muſe's ſureſt friend:
" Fam'd Burlington, as humble as he's great,
" Pride of the court, and bulwark of the ſtate;
" To him this viſionary tale diſcloſe,
" His ſoul will melt in pity at your woes.
" To him return your long neglected lyre,
" And let his virtues every line inſpire;"
Farewell it ſaid—when as the morn appear'd,
To the warm rays my dewy head I rear'd,
Amaz'd, half drowſy, waken'd in a fright,
I ponder'd on the viſion of the night;
When thoughtleſs in my pocket I reveal'd,
A latent ſixpence happily conceal'd,
Surpris'd with tranſport ſtood my briſtled hair,
On wings I ſeem'd to fly, and tread in air:
To the firſt houſe I took my ſpeedy flight,
There wrote this recent viſion of the night;
The wond'rous tale in ſnowy foldings bound,
Then ſeal'd the paſſport with a waxen wound.
When prompted by my genius, ſwift as thought,
To Chiſwick's bowers my rueful ſtory brought;
Where now with doubtful hopes, and fears, I wait
Your bounteous lordſhip's pleaſure at your gate.

W. PATTISON.

ON A GENTLEMAN'S PICTURE.

POETS and painters rival glories claim,
Alike their labours, and alike their fame;
Appelles by a Homer's thoughts deſign'd,
And Homer was the picture of his mind:
From both the ſame immortal wonders riſe,
At once in ſpeaking to our ears, and eyes;
The pencil's art, a ſeeming likeneſs gives,
But by the pen alone, that likeneſs lives;
For time, that makes thoſe colours fainter ſhow,
Gives life to theſe, and makes them brighter grow.

But your's, bold artiſt *, claim a longer date,
The great original preſerves their fate;
To future fame tranſmit the finiſh'd piece,
And boaſt a perfect parallel with Greece;
Nor boaſt too much—for though the face we find,
We loſe the noble image of the mind:
'Tis ours to draw the manners, yours the men,
And painting's but the ſhadow of the pen:
Yet happy in your art, O, bleſs your fate!
'Tis honour here enough to imitate;
Whilſt we, confounded by your ſkilful hand,
Think the draught lives, and fix'd like pictures ſtand.

VERSES

By way of contraſt to the foregoing Copy, and wrote upon the ſame occaſion.

CRASSUS, the dulleſt, moſt pedantic fool,
That ever humm'd o'er jargon in a ſchool,
Ambitious of attaining endleſs fame,
At firſt, by ſtudy thought to raiſe his name;
For this, by day, the plodding pedant por'd;
For this, by night, o'er ſacred ſages ſnor'd;
But when he found his dull attempts were vain,
And nature gave him too much tongue for brain:
Thinks he the painter ſhall theſe honours give,
And make this face, at leaſt, in colours live,
Quick as his word, the ſeeds of fame ariſe,
And lo! the mimic monſter ſtrikes our eyes!
So like! ſo juſt the living copy too,
For both were made for nothing but for ſhow!
O may their fates to the ſame end be turn'd,
May both be hang'd, and when decay'd, both burn'd!

ON CRASSUS.

DULL magiſterial fool, forbear
To ſpit thy pointleſs venom here;
To more exalted glories born,
Thy mean indignities I ſcorn;
Secure of fame, I boaſt my lays,
While Pope, while Pack, or Congreve praiſe;
Let theſe but favour what I write,
And damn'd like thee, be all thy ſpite:
No more ſhall duty force my lays,
To gild thy vanities with praiſe;
If e'er again my colours ſtrive,
To make thy painter's daubings live;
May fate, and ev'ry muſe combine,
To blaſt me, and the vile deſign;
In ſhort, may heav'n, and all agree,
To make me ſuch an aſs as thee.

WOMEN AND WINE:

AN EPIGRAM.

'TWAS a doubt in debate among ſages of yore,
Whether women or wine had more abſolute power;
Now had I been the judge when the matter was done,
Not one had been wiſer than when it begun;
For how can man tell which the ſtrongeſt to call,
When with the ſame eaſe both can give him a fall?

AD CÆLUM.

GOOD Heaven! this myſtery of life explain,
Nor let me think I bear the load in vain;
Leſt with the tedious paſſage cheerleſs grown,
Urg'd by deſpair I throw the burden down.

FESTUM LUSTRALE,

SIVE BAPTIZATIO RUSTICA.

SOLENNES ritus puerumq. aſpergine lymphæ
Sacratum ſuperis, obſtetricemq. facetam,
Hinc canere incipimus, faveat Diana canenti,
Tuq. harum adjutrix curarum, et conſcia Juno.

Jam decima humentes Aurora fugaverat Umbras
Ex quo maternis infans vagiſſet in ulnis,
Nec mora vicini coeunt, jam debita ventri
Pars puerum ſacrâ properant conſpergere lymphâ.
Interea pendent opera interrupta, ligoq.
Stat medio defixus agro, ſpinoſaq. ſepes
Semiputata manus Agreſtis poſcit, at ille

* *To the painter.*

Jam parat ut sociis cultus conviva colonis
Interfit, juvat hinc disponere in ordine crines.
Compositum conjux aptat collare marito;
Nec minus ipsa sibi curat sua sponsa tumentes
Constringit vinclis costas, fingitq. premendo,
Quamq. suis nevit manibus circundata lana est.
Componit vestes, tremulumq. in vertice conum
Erigit, et sarris conspergit pulvere crines.
Pars pedes ire parat campis, pars altera lentis
Fertur equis, unaq. armati calce fatigant
Quadrupedes, lumbos onerat pinguissima conjux,
Post equitem cura atra sedens, similisq. cadenti
Sæpe premit tutum tremebunda ad pectora sponsum.
Ille sibi pondus commissum reddere terræ
Gaudet, et optatas tandem contingere portas.
Jam subeunt thalamum, sociasq. puerpera matres
Excipit, illa humeris albo velamine cincta est,
Et sedet in molli plumis suffulta sedili:
Matronæ spectant puerum, juvat ora tueri
Et versare manu, nasumq. agnoscere patris,
Majorumq. genas, et blandos matris ocellos.
Tunc avia has rumpit placido de pectore voces,
Si patrem memini puerum, sic ora ferebat,
Et sic ridebat teneris nutricis in ulnis,
Altera spes aviæ surgas, meliora parente
Arva colas, mediâq. olim luctator arenâ,
Subvertas juvenes, tum parto indute galero
Ibis ovans, tacitasq. accendes Phyllidis ignes;
At si larga meis flavescit messis in arvis,
Nostraq. longævo placeat sententia sponso
Tu nunquam attrito proscindes arva ligone,
Nec subiges tauros, sed grandior aldermanus
Urbani incedes tardus post pondera sceptri.
Laudant propositum matres, et provida mopsa
Destinat æquævæ jam nunc connubia natæ,
Tandum procedunt matres, quas inter euntes,
Infantem manibus gestat Lucina tenellum,
Quem circumfuso nutrix oneraverat ostro,
Demissâq. stolâ sedibus quâ Battus et omnes
A Batto soliti natos decorare recentes.
Tum subeunt templum, sacrum ex ordine fontem
Supplicibus cingunt genibus, gelidamq. sacerdos
Spargit aquam, puero nomenq. imponit avitum;
Flet puer et vetulæ gaudentes omine fausto
Non dubitant longam ex fletu prædicere vitam.
At domus interea luxu decoratur agresti,
Disponunt famuli lances, luteasq. patellas
Ornamenti abaci veteris, qui mole sua stat
Ligno compositus sculpto, tum lintea mensæ,
Lintea ficulnis imponit candida quadris;
Pendula detergunt, quæ fixit aranea fila,
Bibliq è nitidis tollunt antiqua fenestris,
Durasq. modos, quos roserat esuriens mus.
Idem ardor servos stimulat, queis cura culinæ,
Accendunt ignem, verubusq. affigere longis
Terga bovis properant, manibusq. calentia versant,
Parte alia tepidum, fumos emittit, ahenum,
O genti alituum lux exitiosa! Columba
Amissos queritur, tectorum in culmine, fœtus,
Solaq. neglectos errat gallina per hortos.
Illi cura penum struere, et spectabile pruno
Hæc far tum miscet, sarrisq. hæc menia condit,
Et cereale solum pomis flagrantibus implet;
Illa parte puer cultros in limine primo
Exacuit, multa absistit scintilla metallo,
Fervet opus suavi redolet nidore culina.
Hæc inter famuli variè properantur, et omnis
Jam redit à templo conviva, epulisq. paratis
Accumbit tacitus, primâq. in sede locatur
Matrona, insolito gemuit sub pondere sella,
(Plena ipsâ) tunc illa bovis fumantia terga
In partesq. secat varias, mensamq. per omnem
Mittit, et agrestes epulis lætantur opimis,
Vinaq. de pleno ducunt pomacea cornu
Ridentes, et sæpe calix redit actis in orbem,
Exhilarans animos, et cordia oblita laborum.
Jam Lucina tui glisCunt incendia nasi
Et linguâ inceSSis tardos mordace maritos,
Ultra annos vultumq. gerens animumq. facetum.
O pecus ignavum sponsi! queis nullus in aula
Filiolus ludit, nec dulcis filia, patrem
Quæ recreet placidis redeuntem vespere nugis.
Mistaq. colloquiis puerilibus oscula figat,
Vos multi pueri, multæ sprevere puellæ;
Dum luget vacuos prudens matrona penates,
O utinam segnes lex puniat æqua maritos!
Floreat ille pater qui natis computat annos.
Finierat, calicemq. arenti gutture plenum
Siccat, et hoc haustu nondum satiata recedit
Interiore domo, matresq. oblectat hiantes
Secreta obscuris pandens mysteria verbis,
Et steriles damnans campos, procul ite puellæ
Fas nulli innuptæ Lucinæ audire labores;
Non pudet opprobriis sponsas illudere, culpas
Vicinæ arcanas alio sub nomine celat,
Fæmineamq. jubet præstare silentia turbam.
Exuit interea vestes, cuniSq. reponit
Infantem nutrix, en parvum machina lectum
Efficit objectu laterum, mirabere costas
Vimine candenti textas, et pensile tegmen
Obductum capiti (lædat ne pulvis ocellos)
Subjectasq. pedes, queis machina mobilis unâ
Itq. reditq. viâ, somnumq. invitat eundo.
Flet puer interea cantat blandissima nutrix,
Atq. imperfectis lallat cunale loquelis;
Nec potis est molli fletum compescere cantu;
Quin puerum è cunis tollat, mammasq. ministrat,
Suppeditatq. cidum, proprio quem versat in ore
Ipsa prius gustuq. alieno impascitur infans;
Haud aliter fruges dispersas colligit arvis
Ales, et ore refert pullis crepitantibus, illi
Escam avidè captunt, et hianti gutture condunt.
At juvenes, puero dederant qui nomina, libant
Oscula virginibus, repetita est flamma medullas
Mollis, et incastos læti meditantur amores.
Agricolæ multâ traherent convivia nocte,
Ni jam suaderent fulgentia sidera somnos:
Surgunt convivæ, Corydon tamen ipse moratur,
Continuatq. scyphos, sedet æternumq. sedebit,
Ni moveat solitas conjux fidissima lites.
Discedunt hilares, baculo hic vestigia firmat,
Sobrius hunc portat bene nota ad tecta caballus,
Conjugis implicitam tenet ille uxorius ulnam.
Tum pater exultans dictis compellat euntes:
Ite, valete omnes, tandem redeunte Decembre,
Ni fallor, pulchram pariet mea Lydia natam;
Vosq. reversuro festum renovabitis anno.
Rident matronæ, votisq. his omnia firmant,
Stet domus, et simili frondescat prole quotannis!

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES HAMMOND, Esq.

Containing his

LOVE ELEGIES, PROLOGUE TO ELMERIC,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Perhaps ev'n Genius pours a ſlighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n Friendſhip ſheds a fruitleſs tear;
Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces HAMMOND's mournful bier.

Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their ſighs;
Though near his tomb Sabean odours burn,
The loitering fragrance, will it reach the ſkies?

No, ſhould his DELIA votive wreaths prepare,
DELIA might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of DELIA's future care,
Once crown'd his pleaſures, and diſpell'd his pain.

SHENSTONE, ELEG. II.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF HAMMOND.

Of James Hammond, though he be generally known as an elegiac poet, and well remembered as a man eſteemed and careſſed by the elegant and the great, few memorials are to be found.

The accounts of his biographers are diſcordant and unſatisfactory. According to Shiels, he was the ſon of a Turkey merchant in the city of London, and had ſome office at the Prince of Wales's Court, till the love of a lady, whoſe name was Daſhwood, for a time diſordered his underſtanding. The lady either could not return his paſſion with a reciprocal fondneſs, or entertained too ambitious views to ſettle her affections upon him. "He was inextinguiſhably amorous, and his miſtreſs inexorably cruel."

"Of this narrative," Dr. Johnſon ſays, "part is true, and part falſe. He was the ſecond ſon of Anthony Hammond, a man of note among the wits, poets, and parliamentary orators, in the beginning of this century, who was allied to Sir Robert Walpole, by marrying his ſiſter."

This account is ſtill erroneous. He was of a different family; the ſecond ſon of Anthony Hammond, Eſq. of Somerſham-place, in the county of Huntingdon, member of Parliament for Shoreham in Suſſex. He vacated his ſeat, December 7. 1708, upon being made a Commiſſioner of the Navy, and died about 1728.

Anthony Hammond, Eſq. who had the name of "the ſilver-tongued Hammond," given him by Bolingbroke, was of Wotton in the county of Norfolk. He married Suſannah, a ſiſter of Sir Robert Walpole. A volume of miſcellany poems was inſcribed to him, in 1694, by his friend Hopkins; and in 1720, he was himſelf the editor of "A New Miſcellany of Original Poems," in which he had no ſmall ſhare. He was the intimate friend of Mr. Moyle; and wrote the "Account of his Life and Writings," prefixed to his works in 1727.

He was born about 1710, and educated at Weſtminſter-ſchool; but it does not appear that he was of any univerſity.

He ſeems to have come very early into public notice, and to have been diſtinguiſhed by thoſe whoſe friendſhip prejudiced mankind at that time in favour of the man on whom they were beſtowed; for he was the companion of Cobham, Lyttleton, and Cheſterfield, by whoſe intereſt he obtained the place of Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

He was alſo much eſteemed by Nicholas Hammond, Eſq.; who, at his death, which happened Oct. 13. 1733, left him an eſtate worth 400 l. a-year, beſides leaving 500 l. for erecting a ſchool-houſe, and 500 l. for endowing it.

In 1740, he wrote the *Prologue to* "Elmeric," a poſthumous tragedy, written by Lillo; in which it is ſaid, that when he wrote that play, he *was diſtreſſed by want*, and affected by diſeaſe. But in the former particular there appears to be a miſtake, as he died poſſeſſed of an eſtate of 60 l. a-year, beſides other effects to a conſiderable value. The *Epilogue* has alſo been aſcribed to Hammond.

In 1741, he was choſen into Parliament for Truro in Cornwall; probably one of thoſe who were elected by the Prince's influence.

He died at Stowe, the famous ſeat of Lord Cobham, June 7. 1742, in the thirty-ſecond year of his age. Miſs Daſhwood long ſurvived him, and died unmarried, bed-chamber-woman to the Queen, in 1779.

The character which her lover bequeathed her, was not likely to attract courtſhip; yet it was her own fault that ſhe remained ſingle, having had another very honourable offer.

The character of Hammond seems to have been highly amiable and respectable. He is said to have divided his life between pleasure and books; in his retirement forgetting the town, and in his gaiety losing the student. Of his literary hours, all the efforts are here exhibited, except a *Ballad* sung at Vauxhall forty years ago, beginning, *O how could I venture to love one like thee!* and the *Epilogue* to "Elmeric," which have been given to him.

His *Love Elegies*, written "before he was twenty-two years old," were published soon after his death, with a recommendatory preface by the editor, who was then believed, and is now affirmed by Dr Maty, to be the Earl of Chesterfield.

"Of the prefacer," says Dr. Johnson, "whoever he was, it may be reasonably suspected, that he never read the poems; for he professes to value them for a very high species of excellence, and recommends them as the genuine effusions of the mind, which expresses a real passion in the language of nature. But the truth is, these elegies have neither passion, nature, nor manners. Where there is fiction, there is no passion; he that describes himself as a shepherd, and his *Neæra* or *Delia* as a shepherdess, and talks of goats and lambs, feels no passion. He that courts his mistress with Roman imagery, deserves to lose her; for she may with good grace suspect his sincerity. Hammond has few sentiments drawn from nature, and few images from modern life. He produces nothing but frigid pedantry. It would be hard to find in all his productions three stanzas that deserve to be remembered. His verses are not rugged: but they have no sweetness; they never glide in a stream of melody. Why Hammond and other writers have thought the quatrain of ten syllables elegiac, it is difficult to tell. The character of the elegy is gentleness and tenuity; but this stanza has been pronounced by Dryden, whose knowledge of English metre was not inconsiderable, to be the most magnificent of all the measures which our language affords."

The critical decisions of Dr. Johnson, it is not, in general, very safe to contradict; except when they may be attributed, as in the present instance, to the force of prejudice, or to vitiated and defective feelings, respecting poetical beauty.

Considering Dr. Johnson's peculiar turn of mind, there is no wonder that he should deny nature to Hammond, and find no melody in his verse. The general opinion is much more favourable. That he has been much read, and greatly admired, serves to contradict the assertion of that too-rigid critic, and establishes his claim to some portion of tenderness and harmony; for by the judgment of the common, unprejudiced, unpedantic reader, the merit of every poetical composition must be ultimately determined.

The popular decisions upon the character of Hammond, have been exceedingly favourable: By some, perhaps, he has been extolled too high. He certainly possessed an elegant and cultivated mind. He is not deficient either in feeling, or melody of verse. He has generally expressed himself with sensibility, and in measures sufficiently harmonious.

The specific character of his elegies, and his pretensions to originality, have by no means been distinguished or ascertained with sufficient accuracy.

Dr. Johnson indeed speaks, but only to disapprove of his "Roman imagery;" and Lord Chesterfield, in his preface to the elegies, informs us, that Hammond seems to have judiciously taken *Tibullus* for his model, rather than *Ovid*.

After reading Tibullus and Hammond, with the most candid attention, the present writer is obliged to observe, that Hammond appears not merely to have taken the Roman poet for his model, but to have taken from him some of the most beautiful passages in his elegies.

The parallel passages appear almost in every page of both poets; yet Dr. Johnson is silent on the subject; and Lord Chesterfield passes it over, as if he had no suspicion of Hammond's obligations to Tibullus.

The following instances, which immediately occur, will specify what can by no means be called imitations, being almost literal translations.

Compare Tibullus, Lib. i. Eleg. 1., with the thirteenth elegy of Hammond. The thought of rain assisting slumber, is finely translated.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu;

Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum ſuderit auſter,
Securum ſomnos imbre juvante ſequi!

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt,
Or, lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt!

Compare Tibullus, Lib. i. Eleg. 5., with the thirteenth elegy of Hammond.

Huc veniet Meſſala meus, cui dulcia poma
Delia ſelectis detrahet arboribus;
Et tantum venerata virum hunc ſedula curet,
Huic paret, atque epulas ipſa miniſtra gerat.

Hammond has applied this delicate compliment to Lord Cheſterfield, with admirable felicity of expreſſion. Strokes of this exquiſite nature are only to be expected from thoſe who have acceſs to the great, but whom the great have not infected with ſelfiſhneſs.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend;
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt;
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Again,

Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cum veneris hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

On her I'll gaze, when other loves are o'er,
And, dying, preſs her with my clay-cold hand.

Again,

Parce ſolutis
Crinibus, et teneris, Delia, parce genis.

Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair.

Compare Tibullus, Lib. i. Eleg. 5., with the fourteenth elegy of Hammond.

At mihi felicem vitam, ſi ſalva fuiſſes
Fingebam demens———

What ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd!

Hammond has improved upon Tibullus, Lib. 2., Eleg. vi. in his ſecond elegy.

Adieu, ye walls! &c.

Compare Tibullus, Lib. iii. Eleg. 2., with the ninth elegy of Hammond.

Qui primus caram juveni, carumque puellæ
Eripuit juvenem, ferreus ille fuit.
Durus et ille fuit, qui tantum ferre dolorem
Vivere et erepta conjuge qui potuit.

Theſe ſentiments are finely expreſſed by Hammond.

He who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair:
Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
The lover ſtill who died not of deſpair.

Again,

Ergo quum tenuem fuero mutatus in umbram,
Candidaque oſſa ſuper nigra favilla tegit,
Ante meum veniat longos incompta capillos,
Et fleat ante meum mæſta Neæra rogum,

This rite, which is altogether foreign to Engliſh manners, Hammond has rather injudiciouſly transferred into his ninth elegy.

> Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend,
> With eyes averted light the ſolemn fire,
> Till all around the doleful flames aſcend;
> Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire?

It is unneceſſary to tranſcribe more parallel paſſages, to ſhow that Hammond, not ſatisfied with taking Tibullus for his model, has transfuſed into his elegies the ſentiments and the imagery of the Roman poet. Yet it ought to be obſerved, that he has very often taken the liberty to tranſpoſe, and ſometimes paraphraſtically to enlarge the thoughts, and to give the imagery a more modern poliſh. In the paſſages he has tranſlated, he has generally improved on Tibullus, and given his verſion of the moſt exact, elegant, and harmonious of the Roman elegiac poets, the eaſy air of a modern original. As he felt the diſtreſs which gave riſe to moſt of the elegies of Tibullus, he is not inferior to him in amorous tenderneſs and poetical fancy. His elegies have thoſe ſallies and tranſitions of paſſion, that frantic and deſponding air, ſo obſerveable in the Roman poet; for theſe are the natural emanations of a heated fancy, and a diſtracted heart.

His greateſt fault is, an injudicious adoption of the mythology, and too ſervile an adherence to the manners of the Roman poet; which detract from his merit as an imitator, more than as a tranſlator of Tibullus. Amorous elegy is leſs local than many other of the minor kinds of poetry; the paſſion of love operating nearly the ſame upon the human mind in all ages: yet as the modes of expreſſing that paſſion differ much in different countries, ſo theſe modes muſt not be confounded; a Roman ought not to make love like a Grecian, nor an Engliſhman like a Roman.

Although the elegies of Hammond warrant, in ſome degree, this cenſure, yet it ought to be conſidered, that he has both nature and originality in many parts; and the *Elegies to Mr. Grenville* and *Miſs Daſhwood*, ought to have been exempted from the cenſure of Dr. Johnſon, who has ſpoken of him with too great aſperity. They are written in the heroic meaſure, the ſentiments are exquiſitely delicate, and the numbers flow with an eaſy correctneſs. An "Anſwer to the Elegy to Miſs Daſhwood," was written by Lord Hervey, and is a ſuitable companion to it.

The meaſure which he has adopted in his other elegies, is the quatrain, or alternate rhyme, which, like the Latin hexameter and pentameter, is thought to be peculiarly ſuited to plaintive ſubjects; and it muſt be confeſſed, that he has happily ſucceeded. The quatrain has, indeed, a diſagreeable ſameneſs in its ſtructure, every ſucceeding ſtanza being a faithful echo to the laſt; yet is there ſomething plaintive in it—ſome pathetic ſoftneſs in the deſcending melody, that ſeems fitted to expreſs the tender paſſions. It is the peculiar language of love and melancholy, when they ſoothe their ſorrows with the penſive muſe. It is now appropriated to the complaining tone of the Engliſh elegy, by Gray, Shenſtone, Maſon, Whitehead, Græme, and other elegiac poets.

On the character of Hammond it is unneceſſary to enlarge, as it is given in the preface to his elegies, by Lord Cheſterfield, with a minuteneſs, elegance, and tenderneſs, which, making due allowance for the partiality of friendſhip, and the extravagance of erroneous criticiſm, leave nothing to be ſupplied by a caſual hand.

PREFACE.

[BY LORD CHESTERFIELD.]

The following elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and juſtly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whoſe hands they fell, determined to publiſh them, in the perſuaſion that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader muſt decide, whether this determination was the reſult of juſt judgment, or partial friendſhip; for the editor feels, and avows ſo much of the latter, that he gives up all pretenſions to the former.

The author compoſed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgment and correctneſs, neither of which ſeem wanting here. But ſincere in his love as in his friendſhip, he wrote to his miſtreſſes, as he ſpoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine ſentiments of his heart; he ſate down to write what he thought, not to think what he ſhould write; it was nature and ſentiment only that dictated to a real miſtreſs, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy, therefore, ſpeaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender paſſions; the true elegiac dignity and ſimplicity are preſerved, and united; the one without pride, the other without meanneſs. Tibullus ſeems to have been the model our author judiciouſly preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart, to the heart; the latter too often yielding and addreſſing himſelf to the imagination.

The undiſſipated youth of the author, allowed him time to apply himſelf to the beſt maſters, the ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the beſt uſe of them; for upon thoſe great models of ſolid ſenſe and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the reſemblance. He admired that juſtneſs, that noble ſimplicity of thought and expreſſion, which have diſtinguiſhed, and preſerved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that ſacredneſs of friendſhip, and all thoſe heroic and ſocial virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of ſucceeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon thoſe glorious, and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wiſdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced ſlavery to deſtroy, all public and private virtues. In theſe ſentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in theſe times; in theſe ſentiments he died—but in theſe times too—*Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, ſed donata mors eſſe videatur.*

LOVE ELEGIES.

" Virginibus puerisque canto."

FIRST PRINTED IN 1743.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in Love with Neæra.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers give,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
I saw Neæra, and her instant slave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh, that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid,
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty Epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires:
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains crost,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep:

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
Their hearts secure in trifles, love despise,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry song.

ELEGY II.

Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of Neæra, he intends to make a Campaign, and try, if possible, to forget her.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age:
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unfated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil, even love itself is sold,
Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care,
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,
And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
In vain,—though reason fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.

ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the avarice of Neæra, and resolves to quit her.

Should Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more,
Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey:

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom:
And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend shall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep:

With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,
Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

ELEGY IV.

To his friend, written under the confinement of a long indisposition.

While calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought,
Oh, spare, Persephone, this guiltless head,
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face:

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,
I ne'er disturb'd the gods eternal rest
With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear!
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound:

Oh, let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much he lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with festive garlands crown'd,
In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

ELEGY V.

The Lover is at first introduced speaking to his Servant, he afterwards addresses himself to his Mistress, and at last there is a supposed Interview between them.

With wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air.
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge or thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreathes I gave
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread,
She shows the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way,
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd:

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight——
Rash man beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
Left angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,
Though question'd by the powers of earth and heaven,
The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy husband's ear,
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, scar'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous summer pines,
And wintery clouds obscure the hopeful year;
At her strong bidding, gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a husband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free:
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

He adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friendship with Cælia, who was lately dead.

Thousands would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still,—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her syren song, [chain,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew:

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
That hovering round us all my sufferings hears,
She is my saint; to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
The marble image seems to hear my moan:

The friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
Ah, to recal the sad remembrance spare,
One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

On Delia's being in the Country, where he supposes she stays to see the Harvest.

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia to behold!
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share through the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could soothe their master's pain,
The art of physic lost, and useless lay,
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister saw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Pithon slain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful isle?
The god himself is grown a cottage swain.

O Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's cheerful pomp, my fair detain,—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
Thrice happy times!—But oh, I fondly rave!
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire
I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig, as Delia's slave.

ELEGY VIII.

He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.

Ah, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last,

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And, when I long have serv'd her, call her wife:

I only ask, of her I love possest,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire;
This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
Oh, let me with this sigh of love expire!

ELEGY IX.

He has lost Delia.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover still, who dy'd not of despair:

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;

While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

Sad is my day, and ſad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in ſilent grief, I weep alone,
Delia is loſt, and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where isthe ſhape that might have bleſt my arms?
Where are thoſe hopes relentleſs fate denies?

When ſpent with endleſs grief I die at laſt,
Delia may come, and ſee my poor remains,—
Oh, Delia! after ſuch an abſence paſt,
Canſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend,
With eyes averted light the ſolemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire?

To ſoothe the hovering ſoul, be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In ſable weeds the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of Aſia's fragrant year;
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know,
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſufferings ſhow:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loſs abide,
Joy left his boſom with the parting fair,
And when he durſt no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's Birth-day.

This day, which ſaw my Delia's beauty riſe,
Shall more than all our ſacred days be bleſt,
The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breaſt.

By all our guarded ſighs, and hid deſires,
Oh, may our guiltleſs love be ſtill the ſame!
I burn, and glory in the pleaſing fires,
If Delia's boſom ſhare the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incenſe, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus! hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the ſhepherdeſs, or looſe the ſwain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart deſires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue reſtrain;
The ſecret thought, which bluſhing love inſpires,
The conſcious eye can tell as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

Againſt Lovers going to War, in which he philoſophically prefers Love and Delia to the more ſerious Vanities of the World.

The man who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from ſteel debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thirſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence Delia loſe a tear:

Why ſhould the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger on ſome foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk in every ſtroke a double wound?

Ah, better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With cheerful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl,
To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt,
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ſhe pants, ſhe faints, and ſinks to reſt.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

No ſecond love ſhall e'er my heart ſurpriſe,
This ſolemn league did firſt our paſſion bind:
Thou, only thou, canſt pleaſe thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſoothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bleſt.

With thee in gloomy deſerts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkneſs canſt expel,
And ſeem a world with ſolitude around.

I ſay too much—my heedleſs words reſtore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear,
In chains I'll ſit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himſelf married to Delia, and that content with each other, they are retired into the Country.

Let others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,

Whom neighbouring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But, cheaply bleſt, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or, lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or, if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop, and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

Ah, fooliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſt,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind!

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own;
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe, and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope ſpeak his liſtening country's wrongs?
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep?

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Through all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

What ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot with peace and thee retir'd!
Though reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
I ſtill believ'd what flattering love inſpir'd:

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dangerous bliſs no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned eaſe, and elegant delight;
Compare the beauties of each different ſtyle,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light:

Now mark the ſtrength of Milton's ſacred lines,
Senſe rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reaſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breaſt a noble warmth ſhall feel, [part.
And glow with love, where weakneſs has no

Thy heart, O Lyttleton, ſhall be my guide,
Its fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And you, O Weſt, with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,

With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall cheer,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

But why, ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah, ſtill I love, in pride and reaſon's ſpite,
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

Oh, form'd alike to ſerve us, and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty, and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes.
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by ſickneſs under reaſon's power,
I view'd my ſtate, too little weigh'd before,
And love himſelf could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive, [leave;
But whom my paſſion hurt, through friendſhip
I choſe the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
And cure her ſex's weakneſs through its pride:
The prudence which I taught, I ill purſu'd,
The charm my reaſon broke, my heart renew'd:
Again ſubmiſſive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my paſſion by my ſhame;
While ſhe, ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
Began with higher views her thoughts to raiſe,
And ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe:
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And ſtrengthen'd by her faith each groundleſs tale,
Believ'd the groſſeſt arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's ſide:
Oh, where were then the ſcenes of fancied life?
Oh, where the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly paſt,
Not two revolving moons could ſee them laſt.—
To Stow's delightful ſcenes I now repair,
In Cobham's ſmile to loſe the gloom of care!
Nor fear that he my weakneſs ſhould deſpiſe,
In nature learned, and humanely wiſe:
There Pitt, in manners ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
With mild advice my liſtening grief ſhall charm,
With ſenſe to counſel, and with wit to pleaſe,
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's eaſe.
Nor you, my friend, whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
Contemn the human weakneſs of my breaſt;
Reaſon may chide the faults ſhe cannot cure,
And pains, which long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure;
Though wiſer cares employ your ſtudious mind,
Form'd with a ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
Your breaſt may loſe the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

ELEGY XVI.

To Miſs Dashwood.

O say, thou dear poſſeſſor of my breaſt,
Where's now my boaſted liberty and reſt!
Where the gay moments which I once have known!
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own!
From place to place I ſolitary roam,
Abroad uneaſy, not content at home.
I ſcorn the beauties common eyes adore;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
Unmov'd I hear them ſpeak, or ſee them fair,
And only think on thee, who art not there.
In vain would books their formal ſuccour lend,
Nor wit nor wiſdom can relieve their friend;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wiſdom ſhows the ill without the cure.
When from thy ſight I waſte the tedious day,
A thouſand ſchemes I form, and things to ſay;
But when thy preſence gives the time I ſeek,
My heart's ſo full, I wiſh, but cannot ſpeak.
And could I ſpeak with eloquence and eaſe,
Till now not ſtudious of the art to pleaſe,
Could I, at woman who ſo oft exclaim,
Expoſe (nor bluſh) thy triumph and my ſhame,
Abjure thoſe maxims I ſo lately priz'd,
And court that ſex I fooliſhly deſpis'd,
Own thou haſt ſoften'd my obdurate mind,
And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;
Loſt were my words, and fruitleſs all my pain,
In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain;
My humble ſighs ſhall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence ſhall be my tears.
And now (for more I never muſt pretend)
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;
Thouſands will fain thy little heart enſnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair;
But wiſely chooſe who beſt deſerves thy flame,
So ſhall the choice itſelf become thy fame;
Nor yet deſpiſe, though void of winning art,
The plain and honeſt courtſhip of the heart:
The ſkilful tongue in love's perſuaſive lore,
Though leſs it feels, will pleaſe and flatter more,
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuſe a fond, unthinking maid.
And ſince their lips, ſo knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might ſoon believe;
And ſince their tears, in falſe ſubmiſſion dreſt,
Might thaw the icy coldneſs of thy breaſt;
O! ſhut thine eyes to ſuch deceitful woe:
Caught by the beauty of thy outward ſhow,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they ſeem,
Like me—with paſſion founded on eſteem.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING LINES.

BY THE LATE LORD HERVEY.

Too well theſe lines that fatal truth declare,
Which long I've known, yet now I bluſh to hear.
But ſay, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love,
What can it hope, though mutual it ſhould prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
In vain for me thy honeſt heart is true;
For wouldſt thou fix diſhonour on my name,
And give me up to penitence and ſhame;
Or gild my ruin with the name of wife,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life:
Could'ſt thou ſubmit to wear the marriage chain,
(Too ſure a cure for all thy preſent pain)
No ſaffron robe for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted, and his face in tears.

Though ev'ry ſofter wiſh were amply crown'd,
Love ſoon would ceaſe to ſmile where fortune frown'd;
Then would thy ſoul my fond conſent deplore,
And blame what it ſolicited before;
Thy own exhauſted would reproach my truth,
And ſay I had undone thy blinded youth;
That I had damp'd ambition's nobler flame,
Eclips'd thy talents, and obſcur'd thy fame;
To madrigals and odes that wit conſign'd,
That would in ſenates or in courts have ſhin'd,
Glorioufly active in thy country's cauſe,
Aſſerting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or ſay, at beſt, that negatively kind
You only mourn'd, and ſilently repin'd;
The jealous demons in my own fond breaſt
Would all theſe thoughts inceſſantly ſuggeſt,
And all that ſenſe muſt feel, though pity had ſuppreſt.
Yet added grief my apprehenſion fills
(If there can be addition to thoſe ills)
When they ſhall cry, whoſe harſh reproof I dread,
" 'Twas thy own deed, thy folly on thy head!
Age knows not to allow for thoughtleſs youth,
Nor pities tenderneſs, nor honours truth;
Holds it romantic to confeſs a heart,
And ſay thoſe virgins act a wiſer part
Who hoſpitals and bedlams would explore
To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
Who, legal proſtitutes for int'reſt ſake,
Clodios and Timons to their boſoms take,
And, if avenging heav'n permit increaſe,
People the world with folly and diſeaſe.
Thoſe titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
Whilſt the beſt bidder mounts the venal bed,
And the grave aunt and formal ſire approve
This nuptial ſale, this auction of their love.
But if regard to worth or ſenſe be ſhown,
That poor degen'rate child her friends diſown,
Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
From her great name's hereditary voice.

Theſe ſcenes my prudence uſhers to my mind,
Of all the ſtorms and quickſands I muſt find,
If I embark upon this ſummer ſea,
Where flatt'ry ſmooths, and pleaſure gilds the way.
Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that ſcore thy heart receive,
And with that guiltleſs name my own deceive;
That commerce now in vain you recommend,
I dread the latent lover in the friend;
Of ignorance I want the poor excuſe,
And know, I both muſt take, or both refuſe.

Hear then the ſafe, the firm reſolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I muſt forſake.
Whilſt other maids a ſhameleſs path purſue,
Neither to int'reſt nor to honour true,
And proud to ſwell the triumph of their eyes,
Exult in love from lovers they deſpiſe;
Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
And though I like the lover, quit the love.

PROLOGUE

TO LILLO'S ELMERIC.

No labour'd ſcenes to-night adorn our ſtage,
Lillo's plain ſenſe would here the heart engage.
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
From paſſion's force, and, as he felt, he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's teſt could bear,
Yet from each eye ſtill draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his lateſt ſtrains,
And let kind pity ſhelter his remains.
Depreſt by want, afflicted by diſeaſe,
Dying he wrote, and dying wiſh'd to pleaſe.
Oh, may that wiſh be now humanely paid,
And no harſh critic vex his gentle ſhade.
'Tis yours his unſupported fame to ſave,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE, ESQ.

Containing

THE WANDERER,	EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY,
THE BASTARD,	VALENTINE'S DAY,
PROGRESS OF A DIVINE,	VOLUNTEER LAUREATS,
PUBLIC SPIRIT,	EPISTLES.

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Thee, SAVAGE, these (the justly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire;
Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

DYER'S EPISTLE TO SAVAGE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

To be placed after p. 595, before the Life of Savage.

THE LIFE OF SAVAGE.

For the life of Savage, the "lovers of truth and wit" are obliged to Dr. Johnson, who "was favoured with his confidence, and received from himself an acccount of moſt of the tranſactions which he relates."

The facts ſtated in the preſent account are chiefly taken from Dr. Johnſon's larger narrative, which is written in ſo clear and animated a manner, enriched with ſuch variety of anecdotes, and illuminated throughout with ſo much philoſophy and knowledge of human life, that it is one of the moſt intereſting biographical diſquiſitions in the Engliſh language.

Richard Savage was born in Fox-court, Holborn, on the 10th of January 1697-8. He was the ſon of Anne, Counteſs of Macclesfield, adulterouſly begotten by Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers, who, it is alleged by Dr. Johnſon, gave him his own name, and had it duly recorded in the regiſter of St. Andrew's, Holborn; but that regiſter has been carefully inſpected, and no ſuch entry is to be found. According to Mr. Reed, he was chriſtened by the name of Richard Smith; but of this there is no evidence.

Dr. Johnſon ſtates, that "Lady Macclesfield having lived for ſome time upon very uneaſy terms with her huſband, thought a public confeſſion of adultery the moſt obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty," and aſſuming this to be true, ſtigmatizes her with indignation, as "the wretch who had, without ſcruple, proclaimed herſelf an adultereſs."

That Lady Macclesfield was convicted of the crime of adultery, and ſeparated from her huſband by an act of parliament, cannot be denied; but there is not ſufficient evidence of her voluntarily ſubmitting to the ignominious charge of adultery.

"I have peruſed," ſays Mr. Boſwell, the lively and agreeable biographer of Dr. Johnſon, "the Journals of both Houſes of Parliament, at the period of her divorce, and there find it authentically aſcertained, that ſhe made a moſt ſtrenuous defence by her counſel; the bill having been firſt moved 15th January 1697, and proceeded on at intervals till the 3d of March, when it paſſed. It was brought to the Commons the 5th of March, proceeded on the 7th, 10th, 11th, 14th, and 15th; on which day, after a full examination of witneſſes on both ſides, and hearing of counſel, it was reported without amendment, paſſed, and carried to the Lords." Yet, on the other hand, it ought to be obſerved, that it belonged to Lady Macclesfield to oppoſe the divorce, to prevent a ſuſpicion of colluſion; and therefore her oppoſition, under ſuch circumſtances, is not ſufficient to overbalance the general repute as to her voluntary confeſſion.

As to the truth of the fact, there was no doubt made of it; for Lord Rivers acquieſced in her declaration, and appeared by the meaſures he took to provide for him, to conſider the child as his own. Lord Rivers unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, who, after having forfeited the title of Lady Macclesfield by divorce, retained her fortune, and was married to Colonel Henry Brett, whom ſhe ſurvived many years. She died October 11. 1753, aged above fourſcore.

Strange as it may appear, his mother, from the moment of his birth, looked upon him with a kind of reſentment and abhorrence; and, inſtead of ſupporting, aſſiſting, and defending him, reſolved to diſown him; and in a very ſhort time removed him from her ſight, by committing him to the care of a ſhoemaker's wife, whom ſhe directed to educate him as her own, enjoining her never to inform him of his true parents.

The hapleſs infant was not, however, wholly abandoned. Her mother, Lady Maſon, whether in approbation of her deſign, or to prevent more criminal practices, took ſome charge of his education, and placed him at a ſmall grammar-ſchool near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurſe.

Here he was initiated in literature, and paſſed through ſeveral of the claſſes, with what rapidity or applauſe cannot now be known.

While he was cultivating his genius, his father Lord Rivers was ſeized with a diſtemper which threatened his life; and as he lay on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children. Accordingly, he ſent to his mother to inquire after him, and ſhe had the cruelty to cut him off for ever from that happineſs which competence affords, by declaring that he was dead. The Earl did not imagine that there could exiſt a mother that would ruin her ſon without

enriching herſelf; and therefore beſtowed upon ſome other perſon ſix thouſand pounds, which he had, in his will, bequeathed to Savage. He died Auguſt 18. 1712.

Mr. Boſwell, for the honour of human nature, is inclined to think the ſhocking tale not true; and ſuppoſes that the perſon who then aſſumed the name of Richard Savage, was an impoſtor, being in reality the ſon of the ſhoemaker, and that, after the death of the real Richard Savage, he attempted to perſonate him; and that the fraud being known to Lady Macclesfield, he was therefore repulſed by her, with juſt reſentment.

Mr. Boſwell ſupports his ſuppoſition by a circumſtance that has been mentioned as an aggravation of Lady Macclesfield's unnatural conduct; and that is, her having prevented him from obtaining the benefit of a legacy left to him by Mrs. Lloyd, his god-mother: "For if there was ſuch a legacy left," ſays he, "his not being able to obtain payment of it, muſt be imputed to his conſcioufneſs that he was not the real perſon. The juſt inference ſhould be, that by the death of Lady Macclesfield's child before its god-mother, the legacy became lapſed; and therefore, that Johnſon's Richard Savage was an impoſtor."

A very little reflection might have ſatisfied Mr. Boſwell, that executors acting under the influence of Lady Macclesfield, might have laid Savage, with a very good title, under conſiderable difficulties in recovering the legacy.

Beſides, we muſt allow the weight of general repute as to his parentage, though illicit, and it muſt ever appear very ſuſpicious, that three different accounts of the Life of Savage, one publiſhed by Hill, in the "The Plain Dealer," in 1724, another by Mr. Beckingham, in 1727, and another by the powerful pen of Dr. Johnſon in 1749, and all of them while Lady Macclesfield was alive, ſhould, notwithſtanding the ſevere attacks upon her, have been ſuffered to paſs without any public and effectual contradiction.

The ſame cruelty which incited his mother to intercept this proviſion which had been intended him, prompted her, on his leaving ſchool, to rid herſelf from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by ſending him ſecretly to the American plantations; but this contrivance was by ſome accident defeated.

Being hindered, by whatever means, from baniſhing him into another country, ſhe formed, ſoon after, a ſcheme of burying him in poverty and obſcurity for the remainder of his days, and had him placed with a ſhoemaker in Holborn.

In this ſtation, however, he did not long continue; for his nurſe dying, he went to take care of the effects of his ſuppoſed mother, and found in her boxes ſome of Lady Maſon's letters to her, which informed him of his birth, and the cauſe of its concealment.

He was now no longer ſatisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, and thought he had a right to ſhare in the affluence of his mother; and therefore, without ſcruple, applied to her as her ſon, and made uſe of every art to awaken her tenderneſs, and attract her regard. But ſhe ſtill reſolved to neglect, though ſhe could no longer diſown him, and took meaſures to prevent his ever entering her houſe on any pretence whatever.

Savage was, at the ſame time, ſo touched with the diſcovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings before her door, in hopes of ſeeing her, as ſhe might come by accident to the window, or croſs her apartment with a candle in her hand.

One evening, walking in the ſtreet that ſhe inhabited, he ſaw the door of her houſe by accident open. He entered it, and went up ſtairs to ſalute her. She diſcovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family, and ordered them to drive out of the houſe that villain who had endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted by the moſt ſubmiſſive tenderneſs to ſoften her rage, hearing her utter ſo deteſtable an accuſation, thought it prudent to retire; and never attempted afterwards to ſpeak to her.

While he was aſſiduouſly endeavouring to awaken the tenderneſs of a mother, in whom all natural affection was extinct, he was deſtitute of the means of ſupport, and having no profeſſion, and a ſtrong inclination to literary purſuits, eſpecially poetry, he became by neceſſity an author.

The ſubject he made choice of for his firſt attempt was the *Bangorian* controverſy, in which he inconſiderately engaged in oppoſition to Hoadly, the able defender of civil and religious liberty, and publiſhed a poem againſt the Biſhop, the ſucceſs of which is not known, but of which he was afterwards much aſhamed.

He then attempted a more gainful kind of writing; and, in 1717, offered a comedy to the ſtage, intituled, *Woman's a Riddle*, which was refuſed by the players. It was not, however, his own performance, but a tranſlation of a Spaniſh comedy called *La Dama Duende*, executed by Mrs. Price, lady of Baron Price, who gave him the copy, and, through inadvertency, another copy to Mr. Bullock the player, who made ſome alterations in the MS., and brought it on the ſtage at Lincoln's-inn-fields, the ſame year.

In 1719, he produced *Love in a Veil*, a comedy, tranſlated likewiſe from a Spaniſh play, called *Peor eſta qua eſtava*, and was acted at Lincoln's-inn-fields, but ſo late in the year, that he received ſcarce any other advantage from it, than the acquaintance of Steele, and Mr. Wilks the comedian, by whom he was pitied, careſſed, and relieved.

Steele eſpouſed his intereſt with all the ardour of benevolence which conſtituted his character, and aſſerted, that "the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father."

The kindneſs of Steele did not end in common favours. He propoſed to have eſtabliſhed him in ſome ſettled ſcheme of life, and to have married him to a natural daughter of his, on whom he intended to beſtow a thouſand pounds; but as he was never able to raiſe the ſum which he had offered, the marriage was delayed.

In the mean time, he was informed that Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was ſo much exaſperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his houſe.

Mr. Wilks, however, continued an equal and ſteady kindneſs to the time of his death; and by his interpoſition, according to Mr. Beckingham, he once obtained from his mother fifty pounds, and a promiſe of one hundred and fifty more, which was never performed.

Being thus obliged to depend on Mr. Wilks, he became an aſſiduous frequenter of the theatre; and this conſtant attendance, naturally procured him the acquaintance of Mrs. Oldfield, who, according to Dr. Johnſon, was ſo much pleaſed with his converſation, and touched with his misfortunes, that ſhe allowed him an annuity, during her life, of fifty pounds. But Shiels aſſerts, that "ſhe ſo much diſliked Savage, and diſapproved of his conduct, that ſhe never admitted him to her converſation, nor ſuffered him to enter her houſe;" and that "ſhe indeed often relieved him with ſuch donations as ſpoke her generous diſpoſition: but this was at the ſolicitation of friends; and from a principle of humanity, ſhe became not a little inſtrumental in ſaving his life."

It is certain, that at her death, he went into mourning as for a mother; and though Dr. Johnſon, ſays he did not celebrate her in elegies, Chetwood has printed a poem on her death, which he aſcribes to Savage.

He had ſometimes, by the kindneſs of Mr. Wilks, the advantage of a benefit; on which occaſions he often received uncommon marks of regard and compaſſion, though the intereſt of his mother was employed to fruſtrate his applications.

The kindneſs of his friends not affording him any conſtant ſupply, he found it neceſſary to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry; and having been unſucceſsful in comedy, he reſolved to try whether he ſhould not be more fortunate in exhibiting a tragedy.

The ſtory which he choſe for the ſubject, was that of *Sir Thomas Overbury*. During a conſiderable part of the time in which he was employed upon it, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other convenience for ſtudy than the fields or the ſtreets allowed him. There he uſed to walk, and form his ſpeeches, and afterwards ſtep into a ſhop, beg for a moment the uſe of pen and ink, and write down what he had compoſed, upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

It was brought on the ſtage at Drury-lane, June 12. 1723, and acted only three nights. It was once more performed for his benefit, when the houſe opened for the winter ſeaſon, October 2. It was corrected and fitted for the ſtage by Hill, an author of eſtabliſhed reputation, from whoſe friendſhip he received great aſſiſtance on many occaſions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmoſt tenderneſs and regard. Hill wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumſtances of Savage with great tenderneſs. He himſelf performed the part of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, but with ſo little reputation, that he always blotted out his name from the liſt, when a copy of his tragedy was to be ſhown to his friends.

For the dedication, to Herbert Tryſt, Eſq. of Hereſordſhire, he received ten pounds. The accummulated profits of acting, printing, and dedication, were a hundred pounds, which he thought a very large ſum, having never been maſter of ſo much before.

When his neceſſities returned, Hill encouraged a ſubſcription to a *Miſcellany of Poems*, by publiſhing his ſtory in the "Plain Dealer," with ſome affecting verſes, which had a very powerful effect upon all, but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her averſion.

To this *Miſcellany*, the greater part of which was furniſhed by Hill, he wrote a *Preface*, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty, in a very uncommon ſtrain of humour, with a dedication to Lady Mary Wortley-Montague, whom he flatters without reſerve, and with very little art.

Soon afterwards, the death of George I. furniſhed a general ſubject for poetical condolence, in which Savage engaged, without obtaining any other advantage, than the increaſe of his reputation.

He was now advancing in credit, and appeared to be gaining upon mankind, when a misfortune befel him, by which not only his reputation, but his life was endangered.

On the 20th of November, 1727, Savage came from Richmond, whither he had for ſome time retired, in order to purſue his ſtudies without interruption; and accidentally meeting two acquaintances, whoſe names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a coffee-houſe, where they ſat drinking till it was late. He would willingly have gone to bed in the ſame houſe, but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the ſtreets till the morning. Happening to diſcover a light in a coffee-houſe near Charing-croſs, they went in, and demanded a room. They were told the next parlour would be empty preſently, as a company were about to leave it, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not ſatisfied with this anſwer, ruſhed into the room, and behaved very rudely. This produced a quarrel; ſwords were drawn; and, in the confuſion, one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. A woman ſervant was likewiſe accidentally wounded by Savage, as ſhe was endeavouring to hold him.

Savage and his companions being taken into cuſtody, were tried for this offence; and both he and Gregory were captitally convicted, by the evidence of a common ſtrumpet, a woman by whom ſuch wretches were entertained, and a man by whom they were ſupported. Savage pleaded his own cauſe, and behaved with great reſolution; but it was proved that he gave Sinclair his death's wound, while Gregory commanded the ſword of the deceaſed.

Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, then on the bench, treated him with his uſual inſolence and ſeverity, exaſperated the jury againſt him, and miſrepreſented his defence.

The convicts, reconducted to priſon, had no hopes of life but from the mercy of the Crown, which was earneſtly ſolicited by his friends, and only obſtructed by his mother, who had prejudiced the Queen againſt him, by relating the atrocious calumny of his forcing himſelf in upon her, with an intent to murder her.

At length a friend aroſe, whoſe character and rank were too eminent to fail of ſucceſs, the amiable Counteſs of Hertford, by whoſe interpoſition he was admitted to bail, and, on the 9th March 1728, pleaded the royal pardon; to which alſo the petition delivered to his Majeſty by Lord Tyrconnel, his mother's nephew, and the ſolicitations made to Sir Robert Walpole by Mrs. Oldfield, were not a little conducive.

He had now recovered his liberty, but he had no means of ſubſiſtence. He reſolved, therefore, to compel his mother to do ſomething for him, and threatened that he would ſeverely expoſe her cruelty. The expedient proved ſucceſsful. Lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promiſe to lay aſide his deſign, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and allowed him two hundred pounds a-year.

Mr. Boſwell repreſents his being received as a companion by Lord Tyrconnel, as if prior to his conviction and pardon; but Dr. Johnſon's account, which is followed here, is confirmed by the appearance of *The Wanderer*, in 1729, addreſſed to that nobleman, not only in the firſt lines, but in a formal dedication filled with the higheſt ſtrains of panegyric, and the warmeſt profeſſions of gratitude. No alluſion indeed to the murder is obſervable in *The Wanderer*, which is a circumſtance rather favourable to Mr. Boſwell's account.

For ſome time he had no reaſon to complain of fortune: his appearance was ſplendid, his expences large, and his acquaintance extenſive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and careſſed by all who valued themſelves upon a refined taſte. This interval of proſperity furniſhed him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its higheſt gradation to its loweſt. Of his exact obſervations on human life, he has left a proof in *The Author to be Let*, publiſhed about this time, and afterwards inſerted in a collection of pieces relating to the Dunciad, which were addreſſed to the Earl of Middleſex, in a dedication written by Pope, but ſigned by Savage.

After the publication of this piece, he was conſidered by thoſe who were attacked by Pope, as a kind of confederate, and was ſuſpected of ſupplying him with private intelligence and ſecret incidents; ſo that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a ſatiriſt.

About this time he wrote a panegyrical *Epiſtle to Sir Robert Walpole*, and *The Triumph of Health and Mirth*, on the recovery of Lady Tyrconnel, from a languiſhing illneſs.

While the world ſeemed to ſmile upon him, his conduct was ſuch as made Lord Tyrconnel grow weary of him, and even forced him to withdraw his voluntary bounty, and to baniſh him from his table.

The cauſe aſſigned by his Lordſhip for diſmiſſing him, was, his introducing company into his houſe, with whom he practiſed the moſt licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drunkenneſs; and ſelling or pawning the books of which he had made him a preſent, ſtamped with his own arms: Both theſe accuſations were eaſily credited.

On the other hand, Savage declared, that Lord Tyrconnel quarrelled with him becauſe he would not ſubtract from his own luxury and extravagance what he had promiſed to allow him: but this is by no means probable.

Theſe mutual accuſations were retorted on both ſides, for many years, with the utmoſt degree of virulence and rage. Savage felt every day the conſequences of the quarrel; and ſeems to have perſuaded Dr. Johnſon, "that his ſpirit never ſuffered him to ſolicit a reconciliation:" but Mr. Boſwell has ſhown, that he once ſolicited a reconciliation, "in the humbleſt manner," by the interpoſition of Mr. Gilbert, his Lordſhip's chaplain.

He now thought himſelf again at liberty to take his revenge on his mother; and publiſhed about this time, *The Baſtard*, inſcribed with "due reverence," to Mrs. Brett, which had an extraordinary ſale.

His mother, who happened then to be at Bath, was not able to bear the repreſentation of her own conduct, but fled from reproach, and took ſhelter in London.

On the death of Euſden, in 1730, he ineffectually exerted all the intereſt which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes could procure, to obtain the place of poet-laureat, which was given to Cibber.

Being diſappointed of the laureat's place, he took a reſolution of applying to the Queen, and publiſhed a poem on her birth-day, which he intituled, *The Volunteer Laureat*. The Queen, a few days after publication, ſent him fifty pounds, and her "permiſſion to write annually on the ſame ſubject;" and a promiſe of "the like preſent, till ſomething better could be done for him."

When the Princeſs Anne was married to the Prince of Orange, he wrote a poem upon her departure, only, as he declared, "becauſe it was expected from him."

About this time, he was accuſed in "The Daily Courant," of influencing elections againſt the court, by appearing at the head of a Tory mob; but he ſufficiently cleared his innocence, and found no ill effects from the accuſation.

In the diſpute between the Biſhop of London and the Chancellor, relating to Dr. Rundle, he engaged with great zeal againſt the Biſhop; and wrote a poem, called, *The Progreſs of a Divine*, in which he painted the character of a profligate prieſt, in ſuch odious colours, as drew upon him the reſentment of the clergy. The Court of King's Bench was moved againſt him for obſcenity; but Lord Chief Juſtice York diſmiſſed the information, with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of his writings.

He once intended to make a reparation for the folly or injuſtice with which he might be charged, by writing another poem, called, *The Progreſs of a Freethinker*; but this plan was, like others, formed, and laid aſide.

He was ſtill in his uſual exigencies, having no certain ſupport but the penſion from the Queen; which, when he received, he regularly diſappeared, and ſpent, and returned to his acquaintance as pennyleſs as before.

His friends ſolicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour, with ſo much earneſtneſs, that they obtained a promiſe of the next place that ſhould become vacant, not exceeding 200 l. a-year; but, nothing more than promiſes were obtained from that celebrated ſtateſman.

Deſpair was not, however, the character of Savage; when one patronage failed, he had recourſe to another. The Prince of Wales had very liberally rewarded the merit of Thomſon and Mallet; and, therefore, he reſolved to addreſs to him, his Poem *on Public Spirit, with regard to Public Works*; but he received no reward from his patron, however generous on other occaſions; a diſappointment which he never mentioned without indignation.

His poverty ſtill preſſing, he lodged as much by accident as he dined; for he generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintance, from which the meanneſs of his dreſs often excluded him. He often paſſed his nights in thoſe mean houſes which are ſet open for caſual wanderers; ſometimes in cellars, amidſt the riot and filth of the moſt profligate of the rabble; and not ſeldom would he walk the ſtreets till he was weary, and then lie down, in ſummer, on a bulk, and in winter, among the aſhes of a glaſs-houſe.

His neceſſities as a writer for bread, brought him acquainted with Mr. Cave, the editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine;" and his viſits at St. John's Gate, naturally brought Dr. Johnſon and him together.

It is melancholy to reflect, that Dr. Johnſon and Savage have ſometimes wandered together whole nights in the ſtreets for want of a lodging. Yet, in thoſe ſcenes of diſtreſs, it is probable that Savage mentioned many of thoſe anecdotes, with which Dr. Johnſon afterwards enriched the life of his unfortunate companion, and thoſe of other poets.

His diſtreſſes, however afflictive, never dejected him: In his loweſt ſtate he wanted not ſpirit to aſſert the natural dignity of wit, and to repreſs, with contempt, the inſolence which the ſuperiority of fortune incited; of which Dr. Johnſon records an inſtance, in his refuſing to wait upon one of his friends, when he was without meat, lodging, or clothes, only becauſe the meſſage ſignified that he deſired to ſee him about nine in the morning.

It was one of his favourite amuſements to form ſchemes for publiſhing his works by ſubſcription; for which, at length, he printed propoſals; and as they grew obſolete, new ones were printed with freſher dates; but the money which his ſubſcriptions afforded him, was not leſs volatile than that which he received from his other ſchemes.

The death of the Queen, in 1738, deprived him of all hopes at Court: his penſion was diſcontinued; and he was now abandoned again to fortune.

On the return of the Queen's birth-day next year, he addreſſed to his Majeſty, *A Poem, ſacred to the memory of the late Queen*, which may be juſtly ranked among the beſt pieces which the death of princes has produced. He expected by this addreſs to recover his penſion, and demanded of Sir Robert Walpole to have it reſtored, with a degree of roughneſs, which, perhaps, determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

His diſtreſs was now publicly known; and a ſcheme was at length concerted for procuring him a permanent relief. It was propoſed that he ſhould retire to Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a-year, to be raiſed by ſubſcription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap place, without aſpiring any more to affluence, or having any farther care of reputation. Pope ſubſcribed twenty pounds.

This offer he ſeemed gladly to accept; but his intentions were only to deceive his friends, by retiring for a while to write another tragedy on the ſtory of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, and then to return with it to London, to bring it upon the ſtage.

He left London in the Briſtol ſtage-coach, in July 1739, having taken leave of his friends with great tenderneſs, and parted from Dr. Johnſon with tears in his eyes.

After ſome ſtay at Briſtol, where he was treated with a regard that highly gratified his vanity, he proceeded to Swanſea, the place originally propoſed for his reſidence, where he lived about a year, very much diſſatisfied with the diminution of his ſalary; for he had in his letters treated his contributors ſo inſolently, that moſt of them withdrew their ſubſcription.

At this place he became acquainted with Mr. Powell, and Mrs. Jones, whom he has celebrated in his poems; and completed his tragedy, with which he reſolved to return to London. Pope oppoſed his return, and adviſed him to put his play into the hands of Thomſon and Mallet, that they

might fit it for the ſtage, and receive the profits on his account. This propoſal he rejected with the utmoſt contempt; and ſoon after returned to Briſtol, on his way to London: but, meeting with a repetition of the ſame kind treatment he had before found there, he was tempted to ſtay, till he tired out the generoſity of his friends; and his irregular behaviour grew troubleſome. Diſtreſs ſtole upon him by imperceptible degrees. To complete his miſery, on the 10th of January 1742-3, he was arreſted for a debt of about eight pounds, which he owed at a coffeehouſe; and conducted to the houſe of a ſheriff's officer, where he remained for ſome time "at an immenſe expence," in hopes of procuring bail; and, at length, was removed to Newgate.

The expence of living at the officer's houſe he was enabled to ſupport, by the generoſity of Mr. Naſh at Bath, who, upon hearing of his misfortune, ſent him five guineas.

He was treated by Mr. Dagge, the keeper of the priſon, with great humanity; was ſupported by him at his own table, had a room to himſelf, was allowed to ſtand at the door of the priſon, and ſometimes taken out into the fields.

He employed himſelf in this hoſpitable priſon, in writing a ſatirical poem, called *London and Briſtol Delineated;* which he left unfiniſhed.

When he had been about ſix months in priſon, he received a letter from Pope, who yet continued to remit him his ſubſcription, containing a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, founded on a complaint which he was ſuppoſed to have made to Henley. He returned a very ſolemn proteſtation of his innocence; but, however, appeared much diſturbed at the accuſation.

In a few days after, he was ſeized with a diſorder, which at firſt was not ſuſpected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, at laſt a fever ſeized his ſpirits, and he expired on the 1ſt of Auguſt 1743, in the 46th year of his age. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expence of the keeper.

Thus lived, and thus died this unfortunate poet; leaving behind him an example of the moſt remarkable combination of virtues and vices, weakneſſes and abilities, that is to be found in the records of biography.

The infelicity of his fate has been a frequent ſubject of lamentation with ſucceeding poets; and very lately by William Preſton, Eſq., an eminent poet of a neighbouring kingdom, in an elegant and pathetic "Epiſtle to a Young Gentleman, on his having addicted himſelf to the ſtudy of Poetry."

He, too, that gloried in a *Baſtard's* name,
The patient pupil of reproach and ſhame—
Nor father's ſmile, nor mother's tender tears,
Cheer'd the ſad cradle of his tender years!
Lo! time for him prepares the ſcorns and whips,
And ſteeps in poverty beyond the lips---
Oh *Savage!* doubly born of noble kind,
And tenfold noble in th' exalted mind:
Want, fear, and calumny, for thee combin'd,
And blood oppreſſive clings around thy mind:
Oft to themſelves their pangs the wretched owe,
But *Savage!* thine from crimes of others flow.
What demons ſteel a ſhameleſs woman's breaſt!
Maternal fury, wilt thou never reſt?
With vileſt falſehoods, every fiend-like art,
The human harpy rends his bleeding heart.
Unwearied hate the curſe of being gave,
Purſued through life, and ſunk him to the grave.
Oh, *Savage!* curs'd with elegant deſires,
Th' ennobled nature, the poetic fires;
Thy roving wiſhes ſpread th' unwearied wing,
Their ſad returns of miſery to bring.
No peaceful olive proves their wand'rings paſt;
But noxious herbs and fruits of bitter taſte.
In dreary proſpect, dire exiſtence lies
Where crowding ſorrows, woes on woes ariſe;
The murder'd hopes, departed faith of friends;
And mildeſt death, the long perſpective ends.
Alas! what joy thy parting moment ſmooth'd,
By Pope embitter'd, by a jailor ſooth'd.
Strange comforter! he cheer'd thy priſon's gloom,
He gave thy relics to the decent tomb."

Savage was of a middle ſtature, of a thin habit of body, a long viſage, coarſe features, and melancholy aſpect, of a grave and manly deportment, a ſolemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, ſoftened into an engaging eaſineſs of manners. His walk was ſlow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was eaſily excited to ſmiles, but very ſeldom provoked to laughter.

Of his character, the moſt ſtriking peculiarities have been diſplayed in the relation of his life. He was undoubtedly a man of excellent parts; and had he received the advantages of a liberal education, and had his natural talents been cultivated to the beſt advantage, he might have made a reſpectable figure in life. He was happy in an agreeable temper, and a lively flow of wit, which made his company much coveted: nor was his judgment both of writings and of men inferior to his wit; but he was too much a ſlave to his paſſions, and his paſſions were too eaſily excited.

He was warm in his friendſhips, but implacable in his enmity; and his greateſt fault, which is indeed the greateſt of all faults, was ingratitude. Vanity, the moſt innocent ſpecies of pride, was moſt frequently predominant; and his veracity was often queſtioned, and not without reaſon.

His poetical works, diſperſed in magazines and fugitive publications, were collected and publiſhed by T. Evans, bookſeller, in 2 vols., 8vo, 1771. His ſecond tragedy, on the ſubject of the firſt, was found among Mr. Cave's papers, many years after his death, and fitted for the ſtage by Mr. William Woodfall, with the aſſiſtance of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman, and exhibited at Covent-garden, in 1777, with applauſe.

As a poet, the compoſitions of Savage amply eſtabliſh his fame. *The Wanderer*, the greateſt effort of his poetical genius, is a work of uncommon merit. It abounds with ſtrong repreſentations of nature, and juſt obſervations upon life. Moſt of the pictures have an evident tendency to illuſtrate his firſt great poſition, "That good is the conſequence of evil," which verges towards the latitudinarianiſm of Mandeville. The terrific portrait of *Suicide* deſerves particular commendation. It has been objected to *The Wanderer*, with ſome degree of juſtice, that the diſpoſition of the parts is irregular; that the deſign is obſcure, and the plan perplexed; that the images, however beautiful, ſucceed each other without order; and that the whole performance is not ſo much a regular fabric, as a heap of ſhining materials thrown together by accident, which ſtrike rather with the ſolemn magnificence of a ſtupenduous ruin, than the elegant grandeur of a finiſhed pile.

The *Baſtard* is a vigorous and ſpirited performance: The vivacious ſallies of thought in the beginning, when he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of baſe birth, and the pathetic ſentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he ſuffered by the crime of his parents, are chiefly remarkable.

The poem *of Public Spirit* is not ſo diligently laboured, nor ſo ſucceſsfully finiſhed as *The Wanderer*. The plan is very extenſive, and compriſes a multitude of topics; but he paſſes negligently over many public works, which deſerved to be more elaborately treated.

The ſettlement of colonies in uninhabited countries, is recommended with all the ornaments of verſe, and all the tenderneſs of humanity and benevolence. He aſſerts the natural equality of mankind, and endeavours to ſuppreſs that pride which inclines men to ſuppoſe, that right is the conſequence of power.

The Triumph of Mirth and Health, is remarkable not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. Among his ſmaller pieces, *The Employment of Beauty*, *The Friend*, *The Genius of Liberty*, *Valentine's Day*, and *the Poem ſacred to the memory of her late Majeſty*, deſerve particular commendation.

"As an author," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "if one piece, which he had reſolved to ſuppreſs, be excepted, Savage has very little to fear from the ſtricteſt moral or religious cenſure. And though he may not be altogether ſecure againſt the objections of the critic, it muſt however be acknowledged, that his works are the production of a genius truly poetical, and what many writers, who have been more laviſhly applauded, cannot boaſt, that they have an original air, which has no reſemblance of any foregoing writer; that the verſification and ſentiments have a caſt peculiar to themſelves, which no man can imitate with ſucceſs; becauſe, what was nature in Savage, would be in another affectation. It muſt be confeſſed that his deſcriptions are ſtriking, his images animated, his fictions truly imagined, and his allegories artfully purſued; that his diction is elevated, though ſometimes forced; and his numbers ſonorous and majeſtick, though frequently ſluggiſh and encumbered. Of his ſtyle, the general fault is harſhneſs, and its general excellence is dignity: of his ſentiments, the prevailing beauty is ſimplicity, and uniformity the prevailing defect."

POEMS OF SAVAGE.

THE WANDERER: A VISION,

IN FIVE CANTOS.

" Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave ſurgit."

VIRG.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT TYRCONNEL,

BARON CHARLEVILLE, AND LORD BROWNLOWE,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

MY LORD,

PART of this poem had the honour of your Lordſhip's peruſal when in manuſcript; and it was no ſmall pride to me, when it met with approbation from ſo diſtinguiſhing a judge: ſhould the reſt find the like indulgence, I ſhall have no occaſion (whatever its ſucceſs may be in the world) to repent the labour it has coſt me—But my intention is not to purſue a diſcourſe on my own performence; no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out ſentiments that relate to your Lordſhip's goodneſs, the generoſity of which, give me leave to ſay, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the great, in former times, generally terminated in diſappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called ſuch) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till thoſe who lingered in the want of it, grew almoſt paſt the ſenſe of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, muſt have been acquired too by ſome previous act of guilt in the receiver, the conſequence of which was remorſe and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordſhip, and the preſent miniſtry, is an aſſurance of ſucceſs. I am perſuaded, diſtreſs, in many other inſtances, affects your ſoul with a compaſſion, that always ſhows itſelf in a manner moſt humane and active; that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that to deſerve your friendſhip is to deſerve the countenance of the beſt of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordſhip's converſation (permit me to ſpeak but juſtice) is to be elegantly introduced into the moſt inſtructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furniſhed with the fineſt obſervations upon human nature, and to receive, from the moſt unaſſuming, ſweet, and winning candour, the worthieſt and moſt polite maxims—ſuch as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could alſo take notice of your many public-ſpirited ſervices to your country in Parliament, and your conſtant attachment to liberty, and the royal, illuſtrious houſe of our moſt gracious ſovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the nobleſt and fitteſt orators to ſpeak your praiſe, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordſhip's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been ſo lately ſhed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings ſhall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I muſt acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordſhip's goodneſs to me. I muſt, in fine, ſay with Horace,

" Quod ſpiro, et placeo, (et placeo) tuum eſt."

I am, with the higheſt gratitude and adoration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful

and devoted ſervant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verſe, Tyrconnel, boaſt thy name,
Brownlowe, at once my ſubject and my fame!
Oh! could that ſpirit, which thy boſom warms,
Whoſe ſtrength ſurpriſes, and whoſe goodneſs charms!
That various worth! could that inſpire my lays,
Envy ſhould ſmile, and cenſure learn to praiſe:
Yet though unequal to a ſoul like thine,
A generous ſoul, approaching to divine,
When bleſs'd beneath ſuch patronage I write,
Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight.
O'er ample nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural ſcenes invites the muſe:
She flies all public care, all venal ſtrife,
To try the ſtill, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by theſe the ſons of men may owe
The fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe;
That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inſpirits and adorns the thinking mind.
Come, contemplation, whoſe unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the courſe of things ſurveys;
Who in thyſelf the various view canſt find
Of ſea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
What tides of paſſion in the boſom roll;
What thoughts debaſe, and what exalt the ſoul,
Whoſe pencil paints, obſequious to thy will,
All thou ſurvey'ſt, with a creative ſkill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, ſequeſter'd ſhade!
Awhile in wintery wilds vouchſafe thy aid!
Then waft me to ſome olive, bowery green,
Where, cloth'd in white, thou ſhow'ſt a mind ſerene;
Where kind content from noiſe and court retires,
And ſmiling ſits, while muſes tune their lyres:
Where zephyrs gently breathe, while ſleep profound
To their ſoft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treaſure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee beſtow'd; whence fancy colour'd ſhines,
And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in viſionary light.
Though ſolar fires now faint and watery burn,
Juſt where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd forth iſſue, from its mouth ſevere,
Raw clouds, that ſadden all th' inverted year.
When froſt and fire with martial powers engag'd,
Froſt, northward fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerleſs ſcenes by deſolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he ſits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his cryſtal beard ſuſtains,
And ſcepter'd one, o'er wind and tempeſt reigns;
O'er ſtony magazines of hail, that ſtorm
The bloſſom'd fruit, and flowery ſpring deform.
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe ſnow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that ſtrikes petrific death.
Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain,
That, ſhut againſt the ſun's diſſolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquiſh'd day,
And ſtretching eaſtward half the world ſecures,
Defies diſcovery, and like time endures!
Now froſt ſent boreal blaſts to ſcourge the air,
To bind the ſtreams, and leave the landſcape bare;
Yet when, far weſt, his violence declines,
Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
To rocky pools, to cataracts are unknown
His chains!---to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!
The falling moon caſt, cold, a quivering light,
Juſt ſilver'd o'er the ſnow, and ſunk!---pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-gray miſts aroſe!
Shrill chants the cock!---the hungry heifer lows!
Slow bluſh yon breaking clouds;---the ſun's up-roll'd!
Th' expanſive gray turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting ſaffron luſtre from his beams.
O contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, ſome diſtant ſhore!
From ſleep a dream diſtinct and lively claim;
Clear let the viſion ſtrike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my ſoul ſerene!
Still morn begins, and froſt retains the ſcene!
Hark!---the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
From rock to vale ſweet-wandering echoes run!
Still floats the ſound ſhrill-winding from afar!
Wild beaſts aſtoniſh'd dread the ſylvan war!
Spears to the ſun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briſkly, and enjoy the fray!
Swans, ducks, and geeſe, and the wing'd winter-brood,
Chatter diſcordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thouſand different jargon-ſounds,
Like jangling bells, harſh mingling grate the ear!
All ſtare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And ſmoky fate ſpeeds thundering through the gloom!
Stop'd ſhort, they ceaſe in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.
Still fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I ſtand,
Eſtrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the ſcene unknown!
Where ſhall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?
From hilly wilds, and deeps where ſnows remain,
My winding ſteps up a ſteep mountain ſtrain!
Emmers'd a-top, I mark, the hills ſubſide,
And towers aſpire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flacky winter ſhades the ground!
Hoarſe, and direct, a bluſtering north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick ruſtling, crack the criſped ſnows!
Tangles of froſt half-fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering ſky!
Hence down the ſide two turbid rivulets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!
While pleas'd the watery progreſs I purſue,
Yon rocks in rough aſſemblage ruſh in view!
In form an amphitheatre they riſe;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.

There the dim'd ſight with dizzy weakneſs fails,
And horror o'er the firmeſt brain prevails!
Thither theſe mountain ſtreams their paſſage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-ſwelling, ſo redundant grows,
From the heap'd ſtore deriv'd, a river flows;
Which, deepening, travels through a diſtant wood,
And thence emerging, meets a ſiſter-flood;
Mingled they flaſh on a wide-opening plain,
And paſs yon city to the far-ſeen main.
So blend two ſouls by heaven for union made,
And ſtrengthening forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in every tranſient turn their aim,
Through finite life to infinite the ſame.
Nor ends the landſcape---ocean, to my ſight,
Points a blue arm, where ſailing ſhips delight,
In proſpect leſſen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd high,
Stretch a croſs-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
There lies obſcur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
In conic form there gelid cryſtal grows;
Through ſuch the palace-lamp, gay luſtre throws!
Luſtre, which, through dim night, as various plays,
As play from yonder ſnows the changeful rays!
For nobler uſe the cryſtal's worth may riſe,
If tubes perſpective hem the ſpotleſs prize;
Through theſe the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Meaſure known ſtars, and new remoter ſpy.
Hence commerce many a ſhorten'd voyage ſteers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's ſoul etherial flight eſſays;
Inſtructive there from orb to orb ſhe ſtrays;
Sees, round new countleſs ſuns, new ſyſtems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky ſide enrich'd the ſummer ſcene,
And peaſants ſearch for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortleſs it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's diſguiſe.
There, while without the ſounding tempeſt ſwells,
Incav'd ſecure th' exulting eagle dwells;
And there, when nature owns prolific ſpring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coaſt the far-fam'd fiſh deſcry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While ſhells, a ſcatter'd ornament beſtow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the ſhowery bow.
Yon limeleſs ſands, looſe-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons uſeful texture find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing maſs
Brightens, and brightening hardens into glaſs.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon ſea forgets to rave;
Though laſh'd by ſtorms, which naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in ſparkles ſeems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each ſafe neſt on a calm ſurface floats.
Now veers the wind full eaſt; and keen, and ſore,
Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy ſtrength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minuteſt nerve let anguiſh ſeize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (ſo frail our caſe!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, enflam'd, and unaſſwag'd, [rag'd!
They ſmart, and ſwell, and throb, and ſhoot enFrom nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain? [glides!
Now my blood chills! ſcarce through my veins it
Sure on each blaſt a ſhivering ague rides!
Warn'd let me this bleak eminence forſake,
And to the vale a different winding take!
Half I deſcend: my ſpirits faſt decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Cloſe with this ſtage a precipice combines;
Whence ſtill the ſpacious country far declines!
The herds ſeem inſects in the diſtant glades,
And men diminiſh'd, as, at noon, their ſhades!
Thick on this top, o'ergrown for walks, are ſeen
Gray leafleſs wood, and winter-greens between!
The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly ſhows,
And matted miſletoe, the white, beſtows!
Though loſt the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Though on broad oaks no vernal umbrage ſhoots!
Theſe boughs, the ſilenc'd ſhivering ſongſters ſeek!
Theſe foodful berries fill the hungry beak.
Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary manſion of deſpair!
The water of the mountain-road, half ſtray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown caſcade.
Has nature this rough, naked piece deſign'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep deſcent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling ſound of footſteps haſtening near!
A death-like chillneſs thwarts my panting breaſt:
Soft! the wiſh'd object ſtands at length confeſs'd!
Of youth his form.—But why with anguiſh bent?
Why pin'd with ſallow marks of diſcontent?
Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raiſe hope, and ſmiles away deſpair.
Compaſſion, in his eye, ſurveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haſte,
(He ſays) nor let warm thanks thy ſpirits waſte!
All fear forget——Each portal I poſſeſs,
Duty wide-opens to receive diſtreſs.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in ſquar'd diviſions, I ſurvey
Chambers ſequeſter'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perſpective ſcene.
In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to ſweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Through the bor'd rock above, the ſmoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's ſpread,
Crown'd with a heapy caniſter of bread.
A maple cup is next diſpatch'd to bring
The comfort of the ſalutary ſpring:
Nor mourn we abſent bleſſings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of roſy wine;
And ſavoury cates, upon clear embers caſt,
Lie hiſſing, till ſnatch'd off; a rich repaſt!
Soon leap my ſpirits with enliven'd power,
And in gay converſe glides the feaſtful hour.

The hermit, thus: Thou wonder'ſt at thy fare:
On me, yon city, kind, beſtows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
That warms chill'd life, her charities produce:
Accept without reward; unaſk'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that God, (who, in the time of need,
In frozen deſerts can the raven feed)
Well-ſought, will delegate ſome pitying breaſt,
His ſecond means, to ſuccour man diſtreſs'd.
He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aſpect gloom'd;
Then he, with ſmile humane, his voice reſum'd.
I'm juſt inform'd, (and laugh me not to ſcorn)
By one unſeen by thee, thou'rt Engliſh-born.
Of England I—to me the Britiſh ſtate
Riſes, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here ſtand we conſcious:—Diffidence ſuſpend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy muſe extend
To grots, where contemplation ſmiles ſerene,
Where angels viſit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices riſe,
Catch the rapt ſoul, and waft it to the ſkies?
This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful ſcenes thy eyes ſhall here behold,
Think ſubjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
What cannot induſtry completely raiſe?
Be the whole earth in one great landſcape found,
By induſtry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the ſword to ſmite; he ſheaths the ſteel,
Draws health from herbs, and ſhows the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe ſupplies;
Or bids young plants in future foreſts riſe;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the diſtant ocean ſway;
Hence golden commerce views her wealth increaſe,
The bliſsful child of liberty and peace.
He ſcoops the ſtubborn Alps, and, ſtill employ'd,
Fills, with ſoft fertile mould, the ſteril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, ſmall, yellow harveſts grow,
And, green on terrac'd ſtages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level ſpace,
An iſthmus ſinks, and ſunder'd ſeas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked ſhore,
And deſolation ſtarves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics ſtand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conqueſt with his fenceful mound.
Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice roſe,
Each fabric there, as pleaſure's ſeat he ſhows!
There marts, ſports, councils, are for action ſought,
Landſcapes for health, and ſolitude for thought.
What wonder then I, by his potent aid,
A manſion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou haſt view'd!—If further we explore,
Let induſtry deſerve applauſe the more.
No frowning care yon bleſt apartment ſees,
There ſleep retires, and finds a couch of eaſe.
Kind dreams, that fly remorſe, and pamper'd wealth,
There ſhed the ſmiles of innocence and health.
Mark!—Here deſcends a grot, delightful ſeat!
Which warms ev'n winter, tempers ſummer heat!
See!—Gurgling from a top, a ſpring diſtills!
In mournful meaſures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of diſtant doves, receiv'd around,
In ſoothing mixture, ſwell the watery ſound;
And hence the ſtreamlets ſeek the terrace' ſhade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Paſs on—New ſcenes, by my creative power,
Invite reflection's ſweet and ſolemn hour.
We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, ſtood
Th' inſtructive volumes of the wiſe and good.
Theſe friends (ſaid he) though I deſert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time diſplays,
I know; each work ſome ſeraph here conveys,
Retirement thus preſents my ſearchful thought,
What heaven inſpir'd, and what the muſe has taught;
What young ſatiric and ſublime has writ,
Whoſe life is virtue, and whoſe muſe is wit.
Rap'd I foreſee thy Mallet's * early aim
Shine in full worth, and ſhoot at length to fame,
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of inſtructive years.
In Hill is all that generous ſouls revere,
To virtue and the muſe for ever dear:
And Thomſon, in this praiſe, thy merit ſee,
The tongue that praiſes merit, praiſes thee.
Theſe ſcorn (ſaid I) the verſe-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, uſeleſs page;
To whoſe dim faculty the meaning ſong
Is glaring, or obſcure, when clear, and ſtrong;
Who, in cant phraſes, gives a work diſgrace;
His wit, and oddneſs of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an eſſay,
In ſome low libel a mean heart diſplay;
Thoſe, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, deſpiſe,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmleſs dies.
Or ſhould ſome nobler bard, their worth, unpraiſe,
Deſerting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each ſcience ſhows the ſame,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the ſhock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, ſtill proceed, with ſacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.
Let envy, he replied, all ireful riſe,
Envy purſues alone the brave and wiſe;
Maro and Socrates inſpire her pain,
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be nature's, and Britannia's praiſe!
All their bright honours ruſh into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought ſedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate;
Profound as reaſon, and as juſtice clear;
Soft as compaſſion, yet as truth ſevere;

* *He had then juſt written the Excurſion.*

As bounty copious, as perſuaſion ſweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, ſo ſublime her views,
His life is almoſt equall'd by his muſe.
O Pope!—Since envy is decreed by fate,
Since ſhe purſues alone the wiſe and great;
In one ſmall, emblematic landſcape ſee,
How vaſt a diſtance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence ſurveys our ſcene
(A hill, where all is clear, and all ſerene).
Rude earth-bred ſtorms o'er meaner valleys blow,
And wandering miſts roll, blackening far below;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is envy's aim,
And clear, and eminent, like truth, thy fame.
Thus I. From what dire cauſe can envy ſpring?
Or why emboſom we a viper's ſting?
'Tis envy ſtings our darling paſſion, pride.
Alas! (the man of mighty ſoul replied)
Why chooſe we miſeries? Moſt derive their birth
From one bad ſource—we dread ſuperior worth;
Prefer'd, it ſeems a ſatire on our own;
Then heedleſs to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abſtract our views, and envy ſhow,
Whence ſprings the miſery, pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates: By wiſdom's power,
We ſhun the weight of many a reſtleſs hour—
Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the ſcheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole, am part—the joy men ſee,
Muſt circulate, and ſo revolve to me.
Why ſhould I then of private loſs complain?
Of loſs, that proves, *per* chance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wiſh'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but ſupplied, when vales are drown'd;
If, with ſoft moiſture ſwell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call deſcend?
Shall gravity for me her laws ſuſpend?
For me ſhall ſuns their noon-tide courſe forbear?
Or motion not ſubſiſt to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they froſt, or flame,
Thy end, O nature! ſtill remains the ſame!
Be this the motive of a wiſe man's care,—
To ſhun deſerving ills, and learn to bear.

CANTO II.

While thus a mind humane, and wiſe, he ſhows,
All eloquent of truth his language flows. [pears;
Youth, though depreſs'd, through all his form ap-
Through all his ſentiments the depth of years.
Thus he.—Yet farther induſtry behold,
Which conſcious waits new wonders to unfold,
Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of ſin.
When firſt we met, how ſoon you ſeem'd to know
My boſom, labouring with the throbs of woe!
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouſe thoſe cares,
On my chill'd mind pale recollection glares!

When moping frenzy ſtrove my thoughts to ſway,
Here prudent labours chas'd her power away.
Full, and rough-riſing from yon ſculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs ſmile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
And muſe-like cherubs tune their harps in ſtone!
Next ſhadow'd light a rounding force beſtows,
Swells into life, and ſpeaking action grows!
Here pleaſing, melancholy ſubjects find,
To calm, amuſe, exalt the penſive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And ſemblant thoughts, that earthly pomp deſpiſe.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Looſe-veil'd, in negligence of charms ſhe kneels.
Though dreſs, near-ſtor'd, its vanity ſupplies,
The vanity of dreſs unheeded lies.
The ſinful world in ſorrowing eye ſhe keeps,
As o'er Jeruſalem Meſſiah weeps.
One hand her boſom ſmites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.
Since evil outweighs good, and ſways mankind,
True fortitude aſſumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Meſſiah's, though to ſuffering born,
To penury, repulſe, reproach, and ſcorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his flight deſign'd;
The weary'd virgin by a ſtream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm expreſs,
A modeſt charm, that dignifies diſtreſs.
Boughs o'er their heads with bluſhing fruits depend,
Which angels to her buſied conſort bend.
Hence by the ſmiling infant ſeems diſcern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heaven concern'd.
Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aſpires!
Full on his followers burſts a flood of rays,
Proſtrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide ſummer-ſuns the rays appear,
Unſufferable, magnificent, and near!
What ſcene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the ſuppliant King of kings!
The crown of thorns; the croſs, that felt him die;
Theſe, languid in the ſketch, unfiniſh'd lie.
There, from the dead, centurions ſee him riſe,
See! but ſtruck down with horrible ſurpriſe!
As the firſt glory ſeem'd a ſun at noon,
This caſts the ſilver ſplendour of the moon.
Here peopled day, th' aſcending God ſurveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
Now ſoften'd, like a ſun at diſtance ſeen,
When through a cloud bright-glancing, yet ſerene!
Now faſt encreaſing to the crowd amaz'd,
Like ſome vaſt meteor high in æther rais'd!
My labour, yon high vaulted altar ſtains
With dyes, that emulate æthereal plains.
The convex glaſs, which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour ſhows!
Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
Back from the God, a ſhowery radiance fall.
Lightening the ſcene beneath! a ſcene divine!
Where ſaints, clouds, ſeraphs, intermingled ſhine!
Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a ſweet organ, ſwell a lofty ſound!
The ſolemn notes bid earthly paſſions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my ſoul on high!

This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!
He ſtopt—pathetic ſighs the pauſe ſupply,
And the prompt tear ſtarts, quivering, on his eye!
I look'd—two columns near the wall were ſeen,
An imag'd beauty ſtretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia ſtrung;
Leaning, from high, a liſtening angel hung!
Friendſhip, whoſe figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix, with irradiate creſt, ſuſtains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t'impart
Two foreign hands, that claſp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering ſeraphs raiſe,
Which opening heaven upon the roof diſplays!
And two, benevolent, leſs diſtant, hold
A vaſe, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
Theſe from the heart, by friendſhip held, ariſe,
Odorous as incenſe gathering in the ſkies.
In the fond pelican is love expreſt,
Who opens to her young her tender breaſt.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a faulcon ſtruck!—in wild deſpair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! deſtroys
The tender conſort of my cares and joys!
Again ſoft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd ſounds dy'd, fluttering, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmoſt thought I know!
Too well ev'n ſilence tells the ſtory'd woe!
To his my ſighs, to his my tears reply!
I ſtray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!
Next, on the wall, her ſcenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory ſhow,
Ey'd wiſtful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent diſpos'd her hands,
One ſhows her breaſt, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit ſeiz'd!—o'er all his ſoul,
The ſoft, wild, wailing, amorous paſſion ſtole!
In ſtedfaſt gaze his eyes her aſpect keep,
Then turn away, a while dejected weep;
Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the ſwelling grief that ſtreams again.
Where now is my philoſophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reaſon, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of bleſſings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, t'embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level firſt my head?
Why muſt I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! Fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her ſoul was truth!
Oh, ſhe was dear! How dear, what words can ſay?
She dies!—my heaven at once is ſnatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I roſe a wealthy and illuſtrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' inſtructive, pleaſing, academic grove?
That in the ſenate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to ſhine? [all
That love ſhower'd bleſſings too—far more than
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are theſe, which ev'n the wiſe adore?
Loſt is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye perſecuting powers! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at beſt, its ſcorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to ſhame, to ruthleſs cenſure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief ſupplies!
But a loſt wife!—there! there diſtraction lies!
Now three ſad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief!
Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous ſeat,
(My brother's now) to ſeek ſome dark retreat:
Mid cloiſter'd ſolitary tombs I ſtray,
Deſpair and horror lead the cheerleſs way!
My ſorrow grows to ſuch a wild exceſs,
Life, injur'd life, muſt wiſh the paſſion leſs!
Olympia!—my Olympia's loſt! (I cry)
Olympia's loſt, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The ſwelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghoſts to ſcream, as through lone aiſles they ſweep;
The ſhrines to ſhudder, and the ſaints to weep!
Now grief and rage, by gathering ſighs ſuppreſt,
Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breaſt!
With ſtruggling ſtarts, each vital ſtring they ſtrain,
And ſtrike the tottering fabric of my brain!
O'er my ſunk ſpirits frowns a vapoury ſcene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of ſpleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erſpreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts and ſecret terrors dwell!
Here learn the great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleaſing truths here mortify the vain!
Here learning, blinded firſt, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as ignorance, as frenzy wild!
Here firſt credulity on reaſon won!
And here falſe zeal myſterious rants begun!
Here love impearls each moment with a tear,
And ſuperſtition owes to ſpleen her fear!
Fantaſtic lightnings, through the dreary way,
In ſwift ſhort ſignals flaſh the burſting day!
Above, beneath, acroſs, around, they fly!
A dire deception ſtrikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin ſevere!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-baniſh'd ſpirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all obſcene, ſhed baneful damps around!
Now whiſpers, trembling in ſome feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic ſhades, and myſtic light!
Some drive with rapid ſteeds the ſhining car!
Theſe nod from thrones! Thoſe thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the deluſive ſhow,
Start from wild joy, and fix in ſtupid woe.
Here the lone hour a blank of life diſplays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raiſe;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and ſunk!—A robe ſhe wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective ſhows,
Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes.
This endleſs foe to generous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for eaſe; but lolls in vain;

She muſes o'er her woe embroider'd veſt,
And ſelf-abhorrence heightens in her breaſt.
To ſhun her care, the force of ſleep ſhe tries,
Still wakes her mind, though ſlumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, ſtarts, riſes, ſtalks from place to place,
With reſtleſs, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the ſun, and curſes every ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim ſpectres dance. Again her eye ſhe rears;
Then from the blood-ſhot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then preſſes hard her brow, with miſchief fraught,
Her brow half burſts with agony of thought!
From me (ſhe cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
Born of deſpair, and ſuicide my name!
Why ſhould thy life a moment's pain endure!
Here every object proffers grief a cure.
She points where leaves of hemlock blackening ſhoot!
Fear not! pluck! eat (ſaid ſhe) the ſovereign root!
Then death, revers'd, ſhall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy ſight ſhall ſwim the ſhadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, poſſeſs a watery grave,
And leave wild ſorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from miſery frees!
She wounds her breaſt!—the guilty ſteel I ſeize!
Straight, where ſhe ſtruck, a ſmoking ſpring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimſon'd floor,
She faints! ſhe fades!---Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
And now, unſtartling, fix the dire reſolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia ſmiles!
He points the paſſage to the ſeats divine,
Where poets, heroes, ſainted lovers ſhine!
I come, Olympia!---my rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breaſt the threatening point deſcends;
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
When, lo! a voice reſounds---Ariſe! away!
Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'ſt thou from providence for vain relief?
Such ill-fought eaſe ſhall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obſtructed, ſtronger ſhines,
And zeal by perſecution's rage refines.
By woe, the ſoul to daring action ſwells;
By woe, in paintleſs patience it excels;
From patient, prudent dear experience ſprings,
And traces knowledge through the courſe of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:---whate'er men covet and careſs.
The vaniſh'd fiend thus ſent a hollow voice,
Would'ſt thou be happy? ſtraight be death thy choice.
How mean are thoſe, who paſſively complain;
While active ſouls, more free, their fetters ſtrain!
Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:---whate'er men covet and careſs;
On earth ſucceſs muſt in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of ſpirits thus-- their reſt
Untouch'd! entire!---once happy, ever bleſt!

Earneſt the heavenly voice reſponſive cries,
Oh, liſten not to ſubtilty unwiſe!
Thy guardian ſaint, who mourns thy hapleſs fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign ſhore;
There in a cell thy laſt remains be ſpent;
Away! deceive deſpair, and find content!
I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long ſeas I meaſur'd, and this mountain gain'd
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd, where a huge ſerpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!---he rages now for food,
Meets my firſt glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears ſpire on ſpire! His ſcales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burniſh'd in the ſun! ſuch height they gain,
They dart green luſtre on the diſtant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful ſlope, he ſtoops his creſt,
Furious to fix on my unſhielded breaſt!
Juſt as he ſprings, my ſabre ſmites the foe!
Headleſs he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though ſtrength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiſs the gaſping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk ſlow-looſens every fold,
Lingers in life: then ſtretches ſtiff, and cold.
Juſt as th' inveterate ſon of miſchief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the ſpot deſcends:
I hail this omen! all bad paſſions ceaſe,
Like the ſlain ſnake, and all within is peace.
Next, to religion this plain roof I raiſe!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze;
I bid due incenſe on my altars ſmoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke!
She hears! ſhe comes!---My heart what raptures warm?
All my Olympia ſparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of death ſhe bears!
Each reſeate look a quickening tranſport wears!
A robe of light, high-wrought, her ſhape inveſts;
Unzon'd the ſwelling beauty of her breaſts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring reſumes,
In her fair hand, love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then, thus, (while nearer ſhe avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit!---muſt I a ſhade purſue?
Dazzled I gaze!---thou ſwim'ſt before my view!
Dip'd in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, ſtrengthen'd, bear the ſhine:
Still thus I urge (for ſtill the ſhadowy bliſs
Shuns the warm graſp, nor yields the tender kiſs)
Oh, fly not!—fade not! liſten to love's call!
She lives! no more I'm man! I'm ſpirit all!
Then let me ſnatch thee!---preſs thee!---take me whole!
Oh, cloſe!---yet cloſer!---cloſer to my ſoul!
Twice, round her waiſt, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy claſp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd---Behold thy huſband kneel,
And judge! O judge what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take horror's ſhape, and fright me to deſpair!

Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
But mock not thus!---Alas (the charmer said,
Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded strength employ,
To clasp a shade!---What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possest)
Supremely curs'd from being greatly blest;
For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
Thou hadst forgot thy God to worship me;
This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
Think me not lost: for thee I heaven implore!
Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly dream!
Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
In music's voice I wake thy mind to prayer!
By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
And when that form shall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight:
Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aspire
Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.
She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
Th' inchanting voice still warbles in my mind:
But lo! th' unbodied vision fleets away!---
---Stay, my Olympia!---I conjure thee, stay!
Yet stay---for thee my memory leans to smart!
Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay!
From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
Ah!---let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return!
Alas!---she's fled---I traverse now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
Sighs choke my words, unable to express
The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness!
Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
Than I on her's;---but through yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er the illumin'd floor!
The roof swift kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living lustre flame around!
In all the majesty of light array'd,
Awful it shines!---'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
As I the heavenly visitant pursue,
Sublimer glory opens to my view!
He speaks---But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
His thoughts!---They leave me fir'd with patriot heat!
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike passion, public zeal!
But from my frailty, it receives a stain,
I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
And would, in scenes of action foremost glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to solitary love.
She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize;
Whose fabrics from their country's ruin rise;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.
I hear!---through all my veins new transports roll!
I gaze!---warm love comes rushing on my soul:
Ravish'd I gaze!---again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
Cato returns!---Zeal takes her course to reign!
But zeal is in ambition lost again!
I'm now the slave of fondness!---now of pride!
---By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
This I'll enjoy!---He ended!---I reply'd,
O hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often misery points the path to bliss.
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

CANTO III.

Thus free our social time from morning flows
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend: behold the light's decay:
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun,
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
His parting eyes a watery radiance shed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
To which oppos'd the shadowy gulfs, below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow.
Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the way;
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
Orient, the queen of night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red crescent seen: Her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams.
Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet flow-rising glare

See! flames, condens'd now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Through ranks of pines, her broken lustre plays.
Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
And, glittering, sports upon the spangled snows.
Now silver turn her beams!---yon den they gain;
The big, rous'd lion shakes his brindled main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide resounding roar.
O dire presage!---But fear not thou, my friend,
Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on---and now survey,
How men and spirits chase the night away!
Yon nymphs and swains in amorous mirth advance;
To breathing music moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
There crowds, with stable tread, and level'd eye,
Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force superior, not with skill so true,
The ponderous disk from Roman sinews flew.
Where neighbouring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensile plain,
Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound!
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate, rise;
And deafening clangor thunders up the skies.
Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene:
Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way:
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke:
Yon amber-hued cascade, which fleecy flies
Through rocks, and strays along the trackless skies,
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe or harp!—and next they stand,
Marshal'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind:
Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.
Hark! the funeral bell's deep-sounding toll,
To bliss, from misery, calls some righteous soul!
Just freed from life, life swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
Light clasps its wings!—it views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high wrought, that blackening nods in air;
The slow-pac'd weeping pomp; the solemn prayer;
The decent tomb; the verse, that sorrow gives,
Where, to remembrance sweet, fair virtue lives.
Now to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiseless gloom the plains are deluged o'er:
See!—from the north, what streaming meteors pour!
Beneath Bootes springs the radiant train,
And quiver through the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
Cross æther swift elance the vivid fires!
As swift again each pointed flame retires!
In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
To them wild omens! science to the wise!
These mark the comet to the sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
And lights all æther with the sweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
By worlds, whose people, all aghast with fear,
May view that minister of vengeance near!
Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!
Or when it, sunward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th' ætherial plain!
The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling through night, a new illustrious star!
The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various talk:---the city near in view!
Here from still-life (he cries) avert thy sight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night!
But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly;
Where decency forbids inquiry's eye.
Man, were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reason's glory is to quell desire.
What are thy fruits, O lust? Short blessings bought
With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought;
Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born, [mourn;
Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to
Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame;
Or cast obscure; the child of want and shame!
False pride! What vices on our conduct steal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
Ye cruel mothers!---Soft! those words command;
So near shall cruelty, and mother stand?
Can the dove's bosom snakey venom draw?
Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender, fleecy dam
Howl like the wolf, to tear the kid or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers---There I fear'd his aim,
And, conscious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd!
That tenderness, which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!---But now to general views
Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.
Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day,
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.

Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant eaſe,
Shall wake ſharp warnings in ſome fierce diſeaſe.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd ſtate;
Thy thoughts, firſt rank'd, were ſure deſign'd the great;
Paſſions plebians are, which faction raiſe;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs riſe:
Then ſovereign reaſon from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wiſdom and wit,
To noiſe and folly, place and power ſubmit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is toſt,
Unſteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is loſt.
The miſer-ſpirit eyes the ſpendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of ſordid care.
His treaſures fly to cloy each fawning ſlave;
Yet grudge a ſtone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd and unlamented died.
Yet ſmile, griev'd ſhade! when that unproſperous ſtore
Faſt-leſſens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inſpiring woe his heart ſhall mend,
And prove his only wiſe, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly ſport,
While plotting miſchief keeps reſerv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blaſting ſulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with ſmoke!
In chariot-ſhape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like deſtruction lower!
From the black depth, a fiery legion ſprings;
Each bold, had ſpectre claps her ſounding wings:
And ſtraight beneath a ſummon'd, traiterous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention ſtand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, cloſe beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-poſſeſs'd, their riſing galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devaſtation dire!
But juſtice marks their ways: ſhe waves in air,
The ſword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark villany herſelf deceives,
There ſtudious honeſty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon loneſome room,
Scattering thin rays, juſt glimmers through the gloom.
There ſits the ſapient bard in muſeful mood,
And glows impaſſion'd for his country's good!
All the bright ſpirits of the juſt combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays reſulgent ſhine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I ſee him climb,
To view this ſpeck of earth from worlds ſublime!
I ſee him now o'er nature's works preſide!
How clear the viſion! and the ſcene how wide!
Let ſome a name by adulation raiſe,
Or ſcandal, meaner than a venal praiſe!
My muſe (he cries) a nobler proſpect view!
Through fancy's wilds ſome moral's point purſue!
From dark deception clear drawn truth diſplay,
As from black chaos roſe reſplendent day!
Awake compaſſion, and bid terror riſe!
Bid humble ſorrows ſtrike ſuperior eyes!
So pamper'd power, unconſcious of diſtreſs,
May ſee, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redreſs.
Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his ſtinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you ſweet-bloſſom'd fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art.
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite!
If verſe can gild inſtruction with delight,
Inſpire his honeſt muſe with orient flame,
To riſe, to dare, to reach the nobleſt aim!
But, O my friend! myſterious is our fate!
How mean his forrtune, though his mind elate!
Æneas-like he paſſes through the crowd.
Unſought, unſeen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or ſeen with ſlight regard: Unprais'd his name:
His after-honour, and our after-ſhame.
The doom'd deſert, to avarice ſtands confeſs'd;
Her eyes averted are, and ſteel'd her breaſt.
Envy aſquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold inſult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward cenſure, ſkill'd in darker ways,
Hints ſure detraction in diſſembled praiſe!
Hunger, thirſt, nakedneſs, there grievous fall!
Unjuſt deriſion too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endued,
Uſher'd by pride, and by reproach purſued.
Forc'd pity meets him with a cold reſpect,
Unkind as ſcorn, ungenerous as neglect.
Yet, ſuffering worth! thy fortitude will ſhine:
Thy foes are virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and peace thy days ſhall crown;
Thy treaſure prudence, and thy claim renown:
Myriads, unborn, ſhall mourn thy hapleſs fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's ſound,
Sweet through ſtill night, proclaiming ſafety round!
Yon ſhade illuſtrious quits the realms of reſt,
To aid ſome orphan of its race diſtreſt,
Safe winds him through the ſubterraneous way,
That mines yon manſion, grown with ruin gray,
And marks the wealthy, unſuſpected ground,
Where, green with ruſt, long-buried coins, abound.
This plaintive ghoſt, from earth when newly fled,
Saw thoſe, the living truſted, wrong the dead;
He ſaw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeleſs hand
Sign the falſe deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious cenſure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
Commiſſion'd now the falſehood he reveals,
To juſtice ſoon th' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by his wealth, are coſtly pleas maintain'd,
And, by diſcover'd truth, loſt right regain'd.
But why (ſome may inquire) why kind ſucceſs,
Since myſtic heaven gives miſery oft to bleſs?
Though miſery leads to happineſs and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,

Unſtrengthen'd virtue ſcarce his boſom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
Oh, let not cenſure, if (untry'd by grief,
If, amidſt woe, untempted by relief,)
He ſtoop'd reluctant to low arts of ſhame,
Which then, ev'n then he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to name.
Heaven ſees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,
Now riſing fortune elevates his mind,
He ſhines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
So in ſome engine, that denies a vent,
If unreſpiring is ſome creature pent,
It ſickens, droops, and pants, and gaſps for breath,
Sad o'er the ſight ſwim ſhadowy miſts of death;
If then kind air pours powerful in again,
New heats, new pulſes quicken every vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Diſpers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly. [riſe,
From trembling tombs the ghoſts of greatneſs
And o'er their bodies hang with wiſtful eyes;
Or diſcontented ſtalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their ſcreams with ſcreaming owls.
The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the ſhadow'd ſky.
Springs with ſoft heats no more give borders green,
Nor ſmoking breathe along the whiten'd ſcene;
While ſteamy currents, ſweet in proſpect, charm
Like veins blue-winding in a fair one's arm.
Now ſleep to fancy parts with half his power
And broken ſlumbers drag the reſtleſs hour.
The murder'd ſeems alive, and ghaſtly glares,
And in dire dreams the conſcious murderer ſcares,
Shows the yet-ſpouting wound, th' enſanguin'd floor,
The walls yet-ſmoking with the ſpatter'd gore;
Or ſhrieks to dozing juſtice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudful art from day conceals;
The delve obſcene, where no ſuſpicion pries,
Where the diſfigur'd corſe unſhrouded lies;
The ſure, the ſtriking proof, ſo ſtrong maintain'd,
Pale guilt ſtarts ſelf-convicted, when arraign'd.
Theſe ſpirits treaſon of its power diveſt,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breaſt.
Thoſe ſolemn thought inſpire, or bright deſcend
To ſnatch in viſion ſweet the dying friend.
But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summons to prayer!—Now breaks th' enchanter's ſpell!
And now—But yon fair ſpirit's form ſurvey!
'Tis ſhe!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haſte!—I fly!—adieu!—and when you ſee
The youth who bleeds with fondneſs, think on me:
Tell him my tale, and be his pain careſt;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm bleſt.
When worſhipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praiſe the Maker in his faireſt mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the ſoul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming women, ſoon we miſs
The prize of friendſhip, and the life of bliſs!
Still through the ſhades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightneſs luſters o'er her cheeks!
Again ſhe calls!—I dare no longer ſtay!
A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.
He turn'd, no longer in my ſight remain'd;
The mountain he, I ſafe the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

Still o'er my mind wild fancy holds her ſway,
Still on ſtrange viſionary land I ſtray.
Now ſcenes crowd thick! now indiſtinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
Near the bull's horn light's riſing monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws!
From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;
Then with an anguiſh breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding ſpring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the ſlow-circling blood of human race,
And in ſharp, livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he ſtrides away:
Such ſlippery paths ambition's ſteps betray.
Turning, with ſighs, far ſpiral firs he ſees,
Which bow obedient to the ſouthern breeze:
Now from yon Zemblan rock his creſt he ſhrouds,
Like fame's, obſcur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his loſt empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants ſhed o'er liberty reſtor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the meaſur'd round of mortal ſight)
A waſte, pale glimmering, like a moon, that wanes
A wild expanſe of frozen ſea contains.
It cracks!—vaſt floating mountains beat the ſhore!
Far off he hears thoſe icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous craſh diſtracted flies,
Like one, who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the ruſhing torrents ſound,
And one great rift runs through the vaſt profound,
Swift as a ſhooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
The late dark pole now feels unfetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to froſt he goes,
O'er crackling vales imbrown'd with melting ſnows:
Here bears ſtalk tenants of the barren ſpace,
Few men, unſocial thoſe!—a barbarous race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run:
How he recounts the conqueſts loſt and won,
And taleful in th' embrace of froſt remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.
Meanwhile the ſun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmeſt influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fallen, the king of day,
Red through the kindling Lion ſhoots his ray.
The tawny harveſt pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough,
'Tis day-ſpring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
Where wiſdom oft retires to meet content.
The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the raviſh'd ſoul aſcends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By ſome good angel led to worlds ſublime:

Oft (legends fay) the ſnake with waken'd ire,
Like envy rears in many a ſcaly ſpire;
Then ſongſters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and muſic are no more.
Mild rides the morn in orient beauty dreſt,
An azure mantle, and a purple veſt.
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet diſplay,
Her amber treſſes negligently gay.
Collected now her roſy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dews diſtil.
The ſongful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe ſweet; and ſtrow her opening way with flowers.
The chattering ſwallows leave their neſted care,
Each promiſing return with plenteous fare.
So the fond ſwain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries,
Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, ere they ſeek their guiltleſs food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our firſt parents, part the amorous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With ſpreading wings,
From the high-ſounding cliff a vulture ſprings;
Steady he ſails along th' aerial gray,
Swoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.
Start we, who worſe than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human kind?
Wild beaſts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the ſlaughter'd prey. [fly,
Rooks, from their nodding neſts, black-ſwarming
And, in hoarſe uproar, tell the fowler nigh.
Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the ſun
Is warn'd the blue ætherial ſteep to run.
While on his conch of floating jaſper laid,
From his bright eye ſleep calls the dewy ſhade.
The cryſtal dome tranſparent pillars raiſe,
Whence, beam'd from ſapphires, living azure plays:
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in moſaic ſhine.
His coronet, a cloud of ſilver-white;
His robe with unconſuming crimſon bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected ſtore!
While his looſe locks deſcend, a golden ſhower.
If to his ſteps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who outſtrip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him ſtart!
His quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while this laſt nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The ſun-flower now averts her blooming cheek
From weſt, to view his eaſtern luſtre break.
What gay, creative, power his preſence brings!
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
All night beneath ſucceſſive ſhadows miſs'd,
Inſtant begins in colours to exiſt:
But abſent theſe from ſons of riot keep,
Loſt in impure, unmeditating ſleep.
T' unlock his ſence, the new-riſen ſwain prepares,
And ere forth-driven recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambuſh'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the paſtor not in vain defied,
Like our arch foe by ſome celeſtial guide.

Spread on yon rock the ſea-calf I ſurvey:
Baſk'd in the ſun, his ſkin reflects the day.
He ſees yon tower-like ſhip the waves divide,
And ſlips again beneath the glaſſy tide.
The watery herbs, and ſhrubs, and vines, and flowers, [ſhowers.
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly
Hail, glorious ſun! to whoſe attractive fires,
The weaken'd, vegetative life aſpires!
The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Through plants, and trees, perform their genial courſe,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flowery bloſſoms ſhoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and ſwell in ripen'd fruit.
From Thee, bright, univerſal Power! began
Inſtinct in brute, and generous love in man.
Talk'd I of love?---Yon ſwain, with amorous air,
Soft ſwells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks; then, liſtening as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conſcious gaze.
The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-ſprings, and ſunward turns its crimſon ſtains.
The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repaſt,
Seek their ſmall vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the ſkipping train;
Red maſſacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthleſs ſpaniels die.
The fiſher, who the lonely beech has ſtray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work ſpread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded ſnare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple (Neptune's now no more),
Whoſe ſtatue plants a trident on the ſhore,
In ſportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human-kind:
Dear, pleaſing friendſhip!---See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim at ſuperſtition ſtands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of moſſy green,
With hollows, carv'd for ſnakes, and birds obſcene.
O Gibbs, whoſe art the ſolemn fane can raiſe,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praiſe;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like ſome great prince majeſtic in decay;
When ignorance and ſcorn the ground ſhall tread,
Where wiſdom tutor'd, and devotion pray'd;
Where all thy pompous work our wonder claim;
What, but the muſe alone, preſerve thy name?
The ſun ſhines, broken, through yon arch that rears
This once round fabric, half depriv'd by years,
Which roſe a ſtately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars now unfaithful ſound;
In fragments, theſe the fall of thoſe forebode,
Which, nodding, juſt up-heave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd ſtood,
Like ſome ſtripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The ſtork inhabits her aerial neſt;
By her are liberty and peace careſt;

She flies the realms that own deſpotic kings,
And only ſpreads o'er free born ſtates her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathſome toads in the dark entrance pant;
Or ſnakes, that lurk to ſnap the heedleſs fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by.
An aqueduct acroſs yon vale is laid,
Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a ſteep, it flies with torrent force,
Flaſhes, and roars, and plows a devious courſe.
Attracted miſts a golden cloud commence,
While through high-colour'd air ſtrike rays intenſe.
Betwixt two points, which yon ſteep mountains ſhow,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my ſeat.
Heat never enters here; but coolneſs reigns
O'er zephyrs, and diſtilling, watery veins.
Secluded now I trace th' inſtructive page,
And live o'er ſcenes of many a backward age;
Through days, months, years, through time's whole courſe I run,
And preſent ſtand where time itſelf begun.
Ye mighty dead, of juſt, diſtinguiſh'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright inſtructors!) here I claim.
Here ancient knowledge opens nature's ſprings;
Here truths hiſtoric give the hearts of kings.
Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content beſtow,
Nor guilt, nor ſhame, nor ſharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to ſee,
That happineſs he found reſerv'd in thee. [weeps,
Now let me change the page—Here Tully
While in death's icy arms his Tullia ſleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I ſee him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguiſh torn.
Wild his complaint! Nor ſweeter ſorrow's ſtrains,
When Singer for Alexis loſt complains.
Each friend condoles, expoſtulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Salluſt cenſures thus!—Unheeding blame,
He ſchemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
Thus o'er my hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus roſe Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The ſighs, tears, frantic ſtarts, that baniſh reſt,
And all the burſting ſorrows of his breaſt.
But hark! a ſudden power attunes the air!
Th' enchanting ſound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they ſink, or lift the ſong,
Which the cave echoes ſweet, and ſweet the creeks prolong.
I liſten'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From ocean ſteam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd:
A blue, round ſpot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full orb'd it ſhone, and dimm'd the ſwimming ſight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I ſtood!—amaz'd I ſtill remain!
What earthly power this wonder can explain?
Gradual, at length, the luſtre dies away:
My eyes reſtor'd, a mortal form ſurvey,
My hermit friend! 'Tis he.—All hail! (he cries)
I ſee, and would alleviate, thy ſurpriſe.
The vaniſh'd meteor was heaven's meſſage meant,
To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
Hear then! in this ſequeſter'd cave retir'd,
Departed ſaints converſe with men inſpir'd.
'Tis ſacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourſe ſo pure.
Quick let us hence.---And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heaven-born muſe!
Or ſeek her, where ſhe truſts her tuneful tale
To the mid, ſilent wood, or vocal vale; [ſhades,
Where trees half check the light with trembling
Cloſe in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where ſurrounding viſtas far deſcend,
The landſcape varied at each leſſening end;
She, only ſhe can mortal thought refine,
And raiſe thy voice to viſitants divine.

CANTO V.

We left the cave. Be fear (ſaid I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art virtue) is my guide.
By time-worn ſteps a ſteep aſcent we gain,
Whoſe ſummit yields a proſpect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our ſeat extends,
Whoſe top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Viſtas, with leaves, diverſify the ſcene,
Some pale, ſome brown, and ſome of lively green.
Now, from the full-grown day a beamy ſhower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each gloſſy flower.
Gay inſects ſparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countleſs as its rays:
They dance on every ſtream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, ſnatch'd away.
Now, from yon range of rocks, ſtrong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups beneath far-ſtriking colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green expanſe.
Gems of the field!---the topaz charms the ſight,
Like theſe, effulging yellow ſtreams of light.
From the ſame rocks, fall rills with ſoften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's ſource.
Through her clear channel ſhine her finny ſhoals,
O'er ſands, like gold, the liquid cryſtal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarſer moor, her charms decay,
And ſhape, through ruſtling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows ſhort and buſhy ſhadows throw:
Now loſt, ſhe ſeems through nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in ſilver ſtate,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate. [run
In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains,
The flocks:---their fleeces gliſtening in the ſun;
Her ſtreams they ſeek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring trees,
Recline in various attitudes of eaſe.
Where the herds ſip, the little ſcaly fry,
Swift from the ſhore, in ſcattering myriads fly.
Each livery'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd ſcenes, like earth, from whence it roſe.

The bee hums wanton in yon jaſmine bower,
And circling ſettles, and deſpoils the flower.
Melodious there the plumy ſongſters meet,
And all charm'd echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat poliſh'd manſions riſe in proſpect gay;
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The ſun plays glittering on the rocks and ſpires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here mirth, and fancy's wanton train advance
And to light meaſures turn the ſwimming dance,
Sweet, flow-pac'd melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here meditation ſhines, in azure dreſt,
All ſtarr'd with gems; a ſun adorns her creſt.
Religion, to whoſe lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hoſts deſcend from opening ſkies;
Beauty, who ſways the heart, and charms the ſight;
Whoſe tongue is muſic, and whoſe ſmile delight;
Whoſe brow is majeſty; whoſe boſom peace;
Who bade creation be, and chaos ceaſe; [vine
Whoſe breath perfumes the ſpring; whoſe eye di-
Kindled the ſun, and gave its light to ſhine.
Here, in thy likeneſs, fair Ophelia *, ſeen,
She throws kind luſtre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her deſcription, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the penſive muſe!
The muſe!---ſhe comes! refin'd the paſſions wait,
And precept, ever winning, wiſe, and great.
The muſe! a thouſand ſpirits wing the air
(Once men, who made like her mankind their care):
Enamour'd round her preſs th' inſpiring throng,
And ſwell to ecſtacy her ſolemn ſong.

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her ſight the dew-bright dawn ſurveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of ſtorm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd ſea, gem'd rock, or ſky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image ſtrikes with energy divine;
Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conſpire;
Nor ſweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.

My hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us ſwift the high beheſt obey! [croſt,

Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have
The way unequal, and the landſcape loſt,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes eſſay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the ſpray,
While muſic trembles in their ſongful throats,
The bullfinch whiſtles ſoft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird ſwells ſonorous lays;
The varying thruſh commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody purſues; [coos.
While the ſoft murmuring, amorous wood-dove
And, when in ſpring theſe melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo ſends her uniſon of woe.

But as ſmooth ſeas are furrow'd by a ſtorm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noiſes ſound,
And harmony's at once, in diſcord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypreſs, croaks the raven's cry;
As diſſonant the daw, jay, chattering pie:
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage ſeek,
And the harſh owl ſhrills out a ſharpening ſhriek.

At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the treſpaſs of a vagrant herd.
Faſt by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whoſe ruſſet rags hang fluttering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a ſtaff ſupports his tread,
And ſoft white hairs ſhade thin his palſy'd head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent ſlight, and ruthleſs taunt.
On ſlaves of guilt oft ſmiles the ſquandering peer;
But paſſing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what doſt thou ſuperior ſhine?
His our firſt ſire: what race more ancient thine?
Leſs backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men, whoſe influence kept the world in awe:
Whoſe worthleſs ſons, like thee, perchance conſum'd
Their ample ſtore, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may periſh, by the courſe of things,
While his, from beggars, re-aſcend to kings.
Now, lazar, as thy hardſhips I peruſe,
On my own ſtate inſtructed would I muſe.
When I view greatneſs, I my lot lament;
Compar'd to thee, I ſnatch ſupreme content.
I might have felt, did heaven not gracious deal,
A fate, which I muſt mourn to ſee thee feel.
But ſoft! the cripple our approach deſcries,
And to the gate, though weak, officious hies.
I ſpring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a ſmile of pity, ſay,
Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Inſtance of will, without the power to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect, [gleet?
How muſt we grieve, when learning meets ne-
When god-like ſouls endure a mean reſtraint;
When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to diſtreſs belongs,
Who to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit's a mark, at which diſgrace is thrown,
And every injur'd virtue is his own.
Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure;
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And, though depreſs'd, ſuperior to their fate.
Minions in power, and miſers, 'mid their ſtore,
Are mean in greatneſs, and in plenty poor.
What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid,
A ſpring for virtue, and from wrongs a ſhade?
In power we ſavage tyranny behold,
And wily avarice owns polluted gold.
From golden ſands her pride could Libya raiſe,
Could ſhe, who ſpreads no paſture, claim our praiſe? [breed;
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monſters
Where ſerpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
No ſheltery trees invite the wanderer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts ſupply;
On her vaſt wilds no lovely proſpects run;
But all lies barren, though beneath the ſun.

My hermit thus. I know thy ſoul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.

* *Mrs. Oldfield.*

Were the whole known, that we uncouth ſuppoſe,
Doubtleſs, would beauteous ſymmetry diſcloſe.
The naked cliff, that ſingly rough remains,
In proſpect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in ſcattering fragments ſeen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue ſerene.
Severe diſtreſſes induſtry inſpire;
Thus captive oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly ſtruggle through a ſtate of ſhame,
To life, eaſe, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We paſs through want to wealth, through diſmal ſtrife,
To calm content, through death to endleſs life.
Libya thou nam'ſt---let Afric's waſtes appear
Curſt by thoſe heats, that fructify the year;
Yet the ſame ſuns her orange-groves befriend,
Where cluſtering globes in ſhining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd.
There the green fruit ſeems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n ſcenes that ſtrike with terrible ſurpriſe,
Still prove a God, juſt, merciful, and wiſe.
Sad wintery blaſts, that ſtrip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery ſpring.
Ye ſulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations ſhake!
Ye ſtorms of riving flame the foreſt tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a ſtroke, ſome ſtately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-ſhatter'd, and her dead up-torn;
Were noxious ſpirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would ſoon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were loſt!---Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would deſtruction brew;
Plague, fever, frenzy, cloſe-engendering lie,
Till theſe red ruptures clear the ſullied ſky.

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcel'd tracts to various uſes wrought.
Here hardening ripeneſs the firſt blooms behold,
There the laſt bloſſoms ſpring-like pride unfold.
Here ſwelling peaſe on leafy ſtalks are ſeen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure ſhine between;
Whoſe weaving beauties, heighten'd by the ſun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial ſhower,
The beans freſh-bloſſoms in a ſpeckled flower;
Whoſe morning dews, when to the ſun reſign'd,
With undulating ſweets embalm the wind.
Now daiſy plats of clover ſquare the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardleſs grain.
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom ſhall art-ſpun labours yield.
The mulberry, in fair ſummer-green array'd,
Full in the midſt ſtarts up, a ſilky ſhade.
For human taſte the rich-ſtain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the ſilk-emitting reptile feeds.
As ſwans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their gloſſy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd veſtments play:
But induſtry prepares them oft to pleaſe
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant eaſe.

Now frequent, duſty gales offenſive blow,
And o'er my ſight a tranſient blindneſs throw.
Windward we ſhift. Near down th' etherial ſteep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.
Dun ſhades, in rocky ſhapes up æther roll'd,
Project long, ſhaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amuſing landſcapes on the eye.
Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a ſky ſerene,
In ſwelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion ſhines,
And the breeze freſhens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, ſunny roads change riſing views
From brown, to ſandy red, and chalky hues.
One mingled ſcene another quick ſucceeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd ſteers, and prancing ſteeds,
Which climb, deſcend, and, as loud whips reſound,
Stretch, ſweat, and ſmoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ſhips, barges mark the roughen'd ſtreams.
This way, and that, they different points purſue;
So mix the motions, and ſo ſhifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heaven in gay profuſion riſe;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels rocks:
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fiſh the floods.
In darkening ſpots, mid fields of various dyes,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd diſplay,
The green graſs yellowing into ſcentful hay.
And thick-ſet hedges fence the full-ear'd corn;
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd ſcene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native ſtrawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the roſe.
There nightingales in unprun'd copſes build,
In ſhaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thiſtles, unſown flowers amuſe,
And form a lucid chace of various hues;
Many half-grey with duſt: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The muſe preceding with her heavenly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, ſo late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more ſtrange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the muſe's wand transform'd he ſtands.
O'er ſkin late wrinkled, inſtant beauty ſpreads;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid luſtre ſheds;
Hairs, once ſo thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd in regal veſtments ſhine.

The hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
Once ſeen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The BARD, whoſe want ſo multiplied his woes,
He ſunk a mortal, and a ſeraph roſe.

See!—where thoſe ſtately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown horrows throw,
Scornful he points---there, o'er his ſacred duſt,
Ariſe the ſculptur'd tomb, and labour'd buſt.
Vain pomp! beſtow'd by oſtentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.
But thus the BARD. Are theſe the gifts of ſtate?
Gifts unrecciv'd!---Theſe! Ye ungenerous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity; but my lot your ſcorn.
Why were my ſtudious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my ſong?
Did I ſoothe vice, or venal ſtrokes betray,
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verſe immodeſt warmth contain,
Or, once-licentious, heavenly truths profane?
Never.---And yet when envy ſunk my name,
Who call'd my ſhadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeſerv'd, a priſon's grate I ſaw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wreſted law!
Who cloth'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why cruſh'd the living? Why extol'd the dead?---
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And diſtant nations ſhame you into praiſe.
Why ſhould unreliſh'd wit theſe honours cauſe?
Cuſtom, not knowledge, dictates your applauſe:
Or think you thus a ſelf-renown to raiſe,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be your's the mouldering tomb! Be mine the lay
Immortal!---Thus he ſcoffs the pomp away.
Though words like theſe unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder ſpeech.
Though now a ſeraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendſhip, oft of care;
To walk diſguis'd an object of relief.
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendleſs orphan oft to roam,
Craving ſome kind, ſome hoſpitable home:
Or, like Ulyſſes, a low lázar ſtand;
Beſeeching pity's eye, and bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulyſſes, royal aid requeſt,
Wandering from court to court, a king diſtreſt.
Thus varying ſhapes, the ſeeming ſon of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow:
Then to the muſe relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy and fame.
Oft, as when men in mortal ſtate depreſs'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confeſs'd,
He now forms viſionary ſcenes below,
Inſpiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience, that ſoftens every ſad extreme, [gleam,
That caſts through dungeon-glooms a cheerful
Diſarms diſeaſe of pain, mocks ſlander's ſting,
And ſtrips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainſt want, a ſourer foe, its ſuccour lends,
And ſmiling ſees th' ingratitude of friends.
Nor are theſe taſks to him alone conſign'd.
Millions inviſible befriend mankind.
When watery ſtructures, ſeen croſs heaven t' aſcend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glittering ſide,
Myriads of miſſionary ſeraphs glide;
She ſees good angels genial ſhowers beſtow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They ſmile upon the ſwain: He views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bleſs the bounteous ſkies.
Some winds collect, and ſend propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy ſpreads her ſails;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her ſovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal ſweets to bear,
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers liſtening lie,
Along the grove in melting muſic die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whiſpers, that abſtract the ſoul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philoſophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The ſtainleſs, lightſome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny luſtre owes;
All-cheering green, that gives the ſpring its dye;
The bright, tranſparent blue, that robes the ſky;
And indico, which ſhaded light diſplays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countleſs breed;
Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiſcuous white.
Oft through theſe bows departed ſpirits range,
New to the ſkies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when firſt born to earth,
Behold a ſecond blank in ſecond birth;
Then, as yon ſeraph bard fram'd hearts below,
Each ſees him here tranſcendent knowledge ſhow,
New ſaints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
He ſwells the lyre, whoſe loud, melodious lays
Call high Hoſannas from the voice of praiſe;
Though one bad age ſuch poeſy could wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the ſong:
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
Celeſtial hoſts returning ſtrain for ſtrain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys reſulting from well-ſuffering grief.
Hark! while we talk, a diſtant pattering rain
Reſounds!---See! up the broad etherial plain
Shoots the bright bow!---The ſeraph flits away;
The muſe, the graces from our view decay.
Behind yon weſtern hill the globe of light
Drops ſudden; faſt-purſued by ſhades of night.
Yon graves from winter-ſcenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in ſulphurous, car-like clouds upflew!
What midnight treaſon glar'd beneath their view!
And now the traitors rear their Babel-ſchemes,
Big, and more big, ſtupendous miſchief ſeems;
But juſtice, rouz'd, ſuperior ſtrength employs,
Their ſcheme wide ſhatters, and their hope deſtroys.
Diſcord ſhe wills; the miſſile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates ariſe,
Doubt, mutual jealouſy, and dumb diſguſt,
Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd diſtruſt;

To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray;
Each dire device starts naked into day;
They feel confusion in the van with fear;
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.
Of these were three by different motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one revenge inspir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave!
Florio, whose life was one continued feast,
His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
His strength of mind, by luxury half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red swelling, tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope inquires, stops short with fear,
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear;
The worst, alas, his doom!—What friend replies?
Each speaks with shaking head, and down-cast eyes.
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown
Comes thundering in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough struck through and through, in ghastly stare,
He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
That past—collected in himself he seems,
And with forc'd smile retires—his latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.
If with himself at variance ever-wild,
With angry heaven how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential orisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,
To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies:
But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering stores display:
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold! what gems!—he strains to seize the prize;
Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—and must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive sleep!
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind,
The dudgeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call;
Wide-flying portals seem unhing'd to fall:
Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.
His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, though shameful death?
Rash, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murderous he strikes—may heaven the deed forgive!
Why had he thus false spirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were his success, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe,
Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life mispent.
Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.
Near yonder fane, where misery sleeps in peace,
Whose spire fast-lessens, as these shades increase,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul!
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of power, through him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
In power, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the best cause he in the senate chose,
Ev'n right in him from some wrong motive rose.
The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise;
Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wise.
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
His malice had a look, and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed;
But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all,
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes,
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts in probity in man combine,
In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine!
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.
Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion, which his nature feels;

He feels much fear, more anger, and moſt pride;
But pride and anger make all fear ſubſide.
Dauntleſs he meets at length untimely fate;
A deſperate ſpirit! rather fierce, than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coaſt,
A ſullen, wandering, ſelf-tormenting ghoſt.
Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in ſculpture riſing round,
Juſt where a croſſing, lengthening aiſle we find,
Full eaſt; whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio ſleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented ſhade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth ſurvey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they ſaid.
Straight heard the furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
Firſt avarice came. In vain ſelf-love ſhe preſs'd;
The poor he pity'd ſtill, and ſtill redreſs'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came revenge: but her eſſay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it ſtill a triumph to forgive.
At length ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Aſſuming the fair look of public zeal;
Still in his breaſt ſo generous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye ſaw millions in diſtreſs,
He deem'd it godlike to have power to bleſs:
Thus, when unguarded, treaſon ſtain'd him o'er;
And virtue and content were then no more.
But when to death by rigorous juſtice doom'd,
His genuine ſpirit ſaint-like ſtate reſum'd,
Oft from ſoft penitence diſtill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft would a drop from ſtruggling nature fall,
And then a ſmile of patience brighten all.
He ſeeks in heaven a friend, nor ſeeks in vain.
His guardian angel ſwift deſcends again;
And reſolution thus beſpeaks a mind,
Not ſcorning life, yet all to death reſign'd;
—Ye chains, ſit only to reſtrain the will
Of common, deſperate veterans in ill,
Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my riſing ſoul your preſſure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote ſhe takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Could ye once blot her proſpect of the ſkies?
No!—from her clearer ſight ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's reſiſtleſs ray.
Ye walls, that witneſs my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight ſorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's moſt inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
Like me, have ſuffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apoſtles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whoſe days, at beſt, no ill deſign'd,
Whoſe virtue ſhone not, though I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, ſhall I repine?
Ah, no! to juſtice let me life reſign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience, who firſt taught me woe;
But friends are foes, they render woe ſevere,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not thoſe, yet abſent, miſſive griefs controul;
Theſe periods weep, thoſe rave, and theſe condole,
At entrance ſhrieks a friend, with pale ſurpriſe;
Another panting, proſtrate, ſpeechleſs lies;
One gripes my hand, one ſobs upon my breaſt!
Ah, who can bear?—it ſhocks, it murders reſt!
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the boſom ſtrife?
Ah! would raſh love lure back my thoughts to life?
Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! ſwift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.
Ye ſaints, whom fears of death could ne'er controul,
In my laſt hour compoſe, ſupport my ſoul!
See my blood waſh repented ſin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!
With words like theſe the deſtin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his ſoul to happier ſkies.
Diſtinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkneſs deepening o'er the formleſs walk.
Night treads not with light ſtep the dewy gale,
Nor bright-diſtends her ſtar-embroider'd vale;
Her leaden'd feet, inclement damps diſtil,
Clouds ſhut her face, black winds her veſture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the ſable ſkies,
Eaſtward it ſhoots, and, ſunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that roſe from duſt to guilty power,
Glares out in vain; ſo duſt ſhall pride devour.
Fiſhers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents ſtrike the ſcaly train.
Like ſnakes in eagles' claws, in vain they ſtrive,
When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.
While here, methought, our time in converſe paſs'd, [faſt.
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore
At prowling wolves was heard the maſtiff's bay,
And the warn'd maſter's arms forbad the prey!
Thus treaſon ſteels, the patriot thus deſeries,
Forth ſprings the monarch, and the miſchief flies.
Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of night,
Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the ſilent grove,
With penſive pleaſure liſten'd wakeful love.
Half-dreaming fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And pain forgot to groan, ſo ſweet ſhe ſung.
The night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now liſten'd, and awhile was charm'd;
But like the man, whoſe frequent ſtubborn will
Reſiſts what kind, ſeraphic ſounds inſtil,
Her heart the love-inſpiring voice repell'd,
Her breaſt with agitating miſchief ſwell'd;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to deſtroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.

Now faſt we meaſure back the trackleſs way;
No friendly ſtars directive beams diſplay.
But lo!—a thouſand lights ſhoot inſtant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the ſtartling blaze.
I ſtand aſtoniſh'd—thus the hermit cries:
Fear not, but liſten with enlarg'd ſurpriſe!
Still muſt theſe hours our mutual converſe claim,
And ceaſe to echo ſtill Olympia's name;
Grots, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no ſighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and thoſe hours no more,
Thoſe amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the ſame? Ah no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal ſeaſon gay,
Saw my health languiſh off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave diſeaſe a date;
No ſad, preſageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—My deſtin'd end
Near, and more near—Nay, every fear ſuſpend!
I paſs'd a weary, lingering, ſleepleſs night:
Then roſe, to walk in morning's earlieſt light:
But few my ſteps—a faint, and cheerleſs few!
Refreſhment from my flagging ſpirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypreſs ſhade,
My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
Soon by ſoft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
A ſlumber preſs'd my languid eyes---They clos'd:
But clos'd not long---Methought Olympia ſpoke;
Thrice loud ſhe call'd, and thrice the ſlumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood,
Full in my view the ſhadowy charmer ſtood.
Rapturous I ſtarted up to claſp the ſhade;
But ſtagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chillneſs o'er my boſom ſpread,
As if that inſtant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now ſent afar, imperfect ſound,
When in a ſwimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off ſhe call'd---With ſoft ſurpriſe,
I turn'd---but void of ſtrength, and aid to riſe;
Short, ſhorter, ſhorter yet, my breath I drew:
Then up my ſtruggling ſoul unburden'd flew.
Thus from a ſtate, where ſin and grief abide,
Heaven ſummon'd me to mercy---thus I died.
He ſaid. Th' aſtoniſhment with which I ſtart,
Like bolted ice runs ſhivering through my heart.
Art thou not mortal then? I cried. But lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In ſhady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aſpect ſhines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam;
Mild on his brow ſits majeſty ſupreme.
Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Veſt, robe, and wings, in varied luſtre ſhow.
He looks, and forward ſteps with mien divine;
A grace celeſtial gives him all to ſhine.
He ſpeaks---Nature is raviſh'd at the ſound,
The foreſts move, and ſtreams ſtand liſtening round!
Thus he. As incorruption I aſſum'd,
As inſtant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital ſprings,
With different lights diſcern'd the form of things;
To earth my paſſions fell like miſts away,
And reaſon open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celeſtial knowledge ſhone in every view.
My food was truth---what tranſport could I miſs?
My proſpect, all infinitude of bliſs.
Olympia met me firſt, and, ſmiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the ſhining way;
As far tranſcendant to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted ſelf to many a fair!
In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous ſhows,
And harmony ſtill more harmonious grows.
She points out ſouls, who taught me friendſhip's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they ſpring into my arms!
Well pleas'd, high anceſtors my view command;
Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with ſaints, a ſpotleſs mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miſs,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliſs!
Though late, let ſinners then from ſin depart!
Heaven never yet deſpis'd the contrite heart.
Laſt ſhone, with ſweet, exalted luſtre grac'd,
The ſeraph-bard, in higheſt order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legiſlators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd liſten, as he raptur'd ſings.
Sweetneſs and ſtrength his look and lays employ,
Greet ſmiles with ſmiles, and every joy with joy:
Charmful he roſe; his ever charmful tongue
Joy to our ſecond hymeneals ſung;
Still as we paſs'd, the bright, celeſtial throng
Hail'd us in ſocial love, and heavenly ſong.
Of that no more! my deathleſs friendſhip ſee!
I come an angel to the muſe and thee.
Theſe lights, that vibrate, and promiſcuous ſhine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the muſe, though melted from thy gaze,
Stands among ſpirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou would'ſt peace attain, my words attend,
The laſt, fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a ſeraph, that to heaven aſpires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid' celeſtial choirs.
But ſhould no cares a mortal ſtate moleſt,
Life were a ſtate of ignorance at beſt.
Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Thoſe ills ſolemnity of thought inſpire.
Did not the ſoul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could ſhe learn to call ideas home?
Juſtly to know thyſelf, peruſe mankind;
To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
Without ſuch ſcience of the worldly ſcene,
What is retirement?---Empty pride or ſpleen:
But with it wiſdom. There ſhall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Truſt not the frantic, or myſterious guide,
Nor ſtoop a captive to the ſchoolman's pride.
On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reaſon, when the truth reveal;
So ſhall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falſehood pure;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So ſhalt thou live, as thou may'ſt learn to die;

And, though thou view'ſt thy worſt oppreſſor thrive,
From tranſient woe, immortal bliſs derive.
Farewell—Nay, ſtop the parting tear!—I go!
But leave the muſe thy comforter below.

He ſaid. Inſtant his pinions upward ſoar,
He leſſening as they riſe, till ſeen no more.
While contemplation weigh'd the myſtic view,
The lights all vaniſh'd, and the viſion flew.

THE BASTARD:

INSCRIBED WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE TO

MRS. BRETT, ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

"Decet hæc dare dona Novercam." Ov. Met.

PREFACE.

The reader will eaſily perceive theſe verſes were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finiſhed in hours of the deepeſt melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the juſtice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger againſt the Lady, to whom it is inſcribed. Whatever undeſerved ſeverities I may have received at her hands, would ſhe deal ſo candidly as acknowledge truth, ſhe very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myſelf towards her, like one who thought it his duty to ſupport with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a mother, I muſt have bluſhed to receive pardon myſelf at the hands of my Sovereign.

Neither, to ſay the truth, were the manner of my birth all, ſhould I have any reaſon for complaint—When I am a little diſpoſed to a gay turn of thinking, I conſider, as I was a derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the beſt protection in Europe. For being a ſpot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the king, as one of the rights of his royalty.

While I preſume to name his Majeſty, I look back, with confuſion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced; becauſe it is impoſſible to remember it, but with ſomething I would fain forget, for the ſake of my future peace, and alleviation of my paſt misfortune.

I owe my life to the royal pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be ſaid to live, whoſe days are fewer than his ſorrows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from miſery.

But I will ſuffer my pardon as my puniſhment, till that life, which has ſo graciouſly been given me, ſhall become conſiderable enough not to be uſeleſs in his ſervice to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of theſe ſentiments, with which his Majeſty's great goodneſs has inſpired me, I conſider my loſs of fortune and dignity as my happineſs; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Poſſeſſing thoſe advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler leſſon, to ſtudy how to deſerve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The muſe, exulting, thus her lay began.
Bleſt be the baſtard's birth! through wondrous ways,
He ſhines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No ſickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! ſtamp'd in nature's mint of ecſtacy!
He lives to build, not boaſt, a generous race:
No tenth tranſmitter of a fooliſh face.
His daring hope, no ſire's example bounds;
His firſt-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a baſtard's glowing name.
Born to himſelf, by no poſſeſſion led,
In freedom foſter'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his ſovereign choice controul,
His body independent as his ſoul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Preſcrib'd no duty, and aſſign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded ſon, he ſtands alone,
His heart unbiaſs'd, and his mind his own.

O mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you,
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.
Far nobler blessings wait the bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now, expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st them all!
Is chance a guilt? that my disasterous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin!—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—Or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd,
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd,
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then skreen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death, to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
Majestic mother of a kneeling state!
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before!
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VERSES

Occasioned by the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess Tyrconnel's recovery at Bath.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddess of mirth! Euphrosyne her name.
Her smile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of youth and fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her submit!
She looks her sire, and speaks her mother's wit.

O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and elegance her pomp ſuſtains.
Thee, goddeſs! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, wit, love, muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.
In the bleak wild ev'n want by thee is bleſs'd,
And pamper'd pride without thee pines for reſt.
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe,
And virtue, loſing rigour, learns to pleaſe.
The goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amuſive game.
She, whoſe fair throne is fix'd in human ſouls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (ſhe cried) is ſhe, my favourite! ſhe
Of all my race the deareſt far to me!
Whoſe life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She ſaid—But no Tyrconnel glads her ſight.
Swift ſunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift roſe the ſwelling ſigh, and trembling tear.
In kind low murmurs all the loſs deplore!
Tyrconnel droops, and pleaſure is no more.
The goddeſs, ſilent, paus'd in muſeful air;
But mirth, like virtue, cannot long deſpair.
Celeſtial-hinted thoughts gay hope inſpir'd,
Smiling ſhe roſe, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's aſcending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze ſhe flies,
She flies, her elder ſiſter health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earlieſt concert ſing;
Her check the ſemblance of the kindling ſpring;
Freſh-tinctur'd like a ſummer-evening ſky,
And a mild ſun ſits ſmiling in her eye.
Looſe to the wind her verdant veſtments flow;
Her limbs yet recent from the ſprings below;
There oft ſhe bathes, then peaceful ſits ſecure,
Where every gale is fragrant, freſh, and pure;
Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues faſt aſcend.
Hail, ſiſter, hail! (the kindred goddeſs cries)
No common ſuppliant ſtands before your eyes.
You, with whoſe living breath the morn is fraught,
Fluſh the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer ſenſe, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright ſuns by thee diffuſe a brighter blaze,
And the freſh green a freſher green diſplays!
Without thee pleaſures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depreſs'd, is joy.
Such thy vaſt power'—The deity replies,
Mirth never aſks a boon, which health denies,
Our mingled gifts tranſcend imperial wealth;
Health ſtrengthens mirth, and mirth inſpirits health.
Theſe gales, yon ſprings, herbs, flowers, and ſun, [are mine;
Thine is their ſmile! be all their influence thine.
Euphroſyne rejoins—Thy friendſhip prove!
See the dear, ſickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, ſo cheerful ev'n in pain,
So form'd to pleaſe, unpleas'd itſelf remain?
Siſter! in her my ſmile anew diſplay,
And all the ſocial world ſhall bleſs thy ſway.
Swift, as ſhe ſpeaks, health ſpreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and ſheds the ſpring:
Now bland and ſweet ſhe floats along in air;
Air feels, and ſoftening own th' æthereal fair!
In ſtill deſcent ſhe melts on opening flowers,
And deep impregnates plants with genial ſhowers,
The genial ſhowers, new-riſing to the ray,
Exhale in roſeate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice ſhe ſings,
Sweeps the freſh dews, and ſhakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiſs,
Breathes the ſure earneſt of awakening bliſs.
Sapphira feels it, with a ſoft ſurpriſe,
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
Inſtant in her own form the goddeſs glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps every charm; and, as ſhe bathes, it lives!
As from her locks ſhe ſheds the vital ſhower,
'Tis done! (ſhe cries) theſe ſprings poſſeſs my power!
Let theſe immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay returning ſoul.
Thou ſmil'ſt Euphroſyne; and conſcious ſee,
Prompt to thy ſmile, how nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty roſy bright;
Full harmony, young love, and dear delight!
See vernal hours lead circling joys along!
All ſun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all ſong!
Receive thy care! Now mirth and health combine.
Each heart ſhall gladden, and each virtue ſhine.
Quick to Auguſta bear thy prize away;
There let her ſmile, and bid a world be gay.

AN EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

STILL let low wits, who ſenſe nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth diſguiſe;
At living worth, becauſe alive, exclaim,
Inſult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint, what pity veils in private woes;
And what we ſee with grief, with mirth expoſe;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors ſpare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the conſort's tear;
Unconſcious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To loſe what they have ne'er deſerv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd perſiſt, and anſwer'd ſtill debate:
Such, but by foils, the cleareſt luſtre ſee,
And deem aſperſing others, praiſing thee.
Far from theſe tracks my honeſt lays aſpire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron ſhames!
When party minds ſhall loſe contracted views,
And hiſtory queſtion the recording muſe;
'Tis this alone to after-times muſt ſhine,
And ſtamp the poet and his theme divine.

Long has my muſe, from many a mournful cauſe,
Sung with ſmall power, nor ſought ſublime ap-
plauſe; [ſcope;
From that great point ſhe now ſhall urge her
On that fair promiſe reſt her future hope;
Where policy, from ſtate illuſion clear,
Can through an open aſpect ſhine ſincere;
Where ſcience, law, and liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breaſt to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That ſmile to cheriſh, and that hand to raiſe!)
Whoſe beſt of hearts her beſt of thoughts inflame,
Whoſe joy is bounty, and whoſe gift is fame.
Where, for relief, flies innocence diſtreſs'd?
To you, who chaſe oppreſſion from th' oppreſs'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who ſtill make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more deſpair.
Aſk they what ſtate your ſheltering care ſhall
own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the priſon 'ſcape your ſearching eye,
Your ear ſtill opening to the captive's cry.
Nor leſs was promis'd from thy early ſkill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.
Well hadſt thou weigh'd what truth ſuch friends
afford,
With thee reſigning, and with thee reſtor'd.
Thou taught'ſt them all extenſive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendſhip ſhare.
As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And ſhowers down plenty thick on ſundry lands,
Thy ſpreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flouriſh, and made art excel.
How many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppoſe?
Their fears increaſing, as decreaſe their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And moſt oblig'd, moſt eager to complain.
But well we count our bleſs, if well we view,
When power oppreſſion, not protection grew;
View preſent ills that puniſh diſtant climes;
Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.
Mark firſt the robe abus'd religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and ſtain'd with human gore!
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empower'd, and ſanctify'd by zeal?
Stop here, my muſe!—Peculiar woes deſcry!
Bid them in ſad ſucceſſion ſtrike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the ſad ſucceſſion ſprings!
She looks, ſhe weeps, and, as ſhe weeps, ſhe ſings.
See the doom'd Hebrew of his ſtores bereft!
See holy murder juſtify the theft!
His ravag'd gold ſome uſeleſs ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
His gems on ſuperſtitious idols blaze!
His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Stripp'd, ſtarv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.
Lo, the prieſt's hand the wafer-god ſupplies!—
A king by conſecrated poiſon dies!
See learning range yon broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and godlike ſcience gain!
Ah! what avails the curious ſearch ſuſtain'd,
The finiſh'd toil, the godlike ſcience gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expanſive wiſdom fell,
And truth from heaven was ſorcery from hell.
See reaſon bid each myſtic wile retire, [mire!
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wiſe ad-
Zeal ſhall ſuch hereſy, like learning, hate;
The ſame their glory, and the ſame their fate.
Lo, from fought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worſe than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaſeleſs ſtrains the oar.
So doom'd are theſe, and ſuch, perhaps, our doom,
Own'd we a prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.
Nor private worth alone falſe zeal aſſails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are ſworn friendſhips? What are kindred
ties?
What's faith with hereſy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war ſinks, the thundering cannons roar;
When wounds, and death, and diſcord are no
more;
When muſic bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the ſoft hour, and turn the ſwimming dance:
When, to crown theſe, the ſocial ſparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd ſenſe, and pours out all the ſoul;
Sudden he ſends red maſſacre abroad;
Faithleſs to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure perſuaſive eloquence denies,
All drunk with blood, the arguing ſword ſupplies;
The ſword, which to th' aſſaſſin's hand is given!
Th' aſſaſſin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of
heaven!
Sex bleeds with ſex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue, ſtops his rage;
Shall ſword, and flame, and devaſtation ceaſe,
To pleaſe with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?
Nor leſs abuſe has ſcourg'd the civil ſtate,
When a king's will became a nation's fate,
Enormous power! Nor noble, nor ſerene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles ſold, to raiſe th' unjuſt ſupply!
Compell'd the purchaſe! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public ſpirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncenſur'd cenſures in his country's cauſe.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, ſee! where dungeon damps ariſe,
Diſeas'd he pines, and unaſſiſted dies.
Far more than maſſacre that fate accurſt!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worſt.
New courts of cenſure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explain'd, at will, each ſtatute's wreſted aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of ſhame;
So monſtrous!—Life was the ſevereſt grief,
And the worſt death ſeem'd welcome for relief.
In vain the ſubject ſought redreſs from law,
No ſenate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and ſenators confin'd
For the great cauſe of nature and mankind;
Who kings ſuperior to the people own;
Yet prove the law ſuperior to the throne.
Who can review without a generous tear,
A church, a ſtate, ſo impious, ſo ſevere;
A land uncultur'd through polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from inteſtine wars;

The hand of induſtry employ'd no more,
And commerce flying to ſome ſafer ſhore;
All property reduc'd, to power a prey,
And ſenſe and learning chas'd by zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghoſt,
That ſtrove for liberty ſo won, ſo loſt:
So well regain'd when godlike William roſe,
And firſt entail'd the bleſſing George beſtows?
May Walpole ſtill the growing triumph raiſe,
And bid theſe emulate Eliza's days;
Still ſerve a prince, who, o'er his people great,
As far tranſcends in virtue, as in ſtate!
The muſe purſues thee to thy rural ſeat;
Ev'n there ſhall liberty inſpire retreat.
When ſolemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And ſportive chat and ſocial laughs go round:
Ev'n then, when pauſing mirth begins to fail,
The converſe varies to the ſerious tale.
The tale pathetic ſpeaks ſome wretch that owes
To ſome deficient law reliefleſs woes.
What inſtant pity warms thy generous breaſt!
How all the legiſlator ſtands confeſs'd!
Now ſprings the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!;
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means beſtow,
Juſtice preſerve, yet ſoftening mercy know:
Juſtice ſhall low vexatious wiles decline,
And ſtill thrive moſt, when lawyers moſt repine,
Juſtice from jargon ſhall refin'd appear,
To knowledge through our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their beſt aſſurance draw.
The freed inſolvent, with induſtrious hand,
Strives yet to ſatisfy the juſt demand:
Thus ruthleſs men, who would his powers reſtrain,
Oft what ſeverity would loſe obtain.
Theſe, and a thouſand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which liberty benevolent inſpires.
From liberty the fruits of law increaſe,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempeſts rave,
Adventurous ſails, nor fears the wind and wave;
At home untir'd we find th' auſpicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harveſts, bleſs the land:
While there, the peaſant glads the grateful ſoil,
Here mark the ſhipwright, there the maſon toil,
Hew, ſquare, and rear, magnificent, the ſtone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands by this obeys her call,
And added elegance conſummates all.
Thus ſtately cities, ſtatelier navies riſe,
And ſpread our grandeur under diſtant ſkies.
From liberty each nobler ſcience ſprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenſer ſung:
A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What trade ſees property that wealth maintain,
What induſtry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conſcience kneels with fears reſign'd,
Enjoys her worſhip, and avows her mind:
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to ſafe ſcience every thought ſublimes;
What royal power, from his ſuperior ſtate,
Sees public happineſs his own create;
But kens thoſe patriot ſouls, to which he owes
Of old each ſource, whence now each bleſſing flows?
And if ſuch ſpirits from their heaven deſcend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breaſt, and thence to Britain ſhine,
What love, what praiſe, O Walpole, then is thine?

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

No. I.

On her Majeſty's Birth-day, 1731-2.

Twice twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my penſive lay,
Whiſpering, that you, who rais'd me from deſpair,
Meant, by your ſmiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to ſcreen,
And o'er the motherleſs extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's ſtrain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heaven gave you power, becauſe you love to bleſs;
And pity, when you feel it, is redreſs.
Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no ſon!
The ſenate next, whoſe aid the helpleſs own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityleſs, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles loſt, nor woes myſterious join'd,
Strip me of hope---by heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharoah's daughter in the ſhade.
You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, though your mind be more;
Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,
You would not lengthen life to ſharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live beſtow,
Snatch but from death to ſacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence ſhould I hope, if not from heaven and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father---God.
The pitying muſes ſaw me wit purſue;
A baſtard-ſon, alas! on that ſide too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the muſe denies, the queen inſpire?
While riſing thus your heavenly ſoul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.
Great princeſs! 'tis decreed---once every year
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus ſhall your poet his low genius raiſe, [praiſe.
And charm the world with truths too vaſt for
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since ſurer means to tempt your ſmiles are known;
Your poet ſhall allot your lord his part,
And paint him in his nobleſt throne---your heart.
Is there a greatneſs that adorns him beſt,
A riſing wiſh, that ripens in his breaſt?

Has he foremeant ſome diſtant age to bleſs,
Diſarm oppreſſion, or expel diſtreſs?
Plans he ſome ſcheme to reconcile mankind,
People the ſeas, and buſy every wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And ſmile contending factions into ſhame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own ſoft morals o'er his ſtate?
The muſe ſhall find it all, ſhall make it ſeen,
And teach the world his praiſe, to charm his queen.

Such be the annual truths my verſe imparts,
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if, plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My muſe, unpenſion'd, might her pinions try;
Fearleſs to fail, whilſt you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boaſt your Laureat's name;
Renobled thus by wreaths my queen beſtows,
I loſe all memory of wrongs and woes.

No. II.

On her Majeſty's Birth-day, 1732-3.

"GREAT princeſs, 'tis decreed! once every year,
"I march uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
So ſung the muſe; nor ſung the muſe in vain:
My queen accepts, the year renews the ſtrain.
Ere firſt your influence ſhone with heavenly aid,
Each thought was terror; for each view was ſhade.
Fortune to life each flowery path deny'd;
No ſcience learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
Inſtead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
Or ſtream, ſweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deſerts ſpread,
With ſpectres haunted, and the muſes fled;
Ruins in penſive emblem ſeem to riſe,
And all was dark, or wild, to fancy's eyes.

But hark! a gladdening voice all nature cheers!
Diſperſe, ye glooms! a day of joy appears!
Hail, happy day!---'Twas on thy glorious morn,
The firſt, the faireſt of her ſex was born!
How ſwift the change! Cold, wintery ſorrows fly!
Where'er ſhe looks, delight ſurrounds the eye!
Mild ſhines the ſun, the woodlands warble round,
The vales ſweet echo, ſweet the rocks reſound!
In cordial air, ſoft fragrance floats along;
Each ſcene is verdure, and each voice is ſong!

Shoot from your orb divine, ye quickening rays!
Boundleſs, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye ſhowers!
And ſweet aſcend, and fair unfold ye flowers!
Ye roſes, lilies, you we earlieſt claim,
In whiteneſs, and in fragrance, match her fame!
'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
Undying ſweets, and bloom for ever new.
Ye bleſſoms, that one varied landſcape riſe,
And ſend your ſcentful tribute to the ſkies;
Diffuſive like yon royal branches ſmile,
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful iſle!
Attend, ye muſes! mark the feather'd quires!
Thoſe the ſpring wakes, as you the queen inſpires.
O, let her praiſe for ever ſwell your ſong!
Sweet let your ſacred ſtreams the notes prolong,
Clear, and more clear, through all my lays refine;
And there let heaven and her reflected ſhine!

As, when chill blights from vernal ſuns retire,
Chearful the vegetative world aſpire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
Th' enlivening influence of a milder ſky;
So gives her birth (like yon approaching ſpring)
The land to flouriſh, and the muſe to ſing.

'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue ſhone;
Beneath her roſe, Longinus, in thy name,
The poet's, critic's, and the patriot's fame!
Is there (ſo high be you, great princeſs, prais'd)
A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to ſoar by your ſweet influence taught;
In life well cheriſh'd; nor in death forgot:
In death, as life, the learn'd your goodneſs tell!
Witneſs the ſacred buſts of Richmond's cell!
Sages, who in unfading light will ſhine;
Who graſp'd at ſcience, like your own, divine!

The muſe, who hails with ſong this glorious morn,
Now looks through days, through months, through years unborn;
All white they riſe, and in their courſe expreſs'd
A king by kings rever'd, by ſubjects bleſt!
A queen, where'er true greatneſs ſpreads in fame;
Where learning towers beyond her ſex's aim;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, or of zeal too much;
Where theſe behold, as on this bleſs'd of morns,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns;
Where'er diffuſive goodneſs ſmiles, a queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder ſeen!

See nations round, of every wiſh poſſeſs'd!
Life in each eye, and joy in every breaſt!
Shall I, on what I lightly touch'd, explain?
Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finiſh'd ſtrain?
No!—let the poet ſtop unequal lays,
And to the juſt hiſtorian yield your praiſe.

No. III.

On her Majeſty's Birth-day, 1734-5.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant ſongs,
'Twas mine to be inſpir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and ſtill purſue the man.
Life ſcarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
The power, that loves in lonely ſhades to pine;
Of fading cheek, of unelated views;
Whoſe weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuſe.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
Who ſhuns th' oppreſs'd, to fortune only kind;
Whoſe pity's inſult, and whoſe cold reſpect
Is keen as ſcorn, ungenerous as neglect.
Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious friendſhip half averts his face.
Thus ſunk in ſickneſs, thus with woes oppreſt,
How ſhall the fire awake within my breaſt?
How ſhall the muſe her flagging pinions raiſe?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praiſe?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
Theſe with fair days and gentle ſeaſons glow:

Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
And Philomel's the poet of the spring.
But soft, my soul! see yon celestial light!
Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night.
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal muse:
Inspiring joyous peace, 'tis she! 'tis she!
A stranger long to misery and me.
Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, shines.
To form her garland, zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the first flowers and foliage of the spring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, sweet-beaming her etherial eyes!
Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy skies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repose;
Bids the heart yield to virtue's silent call,
And shows ambition's sons mere children all;
Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine;
For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
Oh, hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That breath'd through shepherd's pipe enchants the vale!
Hark! she invites from city smoke and noise,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
From crowds, to whom no social faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeness is but civil guile,
And laws oppress, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the muse presents the scene;
Where sylvan pleasures ever smiles serene;
Pleasures that emulate the blest above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the muse, and love;
Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
By friendly converse, and abstracted thought.
These soothe my throbbing breast. No loss I mourn;
Though both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I cruel mother? No—I've seen,
From heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
She more than life resum'd by giving want.
Would she the being which she gave destroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honours and wealth I cheerfully resign;
If competence, if learned ease be mine!
If I by mental, heart-felt joys be fir'd,
And in the vale by all the muse inspir'd!
Here cease my plaint—See yon enlivening scenes!
Child of the spring! Behold the best of queens!
Softness and beauty rose this heavenly morn,
Dawn'd wisdom, and benevolence was born.
Joy, o'er a people, in her influence rose;
Like that which spring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on some distant shore.
Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the isle.
Lo, industry surveys, with feasted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise!
Nor (taught by commerce) joys in that alone;
But sees the harvest of a world his own.
Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames!
Rich river! richer than Pactolus' streams!
Than those renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and sands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return!
Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,
High cultur'd blooms, inviting villas shine:
And while around ten thousand beauties glow,
These still o'er those redoubling lustre throw.
"Come then (so whisper'd the indulgent muse)
"Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows lose!
"Come then, and hymn this day! The pleasing scene
"Shows, in each view, the genius of thy queen.
"Hear nature whispering in the breeze her song!
"Hear her sweet warbling through the feather'd throng!
"Come, with the warbling world thy notes unite,
"And with the vegetable smile delight!
"Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
"Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before;
"Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
"The goodness of thy parent, queen, and heaven!
"With me each private virtue lifts the voice;
"While public spirit bids a land rejoice:
"O'er all thy queen's benevolence descends,
"And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
"As winter softens into spring, to you
"Blooms fortune's season, through her smile, anew.
"Still for past bounty, let new lays impart
"The sweet effusions of a grateful heart!
"Cast through the telescope of hope your eye!
"There goodness infinite, supreme, descry!
"From him that ray of virtue stream'd on earth,
"Which kindled Caroline's bright soul to birth.
"Behold, he spreads one universal spring!
"Mortals, transform'd to angels, then shall sing;
"Oppression then shall fly with want and shame,
"And blessing and existence be the same!"

No. IV.

On her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1735-6.

Lo! the mild sun salutes the opening spring,
And gladdening nature calls the muse to sing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
And health, and song, and fragrance fill the gale.
Yet, mildest suns, to me are pain severe,
And music's self is discord to my ear!
I, jocund spring, unsympathising, see,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what spirits can I find!
What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From absent hooks what studious hint devise?
From absent friends, what aid to thought can rise?
A genius whisper'd in my ear—Go seek
Some man of state!—The muse your wrongs may speak.
But will such listen to the plaintive strain?
The happy seldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?

Why was I form'd of elegant desires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aspires!
Why, by the proud, and wicked, crush'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!
Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub smil'd; [child!
"Hope, I am call'd (said he), a heaven-born
Wrongs sure you have; complain you justly may:
But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away!
No—trust to honour! that you ne'er will stain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Trust more to Providence! from me ne'er swerve!
Once to distrust, is never to deserve.
Did not this day a Caroline disclose?
I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose!
(Blessing, o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
'Tis hers, as mine, to chase away despair;
Woe undeserv'd is her peculiar care.
Her bright benevolence sends me to grief:
On want sheds bounty, and on wrong relief."
Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
With her came Fortitude, of godlike air!
These arm to conquer ills; at least to bear: [dain,
Arm'd thus, my queen, while wayward fates or-
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain;
Your bard, his sorrows with a smile endures;
Since to be wretched, is—to be made yours.

No. V.

On her Majesty's Birth-day, 1736-7.

Ye spirits bright, that æther rove,
That breathe the vernal soul of love;
Bid health descend in balmy dews,
And life in every gale diffuse;
That give the flowers to shine, the birds to sing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of spring!
The virgin snow-drop first appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flowery tribe, profuse and gay,
Spread to the soft, inviting ray.
So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.
The warblers various, sweet and clear,
From bloomy sprays salute the year.
O muse, awake! ascend, and sing!
Hail the fair rival of the spring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To her, the pride of arts! the muse's song.
Kind, as of late her clement sway,
The season sheds a trepid ray.
The storms of Boreas rave no more;
The storms of faction cease to roar,
At vernal suns as wintery tempests cease,
She, lovely power! smiles faction into peace.

No. VI.

FOR THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1737-8.

Sacred to the Memory of her late Majesty, humbly addressed to his Majesty.

Oft has the muse, on this distinguish'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay must flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She, to this day, who joyous lustre gave,
Descends for ever to the silent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or severely kind,
To check the rash or prompt the better mind,
Parents shall learn from her, and thus shall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who seek in avarice wisdom's art to save;
Who often squander, yet who never gave;
From her these knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue stole on half mankind.
The lavish now caught frugal wisdom's lore,
Yet still, the more they sav'd, bestow'd the more.
Now misers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
The generous, when on her they turn'd their view,
The generous ev'n themselves more generous grew,
Learn'd the shunn'd haunts of shame-fac'd want to trace
To goodness, delicacy, adding grace,
The conscious cheek no rising blush confess'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modest breast;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty shower,
And knew no limit but a bounded power.
This truth the widow's sighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wise beheld her learning's summit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:
But on one science point a stedfast eye,
That science—how to live and how to die.
Say, Memory, while to thy grateful sight
Arise her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what sorrows now remain:
Ah! how sublime the bliss how deep the pain!
And thou, bright princess, seated now on high,
Next one, the fairest daughter of the sky,
Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy sister Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb sorrow seem the Arts to die.
So were the sun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to visit where he warm'd before,
All life must cease, and nature be no more.
Yet shall the muse a heavenly height essay
Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loss, which, though she bleeds to see,
Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee!
Beyond ev'n this, she hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day;
A day, that sees thee borne beyond the tomb,
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the souls sublime
Of every famous age, and every clime;
To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene,
Sheds a soft eye on this our gloomy scene.
With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd consort, torn;

For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be ſupreme in grief?
So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern; yet ſo well obey.
Deign one look more! ah! ſee thy conſort dear
Wiſhing all hearts, except his own, to cheer.
Lo! ſtill he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.
He ſtops all tears, however faſt they riſe,
Save thoſe that ſtill muſt fall from grateful eyes,
And, ſpite of griefs that ſo uſurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.
Father of thoſe whoſe rights thy care defends,
Still moſt their own, when moſt their ſovereign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When moſt they truſt, when moſt they copy thee;
Ah! let the loweſt of thy ſubjects pay
His honeſt heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguiſh happy, if permitted here,
One ſigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, ſhould he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's ſorrow mix his own.

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO PUBLIC WORKS:

An Epiſtle to his Royal Highneſs Frederic Prince of Wales.

CONTENTS.

Of reſervoirs, and their uſe; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and ſtopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houſes; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the nobleſt uſes; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. ſquares, ſtreets, manſions, palaces, courts of juſtice, ſenate-houſes, theatres, hoſpitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The ſlave-trade cenſured, &c.

GREAT hope of Britain!—Here the muſe eſſays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praiſe.
Be her's a zeal of public ſpirit known!
A princely zeal!—a ſpirit all your own!
Where never ſcience beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vaſt blank neglected nature lay;
From public ſpirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerleſs void,
Hail, arts! where ſafety, treaſure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite!
Thoſe wondrous works, O muſe! ſucceſſive raiſe,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praiſe!
What though no ſtreams, magnificently play'd,
Riſe a proud column, fall a grand caſcade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler uſe renowns,
Lo! ductile rivulets viſit diſtant towns!
Now vaniſh fens, whence vapours riſe no more,
Whoſe agueiſh influence tainted heaven before.
The ſolid iſthmus ſinks a watery ſpace,
And wonders, in new ſtate, at naval grace.
Where the flood deepening rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road yon arch, connective bends:
Where ports were chok'd; where mounds in vain, aroſe;
There harbours open, and there breaches cloſe;
To keels, obedient, ſpreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boiſterous main.
When the ſunk ſun no homeward ſail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-houſe kind aſcends,
And from the ſhoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count ſtill, my muſe (to count, what muſe can ceaſe?)
The works of public ſpirit, freedom, peace!
By them ſhall plants, in foreſts, reach the ſkies;
Then loſe their leafy pride, and navies riſe.
(Navies, which to invaſive foes explain,
Heaven throws not round us rocks and ſeas in vain):
The ſail of commerce in each ſky aſpires,
And property aſſures what toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No ſlave!—His option and his gain are free:
Him the ſame laws the ſame protection yield,
Who ploughs the furrow, or who owns the field.
Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfleſs, leafleſs, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and phyſic plenty ſhowers.
Gives fruits to bluſh, and colours various flowers.
Where ſands or ſtony wilds once ſtarv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White ſhine the fleecy race, which fate ſhall doom
The feaſt of life, the treaſure of the loom.
On plains now bare ſhall gardens wave their groves;
While ſettling ſongſters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathleſs woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the ſtep, and viſtas court the view.
See the parterre confeſs expanſive day;
The grot, eluſive of the noon-tide ray.
Up yon green ſlope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landſcapes fade in diſtant ſkies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven diſplays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obeliſks, fanes, ſtatues intervene;
Now centre, now commence, or end the ſcene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, ſoft ſequeſter'd bowers!
Retreats of ſocial, or of ſtudious hours!
Rank above rank here ſhapely greens aſcend;
There others natively-groteſque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How art would nature, nature art excel;
And how, while theſe their rival charms impart,
Art brightens nature, nature brightens art;
Thus, in the various, yet harmonious ſpace,
Blend order, ſymmetry, and force, and grace.
When theſe from public ſpirit ſmile, we ſee
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleaſures free;
For ſure great ſouls one truth can never miſs,
Bliſs not communicated is not bliſs.
Thus public ſpirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increaſe;

From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British hence with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
That alters nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently useless strike the eye;
(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
Where seas encircle, and where fleets defend;)
What though no arch of triumph is assign'd
To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd mankind;
Though no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
No pyramid aspires, sublimely lost;
Yet the safe road through rocks shall winding tend,
And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
Lo! stately streets, lo! ample squares invite
The salutary gale, that breathes delight.
Lo! structures mark the charitable soil
For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
Worn out with care, infirmity, and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the stage:
The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
To starve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
If from the murdering mother 'scape the child!
Oh! guard his youth from sin's alluring voice;
From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.
Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
To that still worthy of the wise and great.
Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
They shall—when pleasure and instruction blend.
Let theatres from public spirit shine!
Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
See! the gay muse of pointed wit possest,
Who makes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest:
What though she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
And laughs each favourite folly into shame,
With liberal light the tragic charms the age:
In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
Alive in character distinctly shines.
Quick passions change alternate on her face;
Her diction music, as her action grace.
Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic sighs, and pity-moving tears;
Instant we catch her generous glow of soul,
Till one great striking moral crowns the whole.
Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought!
Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.
Where various edifice the land renowns,
There public spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
Bids painting live along the storied wall;
Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
And much she welcomes all, but most the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tower, whose height the heavens admire;
She rears, she rounds, she points the lessening spire;
At her command the college-roofs ascend
(For public spirit still is learning's friend).
Stupendous piles, which useful pomp completes,
Thus rise religion's, and thus learning's seats:
There moral truth and holy science spring,
And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing.
There some draw health from herbs and mineral veins,
Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from history past times to view,
And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.
Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond desire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
The swelling arch, and stately colonnade;
Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!
But now be all the generous goddess seen,
When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!
Ye sons of misery, attract her view!
Ye sallow, hallow-eyed, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
Ev'n willing industry grows useless here,
Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd!
Has war so long withdrawn his barbarous train,
That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want must prey on those disease would spare?
Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
Though born the pride, the shame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
Live but themselves and others to destroy.
Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
First driven by want, from habit desperate grown;
Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
Torn from, in spite of nature's tenderest cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on every side distrest,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
To prop his question'd credit's tottering state,
Others he first involves to share his fate;
Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam
Never to hope a friend, nor find a home.
This public spirit sees, she sees and feels!
Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
And what can I (she said) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth shall I lead them to some happier soil,
To conquest lead them, and enrich with spoil?
Bid them convulse a world, make nature groan,
And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
No, no—such wars do thou, ambition, wage!
Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!

Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!
Then range the world, discovery!---Strait he goes
O'er seas, o'er Libya's sands, and Zembla's snows;
He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile) on some luxuriant houseless wild.
How many sons of want might here enjoy
What nature gives for age but to destroy?
Blush, blush, O sun (she cries) here vainly found,
To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round!
Shall heaven distil in dews, descend in rain,
From earth gush fountains, rivers flow---in vain?
There shall the watery lives in myriads stray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own
The various species of mechanic stone?
From structure this, from sculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine?
Shall mines, obedient, aid no artist's care,
Nor give the martial sword, and peaceful share?
Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold,
To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?
While food and physic, plants and herbs supply,
Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
Shall here th' irrational, the savage kind,
Lord it o'er stores by heaven for man design'd,
And trample what mild suns benignly raise,
While man must lose the use, and heaven the praise?
Shall it then be?—(Indignant here she rose,
Indignant, yet humane. her bosom glows)—
No. By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deify'd by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)
Fair order here shall from confusion rise.
Rapt, I a future colony survey?
Come then, ye sons of misery! come away!
Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone!
Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose!
Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long strangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate dispers'd by me unite;
Here live enjoying life; see plenty, peace;
Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
Various the goddess colours human life:
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent lies,
Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,
And towns shall open (all of structure fair!)
To brightening prospects, and to purest air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
And flocks increasing whiten all the mead.
On science science, arts on arts refine:
On these from high all heaven shall smiling shine,
And public spirit here a people show,
Free, numerous, pleas'd, and busy all below.
Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers ow'd my saving hand!
Learn, when despair such sudden bliss shall see,
Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me!
Do you the neighbouring blameless Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade,
Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand subjection never due.
Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!
Know, liberty and I are still the same,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, though form'd by nature free,
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject, whom nature equal meant?
If these you dare (albeit unjust success
Empowers you now unpunish'd to oppress)
Revolving empire you and your's may doom
(Rome all subdued, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome),
Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.
Thus (ah! how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raise),
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly clear,
Worthy a Thomson's muse, a Frederick's ear,
Thus spoke the goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her interest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, though in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
Mixing with these, a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head,
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, softening into ease polite.
Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall public spirit beam his praise,
And the muse swell it in immortal lays.

TO MR. JOHN DYER,

A PAINTER,

*Adviſing him to draw a certain noble and illuſtrious Perſon; occaſioned by ſeeing his Picture of the celebrated Clio *.*

FORGIVE an artleſs, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depreſs'd, obſcur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when theſe well-known features I peruſe,
Some warmth awakes—ſome embers of a muſe.
Ye muſes, graces, and ye loves, appear!
Your queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In ſuch pure fires her riſing thoughts refine!
Her eyes with ſuch commanding ſweetneſs ſhine:
Such vivid tinctures ſure through æther glow,
Stain ſummer clouds, or gild the watery bow:
If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
Sure ſome enamour'd god this draught inſpir'd!
Or, if you raſhly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the ſweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if thoſe cheering lights the proſpect fly,
Ah!—let no pleaſing view the loſs ſupply.
Some dreary den, ſome deſert waſte prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my deſpair.
But ſtill, my friend, ſtill the ſweet object ſtays,
Still ſtream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvaſs glows!
Sure the full form, inſtinct with ſpirit, grows!
Let the dull artiſt puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the ſoul—there genuine nature find,
You, through the meaning muſcles, ſtrike the mind.
Nor can one view ſuch boundleſs power confine,
All nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural ſcenes in ſimple grandeur riſe!
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feaſt our eyes,
Now halcyon peace a ſmiling aſpect wears!
Now the red ſcene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleet o'er Europe's ſeas preſide!
There long loſt cities rear their ancient pride;
You from the grave can half redeem the ſlain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharſalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the honours of the day.
But if new glories moſt our warmth excite;
If toils untry'd to nobleſt aims invite;
Would you in envy'd pomp unrival'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvaſs plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.
For him kind ſuns on fruits and grains ſhall ſhine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe.
Through thoſe bright features Cæſar's ſpirit trace,
Each conquering ſweetneſs, each imperial grace,
All that is ſoft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in ſtate.
Thus ſhall your colours, like his worth amaze!
Thus ſhall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praiſe!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius ſhines,
While my dim lamp of life obſcure declines:
Dull'd in damp ſhades, it waſtes, unſeen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

* *See Dyer's Poems.*

VERSES

SENT TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

With the Tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, expecting him to correct it.

As the ſoul, ſtript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundleſs roves the milky way,
And views ſweet proſpects there.

This hero, clogg'd with droſſy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright ſcenes around him riſe.

Thy touch brings the wiſh'd ſtone to paſs,
So ſought, ſo long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or braſs,
At once to pureſt gold.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the revival of Shakſpeare's King Henry the Sixth, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. Printed before the Play from a ſpurious Copy.

TO-NIGHT a patient ear, ye Britons lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here, cheaply warn'd, ye bleſt deſcendants view,
What ills on England, civil diſcord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial muſe prepares;
While the red ſcene with raging ſlaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's ſufferings we relate,
Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandſire's guilt, poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekneſs his diſaſtrous fate.
Thus when you ſee this land by faction toſt,
Her nobles ſlain, her laws, her freedom loſt;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then inteſtine diſcord ſhun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourſelves, undone!

THE ANIMALCULE;

A TALE.

Occaſioned by his Grace the Duke of Rutland's receiving the Small-pox by Inoculation.

IN animalcules, muſe, diſplay
Spirits, of name unknown in ſong!

Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey;
Minutest things my swarms contain:
When o'er your ivory teeth they sway,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

Fluids, in drops, minutely swell;
These subtile beings each contains;
In the small sanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart and trace the veins.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer spirits strike the brain;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And seek, through pores, the heart again.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

But, when our lives are nature's due,
Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve
They matter, through all forms, pursue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

Thus once an animalcule prov'd,
When man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

In Rome this animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the classics rate!
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, power, and bounty great.

In Britain, Halifax it rose;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's strains);
And now it rediminish'd glows,
To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too seldom perfect cures befal it:
The muse may term it beauty's foe;
In physic, the small-pox we call it.

From Turks we learn this plague t' assuage,
They, by admitting, turn its course:
Their kiss will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
Thus little, guardian, subtil spright
Did with the poison in repair.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the surface skin.

And now it, mouldering, wastes away:
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
Our animalcule keeps its stay,
And must new labyrinths explore.

And now the noble's thoughts are seen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires!

Its pristine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal, nor increase his own.

TO MRS. ELIZABETH HAYWOOD,

On her Novel, called, "The Rash Resolve."

Doom'd to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise;
Nor will she, at her withering wreath repine,
But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.
The sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As music fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife:
Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks fear, and reason, love's controul,
Jealousy wounds, and friendship heals the soul:
Black falsehood wears bright gallantry's disguise,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely shine,
And when most mortal half appear divine.
If, when some godlike, favourite passion sways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.
Eliza, still impatient love's powerful queen!
Let love, soft love, exalt each swelling scene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide list's advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeness France.
Such orient light, as the first poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!
A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire!
Thy fable glows so rich through every page,
What mortal's force can the fierce heat assuage?
And yet—but say if ever doom'd to prove
The sad, the dear perplexities of love!
Where seeming transport softens every pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain;
Varying from pangs to visionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys!
Say then—if love to sudden rage gives way,
Will the soft passion not resume its sway?
Charming, and charm'd, can love from love retire!
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

AN APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

In Imitation of a certain Mimic of Anacreon.

Can I matchless charms recite?
Source of ever-springing light!
Could I count the vernal flowers,
Count in endless time the hours;

Count the countleſs ſtars above,
Count the captive hearts of love;
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs thoſe eyes inſpire!
(Pleaſing torture, thus to ſhine,
Purify'd by fires like thine!)
Then I'd ſtrike the ſounding ſtring!
Then I'd thy perfection ſing.
Myſtic world!—Thou ſomething more!
Wonder of th' Almighty's ſtore!
Nature's depths we oft deſcry,
Oft they're pierc'd by learning's eye;
Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'ſt (like heaven) enquiry vain.
Charms unequal'd we purſue!
Charms in ſhining throngs we view!
Number'd then could nature's be,
Nature's ſelf were poor to thee.

AN EPISTLE

TO MRS. OLDFIELD, OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

While to your charms unequal verſe I raiſe,
Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praiſe:
Here art and genius new refinement need,
Liſtening, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
Can art or genius, or their powers combin'd,
But from corporeal organs, ſketch the mind?
When ſound embody'd can with ſhape ſurpriſe,
The muſe may emulate your voice and eyes.
Mark rival arts perfection's point purſue!
Each rivals each, but to excel in you!
The buſt and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud ſtatue adds the poſture's grace!
Imag'd at length, the bury'd heroine, known,
Still ſeems to wound, to ſmile, or frown in ſtone!
As art would art, or metal ſtone ſurpaſs,
Her ſoul ſtrikes, gleaming through Corinthian braſs!
Serene, the ſaint in ſmiling ſilver ſhines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er ſainted ſhrines!
If long-loſt forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow!
Each look, each attitude, new grace diſplays;
Your voice and motion life and muſic raiſe.
Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, ſhe ſpeaks, with force improv'd ſhe ſhines!
Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry grace tranſmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæſar, the world's unrival'd maſter, ſir'd,
In her imperial ſoul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loſs in beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the ſilver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark reſt by your enchanting ſtrain,
Each ſhade were lur'd to life and love again.
Say, ſweet inſpirer! were each annal known,
What living greatneſs ſhines there not your own!
If the griev'd muſe by ſome lov'd empreſs roſe,
New ſtrength, new grace, it to your influence owes!
If power by war diſtinguiſh'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then could an empire's cauſe demand your care,
The ſoul, that juſtly thinks, would greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the muſe's praiſe,
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm through thoſe eyes enlivening raptures roll!
Sweet through each ſtriking feature ſtreams your ſoul!
The ſoul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
Your looks, your thonghts, your deeds, each grace inſpires!
Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you ſtand,
What fate declines, you from the muſe demand!
Each grace that ſhone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;
Whate'er juſt, emulative thoughts purſue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If godlike boſoms pant for power to bleſs,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redreſs;
In conſcious majeſty you ſhine ſerene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

VERSES.

OCCASIONED BY READING MR. AARON HILL'S POEM, CALLED "GIDEON."

The lines marked thus ' ' are taken from Gideon.

Let other poets poorly ſing
Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wandering fancy wing,
And rival nature's moſt luxuriant ſtore,
To ſwell ſome monſter's pride, who ſhames a ſtate;
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic power!
Thou, who inform'dſt this clay with active fire!
Do thou, ſupreme of powers! my thoughts refine,
And with thy pureſt heat my ſoul inſpire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verſe may ſhine!
As thy lov'd Gideon once ſet Iſrael free,
So he with ſweet, ſeraphic lays
' Redeems the uſe of captive poetry,' [praiſe.
Which firſt was form'd to ſpeak thy glorious
Moſes, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharoah's juſt overthrow ſublimely ſung!
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the ſoftening fire!
And, by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endleſs life his mournful lyre.
Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' ſong,
Roll in one channel more divinely ſtrong!
With Pindar's fire his verſe's ſpirit flies,
' Wafted in charming muſic through the air!'
Unſtop'd by clouds, it reaches to the ſkies,
And joins with angel's hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and ſweetly ſtrikes th' Almighty's ear.
Rebels ſhould bluſh when they his Gideon ſee!
That Gideon born to ſet his country free.
O that ſuch heroes in each age might riſe,
Brightening through vapours like the morning-ſtar,
Generous to triumph, and in council wiſe!
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
When Gideon, Oreb, Hyram, Shimron ſhine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!

Great bard! what energy but thine,
Could reach the vaſt deſcription of their rage?
Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hamar call for aid,
Loſt, and bewilder'd in deſpair,
How piercing are the hapleſs lover's cries!
What tender ſtrokes in melting accents riſe!
Oh, what a maſterpiece of pity's there?
Nor goodly Joah ſhows thy ſweetneſs leſs,
When, like kind heaven, he frees them from diſtreſs!

Hail thou, whoſe verſe, a living image, ſhines,
In Gideon's character your own you drew!
As there the graceful patriot ſhines,
We in that image bright Hillarius view!
Let the low crowd, who love unwholeſome fare,
When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
Like groſs-fed ſpirits, ſick in purer air,
Their earthly ſouls by their dull taſte diſcloſe!
Thy dazzling genius ſhines too bright! [light.
And they, like ſpectres, ſhun the ſtreams of
But while in ſhades of ignorance they ſtray,
Round thee rays of knowledge play,
And ſhow thee glittering in abſtracted day.'

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

Daughter of the late Earl Rivers—when with Child.

As when the ſun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may ſmile, and humble flowers unfold,
The low-laid lark the diſtant æther wings,
And, as ſhe ſoars, her daring anthem ſings;
So, when thy charms celeſtial views create,
My ſmiling ſong ſurmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
Claims my fond wiſh, and fires my future praiſe:
May it, if male, its grandſire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confeſs the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the bleſſing great. [reſt!
Hail, Rivers! hallow'd ſhade! deſcend from
Deſcend and ſmile, to ſee thy Rochford bleſt: [run,
Weep not the ſcenes through which my life muſt
Though fate, fleet-footed, ſcents thy languid ſon.
The bar that, darkening, croſs'd my creſted claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold, unwilling wanderings trac'd my veins.
Want's wintery realm froze hard around my view;
And ſcorn's keen blaſts a cutting anguiſh blew.
To ſuch ſad weight my gathering griefs were wrought, [thought!
Life ſeem'd not life, but when convuls'd with
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madneſs were eaſe, to miſery form'd like mine!
Yet my muſe waits thee through the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes will, like thoſe fires, refine,
Thus loſe their torture, and thus glorious ſhine!
And now the muſe heaven's milky path ſurveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering ſtrays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round ſuns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy ſoul!
Hence lights refracted run through diſtant ſkies,
Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
So thy mind darted through its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.
Now a new ſcene enormous luſtre brings,
Now ſeraphs ſhade thee round with ſilver wings;
In angel-forms thou ſeeſt thy Rochford ſhine;
In each ſweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
Such was her ſoul, ere this ſelected mould
Sprung at thy wiſh, the ſparkling life t' infold!
So amidſt cherubs ſhone her ſon refin'd,
Are infant-fleſh the new-form'd ſoul enſhrin'd!
So ſhall a ſequent race from Rochford riſe,
The world's fair pride—deſcendants of the ſkies.

TO THE EXCELLENT MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ. ON READING HER POEMS.

Each ſoftening charm of Clio's ſmiling ſong,
Montague's ſoul, which ſhines divinely ſtrong,
Theſe blend, with graceful eaſe, to form thy rhyme,
Tender yet chaſte; ſweet-ſounding, yet ſublime;
Wiſdom and wit have made thy works their care;
Each paſſion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The muſes and the virtues tune thy mind.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

Polly, from me, though now a love-ſick youth,
Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; ſo ſilly, yet ſo witty;
A heart of ſoftneſs, yet a tongue of ſatire;
You've cruelty, yet, ev'n with that, good nature:
Now you are free, and now reſerv'd awhile;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing ſmile.
Reproach'd for abſence, yet your ſight deny'd;
My tongue you ſilence, yet my ſilence chide.
How would you chide me, ſhould your ſex defame!
Yet, ſhould they praiſe, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I deſpair, with ſome kind look you bleſs;
But if I hope, at once all hope ſuppreſs.
You ſcorn; yet ſhould my paſſion change, or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a ſofter tale.
You love; yet from your lover's wiſh retire;
Doubt, yet diſcern; deny, and yet deſire.
Such, Polly, are your ſex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

THE GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A decent mein, an elegance of dreſs,
Words, which, at eaſe, each winning grace expreſs;
A life, where love, by wiſdom poliſh'd, ſhines,
Where wiſdom's ſelf again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendſhip never truſt,
Nor ever dread from ſudden whim diſguſt;
To ſocial manners, and the heart humane;
A nature ever great, and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertneſs knows;
The ſenſe, that unaſſuming candour ſhows;

Reaſon, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no ſect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taſte; thence truth, which will from taſte
enſue:
Unwilling cenſure, though a judgment clear;
A ſmile indulgent, and that ſmile ſincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleaſure but to ſerve mankind:
If theſe eſteem and admiration raiſe;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praiſe,
In one wiſh'd view, th' accompliſh'd man we ſee;
Theſe graces all are thine, and thou art he.

CHARACTER

OF THE REV. JAMES FOSTER.

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From Codex hear, ye eccleſiaſtic men,
This paſtoral charge to Webſter, Stebbing, Ven;
Attend, ye emblems of your P———'s mind!
Mark faith, mark hope, mark charity, defin'd;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
Firſt wealth, a croſier next, your hope enflame;
And next church-power—a power o'er conſcience,
claim;
In modes of worſhip right of choice deny;
Say, to convert, all means are fair;—add, why?
'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
That perſecution then is charity;
Call reaſon error; forms, not things, diſplay;
Let moral doctrine to abſtruſe give way;
Sink demonſtration; myſtery preach alone;
Be thus religion's friend, and thus your own.
But Foſter well this honeſt truth extends—
Where myſtery begins, religion ends.
In him, great modern miracle! we ſee
A prieſt, from avarice and ambition free;
One, whom no perſecuting ſpirit fires;
Whoſe heart and tongue benevolence inſpires:
Learn'd, not aſſuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek, though not timorous; conſcious, though
not vain;
Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthuſiaſt rant.
His faith, where no credulity is ſeen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
'Tis that bright crown, which heaven reſerves for
worth.
A prieſt, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to ſect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God.
In him from Chriſtian, moral light can ſhine;
Not mad with myſtery, but a ſound divine;
He wins the wiſe and good, with reaſon's lore;
Then ſtrikes their paſſions with pathetic power;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, perſuaſive charms engage;
Charms, which th' unthinking muſt to thought
excite;
Lo! vice leſs vicious! virtue more upright:
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wiſe,
Who ſo abhor thy heart, and head deſpiſe,
May ſee thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what elſe is damn'd to fame.
But ſhould ſome churchman, apeing wit ſevere,
The poet's ſure turn'd Baptiſt---ſay, and ſneer;
Shame on that narrow mind ſo often known,
Which in one mode of faith, owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels---
Virtue is virtue, whereſoe'er ſhe dwells;
And ſure, where learning gives her light to ſhine,
Her's is all praiſe---if her's, 'tis Foſter, thine.
Thee boaſt diſſenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotſon; and Rome, her Fenelon *.

THE POET'S DEPENDANCE

ON A STATESMAN.

Some ſeem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardſhips ſpring.
Seek the great man! they cry---'tis then decreed,
In him, if I court fortune, I ſucceed.
What friends to ſecond? who for me ſhould ſue,
Have intereſts, partial to themſelves, in view.
They own my matchleſs fate compaſſion draws;
They all wiſh well, lament, but drop my cauſe.
There are who aſk no penſion, want no place,
No title wiſh, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they ſhould for me obtain
The leaſt, who greateſt for themſelves diſdain?
A ſtateſman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Thoſe love him: let thoſe ſerve him:—why
ſhould I?
Say, ſhall I turn where lucre points my views;
At firſt deſert my friends, at length abuſe?
But, on leſs terms, in promiſe he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes ariſe;
I truſt, am truſted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endleſs train.
Be poſts diſpos'd at will!—I have, for theſe,
No gold to plead, no impudence to teaze.
All ſecret ſervice from my ſoul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleaſure, or of ſtate.
I have no power, election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic ſtrain;
To ſhape, as time ſhall ſerve, my verſe, or proſe,
To flatter thence, nor ſlur, a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praiſe, if I prevail;
Nor ſhock'd by him with libels to aſſail.
Where theſe are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the muſe and virtue, birth and
wrongs.
Where lives the ſtateſman, ſo in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?

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* *In this character of the Rev James Foſter, truth guided the pen of the muſe. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modeſt worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praiſe into abuſe. The character and writings of Foſter will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter controverſialiſt are forgotten.*

No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain:
The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To lose the health, which should those thoughts inspire;
To starve and hope; or, like camelions, fare
On ministerial faith, which means but air.
But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:
Worse in my own!—through those, to posts who rise,
Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.
What though I hourly see the servile herd,
For meanness honour'd, and for guilt preser'd;
See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied,
Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride;
A scene will show, all-righteous vision haste;
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more!
But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,
A poet still is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish—could ought my memory save,
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd,
That my past life no venal view disclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say, I had parts, too moderate to transcend:
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t' offend;
My heart supplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope esteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
Whose life the nobler science how to live.

AN EPISTLE

TO DAMON AND DELIA.

Hear Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flattery, praise!
A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Of a sedate, yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice, when others pleasure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;
To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own;
A will sincere, unknown to selfish views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a muse;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltless fires,
In ever-eager, never gross desires:
A modest honour, sacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain;
Constant, most pleas'd when beauty most you please:
Damon! your picture's shown in tints like these.
Say, Delia! must I chide you or commend?
Say, must I be your flatterer or your friend?
To praise no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a sister spare;
Each lover's billet, bantering, to reveal,
And never know one secret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all sighing slaves with flippant scorn;
An eye, expressive of a wandering mind:
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;
Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,
Intent on songs or novels, dress or cards;
Choice to select the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to teaze, to simper, or to sing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
Whose vain, loose life, should caution or disgust;
Him to dislike, whose modest worth should please.—
Say, is your picture shown in tints like these?
Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let judgment, truth, the muse, and love decide.
What your's!—Nay, fairest trifler, frown not so:
Is it? the muse with doubt—Love answers no:
You smile—Is't not? Again the question try!—
Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will yes, reply.

TO MISS M*** H****,

SENT WITH MR. POPE'S WORKS.

See female vice and female folly here,
Raillied with wit polite, or lash'd severe:
Let Pope present such objects to our view;
Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon's stream * from Windsor's shades,
He sings the modest charms of sylvan maids;
Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
And Luddal's spring † still murmurs in my ear:
But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies:
Come then, my charmer, come! here transport reigns!
New health, new youth, inspirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
Thou life of loveliness! thou soul of joy!
Love wakes the bird—oh, hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come charmer, come away!
But hark!—immortal Pope resumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights, inspire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine!
Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts, unconscious, sung.

* *Alluding to the beautiful Episode of Loddona, in Windsor Forest.*

† *A spring near Burford.*

ON THE RECOVERY OF

A LADY OF QUALITY

From the Small-Pox.

Long a lov'd fair had bleſs'd her conſort's ſight
With amorous pride, and undiſturb'd delight;
Till death, grown envious with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He ſummons each diſeaſe!---the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire diſtortions, ſtrike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth ruſhes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the miſſile miſchief flies,
The ſanguine ſtreams in raging ferments riſe!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's luſtre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor ſwims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inſpire,
Like ſetting ſtars, ſcarce ſhoot a glimmering fire.
Here ſtands her conſort, ſore, with anguiſh, preſt,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breaſt.
The Paphian graces, ſmit with anxious care,
In ſilent ſorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight ſuns, ſucceſſive, roll their fire away,
And eight ſlow nights ſee their deep ſhades decay.
While theſe revolve, though mute each muſe appears,
Each ſpeaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, liſtening bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer aſcends!---
Great god of light, of ſong, and phyſic's art,
Reſtore the languid fair, new ſoul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almoſt rival'd there.
Each paus'd. The god aſſents. Would death advance?
Phœbus, unſeen, arreſts the threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence ſtreams,
And quickening earth imbibes ſalubrious beams;
Each balmy plant, increaſe of virtue knows,
And art, inſpir'd, with all her patron, glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her conſort's breaſt enlivening feels.
Each grace revives, each muſe reſumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire.
As health's auſpicious powers gay life diſplay,
Death, ſullen at the ſight, ſtalks ſlow away.

THE FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE TO AARON HILL, ESQUIRE.

O my lov'd Hill, O thou by heaven deſign'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and ſorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!---thou friend!
If worldly friendſhips oft cement, divide,
As intereſts vary, or as whims preſide;
If leagues of luxury borrow friendſhip's light,
Or leagues ſubverſive of all ſocial right:
O ſay, my Hill, in what propitious ſphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and ſincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wiſe retire;
There wealth may learn its uſe, may love inſpire;
There may young worth, the nobleſt end obtain,
In want my friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliſs; for wiſdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, ſucceed;
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.
Oft when you ſaw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, ſoft-hinted, taught the bluſh to glow.
Young and unform'd, you firſt my genius rais'd,
Juſt ſmil'd when faulty; and when moderate prais'd.
Me ſhun'd, me ruin'd, ſuch a mother's rage!
You ſung, till pity wept o'er every page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no ſhame.
Pierc'd as I was! your counſel ſoften'd care,
To eaſe turn'd anguiſh, and to hope deſpair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when bleſt with ſuch relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.
From you ſhall never, but with life, remove
Aſpiring genius, condeſcending love.
When ſome, with cold, ſuperior looks, redreſs,
Relief ſeems inſult, and confirms diſtreſs;
You, when you view the man with wrongs beſieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger, ſeem th' oblig'd.
All-winning mild to each of lowly ſtate;
To equals free, unſervile to the great;
Greatneſs you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd
Greatneſs you ſcorn, when titles inſult ſpeak;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekneſs meek
That worthleſs bliſs, which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe, they ſhun, attracts your eye.
But ſhall the muſe reſound alone your praiſe;
No—let the public friend exalt her lays!
O trace that friend with me!—he's your's!—he's mine!—
The world's—beneficent behold him ſhine!
Is wealth his ſphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him others wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to ſing for joy.
To orphans, priſoners, ſhall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leiſure active, and in care ſedate;
What aid, his little wealth perchance denies,
In each hard inſtance his advice ſupplies.
With modeſt truth he ſets the wandering right;
And gives religion pure, primæval light;
In love diffuſive, as in light refin'd,
The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is power his orb? He then, like power divine,
On all, though with a varied ray, will ſhine.
Ere power was his, the man he once careſs'd,
Meets the ſame faithful ſmile, and mutual breaſt:
But aſk his friend ſome dignity of ſtate;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?
Aſks it a ſtranger, one whom parts inſpire
With all a people's welfare would require?

His choice admits no pauſe; his gift will prove
All private, well abſorb'd in public love.
He ſhields his country, when for aid ſhe calls;
Or, ſhould ſhe fall, with her he greatly falls:
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conqueſt crown'd,
Spread ſlavery, death and deſolation round,
Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Againſt the ſons of men a faction riſe,
Glory in hers, is in his eye diſgrace;
The friend of truth; the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no ſect, no clime confin'd,
His boundleſs love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known;
And all their joys and ſorrows are his own.
These are the lights, where ſtands that friend conſeſt;
This, this the ſpirit, which informs thy breaſt.
Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can ſhine; [thine?
What would'ſt thou not, were wealth and greatneſs

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. JOHN DYER, AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL,

*In Anſwer to his from the Country *.*

Now various birds in melting concert ſing,
And hail the beauty of the opening ſpring:
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful ſtrains;
Wakes, in thy verſe and friendſhip ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind. [ſee,
Oh could my ſoul through depths of knowledge
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I ſhould o'ercome, or bear the ſhocks of fate,
And e'en draw envy to the humbleſt ſtate.
Thou canſt raiſe honour from each ill event,
From ſhocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The muſe's manſion is, at beſt, but air;
But, if more ſolid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfiniſh'd ſtructures fall by fortune's ſtorms.
Oft have I ſaid we falſely thoſe accuſe,
Whoſe godlike ſouls life's middle ſtate refuſe.
Self-love, I cry'd, there ſeeks ignoble reſt;
Care ſleeps not calm, when millions wake unbleſt;
Mean let me ſhrink, or ſpread ſweet ſhade o'er all,
Low as the ſhrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I ſought the middle ſtate,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Though verſe can never give my ſoul her aim;
Though action only claims ſubſtantial fame;
Though fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, heaven, by knowledge to aſpire:
Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bleſs mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw ſhafts of grief!
Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief!
To ſerve lov'd liberty inſpire my breath!
Or, if my life be uſeleſs, grant me death;
For he, who uſeleſs is in life ſurvey'd,
Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.

* *See Dyer's Poems.*

Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains moſt, who leaſt has ſerv'd mankind?
Titles, when worn by fools, I dare deſpiſe;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wiſe.
When high diſtinction marks deſerving heirs,
Deſert ſtill dignifies the mark it wears.
But, who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from ſeeds of merit grow.
Thoſe trees, with ſweeteſt charms, invite our eyes,
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful riſe.
Still we love beſt what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.
The great I would not envy nor deride;
Nor ſtoop to ſwell a vain ſuperior's pride;
Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor cruſh the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
My ſympathizing breaſt his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendſhips let me ſow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my ſtate;
Nor miſuſe wit againſt an abſent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend! [weight;
In wealth and want true minds preſerve their
Meek, though exalted; though diſgrac'd, elate;
Generous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd they live;
Grateful to ſerve, and generous to forgive.
This may they learn, who cloſe thy life attend;
Which, dear in memory, ſtill inſtructs thy friend.
Though cruel diſtance bars my groſſer eye,
My ſoul, clear-ſighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Through her deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
And lights up fortitude with friendſhip's beams.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE VICE-PRINCIPAL OF ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD.

Being preſented by the Honourable Mrs. Knight, to the Living of Godſfield in Eſſex.

While by mean arts and meaner patrons riſe
Prieſts, whom the learned and the good deſpiſe;
This ſees fair Knight, in whoſe tranſcendent mind,
Are wiſdom, purity, and truth enſhrin'd.
A modeſt merit now ſhe plans to lift,
Thy living, Godsfield! falls her inſtant gift.
Let me (ſaid ſhe) reward alone the wiſe,
And make the church-revenue virtue's prize.
She ſought the man of honeſt, candid breaſt,
In faith, in works of goodneſs, full expreſt;
Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
To ſcience moral, and religious truth.
She ſought where the diſintereſted friend,
The ſcholar, ſage, and free companion blend;
The pleaſing poet, and the deep divine, [thine.
She ſought, ſhe found, and, Hart! the prize was

FULVIA.

A POEM.

Let Fulvia's wiſdom be a ſlave to will,
Her darling paſſions, ſcandal and quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a ſatire knows,
Her deeds a ſatire on herſelf alone.

On her poor kindred deigns she word or look?
'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke;
Worse when good-natur'd, than when most severe:
The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
How just the sceptic! the divine how odd!
What turns of wit play smartly on her god!
The fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, strait pities me.
She, like Benevolence, a smile bestows,
Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit:
She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
With mouth distorted, through a sounding nose
It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.
With see-saw sounds, and nonsense not my own,
She skrews her features, and she cracks her tone.
How fine your bastard! why so soft a strain?
What, such a mother? satirise again!
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! though unkind, she is my mother still!
The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims.
'Tis fam'd—The fame each curious fair enflames:
The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
The Brets, alarm'd, a separate peace propose.
'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!
My wit's degraded, and my cause forsook.
Thus she: What's poetry but to amuse?
Might I advise—there are more solid views.
With a cool air she adds: This tale is old:
Were it my case, it should no more be told.
Complaints—had I been worthy to advise—
You know—But when are wits, like women, wise?
True it may take; but, think whate'er you list,
All love the satire, none the satirist.
I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause a while;
Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile.
Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends!
Sir, (she replies) indeed you'll lose your friends.
Why did I start? 'twas but a change of wind—
Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, despise, discern her all:
Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.
Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with every whim!
A reed, a weathercock, a shade, a dream:
No more the friendship shall be now display'd
By weathercock, or reed, or dream, or shade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

Clos'd are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire;
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire;
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Persuasive reason and endearing truth,
Could honour, shown in friendships most refin'd,
And sense, that shields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The social temper never known to strife,
The heightening graces that embellish life;
Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can she die—ev'n now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A POEM.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

(*Written in the Year* 1734.)

Mild rose the morn! the face of nature bright
Wore one extensive smile of calm and light;
Wide, o'er the land, did hovering silence reign,
Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main;
When lo! before me, on the southern shore,
Stood forth the power, whom Albion's sons adore;
Blest Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle;
Whom reason gives to bloom, and truth to smile;
Gives peace to gladden, sheltering law to spread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
Rich industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
In curious emblems every art, express,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun.
My words, he cried, my word observance claim:
Resound, ye muses; and receive them, fame!
Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William, stretch'd his naval pride:
I with my sacred influence swell'd his soul;
Th' enslav'd to see, th' enslaver to controul.
In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain:
He came, he sav'd; in his was seen my reign.
How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd,
To humble tyrants, and secure mankind!
Next Marlborough in his steps successful trod:
This, godlike plann'd; that, finish'd like a god!
And, while oppression fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone.
Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
There freedom ever found a sheltering shade.
Still heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bless, the BRANCH auspicious shoot!
He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread;
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
Nurse him, ye heavenly dews, ye sunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!
He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the last billow swells into the sky,
Where, in gay vision, round th' horizon's line,
The moving clouds with various beauty shine;
As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold!
Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spy'd,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!
Thus spoke the Genius, as advanc'd the sail—
Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Soften'd, through condescension, learns to shine.

Greatneſs of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art ſupply'd;
To nobleſt objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.
What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender paſſions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace deſtroy,
To part with thee, ſo wont to give her joy! [mien!
How heav'd her breaſt, how ſadden'd was her
All in the mother then was loſt the queen.
The ſwelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The ſtruggling ſigh ſtopp'd ſhort her laſt adieu:
Ev'n now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The ſecret rock, rough wave, and riſing wind;
The ſhoal, ſo treacherous, near the tempting land;
Th'ingulphing whirlpool, and the ſwallowing ſand;
Theſe fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright;
For thee her heart unceaſing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wiſhes, and in prayers!
Her prayers are heard!---For me, 'tis thine to brave
The ſand, the ſhoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind ſafety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And joy to greet thee on the Belgic ſhore. [tell
May future times, when their fond praiſe would
How moſt their favourite characters excel; [clare,
How bleſt! How great!—then may their ſongs de-
So great! ſo bleſt!---ſuch Anne and Naſſau were.

E GRÆCO RUF.

Qui te videt beatus eſt,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui baſiat ſemideus eſt,
Qui te potitur eſt Deus. BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

HAPPY the man, who, in thy ſparkling eyes,
His amorous wiſhes ſees, reflecting, play;
Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, riſe,
And, in ſoft-ſwimming languor, die away.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll,
In ſounds which love, harmonious love, inſpire;
On his charm'd ear ſits, rapt, his liſtening ſoul,
Till admiration form intenſe deſire.

Half-deity is he who warm may preſs
Thy lip, ſoft-ſwelling to the kindling kiſs;
And may that lip aſſentive warmth expreſs,
Till love draw willing love to ardent bliſs!

Circling thy waiſt, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual melting breaſt,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a God!---is of all heaven poſſeſt.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A POEM.

Addreſſed to Mrs. Bridget Jones, a young Widow Lady of Llanelly, Caermarthenſhire.

ONCE beauty, wiſhing fond deſire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering love.
Come, pureſt atoms! beauty aid implores;
For new ſoft texture leave æthereal ſtores.
They come, they crowd, the ſhining hues unfold;
Be their's a form, which beauty's ſelf ſhall mould!
To mould my charmer's form ſhe all apply'd---
Whence Cambria boaſts the birth of Nature's pride.

She calls the Graces---Such is beauty's ſtate,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.
Firſt your fair feet they ſhape, and ſhape to pleaſe;
Each ſtands deſign'd for dignity and eaſe.
Firm, on theſe curious pedeſtals, depend
Two poliſh'd pillars; which, as fair, aſcend;
From well wrought knees, more fair, more large, they riſe;
Seen by the muſe, though hid from mortal eyes.
More poliſh'd yet, your fabric each ſuſtains;
That pureſt temple where perfection reigns,
A ſmall, ſweet circle forms your faultleſs waiſt,
By beauty ſhap'd, to be by love embrac'd.
Beyond that leſſening waiſt, two orbs deviſe,
What ſwelling charms, in fair proportion, riſe!
Freſh peeping there, two bluſhing buds are found,
Each like a roſe, which lilies white ſurround.
There feeling ſenſe, let pitying ſighs inſpire,
Till panting pity ſwells to warm deſire:
Deſire, though warm, is chaſte; each warmeſt kiſs,
All rapture chaſte, when Hymen bids the bliſs.
Rounding and ſoft, two taper arms deſcend;
Two ſnow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning beauty, on each palm, deſigns
Love's fortune and your own, in myſtic lines;
And lovely whiteneſs, either arm contains,
Diverſified with azure wandering veins;
The wandering veins conceal a generous flood,
The purple treaſure of celeſtial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where beauty's ſelf appears.
Her ſoft attendants ſmooth the ſpotleſs ſkin,
And, ſmoothly oval, turn the ſhapely chin;
The ſhapely chin, to beauty's riſing face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And ſoon ſweet opening, roſy lips diſcloſe
The well rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
Here life is breath'd, and florid life aſſumes
A breath, whoſe fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
And two fair cheeks give modeſty to raiſe
A beauteous bluſh at praiſe, though juſt the praiſe.
And nature now, from each kind ray, ſupplies
Soft, clement ſmiles, and love-inſpiring eyes;
New graces, to thoſe eyes, mild ſhades, allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While ſenſe of viſion lights up orbs ſo rare,
May none, but pleaſing objects, viſit there!
Two little porches, (which, one ſenſe empowers,
To draw rich ſcent from aromatic flowers)
In ſtructure neat, and deck'd with poliſh'd grace,
Shall equal firſt, then heighten, beauty's face.
To ſmelling ſenſe, oh, may the flowery year,
Its firſt, laſt, choiceſt incenſe, offer here!
Tranſparent next, two curious creſcents bound
The two-fold entrance of inſpiring ſound,
And, granting a new power of ſenſe to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what moſt the ſoul can move,
Muſic and reaſon, poeſy and love.

Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:
Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade.
All, with a nameless air and mein, unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
Tun'd is your melting tongue and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.
The virtues next to beauty's nod incline;
For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine;
Let these, the temperate sense of taste reveal,
And give, while nature spreads the simple meal.
The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
From luxury as taintless as your mind.
The virtues, chastity and truth, impart,
And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.
Thus beauty finish'd—Thus she gains the sway,
And love still follows where she leads the way.
From every gift of heaven, to charm is thine;
To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

SENT TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH THE WANDERER.

Alluding to an Episode, where a young Man turns Hermit, for the loss of his Wife Olympia.

When with delight fond love on beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair expressed,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

Tell her, my muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's absence is to me.

ON FALSE HISTORIANS.

A SATIRE.

Sure of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
In quest of these the muse shall first advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd history—Lo! at once she skims
The visionary world of monkish whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that never liv'd, or such as justice paints,
Jugglers, on superstition palm'd for saints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known:
While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a LIE proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.
History, from air or deep draws many a spright,
Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright;
Or such as but o'er feverish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthusiast wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall entranc'd! some wizard's lawless skill
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will!
Thus history, by machine, mock-epic, seems,
Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.
The devil, who priest and sorcerer must obey,
The sorcerer us'd to raise, the parson lay,
When Echard wav'd his pen, the history shows;
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay serpent, glittering to the eye;
But more than serpent, or than harlot fly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'scape,
The demon stands confest in proper shape!
Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.
Wondrous historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see,—
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.
But dusky phantoms, muse, no more pursue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine historian's name!
False ones—with what materials build they fame?
Fabrics of fame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curll—with him I wave all strife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Charters.
Materials, which belief in gazzetes claim,
Loose-strung, run gingling into history's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monsters floundering in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, memoirs, views, and reviews appear,
Where slander darkens each recorded year.
In a past reign is feign'd some amorous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unseemly things;
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poisons they surmise!
No royal mortal sure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more base believ'd?
Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus slander popular o'er truth prevails,
And easy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, stead of history, such authors raise
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.
Some usurp names—an English garreteer,
From minutes forg'd, is Monsieur Mesnager *.

* The Minutes of Monsr. Mesnager; *a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of Queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Monsr. Mesnager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title page to be translated.*

Some, while on good or ill ſucceſs they ſtare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:
Others, as little to inquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their ſpring's unknown.
One ſtateſman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will conteſted character enſue.
View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but ſcan,
He's angel: view him all—he's ſtill a man.
But ſuch hiſtorians all accuſe, acquit;
No virtue theſe, and thoſe no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.
Where hear-ſay knowledge ſits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party libels; from whoſe aſhes dead,
A monſter, miſnam'd Hiſtory, lifts its head.
Contending factions crowd to hear its roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noiſe no more.
From theſe no anſwer, no applauſe from thoſe,
O'er half they ſimper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in ſenate, with egregious pate.
Perks up Sir * * * * * in ſome deep debate;
He hems, looks wiſe, tunes thin his labouring throat,
To prove black white, poſtpone or palm the vote:
In ſly contempt, ſome, Hear him! Hear him! cry;
Some yawn, ſome ſneer; none ſecond, none reply.
But dare ſuch miſcreants now ruſh abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp falſehood thus, and plume her wings,
From preſent characters and recent things?
Yes: What untruths! or truths in what diſguiſe!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons ariſe!
What facts from all but them and ſlander ſcreen'd!
Here meets a council, no where elſe conven'd;
There, from originals, come, thick as ſpawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To ſecret conference never held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and ſpeeches never ſpoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like ſin from Satan's far and wide they go.
In vain may St. John ſafe in conſcience ſit;
In vain with truth conſute, contemn with wit:
Confute, contemn, amid ſelected friends;
There ſinks the juſtice, there the ſatire ends,
Here, though a century ſcarce ſuch leaves uncloſe,
From mould and duſt the ſlander ſacred grows.
Now none reply where all deſpiſe the page;
But will dumb ſcorn deceive no future age?
Then, ſhould dull periods cloud not ſeeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanſwer'd lie extract?
Well-ſet in plan, and poliſh'd into ſtyle,
Fair and more fair may finiſh'd fraud beguile;
By every language ſnatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In every clime, by every age believ'd:
How vain to virtue truſt the great their name,
When ſuch their lot for infamy or fame?

A CHARACTER.

Fair truth, in courts where juſtice ſhould preſide,
Alike the judge and advocate would guide;
And theſe would vie each dubious point to clear,
To ſtop the widow's and the orphan's tear;
Where all, like Yorke, of delicate addreſs,
Strength to diſcern, and ſweetneſs to expreſs,
Learn'd, juſt, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like * Forteſcue humane,
All eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, ſo clear, all ſcience is his own.
Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In hiſtory, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread;
How far unlike ſuch worthies, once a drudge,
From floundering in low caſes, roſe a judge.
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonſenſe thunders,
And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.
His brothers bluſh, becauſe no bluſh he knows,
Nor e'er † "one uncorrupted finger ſhows."
See, drunk with power, the circuit lord expreſt!
Full, in his eye, his betters ſtand conſeſt: [looſe,
Whoſe wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue ſo
'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuſe.
Still to what circuit is aſſign'd his name,
There, ſwift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Conteſt ſtops ſhort, conſent yields every cauſe;
To coſt; delay, endures them, and withdraws.
But how 'ſcape priſoners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all ſhall ſtand condemn'd, who ſtand arraign'd.
Dire guilt, which elſe would deteſtation cauſe,
Prejudg'd with inſult, wonderous pity draws.
But 'ſcapes e'en innocence his harſh harangue?
Alas!—e'en innocence itſelf muſt hang;
Muſt hang to pleaſe him, when of ſpleen poſſeſt;
Muſt hang to bring forth an abortive jeſt.
Why liv'd he not ere ſtar-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, cenſure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, ſubſervient to ſome murderous will,
Became a precedent to murder ſtill?
Yet ev'n when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the job to ſuch a ſlave decreed,
Whoſe ſavage mind wants ſophiſt-art to draw,
O'er murder'd virtue, ſpacious veils of law?
Why, ſtudent, when the bench your youth admits; [ſits;
Where, though the worſt, with the beſt rank'd he
Where found opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
Why pauſe you ſcornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks, and well report.
Let his own words againſt himſelf point clear
Satire more ſharp than verſe when moſt ſevere.

EPITAPH ON MRS. JONES,

GRANDMOTHER TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES, OF LLANELLY IN CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

In her, whoſe relics mark this ſacred earth,
Shone all domeſtic and all ſocial worth:
Firſt, heaven her hope with early offspring crown'd;
And thence a ſecond race roſe numerous round.
Heaven to induſtrious virtue bleſſing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.

* *The Honourable William Forteſcue, Eſq. one of the Juſtices of his Majeſty's Court of Common Pleas.*

† *When Page one uncorrupted finger ſhows.*

D. of WHARTON.

Though frugal care, in wiſdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preſerve what induſtry requir'd;
Yet, at her board with decent plenty bleſt,
The journeying ſtranger ſat a welcome gueſt.
Preſt on all ſides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence ſevere?
Farewell the friend, who ſpar'd th' aſſiſtant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
Did piteous lazars oft attend her door?
She gave—farewell the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now ſighing
ſwell,
Bleſs her lov'd name, and weep a laſt farewell.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A POEM.

Addreſſed to a young Widow Lady.

Adieu, ye rocks that witneſs'd once my flame,
Return'd my ſighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my ſteps along Llanelly's ſhore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
The beach no fierce, amphibious monſter knows;
No crocodile there fleſh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No falſe hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him, whoſe goodneſs means relief:
Yet tides, conſpiring with unfaithful ground,
Though diſtant ſeen, with treacherous arms, ſurround.
There quickſands, thick as beauty's ſnares, annoy,
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, deſtroy,
I watch'd the ſeas, I pac'd the ſands with care,
Eſcap'd, but wildly ruſh'd on beauty's ſnare.
Ah!—better far, than by that ſnare overpow'r'd,
Had ſands engulf'd me, or had ſeas devour'd.
Far from that ſhore, where ſyren beauty dwells,
And wraps ſweet ruin in reſiſtleſs ſpells; [boaſt,
From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's luſtre
Me native England yields a ſafer coaſt.
Chloe, farewell!—Now ſeas, with boiſterous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide:
Yet while each plant, which vernal youth reſumes,
Feels the green blood aſcend in future blooms;
While little feather'd ſongſters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The muſe exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing loves the ſwelling notes inſpire.
Sure on this day, when hope attains ſucceſs,
Bright Venus firſt did young Adonis bleſs.
Her charms not brighter, Chloe, ſure than thine;
Though fluſh'd his youth, not more his warmth than mine.
Scqueſter'd far within a myrtle grove,
Whoſe blooming boſom courts retiring love;
Where a clear ſun, the blue ſerene diſplays,
And ſheds, through vernal air, attemper'd rays;
Where flowers their aromatic incenſe bring,
And fragrant flouriſh in eternal ſpring;
There mate to mate each dove reſponſive coos,
While this aſſents, as that enamour'd woos,
There rills amuſive, ſend from rocks around,
A ſolitary, pleaſing, murmuring ſound;
Then form a limpid lake. The lake ſerene
Reflects the wonders of the bliſsful ſcene.
To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal muſic floats.
There ſeated on a riſing turf is ſeen,
Graceful, in looſe array, the Cyprian queen;
All freſh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
The goddeſs, riſing from the azure wave;
Diſhevel'd locks diſtil celeſtial dews,
And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuſe.
Her voice ſo charms, the plumy, warbling throngs,
In liſtening wonder loſt, ſuſpend their ſongs.
It ſounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
"Why loiters my Adonis?"—rocks reply.
"Oh, come away!"—they thrice, repeating, ſay;
And echo thrice repeats,—"Oh, come away!"—
Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears;
Who, inſtant at th' enchanting call, appears.
Her placid eye, where ſparkling joy refines,
Benignant, with alluring luſtre ſhines.
His locks, which, in looſe ringlets, charm the view,
Float careleſs, lucid from their amber hue.
A myrtle wreath her roſy fingers frame,
Which, from her hand, his poliſh'd temples claim;
His temples fair, a ſtreaking beauty ſtains,
As ſmooth white marble ſhines with azure veins.
He kneel'd. Her ſnowy hand he trembling ſeiz'd,
Juſt lifted to his lip, and gently ſqueez'd;
The meaning ſqueeze return'd, love caught its lore
And enter'd, at his palm, through every pore.
Then ſwell'd her downy breaſts, till then enclos'd,
Faſt heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd:
Soft ſhe reclines. He, as they fall and riſe,
Hangs, hovering o'er them, with enamour'd eyes,
And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,
He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch was fir'd,
Half-angry, yet half pleas'd, her frown beguiles
The boy to fear; but, at his fear, ſhe ſmiles.
The youth leſs timorous and the fair leſs coy,
Supinely amorous they reclining toy.
More amorous ſtill his ſanguine meaning ſtole
In wiſtful glances, to her ſoftening ſoul:
In her fair eye her ſoftening ſoul he reads:
To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, ſucceeds.
With conſcious bluſh, th' impaſſion'd charmer
burns; [turns.
And, bluſh for bluſh, the impaſſion'd youth re-
They look, they languiſh, ſigh with pleaſing pain,
And wiſh and gaze, and gaze and wiſh again.
'Twixt her white, parting boſom ſteals the boy,
And more than hope preludes tumultous joy;
Through every vein the vigorous tranſport ran,
Strung every nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, ſhe
pants,
Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
Fond limbs with limbs, in amorous folds, entwine.
Lips preſs on lips, careſſing and careſt,
Now eye darts flame to eye, and breaſt to breaſt.
All ſhe reſigns, as dear deſires incite,
And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.
Her waiſt compreſs'd in his exulting arms,
He ſtorms, explores, and rifles all her charms;

Claſps in ecſtatic bliſs th' expiring fair,
And, thrilling, melting, neſtling, riots there.
How long the rapture laſts, how ſoon it fleets,
How oft it pauſes, and how oft repeats;
What joys they both receive and both beſtow,
Virgins may gueſs, but wives experienc'd know:
From joys, like theſe, (ah, why deny'd to me?)
Sprung a freſh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
May he, a new Adonis, lift his creſt,
In all the florid grace of youth confeſt!
Firſt let him learn to liſp your lover's name,
And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
When beauty firſt ſhall wake his genial fire,
And the firſt tingling ſenſe excite deſire;
When the dear object, of his peace poſſeſt,
Gains and ſtill gains on his unguarded breaſt:
Then may he ſay, as he this verſe reviews,
So my bright mother charm'd the poet's muſe.
His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
Lighten'd with hope, and ſadden'd with deſpair,
Say, on ſome rival did ſhe ſmile too kind?
Ah, read---what jealouſy diſtracts his mind!
Smil'd ſhe on him? He imag'd rays divine.
And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
How dwelt her praiſe upon his raptur'd tongue!
Ah!---when ſhe frown'd, what plaintive notes he ſung!
And could ſhe frown on him---Ah, wherefore, tell!
On him, whoſe only crime was loving well?
Thus may thy ſon his pangs with mine compare,
Then wiſh his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Though the ſad willow ſuits a woe like mine!
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never ſigh and bleed, like me in vain!—
When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other ſcenes my fate ſupplies;
When earth to earth my lifeleſs corſe is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypreſs ſhade:
When pale I flit along the dreary coaſt,
An helpleſs lover's pining plaintive ghoſt;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you theſe ſtrains ſhall ſee,
Juſt ſpare one ſigh, one tear, to love and me,
Me, who, in abſence or in death, adore
Theſe heavenly charms I muſt behold no more.

TO JOHN POWELL, ESQUIRE,

BARRISTER AT LAW.

In me long abſent, long with anguiſh fraught,
In me, though ſilence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet memory lives, and calls the muſe's aid,
To ſnatch our friendſhip from oblivion's ſhade.
As ſoon the ſun ſhall ceaſe the world to warm,
As ſoon Llanelly's* fair that world to charm,
As grateful ſenſe of goodneſs, true like thine,
Shall e'er deſert a breaſt ſo warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria ſtrikes my memory's eye,
(Cambria, my darling ſcene!) I, ſighing, cry,
Where is my Powell? dear aſſociate!—where?
To him I would unboſom every care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithleſs virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungenerous fetters, freed,
Again he loves! he woos! his hopes ſucceed!
But the gay bridegroom, ſtill by fortune croſt,
Is, inſtant, in the weeping widower loſt.
Her, his ſole joy! her from his boſom torn,
What feeling heart, but learns, like his to mourn?
Can nature then, ſuch ſudden ſhocks, ſuſtain?
Nature thus ſtruck, all reaſon pleads in vain!
Though late, from reaſon yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her memory; but diſpels his grief.
Love, wealth, and fame (tyrannic paſſions all!)
No more enflame him, and no more enthral.
He ſeeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wiſdom courts that eaſe his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which ſudden riſe, encreaſe?
His candour ſmiles all diſcord into peace.
To party ſtorms is public weal reſign'd?
Each ſteady patriot-virtue ſteers his mind.
Calm, on the beach, while maddening billows rave,
He gains philoſophy from every wave;
Science, from every object round, he draws;
From various nature, and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er every paſt hiſtoric age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each claſſic muſe delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would diſdain
A pleaſure riſing from another's pain;
Social to all, and moſt of bliſs poſſeſt,
When moſt he renders all, around him, bleſt:
To unread 'ſquires illiterately gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
With the polite, all, all-accompliſh'd eaſe,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to pleaſe.
Thus ſhines thy youth; and thus my friend, elate
In bliſs as well as worth, is truly great.
Me ſtill ſhould ruthleſs fate, unjuſt, expoſe
Beneath thoſe clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to ſome nobler ſphere, ſhould fortune raiſe,
To wealth conſpicuous, and to laurel'd praiſe;
Unalter'd yet be love and friendſhip mine;
I ſtill am Chloe's, and I ſtill am thine.

* *Mrs. Bridget Jones.*

LONDON AND BRISTOL DELINEATED*.

Two ſea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And theſe from commerce different honours claim.
What different honours ſhall the muſes pay,
While one inſpires and one untunes the lay?
Now ſilver Iſis brightening flows along,
Echoing from Oxford ſhore each claſſic ſong;
Then weds with Tame; and theſe, O London, ſee
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unſullied Thames, meandering glides
And bears thy wealth on mild majeſtic tides.
Thy ſhips, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glittering pomp, ſtrike wondering China's eye

* *The Author preferr'd this title to that of* London *and* Briſtol compared: *which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.*

And thence returning bear, in ſplendid ſtate,
To Britain's merchants, India's eaſtern freight.
India, her treaſures from her weſtern ſhores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies diſtant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus ſhine thy manly ſons of liberal mind;
Thy change deep-buſied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like ſenates, that enforce debate,
With fluent eloquence and reaſon's weight.
Whoſe patriot virtue, lawleſs power controls;
Their Britiſh emulating Roman ſouls.
Of theſe the worthieſt ſtill ſelected ſtand,
Still lead the ſenate, and ſtill ſave the land:
Social, not ſelfiſh, here, O learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom ſunk, O Briſtol now,
With native malice, lift thy lowering brow!
Then as ſome hell-born ſprite in mortal guiſe,
Borrows the ſhape of goodneſs and belies,
All fair, all ſmug, to yon proud hall invite,
To feaſt all ſtrangers ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, or England's weſtern coaſt,
Not elegant, yet coſtly banquets boaſt!
Revere, or ſeem the ſtranger to revere;
Praiſe, fawn, profeſs, be all things but ſincere;
Inſidious now, our boſom-ſecrets ſteal,
And theſe with ſly ſarcaſtic ſneer reveal.
Preſent we meet thy ſneaking treacherous ſmiles;
The harmleſs abſent ſtill thy ſneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts ſuperior find,
The ſneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthleſs ſneer that inſult adds to grief.
What friendſhip canſt thou boaſt? what honours claim?
To thee each ſtranger owes an injur'd name.
What ſmiles thy ſons muſt in their foes excite!
Thy ſons, to whom all diſcord is delight;
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each other's crimes, their own expoſe:
Thy ſons, though crafty, deaf to wiſdom's call;
Deſpiſing all men, and deſpis'd by all;
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immenſe,
As full of turbulence as void of ſenſe?
Thee, thee, what ſenatorial ſouls adorn!
Thy natives ſure would prove a ſenate's ſcorn.
Do ſtrangers deign to ſerve thee; what their praiſe?
Their generous ſervices thy murmurs raiſe.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air preſides,
Around from breaſt to breaſt inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there ſcatters in a trice
The lurking ſeeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted ſon,
Proud, pert, and dull—though brillant once from ſchools,
Will ſcorn all learning's as all virtue's rules;
And, though by nature friendly, honeſt, brave,
Turn a ſly, ſelfiſh, ſimpering, ſharping knave.
Boaſt petty-courts, where 'ſtead of fluent eaſe,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
'Stead of ſage counſel in the dubious cauſe,
Attornies, chattering wild, burleſque the laws—
(So ſhameleſs quacks, who doctors rights invade,
Of jargon and of poiſon form a trade.
So canting coblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the goſpel they pretend to preach.)
Boaſt petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
Unknown to nature's and to ſtatute-law;
Quirks that explain all ſaving rights away,
To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
Is there where law too rigorous may deſcend,
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that, ſhut when pity would redreſs,
Spontaneous open to inflict diſtreſs.
Try miſdemeanours!---all thy wiles employ,
Not to chaſtiſe the offender, but deſtroy;
Bid the large lawleſs fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune ſwell;
Cut off from ſervice due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he ſentenc'd lies;
Impriſon'd languiſhes, impriſon'd dies.

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Boaſt ſwarming veſſels, whoſe plebeian ſtate
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boaſt nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boaſt thy baſe* Tolſey, and thy turn-ſpit dogs,
Thy† Halliers horſes and thy human hogs;
Upſtarts and muſhrooms, proud, relentleſs hearts,
Thou blank of ſciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to ſee!
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.

Proceed, great Briſtol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one Juſtice heighten yet thy praiſe;
Still ſpare the catamite, and ſwinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

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* *A place where the merchants uſed to meet to tranſact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xiii. p. 496.*

† *Halliers are the perſons who drive or own the ſledges, which are here uſed inſtead of carts.*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

AARON HILL, Esq.

Containing

THE PROGRESS OF WIT,	ODES,
CAMILLUS,	SONGS,
THE NORTHERN STAR,	EPISTLES,
A TIME PIECE,	EPIGRAMS,
THE IMPARTIAL,	EPITAPHS,
ADVICE TO THE POETS,	IMITATIONS;

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In HILL is all that gen'rous souls revere,
To Virtue and the Muse for ever dear.

SAVAGE'S WANDERER, CANTO I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF HILL.

AARON HILL was the eldeſt ſon of George Hill, Eſq. of Malmeſbury Abbey, in Wiltſhire, and born in Beauſort Buildings, in the Strand, London, February 10. 1784-5.

His father having, by his miſmanagement, deprived him of the ſucceſſion to the family eſtate of about 2000 l. a-year, he was left to the care of Mrs. Gregory, his grandmother, "a woman of uncommon underſtanding, and great good nature."

At nine years old, he was ſent to the ſchool of Barnſtaple in Devonſhire, under the care of Mr. Rayner; from whence he was removed to Weſtminſter ſchool, under the care of Dr. Knipe, where his genius ſoon became conſpicuous, and often made him ample amends for his very ſcanty allowance of pocket-money, by enabling him to perform the taſks of others who had not his capacity.

He left Weſtminſter ſchool, on account of his narrow circumſtances, in 1699, at fourteen years of age. Soon after, he formed a reſolution of paying a viſit to his relation, Lord Paget, then ambaſſador at Conſtantinople; and meeting with no oppoſition from his grandmother, he accordingly embarked on board a veſſel going there, March 2. 1700.

On his arrival, he was received with the utmoſt kindneſs and cordiality, by Lord Paget, who was no leſs pleaſed than ſurpriſed at that ardour for improvement, which could induce a youth of his tender years, to run the hazard of ſuch a voyage, to viſit a relation whom he only knew by character.

The ambaſſador immediately provided him a tutor in his own houſe; under whoſe care he very ſoon ſent him to travel through Egypt, Paleſtine, and the greateſt part of the Eaſt, being deſirous of gratifying that laudable curioſity, and thirſt of knowledge, which ſeemed ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on the amiable mind of his young relation.

He returned home with Lord Paget, about the year 1703; and, on his journey, had an opportunity of ſeeing great part of Europe, at moſt of the courts of which his Lordſhip made ſome little ſtay.

It is ſuppoſed that Lord Paget would have made ſome proviſion for him at his death, had not the malevolence of a certain female, who had great influence with him, prevented his kind intentions towards him.

A few years after, his abilities and ſobriety recommended him to Sir William Wentworth, Bart. of Yorkſhire, who was then going to make the tour of Europe, with whom he travelled two or three years.

In 1709, he publiſhed a *Hiſtory of the Ottoman Empire*, compiled from the materials which he had collected in his travels, and during his reſidence at the Turkiſh court. This work, though it met with ſucceſs, he afterwards very ſeverely criticiſed, and with ſome juſtice; for there are in it a great number of puerilities. It is the production of youthful genius, rather chooſing to indulge the imagination of the poet, than to make uſe of the plainneſs and perſpicuity of the hiſtorian. Sprat, however, uſed to obſerve that "there is certainly in that book, the ſeeds of a great writer;" a prediction which was amply verified by the merit of his ſubſequent writings.

The ſame year, he publiſhed his firſt poetical piece, intituled *Camillus*, in vindication of the Earl of Peterborough; who was ſo well pleaſed with the compliment, that he appointed him his ſecretary, and introduced him to Harley, and St. John, and other leaders of the Tory party, of which he appears to have been an adherent.

In 1710, he quitted the ſervice of Lord Peterborough, and married the only daughter of Edmund Morris, Eſq. of Stratford, in Eſſex, a young lady of great merit and beauty, with whom he had a very handſome fortune.

The ſame year, he was appointed Manager of the theatre in Drury Lane, and, at the deſire of Booth the player, wrote his firſt tragedy of *Elfrid, or, the Fair Inconſtant*, which was favourably received on the ſtage, though he has himſelf deſcribed it to be "an unpruned wilderneſs of fancy, with here and there a flower among the leaves, but without any fruit of judgment." To this play was annexed, in the repreſentation, a dramatic piece, called *The Walking Statue; or, the Devil in the Wine Cellar:* the plot of which is farcical, and the incidents beyond the limits of poſſibility.

The year following, he wrote the opera of *Rinaldo*, which was performed at the theatre in the Hay-Market, of which he was director, and met with very great ſucceſs. The muſic was the firſt that Handel compoſed after his arrival in England.

His genius ſeems to have been admirably adapted to the buſineſs of the ſtage; and while he held the management, he conducted both theatres, highly to the ſatisfaction of the public; but having a miſunderſtanding with the Duke of Kent, then Lord Chamberlain, he relinquiſhed it in a few months; and though he was not long after very earneſtly ſolicited by a perſon of the firſt diſtinction, to reſume the theatrical direction, he ſtill declined it.

It is probable, however, that neither pride nor reſentment were the motives of this refuſal, but an ardent zeal for general improvement, and the public good, which ſeems to have been his darling paſſion, and to which, on different occaſions, he ſacrificed not only his eaſe, but large ſums of money.

In 1713, he undertook to make an oil as ſweet as that from olives, from beech nuts, and obtained a patent for the purpoſe; but being an undertaking of too great extent for his private fortune, he took a ſubſcription of 25,000 l. on ſhares and annuities, in ſecurity of which, he aſſigned over his patent in truſt for the ſubſcribers, forming a Company who were to act in concert with the patentee, under the denomination of *The Beech Oil Company*.

The ſucceſs of this undertaking, at a time when profits were already ariſing from it, was fruſtrated, by the erroneous warmth and impatience of thoſe perſons with whom he was obliged to unite himſelf; and after three years labour and application, came to nothing.

In 1716, he publiſhed *An Impartial State of the Caſe between the Patentee, Annuitants, and Sharers in the Beech Oil Company*, by which it appeared that all the money that had been employed, had been fairly expended for the benefit of the Company, and that the patentee had not availed himſelf of the advantages to which, by the agreement, he had been entitled.

After the failure of this project, he was concerned with Sir Robert Montgomery, in a deſign for eſtabliſhing a plantation in that part of South Carolina, which has ſince been extenſively cultivated under the name of Georgia; yet, through inequality of his fortune, it never proved of any advantage to him.

In 1716, he brought on the ſtage at Lincoln's Inn-fields, *The Fatal Viſion;* or, *The Fall of Siam*, a tragedy; which was acted with ſucceſs. The ſcene is laid in Siam, but the fable is fictitious, and the characters imaginary. The moral is to expoſe the dangerous conſequences of giving way to rage and raſhneſs of determination. It is dedicated to the two critics, Dennis, and Gildon. He prefixed to it this motto from Horace, to which he declared his conſtant adherence.

I not for vulgar admiration write,
To be well read, not much, is my delight.

The ſame year, he publiſhed the two firſt books of an epic poem, called *Gideon*, in twelve books, on the foundation of the ſtory of the redemption of Iſrael by *Gideon*, in the book of Judges; of which he afterwards wrote ſix books more, which made eight; but did not finiſh it.

In 1718, he wrote a poem called *The Northern Star*, a panegyric on Peter the Great; for which he was afterwards complimented with a gold medal from the Empreſs, Catherine, according to the Emperor's deſire before his death. By an advertiſement to the fifth edition of this poem, printed in 1739, it appears that he was to have wrote the life of Peter, from his papers which were to have been ſent to him; but the death of the Empreſs prevented it.

In 1720, he wrote *The Fatal Extravagance*, a tragedy in one act, which he gave to Mr. Joſeph Mitchell, at that time in great diſtreſs, and got it acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn-fields, and ſupported it on the ſuppoſed author's third night, with all that ardour of benevolence which conſtituted his character. It was afterwards enlarged into five acts, and exhibited at Drury Lane, in 1726, with great ſucceſs. It is one of the moſt intereſting dramas in the Engliſh language.

In 1723, he brought on the ſtage, at Drury Lane, his tragedy of *Henry V.* or, *The Conqueſt of France by the Engliſh*; which is juſtly eſteemed a very good play. The plot and language are in ſome places borrowed from Shakſpeare; yet, on the whole, it is greatly altered, and a ſecond plot is introduced by the addition of a new female character, a niece to Lord Scroope, who has been formerly ſeduced by the king.

In 1724, for the benefit of a diſtreſſed officer in the army, he began a periodical paper, called, *The Plain Dealer*, in conjunction with William Bond, Eſq. whom Savage called the two contending powers of light and darkneſs. They wrote by turns, each ſix eſſays; and the character of the work was obſerved regularly to riſe in Hill's weeks, and fall in Mr. Bond's.

"I am particularly indebted" ſays Savage, in the preface to his 'Miſcellany,' "to the author of 'The Plain Dealer,' who was pleaſed, in two of his papers (which I entreat his pardon for reprinting before my Miſcellany), to point out my unhappy ſtory to the world, with ſo touching a humanity, and ſo good an effect, that many perſons of quality, of all ranks, and of both ſexes, diſtinguiſhed themſelves with the promptneſs he here hinted to the noble minded, and not ſtaying till they were applied to, ſent me the honour of their ſubſcriptions, in the moſt liberal and handſome manner. I ought here to acknowledge ſeveral favours from Mr. Hill, whoſe writings are a ſhining ornament of this Miſcellany; but I wave detaining my readers, and beg leave to refer them to a copy of verſes called "The Friend," which I have taken the liberty to addreſs to that gentleman."

Mallet communicated to Hill the firſt ſketch of his beautiful ballad of "William and Margaret," originally printed in *The Plain Dealer*.

In 1728, he made a journey into the north of Scotland, where he had been about two years before, having contracted with the York-Buildings Company, to apply the timber upon their eſtates, on the river Spey, to the uſes of the navy. In this undertaking, however, he found various obſtacles; for when the trees were by his order chained together into floats, the ignorant Highlanders refuſed to venture themſelves on them down the Spey, till he firſt went himſelf, to ſhow there was no danger.

The rocks in the river were another impediment, which his ſagacity and perſeverance overcame; by ordering fires to be made on them, where they were moſt expoſed, and throwing great quantities of water on them, they were, by the help of proper tools, broken to pieces, and a free paſſage opened for the floats.

"The ſhore of the Spey," ſays he, in a letter to his wife, *from the Golden Groves of Abernethy, Auguſt* 18. 1728, "is all covered with maſts, from 50 to 70 feet long, which they are daily bringing out of the wood, with ten carriages, and above a hundred horſes, and bring down from forty to fifty trees a-day, one day with another.

"In the middle of the river lie at anchor, a little fleet of our rafts, which are juſt putting off for Findhorn harbour; and it is one of the pleaſanteſt ſights poſſible, to obſerve the little armies of men, women, and children, who pour down from the Highlands, to ſtare at what we have been doing."

The undertaking was for ſome time carried on with great vigour, and conſiderable advantage, till the directors thought proper to call off the men and horſes from the woods of Abernethy, to work their lead mines.

What private emolument he received from this project, is not certainly known; but, during his reſidence in the Highlands, the Magiſtrates of Aberdeen, Inverneſs, &c. complimented him with the freedom of their reſpective towns; and he met with diſtinguiſhed civilities from the Duke of Gordon, and other perſons of rank in that part of the country. His prophetic *Verſes*, in compliment to Scotland, are generally known.

In his return from the north, he ſpent ſome time in Yorkſhire, where his wife then was, with ſome relations, for the recovery of her health; which afforded an opportunity to ſome perſons to be guilty of a breach of truſt, that would have been of very unhappy conſequence to his fortune; but he returned time enough to fruſtrate their villainous intentions.

During his peregrination in the north, he wrote an allegorical poem, intituled, *The Progreſs of Wit, a Caveat for the uſe of an eminent Writer*, which gave great uneaſineſs to Pope, who had been the aggreſſor in "The Dunciad."

About the ſame time, he wrote his *Advice to the Poets*, in which he praiſes worthy poetry, cenſures the miſapplication of poetry in general, and reproves Pope for deſcending below his genius.

While every meaner art exerts her aim,
O'er rival arts to lift her queſtion'd fame;
Let half-ſoul'd poets' ſtill on poets fall,
And teach the willing world to ſcorn them all.
But let no muſe, pre-eminent as thine,
Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
Stung by wits, waſps, all rights of rank forego,
And turn and ſnarl, and bite at every foe;
No—like thy own Ulyſſes make no ſtay,
Shun monſters—and purſue thy ſtreamy way.

In 1731, he had the affliction to loſe his wife, to whom he had the ſincereſt and tendereſt attachment. By her he had nine children; four of whom (a ſon and three daughters) ſurvived him.

Her amiable worth and elegant accompliſhments are finely delineated by Savage, in his verſes *To the Excellent Miranda, Conſort of Aaron Hill, Eſq. on reading her Poems.*—

Each ſoftening charm of Clio's ſmiling ſong,
Montague's ſoul, which ſhines divinely ſtrong:
Theſe blend, with graceful eaſe, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaſte, ſweet-ſounding, yet ſublime,
Wiſdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each paſſion glows, refin'd by precept there;
To fair *Miranda's* form each grace is kind,
The muſes and the virtues tune thy mind.

The thought of the following epitaph for a monument he deſigned to erect over her grave, though not original, is truly poetical.

Enough, cold ſtone! ſuffice her long-liv'd name,
Words are too weak to pay her virtue's claim:
Temples, and tombs, and tongues, ſhall waſte away,
And power's vain pomp in mould'ring duſt decay,
But e'er mankind a wife more perfect ſee,
Eternity, O Time! ſhall bury thee.

The ſame year, he brought his tragedy of *Athelwold* upon the ſtage in Drury Lane, written on the ſubject of his *Elfrid*; or, *The Fair Inconſtant*. The difference of time and judgment is viſible in favour of *Athelwold*. The language is poetical and ſpirited, the characters chaſte and genuine, and the deſcriptions affecting and picturesque.

In 1733, his tragedy of *Zara*, taken from Voltaire, was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bond, at the Long-room in Villars Street, York-Buildings, who performed the part of Luſignan, but died before the run of the play was over. It was afterwards brought on the ſtage at Drury Lane, 1735, where the part of *Zara* was played by Mrs. Cibber, being her firſt attempt in tragedy. This is juſtly eſteemed one of his beſt plays.

In 1735, he projected a periodical paper, called *The Prompter*, designed to correct the imperfections of the ſtage, to which he contributed the papers ſigned B.

In 1736, his *Alzira*, or, *The Spaniſh Inſult Repented*, a tragedy, taken from Voltaire, was acted at Lincoln's Inn-fields. This play has been much improved in the Engliſh verſion; as was generouſly acknowledged by Voltaire himſelf: the language is nervous and forcible, but it abounds in declamation, rather than paſſion, which, however ſtrongly it may be ſupported, renders it tedious to an Engliſh audience.

In 1737, he publiſhed *The Tears of the Muſes*, a ſatire, which he calls a "Species of Poetry that can only be reconciled to humanity by the general benevolence of its purpoſe, attacking particulars for the public advantage."

In 1738, he publiſhed *An Inquiry into the merit of Aſſaſſination, with a view to the Character of Cæſar*; on whoſe death he had written a tragedy the year before, named *The Roman Revenge*, which was acted at the theatre in Bath, 1753, with ſucceſs. "The tragedy," ſays Bolingbroke, to whom it was dedicated, "is finely wrote; the characters are admirably well drawn, the ſentiments are noble, beyond the power of words, and the expreſſion, dignified as it is, can add nothing to their ſublime. By inſcribing to me one of the nobleſt dramas that our language, or any age can boaſt, you tranſmit my character to poſterity with greater advantage, than any I could have given it."

About this time, he withdrew himſelf from the world, and ſettled at Plaiſtow in Eſſex, where he devoted himſelf entirely to his ſtudy, family, and garden; and the perfection of many profitable improvements; one of which only he lived to complete, though not to reap any benefit from it himſelf, the *Art of making Pot Aſh*, equal to that brought from Ruſſia.

In his ſolitude he wrote an heroic poem, called *The Fanciad*, inſcribed to the Duke of Marlborough, 1743, *The Impartial*, a poem, inſcribed to Lord Carteret; a poem upon *Faith*, 1746, the *Art of Acting*, a poem, dedicated to Lord Cheſterfield, 1747; a tract on *War*, and another on *Agriculture*, which he left unfiniſhed, with ſeveral other pieces.

In 1749, he reviſed the eight books he had finiſhed of his epic poem, called *Gideon*, and publiſhed three of the books to which he gave the title of *Gideon*, or, *The Patriot*, with a dedication to Lord Bolingbroke; in which he accounts for the alterations he had made ſince the firſt publication of two books.

He alſo adapted to the Engliſh ſtage, Voltaire's tragedy of *Merope*, which was acted at Drury-Lane, 1749, with great applauſe, and was the laſt work he lived to complete.

This play, which he has made entirely his own, by his manner of tranſlating it, ſtill continues to be acted with applauſe, and the uſe which has been made of the deſign, in "Barbaroſſa, Creuſa, Douglas," &c. affords a ſtrong evidence in its favour.

He juſt lived to ſee his tragedy introduced to the public, and to write a dedication to Lord Bolingbroke, in which there is a melancholy preſage of his approaching diſſolution.

> Cover'd in fortune's ſhade I reſt reclin'd,
> My griefs all ſilent, and my joys reſign'd;
> With patient eye life's evening gloom ſurvey,
> Nor ſhake th' out-haſting ſands, nor bid them ſtay;
> Yet while from life my ſetting proſpects fly,
> Fain would my mind's weak offſpring ſhun to die;
> Fain would their hope ſome light through time explore,
> The name's kind paſſport, when the man's no more;

Mallet had made intereſt with the Prince of Wales, to have it performed for his benefit; but the day before it was, by the command of the Prince, to have been repreſented, he died, Feb. 8. 1749-50, before he had completed his 68th year, as it is ſaid, in the very minute of the earthquake, after enduring a twelvemonth's torment of body, with great fortitude and reſignation.

He was buried in the ſame grave with his wife, in the great cloiſter of Weſtminſter Abbey, near Lord Godolphin's tomb.

A collection of his *Original Poems and Letters*, was *printed for the benefit of the family*, by subscription, in 4 vols. 8vo, 1751; with a poetical dedication to the princess of Wales, by his daughter, *Mrs. Urania Johnson*, who seems to have inherited a large portion of his taste, and amiable benevolence.

His *dramatic works*, including the plays above-mentioned, and *The Roman Revenge*, a tragedy, 1753, *The Insolvent*, or, *Filial Piety*, a tragedy, 1758, *Merlin in Love*, an occasional prelude, *The Muse in Mourning*, a comic opera, *The Snake in the Grass*, a dramatic satire, *Saul*, a tragedy, and *Daraxes*, a tragedy, were printed in 2 vols. 8vo, 1759. A selection from the mass of his miscellaneous compositions is now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Hill was in every respect perfectly amiable. His person was, in his youth, extremely fair and handsome. He was tall, not too thin, yet genteelly made. His eyes were a dark blue, bright and penetrating, his hair brown, and his face oval. His countenance was generally animated by a smile. His address was most engagingly affable, yet mingled with a native unassumed dignity, which rendered him at once respected and admired. His voice was sweet, and his conversation elegant; and so extensive was his knowledge in all subjects, that scarcely any could occur, on which he did not acquit himself in a most masterly and entertaining manner. His temper, though naturally warm when roused by injuries, was equally noble in a readiness to forgive them; and so much inclined was he to repay evil with good, that he frequently exercised that christian lesson, to the prejudice of his own circumstances. He was a generous master, a sincere friend, an affectionate husband, and an indulgent and tender parent; and, indeed, so benevolent was his disposition in general, even beyond the power of the fortune he was blessed with, that the calamities of those he knew, and valued as deserving, affected him more deeply than his own. In consequence of this he bestowed the profits of many of his works for the relief of his friends, and particularly his dramatic pieces, none of which he could ever be prevailed on to accept of a benefit for, except his *Merope*, which, at the very close of his life was commanded to be represented for the relief of its author, from those difficulties out of which he had frequently been the generous instrument of extricating others. His manner of living was temperate to the greatest degree, in every respect but that of late hours, which his indefatigable love of study frequently drew him into. No labour deterred him from the prosecution of any design that appeared to him to be praise-worthy and practicable; nor was it in the power of misfortune, which from his birth he seemed destined to encounter, to overcome, or even shake his fortitude of mind.

He seems to have lived in perfect harmony with all the writers of his time, except Pope, with whom he had a short controversy, greatly to his advantage, occasioned by the following lines in the "Dunciad."

> Then H— essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
> He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
> He bears no token of the sabler streams,
> And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

This, though the gentlest piece of satire in the whole poem, and conveying at the same time an oblique compliment, he retaliated in his *Progress of Wit*, which begins with the following lines, in which Pope's well known disposition is elegantly, yet very severely characterised.

> Tuneful *Alexis*, on the Theme's fair side,
> The ladies' play-thing and the muse's pride;
> With merit popular, with wit polite,
> Easy, though vain, and elegant, though light;
> Desiring, and deserving others praise,
> Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;
> Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,
> And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves.

The "sneakingly approves" in the last couplet affected Pope extremely; who, indeed, through the whole controversy, seems rather to express his repentance by denying the offence, than to vindicate himself, supposing it to have been given.

"That the letters, A. H." says he, "were applied to you in the papers, I did not know, (for I seldom read them) I heard it only from Mr. Savage, as from yourself, and sent my assurance to

the contrary. But I don't see how the annotator to the Dunciad could have rectified that mistake publicly, without particularising your name in a book, where I thought it too good to be inserted, &c."

"I should imagine," he adds, in another place, "the Dunciad meant you a real compliment, and so it has been thought by many, who have asked to whom that passage made that oblique panegyric. As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth; which is, that I am not the author of them; though I love truth so well, as fairly to tell you, I think even that note a commendation, and should think myself not ill used *to have the same words said of me.*—But I ask you not to believe this, except you are vastly inclined to it. I will come closer to the point; would you have the note left out? It shall. Would you have it expressly said *you were not meant?* It shall, if I have any influence on the editors."

"As to your oblique panegyric," says Hill, "I am not under so blind an attachment to the goddess I was devoted to in the Dunciad, but that I knew it was a commendation, though a dirtier one than I wished for; who am neither fond of some of the company in which I was listed, the noble reward for which I was to become a diver, the allegorical muddiness in which I was to try my skill, nor the instituter of the games you were so kind to allow me a share in."

"Your offer is very kind," he adds, "to prevail on the editor of the Dunciad to leave out the note, or declare that I was not meant in it; but I am satisfied:—It is over, and deserves no more of your application."

The controversy ended in a perfect reconciliation; and Pope ever afterwards treated Hill with a degree of respect, that implied a sense of superiority, bordering on reverence.

The passage in the Dunciad relating to Hill, stands thus in the later editions:

Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, &c.

With this note under it. "A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives."

As a great and general writer, Hill must be allowed to stand in a very exalted rank of merit. His tragedies, particularly *Zara* and *Merope*, are generally known and admired. His poems seem not to have hitherto obtained so much notice as they deserve. Dr. Warton has unjustly represented him as "an affected and fustian writer," who, "by some means or other, gained Pope's confidence and friendship." Although it may be allowed, that the rigid correctness with which he constantly re-perused his compositions for alteration, the frequent use of compound epithets, singularity of sentiment, bold experiments in language, and an *ordo verborum* peculiar to himself, have justly laid him open to the charge of being, in some places rather too turgid, and in others somewhat stiff and obscure; yet, the nervous power, force, and weight of sentiment, opulence of imagery, and intrinsic sterling sense with which his writings abound, amply atone for the harshness of the style, and the peculiarity of the diction. They are evidently the production of a genius truly poetical; they have an air of originality, which has no resemblance of any contemporary writer; and the versification and sentiments have a cast peculiar to themselves, which cannot be successfully imitated. The images are animated, though sometimes indistinct; the descriptions forcible, though sometimes quaint; the language elevated, though sometimes forced; and the numbers majestic and flowing, though sometimes encumbered and sluggish. His faults are, not want of fire or enthusiasm, of which he has an ample share; but an elaborate exactness of language, that rather obscures than heightens the beauty and force of the thought, and a studied refinement of sentiment, supported by the utmost effort of language, which has more magnificence than sublimity, more dignity than grace.

In extenuation of his faults, it ought to be observed, that the versatility of his genius was unfavourable to the attainment of excellence; and that he cultivated poetry only as a relaxation from the study of history, criticism, geography, physic, commerce, agriculture, war, law, chemistry, and natural philosophy, to which he devoted the greatest part of his time.

"In all events," says he, "I will be easy, who have no better reason to wish well to poetry,

than my love for a miſtreſs I ſhall never be married to; for, whenever I grow ambitious, I ſhall wiſh to build higher, and owe my memory to ſome occaſion of more importance than my writings."

Of the poetical pieces which he at different times compoſed, the preſent collection exhibits but a ſmall number. The epic poem of *Gideon*, his greateſt work, has been omitted, for a reaſon which he has himſelf given, in one of his letters to *Clio*, the poetical name of the celebrated Mrs. Sanſom; "It will require a good ſhare of your patience, for it is a very long one. I will have it writ fair, book by book, for your peruſal, if you have courage enough to reſolve on going through with ſo formidable a mortification, as to pick out the *fine* things of the ſtory from the *dull* ones of the author." It has been praiſed by Savage; and muſt be allowed to have ſome fine paſſages; but the meaſure is injudiciouſly choſen, and the ſtory tedious and unintereſting. All the riches of poetic diction are required to inveſt epic poetry in ſuitable ſplendor; but it rejects the variety of meaſure which is appropriated to lyric compoſition. The *Fanciad* is not liable to the ſame objections; but a copy of it could not be procured. An epiſode from *Gideon*, is inſerted among his *Original Poems*, &c. but the *Fanciad*, and many of his earlier pieces, are omitted in the collection of his works.

The liſt of his pieces which have been ſelected for republication, might perhaps have been augmented without any injury to his reputation; but, it is hoped, the ſelection, imperfect as it is, when every deduction is made which criticiſm requires, will make good his claim to more notice than he has hitherto obtained, and juſtify the revival of his writings.

It conſiſts of pieces in various kinds of compoſition, ſerious, ſentimental, humorous, ſatirical, deſcriptive, and amatory, which have all their brighter paſſages; but require no diſtinct conſideration, nor particular criticiſm.

On the character of Hill, it is unneceſſary to enlarge, as the teſtimonies to his merit, by Bolingbroke, Pope, Cheſterfield, Voltaire, Thomſon, Mallet, Savage, Richardſon, Sewell, Dyer, Fielding, Victor, and Garrick, are ſufficiently known to the general readers of Engliſh poetry. The following complimentary epigram by Richardſon does not appear extravagant; and it is hoped this article will not be thought too long, when it is remembered that Hill, however neglected in later days, was celebrated by the moſt eloquent of his poetical contemporaries, and commended by the excellent author of "Clariſſa," and "Sir Charles Grandiſon."

When noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Though unencumber'd with the clogs of rhime,
Where tinkling ſounds, for want of meaning chime,
Which like the rocks in Shannon's midway courſe,
Divide the ſenſe and interrupt its force;
Well may we judge ſo ſtrong and clear a rill,
Flows higher from the Muſes' ſacred HILL.

THE WORKS OF HILL.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO CLIO.

Snar'd in entangling mazes of thy charms,
Teach me to ſhake theſe ſilky chains away:
Slow, thy ſweet force, my ſtubborn mind diſarms,
'Till ev'n ambition bends beneath thy ſway.

What ſhall I do to free my ſtruggling ſoul,
Bow'd to the ſoft'ning bias of thy ſong?
As circling ſtraws in whirlwinds driving roll,
So are my hurry'd paſſions ſwept along.

Fool as I was!—I felt thy diſtant fire,
E'er from thoſe eyes it flaſh'd undying flame;
Yet ſure, ſaid I—for once—I may aſpire,
And view that heav'n whence all this bright-neſs came.

So the light cork that on the Thames' ſmooth ſide
Embay'd, glides buoyant, and juſt ſkims the ſhore,
Edges, ambitious, to the rapid tide,
And ruſhing down the ſtream returns no more.

Late my free thoughts, unbounded as the air, [ſky;
Could, with an eye beam's ſwiftneſs, ſcale the
Wander in ſtarry worlds, and buſy'd there,
From human cares and human paſſions fly.

Down to dark earth's deep centre could I roam,
And through her chaſmy lab'rinths wind my way;
See gold unripen'd in its duſky home,
And mark how ſprings in veiny bendings ſtray.

Oft as th' alarming trumpet ſtruck my ear, [roſe,
Or the big drum's dead beat hoarſe-thund'ring
My ſummon'd ſoul ſprung out to war's wiſh'd ſphere,
And plung'd me in the ranks of fancy'd foes.

Wide as unmeaſur'd nature's trackleſs ſpace,
Untir'd imagination reſtleſs flew;
Diſdain'd to fix on object, or on place,
And every moment ſome freſh labour knew.

Clio was then unſeen, unread, unknown;—
Now, lovely tyrant, ſhe uſurps my mind;
Devoted fancy vows itſelf her own:
And my whole thought is to one theme confin'd.

Yet, pow'rful as ſhe is—ſhe doubts her lays;
Blind, like the ſun, to her own blazing flame,
Tranſports the liſt'ning ſoul—engroſſes praiſe;
Yet humbly wiſhes—an immortal name.

Oh! that I could but live, till that late day
When Clio's unremember'd name ſhall die!
Then ſhould I hope full leiſure to diſplay
Thoſe unborn deeds which in my boſom lie.

But, as it is, our fleeting ſands ſo faſt
Ebb to their end, and lead us to decay,
That ere we learn to ſee, our daylight's paſt,
And, like a melting miſt, life ſhrinks away.

TO MR. POPE.

The glow-worm ſcribblers, of a feeble age,
Pale twinklers of an hour, provoke my rage;
In each dark hedge we ſtart an inſect fire,
Which lives by night and muſt at dawn expire.
Yet ſuch their number, that their ſpecks combine,
And the unthinking vulgar ſwear they ſhine.
Poets are prodigies, ſo greatly rare,
They ſeem the taſks of heaven, and built with care.
Like ſuns unquench'd, unrivall'd, and ſublime,
They roll immortal o'er the waſtes of time:
Ages in vain cloſe round, and ſnatch in fame,
High over all ſtill ſhines the poet's name:
Lords of a life, that ſcorns the bounds of breath,
They ſtretch exiſtence—and awaken death.
Pride of their envy'd climes! they plant renown,
That ſhades the monarch's by the muſe's crown:
To ſay that Virgil with Auguſtus ſhin'd,
Does honour to the lord of half mankind.
So, when three thouſand years have wan'd away,
And Pope is ſaid to've liv'd when George bore ſway,
Millions ſhall lend the king the poet's fame,
And bleſs, implicit, the ſupported name.

STUNG BY A NETTLE.

Revenge, you ſee, is ſure, though ſometimes ſlow:
Take this—'tis all the pain I'd have you know!
There's odds enough yet left betwixt our ſmart,
I ſting your fingers, and you ſting my heart.

THE SNUFFERS.

Deſpis'd and worthleſs though I ſeem to be,
Yon new-top'd flames owe their beſt light to me.

Though ſcorn'd—you ſee I can do ſervice ſtill!
Some good lies hid in every ſeeming ill.
And hence let fortune's fav'rites learn to know,
That virtue's virtue though in rags it go.

TO A SATIRICAL YOUNG LADY.

Forbear, loud thing! to live in laugh and jeſt,
Wit is like love—the ſofteſt is the beſt!
If thou, by this, wouldſt lively thought proclaim,
If empty praiſe is thy wild fancy's aim;
A while this ſalt may ſeaſon ſingle life,
But no man's taſte approves a piquant wife.
Be wiſe, and match, and charm by judgment's aid,
Or witty, and deſpis'd, and die—a maid.
So the thin razors which young learners pleaſe,
Grow notch'd and edgeleſs, by unmark'd degrees,
Till worn and blunted, by too frequent uſe,
Th' experienc'd hand detects the ſteel's abuſe;
Then cheaply thrown aſide, they gather duſt,
Like thee neglected, till conſum'd by ruſt.

TO THE EXCELLENT DAUGHTERS

OF A DECEASED LADY.

Why ſhould ye thus, to prove but vainly kind,
And a weak body to a ſickly mind?
Could but your pious grief recal her breath,
Or tears of duty win her back from death,
We would not blame the paſſion you expreſs,
But ſhare it with you, if 'twould make it leſs!
But oh! when certain death's uncertain hour
Exerts his known, his unreſiſted pow'r;
When we are ſummon'd from our cares below,
To joys which living merit muſt not know;
When ſouls, like your dear mother's, quit their clay,
And change earth's darkneſs for eternal day:
From their bliſs-circled ſeats, perhaps, they view
Theſe humbler regions, which themſelves once knew. [kind,
And ſwell'd with thoughts, which make the angels
Pity the pledges they have left behind.
'Tis true, the loſs you mourn is vaſtly great,
But in that loſs your country ſhares your fate;
The public good her wiſhes would have done,
Made ev'ry man in ev'ry land her ſon:
Thence, lovely mourners! give us leave to prove,
We ought to ſhare your grief, who ſhar'd your mother's love.
Yet may all parties make their ſorrow leſs,
And you, and we, concern enough expreſs;
You may with comfort calm your ruffled mind,
To think your mother left her cares behind;
And we, though loſers, ſhould be thankful too,
Since we are ſtill left rich, poſſeſſing you.

PARAPHRASE

ON THE THIRD CHAPTER OF HABAKKUK.

God of my fathers! ſtretch thy oft-try'd hand,
And yet, once more, redeem thy choſen land:
Once more, by wonders, make thy glories known,
And, 'midſt thy anger, be thy mercy ſhown!
O, I have heard thy dreadful actions told,
And my ſoul burns thy terrors to unfold!

At Iſrael's call, th' Almighty's thunder hurl'd,
From Paran's ſummit ſhook the aſtoniſh'd world;
The flaming heav'ns blaze dreadful through the ſky,
And earth's dark regions gleam beneath his eye.
High, in his undetermin'd hands, he bore [ſtore;
Judgment's heap'd horn, and mercy's ſtruggling
Meagre before him, death, pale horror, trod!
And, grinning ſhadowy, watch'd the Almighty nod:
Gath'ring beneath his feet flaſh'd light'nings broke,
And the aw'd mountain ſhook, conceal'd in ſmoke.
He ſtood; and, while the meaſur'd earth he ey'd,
The ſtarting nations dropp'd their conſcious pride;
High-boaſting Cuſhan ſtruck her tents, in ſhame,
And Midian groan'd beneath repented fame.
He mov'd; and, from their old foundations rent,
The everlaſting hills before him bent;
He ſtept; and all th' upriſing mountains ſtray
And roll in earthquakes, to eſcape his way:
From their enormous chaſms, with roaring tide,
Earth-cleaving rivers ſpout, and deluge wide:
The ſea, alarm'd, climb'd faſt, its God to ſpy,
And in outrageous triumph ſwept the ſky.
Conſcious of wrath divine, the ſun grew pale,
And o'er his radiance drew a gloomy veil.
Thus did my God (to ſave th' endanger'd land)
March forth, indignant, with vindictive hand;
This, when I hear, chill blaſts my ſoul o'erſpread,
And my lips quiver with the riſing dread:
Trembling all o'er, my limbs I faintly draw,
And my bones crumble with ideal awe. [yield;
Now, though the fig-tree ne'er ſhould bloſſom
Though ſterile coldneſs curſe th' unrip'ning field;
Though vines and olives fail their loady cheer;
Nor fainting herds out-live the pining year;
Yet ſhall my ſoul in God's ſure aid rejoice,
And earth's High Sov'reign claim my heav'n-tun'd voice.

THE

MUSE'S EXPOSTULATION WITH A LADY,

Who denied herſelf the freedom of Friendſhip, from too delicate an apprehenſion of the World's miſtaken Cenſure.

O born to pity woes, yet form'd to give,
Shut from whoſe preſence 'twere a pain to live!
Who make all converſe tedious but your own;
And, that withheld, leave the forſaken none.
Urg'd by what motives would you wiſh to ſhun
The ſight and voice of him whoſe ſoul you won?
On what falſe fears does this cold flight depend?
What fancy'd foe does prudence apprehend?

When bodies only are to bodies dear,
The danger there conſiſts in being near;
And when the fair the ſoft contagion ſpy,
Diſcretion calls 'em—and 'tis wiſe to fly.
But where aſſociate ſpirits catch the flame,
Flight is a cruel, and a fruitleſs aim.
Souls have no ſexes; and if minds agree,
Parting is dying, to ſet fancy free.

Nor let miſtaken virtue wrong the breaſt,
That opens kindly to ſo ſweet a gueſt;

Not ſaints in heav'n a purer warmth expreſs,
Than reaſon feels, when touch'd by tenderneſs.
Relenting wiſdom dignifies deſire,
And rais'd ideas fan the bright'ning fire;
Till the white flame, aſcending to the ſky,
Spreads its low ſmoke in envy's darken'd eye.

Whence grew ſociety, ſo wiſh'd an art,
If the mind's elegance betrays the heart?
Were it a crime in flaſhing ſouls to riſe,
And ſtrike each other through the meeting eyes?
Thoſe op'ning windows had not let in light,
Nor ſtream'd ideas out, to voice the ſight.

Why are you form'd ſo pow'rful in your charms,
If beauty ought to fly the wiſh it warms?
Vainly did heav'n inſpire that tuneful tongue,
With notes more ſweet than ever ſeraph ſung!
If, juſtly, all that harmony you hide,
Your muſic uſeleſs, and its pow'r untry'd.
Have wit and eloquence in vain conſpir'd,
And giv'n you brightneſs, but to ſhine retir'd?
Muſt you be loveliеſt, yet be never ſhown?
Than all be wiſer, yet be heard by none?
Oh, 'tis too delicate!—'tis falſely nice,
To bar the heart againſt the mind's advice.

But you will ſay that honour's call you hear;
That fame is tender—reputation dear:
That from the world's malignant blaſt you fly,
Fear the fool's tongue, and the diſcerner's eye.
The ſpleen of diſappointed wiſhes dread,
Or envy's whiſpers, by detraction ſpread?
Alas! what bounds can limit your retreat?
Where will ſought ſafety reſt your flying feet?
Is there a corner in the globe ſo new,
That malice will not find as ſure as you?
The very flight that ſhuns, attracts the wrong?
And every cenſure fear'd, you force along. [ſay,
"There's cauſe, no doubt, for her retreat, they'll
"A fearleſs innocence had dar'd to ſtay!"
Scandal has, either way, an edge to ſtrike,
And wounds diſtinction every where alike:
Superior excellence is doom'd to bear
The ſtings of ſland'rous hate, and raſh deſpair:
'Tis the due tax your rated merit pays,
And ev'ry judging ear will call it praiſe.

Think—and be kind—convert this fruitleſs pain
To a fix'd firmneſs, and a calm diſdain.
Since cautious abſence can no more be free
From falſe reproach, than preſent ſmiles will be,
Diffuſe thoſe gifts which heav'n deſign'd ſhould bleſs,
Nor let their greatneſs make their pity leſs.
Indulging freedom ev'ry fear diſarm,
And, with a conſcious ſcorn of ſlander, charm.
Bold in your guarded ſtrength your heart unbind,
And to be ſafe—ſuppoſe yourſelf all mind.

Yet needleſs that! ſince ſuch reſpect you draw,
That ev'n your tenderneſs is arm'd with awe:
Permitted love would ſilently admire,
And a ſoft rev'rence tremble through deſire;
The warmeſt wiſhes, when inſpir'd by you,
Strike—but as heav'nly inſpirations do.
The op'ning heart makes room for joys refin'd,
And ev'ry groſs idea ſhrinks behind.

You need not then the gentle ſound reject,
Should love's fear'd name be given to ſoft reſpect:
When ill-diſtinguiſh'd meanings are the ſame,
How poor the diff'rence which they draw from name!
There are, in love, th' extremes of touch'd deſire,
The nobleſt brightneſs, or the coarſeſt fire!
In vulgar boſoms vulgar wiſhes move;
Nature guides choice, and, as men think, they love.
But when a pow'r like yours impels the wound,
Like the clear cauſe, the bright effect is found.
In the looſe paſſion, men profane the name,
Miſtake the purpoſe, and pollute the flame:
In nobler boſoms, friendſhip's form it takes,
And ſex alone, the lovely diff'rence makes.
Love's generous warmth does reaſon's pow'r diſplay,
And fills deſire, as light embodies day.
Love is to life what colour is to form:
Plain drawings oft are juſt, but never warm.
Love, in a blaze of tints, his light'ning throws;
Then the form quickens, and the figure glows.

AN EPIGRAM,

Occaſioned by ſome Verſes on a Monument in Weſtminſter Abbey.

How loſt this pomp of verſe! how vain the hope,
That thought can dwell on Craggs, in view of Pope!
When upon Rubicon's fam'd bank is ſhown
Cæſar's preſs'd foot, on the remember'd ſtone;
No traveller once aſks the quarry's name,
Whence the coarſe grit, by chance diſtinguiſh'd came;
But thinks, with reverence, here great Julius trod,
And hails the footſtep of a Roman god!

TO MRS. L——R,

PLAYING ON A BASS VIOL.

While o'er the dancing chords your fingers fly,
And bid them live, till they have made us die;
Trembling, in tranſport, at your touch they ſpring,
As if there dwelt a heart in every ſtring.
Your voice, ſoft riſing, through the lengthen'd notes,
The marry'd harmony, united, floats;
Two charms, ſo join'd, that they compoſe but one;
Like heat and brightneſs from the ſelf-ſame ſun.
The wiſhful viol would its wealth retain,
And, ſweetly conſcious, hugs the pleaſing pain,
Envious, forbids the warbling joys to roll,
And, murm'ring inward, ſwells its ſounding ſoul.
Proud of its charming pow'r, your tuneful bow
Floats o'er the chords majeſtically ſlow;
Careleſs and ſoft, calls out a tide of art,
And, in a ſtorm of muſic, drowns the heart.
So when that god, who gave you all your ſkill,
To angel forms (like yours) intruſts his will,
Calm they deſcend, ſome new-meant world to found,
And, ſmiling, ſee creation riſing round!

THE CHANGE;

TO THE LOVELY CAUSE OF IT.

Sweet enſlaver! can you tell,
Ere I learnt to love ſo well,
How my hours had wings to move,
All unbuſied by my love!
'Tis amazement now to me,
What could then a pleaſure be!
But you, like God, new ſenſe can give,
And now, indeed, I feel I live.
Oh! what pangs his breaſt alarm,
Whom ſoul and body join to charm!
Endleſs tranſports dance along,
Sweetly ſoft! or nobly ſtrong!
Flaming fancy! cool reflection!
Fierce deſire! and aw'd ſubjection!
Aching hope! and fear encreaſing!
Struggling paſſions, never ceaſing!
Wiſhing! trembling! ſoul adoring!
Ever bleſt, and ſtill imploring.
Let the dull, the cold, and tame,
All thoſe dear diſorders blame;
Tell 'em that in honour's race,
Charm'd by ſome ſuch heav'nly face,
Lovers always foremoſt ran;
Love's a ſecond ſoul to man.
Eaſe is languid, low, and baſe;
Love excites a generous chaſe:
Glory! wealth! ambition! wit!
Thoughts for boundleſs empire fit!
All at love's approach are fir'd,
Bent more ſtrong, and never tir'd,
He who feels not love's ſweet pain
Lives at eaſe—but lives in vain!
Little dream you what is due,
Angel form! to love and you:
'Tis from you I joy poſſeſs;
'Tis by you my grief grows leſs:
Sadly penſive, when alone,
I the ſhades of life bemoan;
If ſome voice your name impart,
Care lies lighten'd at my heart;
Ev'ry woe diſarms its ſting,
And I look down on Britain's king.
When my fancy brings to view
Works which wealth and pow'r can do;
All my ſpurr'd excitements wake,
And fortune charms me for your ſake.
Oh! I cry—'twere heaven poſſeſt,
To make her great who made me bleſt.
In the morning when I riſe,
If the ſun-ſhine ſtrikes my eyes,
All that pleaſes in his view,
Is my hope to look on you.
When the ſable ſweep of night
Drowns diſtinction from my ſight,
I no inward darkneſs find;
You are day-light to my mind.
All my dreams are lives of joy,
Which, in waking, I deſtroy:
You, a ſlave to cuſtom made,
Are of forms and rules afraid:
But your happier image, free
From fantaſtic tyranny;
Independent, kind, and wiſe,
Scorns reſtraint, and knows no ties.
Oh! the dear, the racking pain;
Who that ſleeps thus would wake again.

A SONG.

Oh! forbear to bid me ſlight her,
Soul and ſenſes take her part;
Could my death itſelf delight her,
Life ſhould leap to leave my heart.
Strong, though ſoft, a lover's chain,
Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
Love would light it at her eyes;
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
Through my ear my ſoul ſurpriſe.
Deaf, I ſee the fate I ſhun;
Blind, I hear I am undone.

A SONG.

Now ponder well, ye huſbands dear,
The fate of wives, too bright;
A woeful cauſe you have to fear,
Their day will turn to night.

At firſt all gay, and rais'd with joy,
They charm the poor man's heart;
With ſmiling eyes they ſport and toy,
And gild the nuptial dart.

But ah! too ſoon they quench their fire;
(Alas! good hearer, weep)
Then gape, and ſtretch, and yawn, and tire,
And hum their ſouls to ſleep.

HINT FROM SOME OLD VERSES,

On a Stone in Stepney Churchwall.

Two thouſand years, ere Stepney had a name,
In Carthage walls I ſhar'd the punic fame;
There to the ſtrongeſt, added ſtrength I lent,
And proudly propp'd the world's beſt ornament.
Now to cold Britain a torn tranſport thrown,
I piece a church-yard pile unmark'd, unknown:
Stain'd, and half ſunk in dirt, my ſculpture lies,
And moulders, like the graves which round me riſe. [claim,
Oh! think, blind mortals! what frail duſt you
And laugh at wealth, wit, beauty, pow'r, and fame;
Short praiſe, can fleeting hopes like yours ſupply,
Since times, and tongues, and tow'rs, and empires die.

ON CLIO'S BIRTH-DAY.

O'er the blue violet, while the amorous wind
Bends and perfumes his wings, to fan this day;
Why has pale ſickneſs winter'd o'er my mind,
And, with chill agues, check'd the warmth of May?

Is it not Clio's birth-day?—Toil of thought!
Height beyond all that e'er ambition trod.
Sum of refin'd deſire! by angels taught,
To look, and think, and act a female god!

Oh! my rapt ſoul ſits trembling in my eyes,
Starting, impatient, at her pow'rful name:
Dearer than life, to that ſweet ſound it flies,
And health rides roſy on the living flame.

Wak'd into ſudden ſtrength, I blaze again,
Love, the reſtorer, dreſs'd in Clio's ſmile,
Triumph'd o'er nature, gave delight to pain,
Sweeten'd affliction, and could death beguile.

May joys unnumber'd, as the charmer's ſweets,
Bleſs this revolving day's eternal round;
Till the proud world its dawn with rapture greets,
Conſcious of her who made it firſt renown'd.

Long—let 'em ſay—long ere our father's days,
Three thouſand years ago, on this ſweet day,
That Clio, whom contending nations praiſe,
Embloom'd, by her ſweet birth, the firſt of May.

Britain, illuſtrious by the ſtarry lot,
Far in the north, diſtinguiſh'd iſland, lies,
Now known by later names—oh, envy'd ſpot!
Why did ſhe not in our warm climates riſe?

Sure ſhe was heav'nly grac'd; for to this hour,
After ſuch length of ages roll'd away,
Fame of her charms, augments her ſexed pow'r,
And her thought's luſtre gives our wits their ſway.

TO A LADY,

DESIRING HER LETTERS MIGHT NOT BE EXPOSED.

No! thou beſt ſoul that e'er this body knew,
Unhappy I may be, but not untrue.
Bleſt, or unbleſt, my love can ne'er decay,
Nor could I, where I could not love, betray.
Cold, and unjuſt, the ſhocking caution kills,
And, in one meaning, ſpots me o'er with ills.
Silent, as ſacred lamps, in bury'd urns,
The conſcious flame of lovers inward burns:
Life ſhould be torn, and racks be ſtretch'd in vain,
And vary'd tortures tire their fruitleſs pain,
Ere but a thought of mine ſhould do thee wrong,
Or ſpread thy beauties on the public tongue.
Yet thou canſt fear me—oh! be loſt the ſhame,
Nor heap diſhonour on my future name!
Have I been never lov'd?—yet, cruel, tell,
Whom I betray'd to thee, though lov'd ſo well?
Take thy ſweet miſchief back, their charms eraſe,
Oh! leave me poor, but never think me baſe.
Not e'en when death ſhall veil thy ſtarry eyes,
Shall thy dear letters from my aſhes riſe;
Fix'd to my heart, the grave ſhall give 'em room
To charm my waking ſoul in worlds to come.
While in my verſe, with far more faint eſſay,
Thy wonders I to after times convey;
Tell thy vaſt heav'n of ſweets, and ſing thy name,
Till, fir'd by thee, whole kingdoms catch thy flame.

EPITAPH ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

More than his name were leſs.—'Twould ſeem to fear, [here.
He who increas'd heav'n's fame could want it
Yet when the ſuns he lighted up ſhall fade,
And all the worlds he found are firſt decay'd;
Then void and waſte eternity ſhall lie,
And time and Newton's name together die.

TO MR. DYER, ON HIS ATTEMPTING CLIO's PICTURE.

Soul of your honour'd art! what man can do
In copying nature may be reach'd by you:
Your peopling pencil a new world can give,
And, like Deucalion, teach the ſtones to live.
From your creating hand a war may flow,
And your warm ſtrokes with breathing action glow:
But, from that angel form to catch the grace
And kindle up your ivory with her face;
All unconſum'd to ſnatch the living fire,
And limn th' ideas which thoſe eyes inſpire;
Strong to your burning circle to confine
That awe-mix'd ſweetneſs, and that air divine;
That ſparkling ſoul, which lightens from within,
And breaks in unſpoke meanings through her ſkin.
This, if you can—hard taſk, and yet unprov'd!
Then ſhall you be adorn'd, as now belov'd.
Then ſhall your high-aſpiring colours find
The art to picture thought and paint the wind:
Then ſhall you give air ſhape, impriſon ſpace,
And mount the painter to the maker's place.

WHITEHALL STAIRS.

From Whitehall Stairs, whence oft, with diſtant view,
I've gaz'd whole moon-ſhine hours on hours away,
Bleſt but to ſee thoſe roofs which cover'd you,
And watch'd beneath what ſtar you ſleeping lay.

Launch'd on the ſmiling ſtream, which felt my hope,
And danc'd and quiver'd round my gliding boat,
I came this day to give my tongue free ſcope,
And vent the paſſion which my looks denote.

To tell my dear, my ſoul-diſturbing muſe,
(But that's a name can ſpeak but half her charms)
How my full heart does my pen's aid refuſe,
And bids my voice deſcribe my ſoul's alarms.

To tell what tranſports your laſt letter gave,
What heav'ns were open'd in your ſoft complaint;
To tell!—what pride I take, to be your ſlave,
And how triumphant love diſdains reſtraint.

But when I miſs'd you, and took boat again,
The ſympathetic ſun condol'd my woe;
Drew in his beams, to mourn my pity'd pain
And bid the ſhadow'd ſtream benighted flow.

Sudden, the weeping ſkies unſluic'd their ſtore,
And torrents of big tears unceaſing ſhed;
Sad I drove downward to a flooded ſhore,
And, diſappointed, hung my dripping head.

Landed at length, I ſable coffee drink,
And ill ſurrounded by a noiſy tribe,
Scornful of what they do, or ſay, or think,
I, rapt in your dear heav'n, my loſs deſcribe.

TO THE SAME.

Yes—now 'tis time to die—deſpair comes on;
Who keeps the body when the ſoul is gone?

She fet---fair light, that ſhow'd me all my joy,
And, like the ſun's, her abſence muſt deſtroy.
She, who once wept my fancy'd loſs of breath,
Now, crimeleſs murd'rer! gives me real death.

Yet have a care, touch'd heart, nor ſigh one thought,
That ſtains ſuch goodneſs with a purpos'd fault.
Soft as her tears, her gentle meanings move;
Her ſoul ſheds ſweetneſs though her look is love.
Her voice is muſic, tun'd to heav'n's low note:
Her touch bids tranſport, through each art'ry, float;
Her ſtep is dignity, by pity check'd;
At once ſhe fans deſire and plants reſpect.
Unconſcious of her charms, ſhe dreams of none,
And doubling other's praiſes ſhuns her own.
Modeſt in pow'r, as kneeling angels pray,
Noiſeleſs as night's ſoft ſhade, though bright as day.
Wiſe unaſſumingly; ſerenely deep,
Eaſy as air, and innocent as ſleep:
Blooming like beauty, when adorn'd for ſin;
Yet like the bud unblown all bluſh within.

O! 'tis impoſſible, to quit ſuch bliſs,
Yet live ſuperior to a loſs like this!
Where will ſhe next her thouſand conqueſts make?
On what new climate will her ſun-ſhine break?
Where will ſhe next (ſweet taſker of my care!)
Teach our charm'd ſex, to hope, to wiſh, to dare?
Far from her fruitleſs guardian's watchful eye,
What may ſhe hear! what anſwer! oh! I'll die.
Bleſs'd by her ſight—time's race were one ſhort ſtage;
She gone---one widow'd moment were an age.

A SONG.

Clio! ſmiling, ſoul-invader!
Soft amuſer of my days,
Be my ſilent paſſion's aider,
Teach my tongue to ſpeak thy praiſe.

Thou, like heroes, ſcarr'd all over,
Wanting room to ſuffer more:
Pil'd with praiſe, can'ſt hear no lover
Tell thee ought, untold before.

Truth, with modeſt bounds contented,
Rightly praiſing thee, muſt ſay,
More than falſehood e'er invented,
When ſhe wideſt went aſtray.

WRIT ON A BLANK LEAF OF AN OBSCENE POEM.

The ſacred nine, firſt ſpread their golden wings,
In praiſe of virtue, heroes, and of kings:
Chaſte were their lays, and ev'ry verſe deſign'd
To ſoften nature, and exalt the mind.
Looſely the moderns live, and looſely write,
And wno their muſe, as miſtreſs, for delight.
Thick in their lays obſcenities abound,
As weeds ſpring plenteous in the rankeſt ground:
All who write verſe, to taint a guiltleſs heart,
Are vile profaners of the ſacred art.
Cloy'd the ſick reader from the work retires;
And e'er the writer dies his fame expires.

TO MRS. T——T.

Where in this land (Alzira cry'd)
Shall Indian virtues reſt?
Who will be here the ſtranger's guide,
And lead her to be bleſt?

Seek, ſaid the whiſpering muſe, ſome fair
Of England's beauteous race;
Who does herſelf thoſe virtues ſhare
Which moſt Alzira grace.

One who has taſte as nobly ſtrong,
And charms as ſoftly ſweet,
Will guard her ſiſter ſoul from wrong,
While graces graces meet.

I took the muſe's kind advice,
Look'd round the fair and bright,
And found Alzira, in a trice,
Was matchleſs T——t's right.

A SONG.

O Celia! be wary when Celadon ſues,
Theſe wits are the bane of your charms:
Beauty play'd againſt reaſon will certainly loſe,
Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young Damon, deſpis'd for his plainneſs of parts,
Has worth that a woman ſhould prize;
He'll run the race out, though he heavily ſtarts,
And diſtance the ſhort-winded wiſe.

The fool is a ſaint in the temple of love,
And kneels all his life there to pray:
The wit but looks in, and makes haſte to remove;
'Tis a ſtage he but takes in his way.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Sick of the worthleſs world, and courting reſt,
My ſullen ſoul, with penſive weight oppreſt,
Diſturb'd and mournful ſought the ſilent ſhade,
And fed reflection in the breezy glade:
Stretch'd on the graſſy margent of a brook,
Whoſe murm'ring fellowſhip my mind partook,
Actively idle I repining lay,
Gaz'd on the flood and ſigh'd the ſtream away.

Who knows, I cry'd, what courſe thou haſt to paſs,
Sweet ſtream, that thou creep'ſt ſoftly through this graſs?
How wilt thou flow!—Anon, perhaps, ſlid hence,
Thy deep'ning channel fills ſome moated fence,
Hems in ſome farm, where homely ruſtics meet,
And their ſweet bread, prize of hard labour, eat;
Thence, through ſome lord's delightful garden, led,
Thou may'ſt thy vegetative influence ſpread;
Where, as through fragrant beds, thy purlings ſlide,
The grateful flow'rs ſhall kiſs 'em as they glide:
There, charm'd and ling'ring, thou may'ſt wiſh to ſtay,
And, hoarſely murm'ring, roll diſpleas'd away.

But while, with careleſs pace, thou journey'ſt ſlow,
Oft halting to look back at this fair ſhow,

Some precipice, that in close ambush lies,
Thy virgin current shall at once surprise,
Cross whose broad shoulders thrown, and tumbling o'er, [roar.
Thy frighted stream shall rush with unavailing
Next may thy silver current's brightness die,
And muddily some stagnate fen supply;
Where shadow'd reeds in thy slow stream shall shake, [make:
And floods fly trembling from the gloom they
Frighted, are glad to 'scape this horrid place,
Thou may'st wind short, and new-direct thy race,
Through verdant meads, o'erjoy'd, may'st dancing go,
'Till cattle sip thy whirpools, as they flow:
Thence, for protection of thy ruffled charms,
Thou may'st rush swift to some great lover's arms;
Some stately stream by keely courtship prest,
And mark'd with wealth's proud furrows on his breast: [brace,
Grave Thames may next receive thy mix'd em-
And fam'd Augusta see thy fully'd face;
From her wash'd foot thy scatter'd flood may stray,
And to the swallowing ocean roll away:
There, wasted stream, in wind-driv'n billows tost,
Thy oft-chang'd being shall be wholly lost.
So, gentle brook, I cry'd, does human life,
'Midst endless changes, and in endless strife,
Glide, with impatience, through unknown events,
'Till nature asks repose and death consents.
Why then is such a life so much desir'd?
By what pursuits is vain ambition fir'd?
Friendship is lost on earth; love goes astray;
And men, like beasts, each on the other prey:
Ev'n the soft sex their downy bosoms hide
With inward artifice or outward pride.
Beauty's spoil'd shafts no more the soul can hit,
Dull'd by gross folly or misguided wit.
Nothing is now worth wishing for on earth,
And death is grown a much less woe than birth
While thus I mourn'd---back roll'd th' astonish'd brook, [shook;
The trees bow'd down, the earth beneath me
All heav'n descended to the glowing ground,
And radiant terror dazzling shone around:
Blind with the strong refulgence, fix'd I lay
Bury'd in brightness and o'erwhelm'd with day.
Listen, a sound broke out---impatient youth,
Listen and mark the voice of sacred truth,
Rous'd at that name, I would have bless'd my sight,
But strove in vain to stem the tide of light;
Still as I rais'd my eyes, their balls struck fire,
And wat'ry gushings wept the rash desire:
The unseen phantom's voice, sudden and loud,
Startled the ear as thunder rends a cloud;
But soft'ning more and more, grew sweet and kind,
And dy'd away like music in the wind:
I come, continues she, to bring thee peace,
To bid thy diffidence in friendship cease;
Again to reconcile thee to mankind,
New-wing thy transports, and unclog thy mind;
To guide thy wand'ring choice, to find that joy
Distrust of which does thy sad hours employ:
There lives a charmer, whom divinely fir'd
E'en her whole sex's virtues have inspir'd;
Where all that's manly joins with all that's sweet,
And in whose breath engross'd perfections meet;
Her mind no conscious pride of merit stains;
O'er her wide soul unfully'd reason reigns:
Blind to her worth, she feels not her own flame,
Enriches merit, yet despises fame.
Her unaffected charms what words can paint?
She looks an angel, and she speaks a saint:
While sparkling gayness wantons in her eye,
In her wise soul the laughing Cupids die.
A thousand graces round her person play,
And all the muses mark her fancy's way:
To hear her speak, the soul with rapture fills,
Her looks alarm—but when she writes she kills.
Rise, then, and meet her, as she this way strays,
And thy own wonder shall outspeak my praise.
The goddess vanish'd to her native skies,
And the recover'd shade unbarr'd my eyes;
I look'd, and lo! within the honour'd wood,
Lovely Cleora hid in bay leaves stood;
Cleora—but her wonders to reveal,
Were to describe what I can only feel!
Now reconcil'd to the shunn'd world I'll live:
Her friendship—joys worth living for can give.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MISS ———

Care, be banish'd far away—
Fly, be gone, approach not here:
Mirth and joy demand this day,
Happiest day of all the year!

Summers three times sev'n have shone,
All outshin'd by Delia's eyes:
Winters three times sev'n are gone,
All whose snows her breast supplies!

Dance we then the cheerful round,
Music might have stay'd away;
She but speaking, organs sound:
She but smiling, angels play.

'Tis her birth-day—let it blaze;
Born to charm and form'd for bliss;
Live she lov'd a world of days,
Ev'ry day as bless'd as this,

Let her beauty not increase;
Too, too strong, already there;
But let heav'n augment her peace,
'Till she's happy as she's fair.

THE GLOVE.

Tell me, sweet glove! what name the charmer bears,
Whose downy hand thy snowy cov'ring wears?
'Tis a dear name I am forbid to tell,
But these distinguish'd marks may paint her well:
She gently awful, winningly severe,
Charms when she speaks, yet rather loves to hear;
Wise as a god; as fancy'd angels fair;
Lovely as light, and soft as upper air.
Enough, sweet glove! by this plain picture taught,
H———e, I find, is the dear name I sought.

RONALD AND DORNA:

BY A HIGHLANDER, TO HIS MISTRESS.

From a literal Tranſlation of the Original.

Come, let us climb Skorr-urran's ſnowy top;
Cold as it ſeems, it is leſs cold than you:
Thin through its ſnow theſe lambs its heath-twigs crop;
Your ſnow, more hoſtile, ſtarves and freezes too.

What though I lov'd of late in Skie's fair iſle;
And bluſh'd—and bow'd—and ſhrunk from Kenza's eye;
All ſhe had power to hurt with was her ſmile;
But, 'tis a frown of your's for which I die.

Aſk why theſe herds beneath us ruſh ſo faſt
On the brown ſea-ware's ſtranded heaps to feed?
Winter, like you, with-holds their wiſh'd repaſt,
And, robb'd of genial graſs, they brouſe on weed.

Mark with what tuneful haſte Sheleila flows,
To mix its wid'ning ſtream in Donnan's lake;
Yet, ſhould ſome dam the current's courſe oppoſe,
It muſt, per force, a leſs lov'd paſſage take.

Born, like your body, for a ſpirit's claim,
Trembling, I wait, unſoul'd, till you inſpire:
God has prepar'd the lamp, and bids it flame;
But you, fair Dorna, have with-held the fire.

High as yon pine; when you begin to ſpeak,
My light'ning heart leaps hopeful at the ſound;
But fainting at the ſenſe, falls, void and weak,
And ſinks and ſaddens like yon moſſy ground.

All that I taſte, or touch, or ſee, or hear,
Nature's whole breadth reminds me but of you;
Ev'n heav'n itſelf would your ſweet likeneſs wear,
If, with its power, you had its mercy too.

ABSTRACT FROM PSALM CXIV.

When from proud Egypt's hard and cruel hand,
High-ſummon'd Iſrael ſought the promis'd land,
The opening ſea divided at her call,
And refluent Jordan roſe, a wat'ry wall:
Light as met lambs the ſtarting hills leap'd wide,
And the ſlow mountains roll'd themſelves aſide.
Why, O thou ſea! did thy vaſt depth divide?
And why, O Jordan! fled thy back'ning tide?
Why leapt your lines, ye frighted hills, aſtray?
And what, O mountains! rent your roots away?
Hark! I will tell—proud earth confeſs'd her God,
And mark'd his wond'rous footſteps as he trod.
While bent to bleſs, He cheer'd his thirſty flock,
And into floods of liquid length diſſolv'd the looſening rock.

THE SINGING BIRD.

Pope, in abſence of his pain,
Eaſy, negligent, and gay,
With the fair in am'rous vein,
Lively as the ſmiling day,
Talk'd, and toy'd the hours away,

Tuneful, o'er Belinda's chair,
Finely cag'd, a linnet hung;
Breath'd its little ſoul in air,
Flutt'ring round its manſion ſprung,
And its carols ſweetly ſung.

Winding, from the fair one's eye,
On her feather'd ſlave to gaze;
Meant, cry'd Pope, to wing the ſky,
Yet, a captive all thy days,
How doſt thou this muſic raiſe!

Since a priſoner thou can'ſt ſing,
Sportive, airy, wanton, here,
Hadſt thou liberty of wing,
How thy melody would cheer!
How tranſport the liſt'ning ear!

No, reply'd the warbling ſong.
Rais'd—articulate, and clear!
Now, to wiſh me free were wrong;
Loftier in my native ſphere,
But with fewer friends than here.

Though with grief my fate you ſee,
Many a poet's is the fame;
Aw'd, ſecluded, and unfree,
Humble avarice of fame,
Keeps 'em fetter'd, own'd, and tame.

To our feeders, they and I
Lend our lives in narrow bound;
Perch'd within our owner's eye,
Gay we hop the gilded round,
Changing neither note nor ground.

For, ſhould freedom break our chain,
Though the ſelf-dependent flight
Would to heav'n exalt our ſtrain,
Yet unheard and out of ſight,
All our praiſe were forfeit by't.

A SONG.

Gentle love, this hour befriend me,
To my eyes reſign thy dart;
Notes of melting muſic lend me,
To diſſolve a frozen heart.

Chill as mountain ſnow her boſom,
Though I tender language uſe,
'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen,
To my arms, and to my muſe.

See! my dying eyes are pleading,
Where a breaking heart appears:
For thy pity interceding,
With the eloquence of tears,

While the lamp of life is fading,
And beneath thy coldneſs dies,
Death my ebbing pulſe invading,
Take my ſoul into thy eyes.

MY SOUL'S LAST SIGHS,

TO THE DIVINE LOTHARIA.

Let plaintive thoughts in mournful numbers flow,
Proſe is too dull for love, too calm for woe.
Has ſhe not bid thee quit thy faithful flame;
Sell her and truth for equipage and name?
Nay, ſhe has bid thee go—Whence this delay?
Whence this fond, fruitleſs, ling'ring wiſh to ſtay?
Lotharia bids thee go—ſhe, who alone
Makes all life's future bleſſings, means thee none!

Begone then—let thy ſtruggling heart obey,
And in long diſtance ſigh ſad life away.
Still, ſtill, vain flatt'ring hope miſleads deſire,
Fed by faint glimm'ring ſhoots of glow-worm fire.
What though ſhe ſweetly writes to eaſe thy grief,
Or points kind comfort by the folded leaf:
Such pity muſt thy grateful rev'rence move,
But judge it right—nor think compaſſion love.
What though each word ſhe marks, like ſpring's ſoft ſhow'rs,
Flows ſweet as new-blown breath of op'ning [flow'rs,
Such borrow'd ſounds ſhe need not have apply'd,
Her own, more tuneful, thou too oft has try'd.
To ſpeak in muſic ever was her claim,
And all grows harmony that bears that name.
Had'ſt thou e'er touch'd her heart with one ſoft pain,
And bleſs'd in loving been belov'd again,
All her cold reaſoning doubts had ceas'd to move,
And her whole gen'rous breaſt conceiv'd but love.
She who believes not, loves not---Feel thy fate:
Friendſhip from her pains more than other's hate.
All the kind paſſions, wanting one, ſhe'll own;
But, that one wanting, all the reſt are none.
Would love and ſhe diſperſe the threat'ning ſtorm,
Let her believe, and truſt, and break through form:
Let her command thy ſtay to know ſucceſs,
Nor fear the god-like attribute to bleſs:
Born to diſtinguiſh her from womankind,
To court her converſe and to taſte her mind;
Fram'd for her empire, with her image fill'd,
Charm'd by her form, and in her temper ſkill'd;
Piercing her tim'rous heart's moſt ſecret thought,
And knowing, and adoring each dear fault,
How art thou pain'd---to find her ſoft'ning will
Held againſt love by ev'ry guard of ſkill!
How art thou doom'd to lengths of op'ning woe,
Should ſhe feel love---yet fear to tell thee ſo?
If ſhe diſtruſts thy truth---all hope muſt fall,
Doubting her pow'r, ſhe diſbelieves thee all.
And none who doubts her lover dares to love.
Go, then---to climes cold as her heart remove;
A diſtant fate thy gloomy choice prefers,
Preſent thou can'ſt not live and not live hers.
Farewell, kind, cautious, unreſolving fair!
To hear the bleſs'd will charm amidſt deſpair.
'Tis death to go---'tis more than death to ſtay,
Reſt will be ſooneſt reach'd the firſt dark way.
Ne'er may'ſt thou know a pain; ſtill cheerful be,
Nor check life's comforts, with one thought of me.

TO MR. JAMES THOMSON,

On his aſking my advice to what Patron he ſhould addreſs his Poem, called Winter.

Some peers have noble ſkill to judge, 'tis true,
Yet, no more proſpect bounds the muſe's view:
Firm, in your native ſtrength, thus greatly ſhown,
Slight ſuch deluſive props, and ſtand alone:
Fruitleſs dependance oft has prov'd too late,
That greatneſs dwells not always with the great.
Patrons are nature's nobles, not the ſtate's,
And wit's a title no broad ſeal creates: [flow,
E'en kings, from whoſe high ſource all honours
Are poor in pow'r when they would ſouls beſtow.
He who ſtoops ſafe beneath a patron's ſhade,
Shines, like the moon, but by a borrow'd aid:
Truth ſhould, unbiaſs'd, free and open ſteer,
Strong as heav'n's heat, and as its brightneſs clear;
Heedleſs of fortune, then, look down on ſtate,
Balanc'd within by merit's conſcious weight:
Divinely proud of independent will,
Prince of your wiſhes live a ſov'reign, ſtill;
Oh! ſwell not, then, the boſoms of the vain,
With falſe conceit you their protection gain,
Poets, like you, their own protectors ſtand,
Plac'd above aid from pride's inferior hand.
Time, that devours a lord's unlaſting name,
Shall lend her ſoundneſs depth to float your fame?
On verſe like yours no ſmiles from pow'r expect,
Born with a worth that doom'd you to neglect.
Yet, would your wit be prais'd—reflect no more,
Let the ſmooth veil of flatt'ry ſilk you o'er,
Aptly attach'd, the court's ſoft climate try;
Learn your pen's duty from your patron's eye.
Ductile of ſoul each pliant purpoſe wind,
And, following int'reſt cloſe, leave doubt behind:
Then ſhall your name ſtrike loud the public ear,
For through good fortune virtue's ſelf ſhines clear.

But, in defiance of our taſte---to charm,
And fancy's force with judgment's caution arm,
Diſturb with buſy thought ſo lull'd an age,
And plant ſtrong meanings o'er the peaceful page.
Impregnate ſound with ſenſe, teach nature art,
And warm ev'n winter, 'till it thaws the heart:
How could you thus your country's rules tranſ-greſs,
Yet think of patrons, and preſume ſucceſs!

A SONG.

Vainly now ye ſtrive to charm me,
All ye ſweets of blooming May;
How can empty ſunſhine warm me,
While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds; go, leave me,
Shade, ye clouds, the ſmiling ſky:
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer ſunſhine fills her eye.

VERSES,

Writ for and ſent to a Widow Gentlewoman, on occaſion of her Son's melancholy, upon their loſſes and diſappointments in life.

Welcome, ah! welcome, life's laſt friend, decay!
Faint on tir'd ſoul, and lapſe, unmourn'd, away;
Now I look back, aſham'd at hope's falſe blaze,
That ſhone, delightful, on my happier days;
In their true colours now, too late, I ſee
What youth, and pride, and mirth, and praiſe, muſt be!
Bring, then, great curer, death, thy dark relief,
And ſave me from vain ſenſe of hopeleſs grief.
Shut me for ever from the ſuffering ſcene,
And leave long voids for ſilent reſt between;
Thy hand can ſnatch me from a weeping ſon,
Heir to my woes, and born to be undone!
Place me where I no more his wrongs ſhall hear,
Nor his told ſorrows reach my ſhelter'd ear.

Thus while I mourn'd, retir'd from hated light,
Sleep came, and hid affliction in the night;
The night, inſtructive to my bold complaint,
In a long dream did that ſad march repaint,
That pomp of tears which did for Sheffield flow,
Who lately blacken'd half our ſtreets with woe.
There, cry'd a pointing ſeraph, look! compare!
And bluſh, forgetful of your light deſpair!
What has this mother loſt, as far diſtreſs'd
Beyond her ſex, as late beyond 'em bleſt.
Son of her ſoul! her child, by mind and birth,
Bright by her fires, and guardian of her worth;
Promiſe of virtues to the riſing age.
Yet, ah! how blaſted is the lov'd preſage!
Think of her loſs, her weight of woe bemoan,
And, humbly conſcious, ſigh not for your own.

ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. VI.

Part of the Sermon on the Mount.

Let ſhining charity adorn your zeal,
The nobleſt impulſe gen'rous minds can feel:
But have a care you take this virtue right,
And ſhun the glare of the proud hypocrite.
Miſtaken men! who, fond of public fame,
Diſgrace the act, while they affect the name!
On earth, vain-glorious zeal may meet regard,
But heav'n nor owns it, nor vouchſafes reward.
Thou, on the contrary, whoſe pitying breaſt
Wou'd, as it ought, give eaſe to the diſtreſt;
Scarce tell thy right hand, what thy left will do,
But be at once reſolv'd and ſilent too.
Secret, as night, thy pious alms convey;
For God, who ſees by night, rewards by day.
So, when thy ſoul approaches God in pray'r,
Be not deceiv'd, as thoſe falſe zealots are,
Who daily into crowded temples preſs,
And there, with feign'd devotion, heav'n addreſs;
But, when thou pray'ſt, all public notice ſhun,
And, private, to thy inmoſt cloſet run:
There, cloſe and earneſt, to thy duty fall,
And God will ſhow thee that he hears thy call.
Swell not thy forms of pray'r with wild deſires,
Exceſs of fuel chokes the brighteſt fires;
The erring heathen ſo miſtake their way,
And think they beſt are heard who moſt can ſay.
But ſhun thou this, and know God's piercing eye
Sees all thy wants before thy words come nigh.
From riſing malice guard thy yielding will,
Nor proudly dare to take revenge for ill:
Thou muſt forgive, that God may pardon thee;
For none who pities not ſhall pitied be.
Miſled by av'rice, ſeek not wealth to gain,
By hoarding treaſures which are got in vain:
Deceitful riches, which the moth deſtroys,
Which ruſt conſumes, or the bold thief enjoys!
In heav'n's high ſtorehouſe, let your heaps be laid,
A wealth which no deſtroyer can invade;
No moth there enters, ruſt corrupts not there,
Nor plund'ring thief alarms the owner's care:
Safe, therefore, in that place, your treaſures lay;
For where your riches are, your heart will ſtay.
Secure of heav'n's regard, live free from care,
Nor toil, life's common comforts to prepare:
Baniſh vain forecaſt for thy needful gain,
Nor let meat, drink, and clothing, give thee pain.
Obſerve the fowls—they neither reap, nor ſow,
Yet find their wants ſupply'd, where'er they go.
Look on the lilies of the ripening field:
No toil of theirs does thoſe ſweet colours yield;
Yet was not Solomon, when dreſt to pleaſe,
So glorioufly adorn'd as one of theſe.
If, therefore, God ſo feeds the feather'd train,
So clothes the graſs, which withers on the plain;
How much more careful will he be of you,
O, faithleſs man! who yet diſtruſts him too?

TO THE LOVELY MRS. H——E,

On her Deſcent from the firſt Saxon Kings of our Iſland.

H——E, ſweet name! whoſe princely meaning ſhows,
From what high ſpring your blood's rich current flows,
With needleſs awe, reminds us of your race,
Since heav'n has ſtampt dominion on your face.
Still in your ſov'reign form, diſtinctly live
All royal rights your father kings could give.
In your commanding air, we mark their ſtate,
And, in your words, their wiſdom and their weight.
Warm in your noble breaſt, their courage lies,
And all their pow'r and mercy in your eyes.

THE GARDEN WINDOW.

Here, Amanda, gently bending,
Sweetly penſive, loves to lean
O'er the groves, her ſight extending
Through the walks that ſhoot between;

Plac'd, ſays ſhe, within this window
Screen'd, I diſtant charms ſurvey,
Taught by poor deceiv'd Olindo,
Nothing's ſafe that looks too gay.

Here, I view, in ſoften'd ſhadings,
Am'rous flow'r to flow'r incline,
Too remote to mourn their fadings,
When with hanging heads they pine.

Here I ſmell the fragrant breezes,
Safe from ev'ning's chilly blaſt;
Here the noonday ſunſhine pleaſes,
Fearleſs when 'twill overcaſt.

Hence I hear the tempeſt riſing,
See the grovy greatneſs ſhake,
Ev'ry diſtant ill deſpiſing,
While I every good partake.

So commanding life's gay garden,
Let me thornleſs wear the roſe;
Choice like mine let faſhion pardon,
Taſting charms but ſhunning woes.

AT SETTING DAY.—A SONG.

Since ſounding drums, and riſing war,
Invite my love to danger,
I'll aſk of every ſmiling ſtar
To ſhield my roving ranger.

While o'er the field, unfearing wounds,
You preſs the foe retreating,

I'll trace the dear remember'd bounds
Of our more gentle meeting.

I'll paſs whole days in yon ſweet grove,
Where firſt thy tongue deceiv'd me,
When, liſt'ning dumb, I bluſh'd my love,
And no fear'd abſence griev'd me.

On ev'ry bank thy ſide hath preſt,
I'll ſleep, and dream I'm near thee;
And each ſweet bird, that ſtrains its breaſt,
Shall wake my hopes to hear thee.

To all our haunts I will repair,
And cold on yon bleak mountain,
Trace all thy once-trod footſteps there,
And weep o'er each ſad fountain.

There will I teach the trees to wear
Thy name, in ſoft impreſſion,
And borrow ſighs from ev'ning air,
To ſwell my ſoul's confeſſion.

EPILOGUE,

For a Lady who acted Eudocia, in the Siege of Damaſcus, repreſented at the Duke of Bedford's at Woburn.

I've heard of maids, who firſt reſolve to faſt,
And then weigh arguments, when facts are paſt;
Young, though my reaſon is not ſo, it ſtray'd;
But firſt found pleadings for the part I play'd.
Play'd, ſaid I,—ſecond thought that word retracts;
Fancies and follies play, but paſſion acts:
Paſſion! the ſpring that all life's wheels employs,
Winds up the working thought—and heightens joys.
Paſſion! the great man's guide, the poor man's blame;
The ſoldier's laurel, and the ſigher's flame.
Paſſion! that leads the grave, impels the gay,
Bids the wife tremble, and the fool betray.
Ev'n at this hour, what's here our paſtime made,
Gives the court buſineſs, and the kingdom trade;
When factions quarrel, or when ſtateſmen fall,
Each does but act his part at paſſion's call.
Like our's, to night, Lord Paſſion ſets their taſk;
Their fears, hopes, flatt'ries, all are paſſion's maſque.
The world's wide ſtage, for this one practice, fill'd,
Sees ſome act nobly, others play unſkill'd.
Triflers and ſmarts, who toy time's dream away,
Sots, beaux, and hounds of party, theſe but play.
Sons of their country's hope, ſublimely rack'd
For other's reſt.—Theſe do not play, but act.
Who play the pooreſt parts?—the bought, the vain,
The light believer, and the perjur'd ſwain;
The dull dry joker, the coarſe ill-bred bear,
The friends of folly, and the foes of care [juſt,
Who act their parts with praiſe—the firm, the
Who ſell no ſentiments, and break no truſt;
The learn'd, the ſoft, the ſocial, and the kind,
The faithful lover, and the plain good mind.
Such the beſt actors—form'd for honour's ſtage!
Who play no farces, and diſgrace no age.
But copying nature, with true taſte, like ours,
Pleaſe, and are pleas'd, and wing the guiltleſs hours.

APOLOGY FOR DEATH.

Whence this reluctance, when we ceaſe to run
Life's flow ſad race, and leaves its toy unwon?
Death's but our tide of ebb, to that dark ſea,
Time's ſhoreleſs ſwallower, void eternity!
'Tis reſt from labour—'tis eſcape from care;
'Tis ſhunn'd oppreſſion, and reliev'd deſpair.
'Tis but to rediſſolve to formleſs flow,
And join the mingled maſs, that feels no woe.
Fluid to fade, as all things round us do,
Or from old being launch, to find out new.
Emerging, or emerg'd, life rolls away,
Foams into note, or flattens to decay.
Round, with unceaſing wheel, diſtinction glides,
And through time's maze, in ſhort ſucceſſion ſlides:
Flames its hot hour, like humbler houſehold fires,
Shines but to leave us, and in uſe expires.
'Tis the flaſh'd ſpark of thought, that burſts to ſight,
Strains ſoon, and big, and ruſhes into night:
So the proud ſtorm, that frights us with its roar,
Breathes itſelf weary, and is heard no more.
See that ſoft flow'r, whoſe ſighs perfume the gales,
Blooms into duſt, and its ſnuff'd life exhales.
All nature heaves, and ſets, like human breath,
And life's looſe links but ſtretch the chain of death.
Why then does erring fancy fright the mind?
Why call that cruel, nature meant for kind?
Who knows but fates we tremble at may bleſs,
And length of happieſt life be found diſtreſs?
Murder! that blaſt of thought, that bane of law,
The good man's horror, and ev'n villain's awe!
Murder! that nature dreads, and conſcience flies,
Perhaps but ſpurs us to ſome waiting prize!
Elſe, why ſhould creature ſtill with creature jar?
And claſh'd exiſtence wage eternal war?
Beaſt bleeds by beaſt; fiſhes on fiſhes prey;
And birds act murder with more waſte than they;
Ev'n the ſweet thruſh, that bribes us with her ſong,
To guard her dread of death from beaks more ſtrong,
Sav'd from the kite, ſtrait bloodier grows than he,
And ſnaps the ſhiv'ring inſect from the tree.
Life ſtarts but up, to anſwer death's due call,
And one myſterious darkneſs wraps us all!

PASSING A LADY,

IN THE PARK, WITHOUT SEEING HER.

So ſlide our comforts by, unmark'd, unknown,
While our ill-fate comes felt, and all our own!
Too cruel world! where things we wou'd refuſe,
We ſtart upon—and, what we wiſh we loſe!
And yet Lotharia would be hid in vain,
She cannot be conceal'd whom thoughts retain.
Air, and Lotharia, every where are found;
Held by our breath, and to our being bound!
Darkneſs itſelf wants pow'r to cover friends,
Whom the ſoul dwells with, and the ſenſe attends.

TO THE [illegible] THAT LAUGHS,

IN METAPHOR.

And why [illegible], does that meaning eye
Smile in contempt, when lovers ſwear they die?

'Twixt death and love, but one ſmall diff'rence lies,
The ſoul, in both, from its left body flies:
In death 'tis gone, like ſmoke diſſolv'd in air.
Loſt in expanſe, the loſer knows not where:
In love we trace it with ſuch willing pain,
'Twere to die twice to take it back again.

MODESTY.

As lamps burn ſilent, with unconſcious light,
So modeſt eaſe, in beauty, ſhines moſt bright:
Unaiming charms, with edge reſiſtleſs fall,
And ſhe who means no miſchief does it all.

TO A LADY,

Who ſent back the top of a Sweet briar Branch, and retained the worſt end of it.

While the way of the world is, to keep all the beſt,
And then in due form oblige friends with the reſt,
You, Madam, who would lend ev'n triſles a grace,
Teach your meanings to borrow a ſmile from your face;
And polite to your pain, when a preſent you ſend,
Give the thorn to yourſelf, and the roſe to your friend.

TO THE LADY,

Who ſends me all her good Wiſhes.

Suppose that the ſun had a tongue, and ſhou'd ſay,
May your journey be bleſs'd with a very fine day:
Then, withdrawing his face, ſlip aſide with his light, [night;
And ſurround me, at once, with the coldneſs of
What would Florimel ſay to this trick of the ſun?
I would ſay, cry'd the charmer, 'twas cruelly done.
Would you ſo, anſwer'd I!—have a care what you own, [none.
Who have wiſh'd me all bleſſings, yet granted me

Writ upon a Pane of Glaſs in Weſtminſter Houſe, under the names of his four Children.

All happy, then while o'er their ſmiling air,
A living mother breath'd her guardian care;
But, joyleſs, ſince their ſweet ſupporter dy'd,
They wander now through life with half a guide.

Auguſt 25. 1731.

BELLARIA AT HER SPINET.

Sweetly confus'd, with ſcarce conſenting will,
Thoughtleſs of charms, and diffident of ſkill;
See! with what bluſhful bend, the doubting fair
Props the rais'd lid—then ſits with ſparkling air,
Tries the touch'd notes—and, haſt'ning light along, [wrong.
Calls out a ſhort complaint, that ſpeaks their
Now back'ning, awful, nerv'd, erect, ſerene,
Aſſerted muſic ſwells her heighten'd mein.
Fearleſs, with face oblique, her formful hand
Flies o'er the ivory plain, with ſtretch'd command;
Plunges, with bold neglect, amidſt the keys,
And ſweeps the ſounding range with magic eaſe.
Now, two contending ſenſes—ear and eye,
In pride of feaſted taſte, for tranſport vie;
But what avails two deſtin'd ſlaves debate,
When both are ſure to fall, and ſhare one fate?
Whether the god within, evolving round,
Strikes in her notes, and flows diſſolv'd in ſound;
Or ſilent in her eyes, enthron'd in light,
Blazes, confeſs'd to view, and wounds our ſight.
This way, or that, alike his pow'r we try,
To ſee, but kills us—and to hear, we die.
Oh! far-felt influence of the ſpeaking ſtring,
Prompt at thy call the mounting ſoul takes wing;
Waves in the gale, fore-runs th' harmonious breeze,
And ſinks and riſes to the changeful keys.
But, hark! what length'ning ſoftneſs, thrilling new,
Steals, 'twixt the ſolemn ſwells, and threads 'em through:
'Tis her tranſporting voice!—ſhe ſings—be ſtill,
Sweet ſtrings, forbear!—ye hurt her ſweeter ſkill.
Yet, no—ſound on—the ſtrong and ſweet ſhould join;
With double pow'r, mix'd oppoſites combine.
'Tis plain! my captive ſenſes feel it true;
Ah, what dire miſchief may not union do!
Cou'd ſhe not ſave delight from half this ſtrain?
Heard and beheld at once!—'tis hopeleſs pain.
Fly and eſcape—let one preſs'd ſenſe retire;
The rais'd hat ſhades it from the darted fire.
Alas, vain ſcreen!—the ſoul's unclouded ray
Sees from within by a new blaze of day:
Sees the ſpread roof, with op'ning glories crown'd,
And radiant deities deſcending round!
Throng'd in bright lines, or wing'd in ambient air,
Spirits, in fairy forms, encloſe the fair.
Some, on the keys, in am'rous ambuſh lie,
And kiſs the tune-tipt fingers dancing by.
Some hov'ring wide, expiring ſhakes prolong,
And pour 'em back to ſwell the riſing ſong.
Gods, in abridgment, crowd their needleſs aid,
And pow'rs, and virtues, guard th' unconſcious maid.
Pity, with tears of joy, ſtands weeping near;
Kneeling devotion hangs her liſt'ning ear;
Candour and truth firm fix'd on either hand,
Propping her chair, two ſure ſupporters ſtand!
Round her, while wrong'd belief imbibes new ſtrength, [length,
And hugs th' inſtructive notes, and aids their
Love, and his train of Cupids craftier cares,
Scatter, with plumy fans, the dreaded airs.
Pride, from a diſtant corner, glooms a leer,
And longs, yet hopes not, to be call'd more near:
But charity ſits cloſe—a well known gueſt,
Bold, and domeſtic—and demands her breaſt.
High o'er her cheeks, to ſhade their tempting glow,
Shame and ſoft modeſty their mantles throw.
While, from her brow, majeſtic wiſdom ſeen,
Tempers her glory, and inſpires her mein.
Such, and perhaps more ſweet, thoſe ſounds ſhall riſe,
Which wake rewarded ſaints, when nature dies:

When heaven's heard blaſt ſhall ſhake the ſtubborn mind,
And one mix'd melody unite mankind!
When time's laſt wreck ſhall ſink in ſeas of flame,
And void eternity reſumes its name.

CELIA IN THE GARDEN.

Come, walk, and rouſe the languid year:
All nature blooms when you appear;
Each leafleſs oak would bud a-new,
And puſh out ſhade, to ſhelter you.
Your ſight would ſummer's want ſupply;
You gone---'tis winter---and we die.

Yon warbling nightingale complains,
Your praiſe, too ſeldom, tempts her ſtrains:
The tow'ring lark but hears you ſing,
And ſoars to heav'n with ſilent wing.
Come, angels come (he cries)---and ſee
Yourſelves as much outdone as me.

Each violet ſighs itſelf to death,
To ſcent the gales that fans your breath:
Stop but, and ſee th' unfolding roſe,
With emulative bluſhes glows:
While hood-wink'd lilies proſtrate lie,
Aſham'd to ſee your breaſt ſo nigh.

Look round, and ſmile---and ev'ry flow'r
Smiles too---and charms, with ten-fold pow'r.
Depart, and lo they bend and fall,
And weeping dew-drops waſte 'em all.
'Tis thus your love inflames my joy,
And thus your coldneſs might deſtroy.

THE RECOLLECTED COMPLAINER.

All mother as I am, and loth to part
With this poor playful gladd'ner of my heart,
I know too well, and I confeſs my crime,
'Tis not my right, but heav'n's, to limit time:
Parent at once, of progeny and pain,
Of what would my regardleſs grief complain?
I gave him birth, but ah, diſcern'd not why!
Children are born, poor ſuff'rers, but to die!

Pity, 'tis true, revolves their leapful ſprings,
Smil'd thanks, atoning pray'rs, embracing clings,
Sallies of guiltleſs joy, gay gleams of ſenſe,
Soft ſtroking flatt'ries—active impotence;
Tricks of dumb love, which grateful wills expreſs,
And all their nameleſs pow'rs of prettineſs!
Theſe the fond mother's feeling mem'ry ſeize,
And then the tear of nature flows for eaſe.

But reaſon's voice corrects the bold complaint,
Enjoins ſubmiſſion, and inſtructs reſtraint.
Thus wipes the plaintive parent's weeping eye,
And bids the unpermitted drop—be dry.
What is it, thou thyſelf, miſtaking mind!
Haſt found in this bad world, or hop'ſt to find?
That thy preſumptuous wiſh would dare retain,
Whom heaven's kind call exempts from future pain:
Grant that the worſt thou fear'ſt, ſhould end this blow,
And death's dark ſcreen defends thy child from woe!
Are not thy ſad forebodings, too, no more?
Are not thy fears for all his perils o'er? [way!
Of what proud wrongs might clog his life's long
What crimes might blaſt him, or what wiles betray!
What follies draw down ſcorn, what vice diſgrace!
What loſs of honour might beſpot thy race!
What want of duty might neglect thy tears!
What want of prudence grind his waning years!
What bloody dangers might cut ſhort his fame,
Or hooting infamy prolong his ſhame!

Look up, fond ſorrower! ſee the morning's ray;
Now, if you canſt fore-judge the riſing day:
Shall its aſcending ſhine continue bright?
Or ſhall o'ercaſting tempeſts call down night?
Canſt thou not tell?—Why then doſt thy bold gueſs
Preſume to call an infant's death diſtreſs?
Blind to the future, thank a watchful God,
That ſnatch'd the child from ſchool, to ſpare the rod.

THE RESIGNATION.

Well, be it ſo!—Sorrow, that ſtreams not o'er,
Spares but the eye, to wound the heart the more;
Dumb, infelt pangs, too well ſupply the woe,
That grief, in ſuff'ring ſilence, ſhuns to ſhow.
Yet let my will's reluctant pride ſubmit,
And learn to love the lot that heav'n hath fit.
All I can loſe, God gave---and, when 'tis flown,
Whom does he wrong, who but reſumes his own?
Should I in fruitleſs agony complain,
Fretting my wound but multiplies my pain:
While they, who patiently embrace diſtreſs,
Teach ſhame to ſatisfy, and grief to bleſs.
Whate'er has been, 'tis madneſs to regret;
Whate'er muſt be, ſhocks leaſt when braveſt met.
Learn then, my ſoul, thy courſe reſign'd to run,
And never pray thy will---but God's be done.

COPIES

FOR CHILDREN TO LEARN TO WRITE.

The body's beauty dwells in ſhape and face,
The ſoul's in mildneſs, modeſty, and grace;
The firſt but charms an earthly lover's eye,
The laſt draws angels from beyond the ſky;
One, for a moment, man's frail heart procures,
The other makes your God for ever yours.

ADVICE

TO THE VIRGINS, TO GUARD AGAINST FLATTERY.

Faireſt, forgive the too officious lay,
That ſend the muſe you charm to ſmooth your way;
I, though admiring, act no lover's part,
Nor bid ſoft ſounds ſeduce your liſt'ning heart:
Candidly touch'd my pen's obtruſive ſear,
Nor dares to ſhock, nor aims to ſoothe your ear;
Needleſs, 'tis true, to bid ſuch nymphs beware,
Who ev'ry grace and virtue make their care:
Yet modeſt excellence will oft deſcend
To thank unwanted caution in a friend.
A faithful pilot, fervent in his fears,
And, trembling, anxious for the worth he ſteers.

'Twere mortal pain, to see such beauty mourn,
By bold distress, or impious falsehood, torn.
Love's gay delusion tempts a thousand ways;
Now wounds with softness, now destroys with praise.
Thy veil, O flattery! hides a traitor's heart,
And gives up confidence---a prey to art:
Unbridled youth, to consequences blind,
Indulging body, hears no call of mind.
Feeble discretion, so by warmth o'er-run,
Does, with a peacock's feather, fan the sun.
Beauty, that trusts too fast, is beauty's bane,
A self-betrayer, that embraces pain.
Oh, hear suspicious, when the lover sues!
She most attracts, who longest can refuse.
Poise the try'd terms on which his hope depends,
Prop'd on the parent's counsel, and the friend's;
So, leaning safe, and wanting space to stray,
Love's guardian angels crown your nuptial day.
Or should the gilded hypocrite at last
Show, that he meant your spotless fame to blast,
Fly the found tempter, each low lure despise,
And lift your heart's wrong'd wish above surprise.
Nature, that form'd you loveliest, doubly kind,
To like perfection rais'd your conquering mind.
Fram'd you to truth, to virtue turn'd your taste,
For honour dress'd you, and for rev'rence grac'd.
Freedom regain'd, pursue the shining track,
And leave the base repenter to his rack.
Then bless the verse, that from such ruin sav'd
An artless conqu'ror, by success enslav'd:
Now happy, painless hours shall unperplex
The best-lov'd pattern of the loveliest sex.

LESBIA'S LAMENTATION

ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW.—ALTERED FROM MR. CARTWRIGHT.

Tell me not of joy—there's none,
Now my little sparrow's gone:
He, just like you,
Would toy and woo:
He would chirp, and flatter me:
And, till he saw me look, and smile,
Lord, how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then,
Sporting, let it go again;
He from my lip
Would sit and sip;
From my plate he lov'd to feed;
Here would hop, and there would run,
And ev'ry look and motion heed,
Till my very heart he won.

O, how eager he would fight,
And never hurt, though often bite!
He perch'd, alas!
Upon my glass,
And ev'ry thing I did would do:
Ruffling now his feathers all,
Now as sudden let them fall,
And then grew proud, and sleek'd 'em too.

Would'st thou, Cupid, reach a heart?
With his feathers wing thy dart?
Love might that way
Sure wounds convey.

But my faithful bird is gone;
Mournful turtles murmur on.
Hop, ye red-breasts, o'er his stone;
Cease to sing, and learn to mourn.

THE MESSENGER.

Go, happy paper, gently steal,
And soft beneath her pillow lie:
There, in a dream, my love reveal,
A love that awe must else conceal,
In silent doubt to die.

Should she to flames thy hope consign,
Thy suff'ring moment soon expires,
A longer pain, alas is mine,
Condemn'd in endless woe to pine,
And feel unslack'ning fires.

But if inclin'd to hear and bless,
While in her heart soft pity stirs;
Tell her---her beauties might compel
A hermit to forsake his cell,
And change his heav'n for her's.

Oh, tell her---were her treasures mine,
Nature and art would court my aid;
The painter's colours want her shine;
The rainbow's brow not half so fine
As her sweet eye-lids shade!

By day the sun might spare his rays;
No star make ev'ning bright;
Her op'ning eyes, with sweeter blaze,
Should measure all my smiling days,
And, if she slept, 'twere night.

THE GNAT.

While in the Mall my Celia shone,
And drew th' adoring world to gaze,
A wanton gnat came buzzing on,
To gambol in her blaze.

Enliven'd by her lucid beams,
And urging bliss too nigh,
Th' attractive beauty's pow'rful streams
O'erwhelm'd him in her eye.

The glowing orb swift catching fire,
Now heat was mix'd with light;
The wing, that durst so high aspire,
She rubb'd to dust in spite.

Mean while the clouded sight shone dim;
Her sun through mists appears;
Moist anguish rose above the brim,
And flow'd away in tears.

O Gnat! too happy thus to die!
My Celia weeps thy fate;
She kills me ev'ry day—yet I
No pity can create.

Mysterious sex! by custom led,
Mere trifles, most to prize!
O, truth, to turn a lover's head!
They murder men, and weep for flies.

THE KISS THROUGH A WINDOW.

Sav'd on a shoal the shipwreck'd sailor stands,
And views with wat'ry eyes, and wringing hands
Soul-cheering prospects from the neighb'ring lands;

But if he tempts the waves, he toils in vain,
Big, buoyant billows rise between, and float him back again.
Oh! shameful loss of an invited kiss!
Can brittle glass impede so near a bliss?
Frail is our am'rous hope, if love must be
Subservient to a thing so weak as thee!
We knew before, nor sought thy aid to prove,
That light's a nat'ral enemy to love!
But now, thy malice does new arts employ;
First, give the hope, then dash the proffer'd joy.
Thus absent fanciers dream they meet the ghost
Of some dead partner, whom they value most:
But when, with op'ning arms, they rush to greet,
And, mix'd in mutual grasp, would warmly meet,
Cold blasts of wind divide the starting pair,
And the thin phantom flows away in air.

EPITAPH,

ON THE TOMB OF HENRY JERNEGAN, ESQ.

All that accomplish'd body lends mankind,
From earth receiving, he to earth resign'd:
All that e'er grac'd a soul from heav'n he drew,
And took back with him as an angel's due.

THE HAPPY MAN.

High o'er the winding of a cliffy shore, [roar;
From whose worn steep the black'ning surges
Freeman—sweet lot! in quiet plenty lives;
Rich in the unbought wealth which nature gives;
Unplanted groves rise round his shelter'd seat,
And self-sown flow'rs attract his wand'ring feet;
Lengths of wild garden his near views adorn,
And far seen fields wave with domestic corn.
The grateful herds, which his own pastures feed,
Pay their ask'd lives, and, in due tribute bleed.
Here, in learn'd leisure he relaxes life,
'Twixt prattling children, and a smiling wife.
Here, on dependent want he sheds his care,
Moves amid smiles, and all he hears is pray'r.
The world lies round him like a subject soil,
Stor'd for his service, but beneath his toil.
Hence, in a morning walk, his piercing eye
Skims the green ocean to the circling sky.
And marks at distance some returning sail,
Wing'd by the courtship of a flatt'ring gale.
The fearless crew concluding danger o'er;
With gladd'ning shouts salute the op'ning shore;
They think how best they may their gains employ,
And antedate thin scenes of promis'd joy.
Till a near quick-sand checks their shorten'd way,
And the sunk masts point through the rising spray.
Freeman starts, sad! revolves the changeful sight,
Where mis'ry can so soon succeed delight;
Then shakes his head in pity of their fate,
And sweetly conscious, hugs his happier state.

THE POWER OF ROYAL PITY.

Verses made for a Young Gentleman in Despair, and sent to Queen Caroline, by N. C—p—r.

From a moist bank, beneath a silent shade,
Whose dark'ning arch depending willows made,
A death-devoted youth, in day's cool dawn,
Weary of insults, and from woes withdrawn,
Long on the sullen surface fix'd his view,
And sigh'd—resolv'd to bid loath'd life adieu.
'Tis but to plunge, he cry'd, one moment there
Saves me from sorrow, and outleaps despair;
Cover'd with calmness in this lulling bed,
No fear shall reach my heart, no pain my head:
Terror, and shame, and want, shall with me die,
And anguish be no more alive than I.
Yet, one dear mourner will my death distress,
Whom I would live for, could I live to bless!
Her tears are tortures which I cannot bear;
Her charms give madness, and her wants despair.
Just at this word the dear distruster came,
Pierc'd the deep gloom, and catch'd the fatal aim.
Trembling with horror, yet by love impell'd,
Timely she grasp'd him; and, convulsive held:
Ah! let me keep thee, though we beg, she cry'd;
Life has no want, but what's by love supply'd:
Wretched with thee, there's recompence in pain,
And bless'd without thee, I were bless'd in vain.
Hope, suffer, think, resolve, submit, contend,
Move every foe—solicit every friend!
Die not thus young—e'er half our days are past,
Love has long years to come; death pulls too fast.
I will not feel distress while you are kind;
Nor bear a joyless world you leave behind.
See! be advis'd: turn there your hopeless eye,
View those sweet rising shades that spread so nigh.
Think, did their royal planter hear my pray'r,
How would she pity my poor heart's despair!
She the best wife, best mother, daughter, queen;
Ah! that she, now, beheld this dreadful scene!
Think on her smiles—and do but live to try!
And, if that hope proves vain—I, too, will die.

THE WEDDING DAY.

'Twas one May morning when the clouds un-
drawn,
Expos'd, in naked charms, the waking dawn;
When night-fall'n dews, by day's warm courtship
won,
From reeking roses, climb'd to kiss the sun.
Nature, new-blossom'd, shed her odours round,
The dew-bent primrose kiss'd the breeze-swept
ground.
The watchful cock had thrice proclaim'd the day,
And glimmering sun-beams faintly forc'd their
way: [went,
When, join'd in hand and heart, to church we
Mutual in vows, and pris'ners by consent.
Aurelia's heart beat high with mix'd alarms,
But trembling beauty glow'd with double charms.
In her soft breast a modest struggle rose,
How she should seem to like the lot she chose,
A smile she thought would dress her looks too gay;
A frown might seem too sad, and blast the day:
But, while, nor this, nor that, her will could bow,
She walk'd, and look'd, and charm'd—and knew
not how.
Our hands, at length, th' unchanging fiat bound
And our glad souls sprung out to meet the sound.

Joys meeting joys unite, and ſtronger ſhine;
For paſſion purify'd grows half divine.
Aurelia, thou art mine, I cry'd---and ſhe
Sigh'd ſoft---now, Damon, thou art lord of me.
But wilt thou, whiſper'd ſhe, the knot now ty'd,
Which only death's keen weapon can divide,
Wilt thou, ſtill mindful of thy raptures paſt,
Permit the ſummer of love's hope to laſt?
Shall not cold wint'ry froſts come on too ſoon?
Ah, ſay! what means the world by honeymoon?
If we ſo ſhort a ſpace our bliſs enjoy,
What toils does love for one poor month employ?
Women thus us'd like bubbles blown with air,
Owe to their outward charms a ſun-gilt glare.
Like them we glitter to the diſtant eye;
But, graſp'd like them, we do but weep and die.
Leſt more, ſaid I, thou ſhould'ſt profane the bliſs,
I'll ſeal thy dang'rous lips with this cloſe kiſs;
Not thus the heav'n of marriage hopes blaſpheme,
But learn from me to ſpeak on this lov'd theme.
There have been wedlock joys of ſwift decay,
Like lightning, ſeen at once, and ſhot away:
But theirs were hopes, which, all unfit to pair,
Like fire and powder, kiſs'd and flaſh'd to air.
Thy ſoul and mine, by mutual courtſhip won,
Meet, like two mingling flames, and make but one.
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make;
'Tis ſympathy of mind keeps love awake.
Our growing days increaſe of joy ſhall know,
And thick-ſown comforts leave no room for woe.
Thou, the ſoft ſwelling vine, ſhall fruitful laſt;
I, the ſtrong elm, will prop thy beauties faſt:
Thou ſhalt ſtrow ſweets to ſoften life's rough way,
And, when hot paſſions my proud wiſhes ſway,
Thou, like ſome breeze, ſhall in my boſom play.
Thou for protection ſhalt on me depend;
And I, on thee, for a ſoft faithful friend.
I, in Aurelia ſhall for ever view,
At once my care, my fear, my comfort too!
Thou ſhalt firſt partner in my pleaſures be,
But all my pains ſhall laſt be known to thee.
Aurelia heard, and view'd me with a ſmile,
Which ſeem'd at once to cheriſh and revile!
O, God of Love! ſhe cry'd, what joys were thine,
If all life's race were wedding days like mine!

THE DREAM.

SLOW-RISING night had her black flag unfurl'd,
And ſpread her ſooty mantle o'er the world;
The waining moon ſhed pale, a ſickly light,
And ſtars ſcarce twinkled to th' inquiring ſight.
Half the loſt earth by darkneſs over-run,
Wept in cold dews the abſence of the ſun.
The waves were huſh'd; the winds forgot to roar,
And ſtorms detach'd in breezes cours'd the ſhore.
The mix'd creation was involv'd in ſleep;
Fiſhes roll'd ſlumb'ring through the ſtagnate deep,
Beaſts, birds, and ſerpents, various beds poſſeſt,
Some in thick woods, ſome in dark caverns reſt.
Antipathies in common ſleep took part;
Care curs'd not thought, and woe forgot to ſmart.
Immerg'd in reſt my drowſy ſenſes lay,
And death's proud image practis'd on my clay.
But while, diſdainful of the mean controul,
No dull deſires invade my wakeful ſoul;
Active the inſpirer, ſkilful to purſue
Through the wild tracks of mazy mem'ry flew;
There ſcatter'd images to union brought,
And form'd this wond'rous viſion to my thought:
I found myſelf at dead of deepeſt night,
Cheer'd, by no glimm'ring ſpark of remnant light,
Lock'd in that ancient venerable pile,
Which holds her ſacred duſt, who, lately bleſt our iſle;
Aſcending damps the gloomy concave fought,
And hung impriſon'd to th' impervious vault:
While my ſhod feet trac'd ſwift the duſky round,
Hoarſe echoes multiply'd the trampling ſound,
The ſweating ſtones diſtill'd a noiſome dew,
And earthy ſcents my death-fed noſtrils drew.
Cold froſts of fear pierc'd keen through ev'ry part,
And ſhiv'ring agues ſhook my ice-bound heart.
A hollow wind from whiſtling murmurs bore
As gath'ring din more high, and ſtrove to roar!
The tatter'd trophies fann'd the priſon'd air,
And chill amazement ſtiffen'd up my hair.
While fix'd I ſtood, intent on rumblings near,
And diſtant groans alarm'd my aching ear;
Sudden, the temple ſhone, with ruſhing light,
And new-born terrors overwhelm'd my ſight.
Ghoſts from the loos'ning pavement rais'd their head,
And yawning graves diſcloſe their ſhrouded dead.
Shot up in ſtreams, a miſt of ſpirits riſe,
As morning exhalations ſtreak the ſkies.
Soul-freezing horror tingled through my blood,
And curdling fear bound hard the vital flood!
Unbending nerves their dying vigour loſt,
And drooping life ſcarce held her dang'rous poſt!
Large drops of ſweat, from every finger ſhed,
And the whole frame of nature ſhook with dread!
From the eaſt end, where mould'ring monarchs lie,
And worms, luxuriant, feaſt on royalty;
Where each proud tomb ſome duſt of princes boaſts,
There marches out a troop of ſov'reign ghoſts:
Each in his ſhadowy hand a ſceptre brings,
Th' acknowledg'd mark of pow'r in living kings.
A glittering diadem each forehead wore,
Their robes trail'd looſe, and ſwept the honour'd floor.
With ſlow and ſtately ſtride, the monarchs tread,
And ev'ry meaner ſpirit bows its head.
In foremoſt rank, as lateſt known to fame,
The grave-brow'd ghoſt of awful ANNA came;
Calm and ſerene the ſilent walks they trace,
And halt, regardful, at each ſolemn place:
Viſit each tomb, and in myſterious ſtate,
Hail the dry remnants of the waſted great.
This pomp of death, thus, wore half night away,
And came, at length, where DENMARK's body lay:
There ANNA ſtaid, and looking careful round,
With ſhadowy ſceptre, touch'd the conſcious ground.
'Tis ſtrange, ſhe ſigh'd, that he whom moſt I bleſt,
Has never thank'd me, ſince I came to reſt.
The willing ghoſt his marbly fetters broke,
And roſe up, ſlowly, at the pow'rful ſtroke;

An air of ſorrow bent his ſerious head,
His eyes ſome ſeeming tears, reluctant, ſhed;
With folded arms, and diſcontented look,
Thrice bow'd he, gently, and thus faintly ſpoke:
Hail, happy ſhade! reſt here, unforc'd to reign,
Nor toil, to ſave a ſtubborn land in vain:
How did juſt pity ſweeten thy controul?
How did'ſt thou ſtrain thy virtue-propping ſoul?
How did'ſt thou wiſh th' unfiniſh'd courſe to run?
And act in will, what pow'r has left undone!
For this, ſince death, detraction wounds thy fame,
And inſolent reproach corrodes thy name.
Ungrateful people! unrepenting ſtate!
Haſt thou, O queen! deſerv'd th' ungentle fate?
He ceas'd:—Each liſt'ning monarch ſhook his head,
While ſhe to whom he ſpoke, thus anſw'ring ſaid:
O DENMARK! wonder not at ills like thoſe;
Angels, if crown'd in England, would have foes!
Deſert like mine, with living glories paid,
Can fear no ſcandal, when become a ſhade.
If aught's left wanting to my people's pray'r,
Mourn not th' unfiniſh'd progreſs of my care:
When princes ſome wiſh'd good in vain purſue,
By them not done, 'tis left for heav'n to do.
Let us in peace enjoy our ſilent bed,
Truth always triumphs when ſhe ſerves the dead.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

BORN in an age, when virtue veils her face,
And bold corruption turns the bluſh on grace;
Where reptile genius winds, at pow'rs controul,
And fortune's whelmy tides ingulf the ſoul:
Where ſenſe by flatt'ry; ſhame by want is weigh'd,
And ſervile poets make their art a trade,
Riſe, gen'rous muſe! out-ſoar the venal view;
For praiſe is inſult where 'tis giv'n undue.
Though penſion'd fame can fawn, till fools are taught
To boaſt th' imputed wit their brib'ry bought;
Yet man to man's reſpect is rais'd, not born,
And dullneſs dignifi'd, but doubles ſcorn.
Ah! narrow hearts! that know not wiſdom's weight,
But impudently call the proud the great.
Spread the broad wings of truth, impartial muſe!
Dare a new theme—nor, now, let fancy chooſe;
Serious, and ſad, the faults of cuſtom mend,
To friendleſs genius fame's due ſuccour lend—
If, in ſome duſky corner, thou ſhalt find
A ragged fortune hide a nobler mind,
Diſperſe the cloud; and be the labour thine,
To teach the ſhame-fac'd virtue, how to ſhine.
Or, ſhould ſome wealth-encumber'd churl withhold
Th' enlivening uſe of unpartaken gold,
If meanly proud, the wretch diſdains to weigh,
The wiſe man's wants, againſt the treaſur'd clay.
With ceaſeleſs ſatire, goad his ſneaking ſoul,
Till his pride, ſuff'ring, gives his taſte controul.
Then, muſe! from life's low wrongs, indignant, turn,
With loftier flame, for ſuff'ring nations, burn.
On flatter'd ſtateſmen, ſcowl a patriot eye;
Strip their badg'd poets, when they write, to lie.
If, rais'd by chance, ſome tarniſher of ſway,
Blund'ring through ſhifts, miſtakes th' unwinding way,
If, lumb'ring clogg'd, he drags, be-mir'd, along,
Cow'rs, to be ſafe—yet, injures, to be ſtrong,
Tell him,—that hair-breadth 'ſcapes, and life-long fear,
Buy pow'r, and pomp, and infamy, too dear.
Paſs, paſs, theſe ſulph'ry meteors, of a day;
Their blaze too dang'rous! and too loſt, their way!
On ſuns, not comets, fix thy eagly ken,
Touch the proud hearts of monarchs, into men.
Thence, flows contagion: light muſt generate light,
Or mimic millions catch the royal blite:
Kings, who are kings, ſhed luſtre o'er mankind;
But dim-ey'd princes make whole nations blind.
—So, godlike Cæſar rul'd ungrateful Rome,
And ſhort-liv'd virtue ſhot a blaſted bloom:
But, when lewd Nero ſtain'd imperial ſway,
Vice, with a rapid ſtream, ſwept ſhame away.
Let the low muſe, that ſtrikes the venal ſtrings,
Tune her tame lyre, and ſwell the pomp of kings.
Undreading, thou, where'er the cenſure falls,
Enter proud palaces imperious walls.
There,—good, or evil—ſeize th' unſhadow'd fact,
And call truth, truth, however princes act.
Sublimely fir'd, I ſnatch the glorious aim!
'Twere great, indeed, to give the royal, fame!
But,—where, O ſpotleſs light, of reaſon's eye!
Where, among princes, wilt thou greatneſs ſpy?
Shall Britain's boaſt o'erload my lab'ring lines?
No—with known force, domeſtic glory ſhines!
Flatt'ry were baſe: and needleſs the deſign,
To ſay (to angels), heav'n is all divine.
Northward, departing muſe, extend thy flight;
There, a new ſun inflames the land of night;
There, arts and arms, the worlds fifth empire raiſe;
There dateleſs times ſhall hail my prophet praiſe;
Thy line, great Czar! ſhall ſtretch that ſhorten'd name,
To more than Cæſar's pow'r, and all his fame.
Taught, by thy plans, to reign victorious ſtill,
And length'ning down, through time, thy deathleſs ſkill,
Legions of kings, ſhall wait their doomful nod,
As hoſts, from Moſes, watch'd th' inſpiring God!
O! pride, celeſtial, of my muſe's praiſe!
Thou! beſt invok'd!—inſpire my riſing lays,
Kindle my glowing ſoul, with fires, like thine,
And lend me light, to make my off'ring ſhine!
Though right to mark, how tow'ring eagles fly,
Aſks the try'd ſharpneſs of an eagle's eye;
Though high-rais'd view, can beſt, a proſpect ſhow,
Which he but ill deſcribes, who ſtands too low;
Yet, if, aſpiring to the theme,—I feel
Thy glory's love propel my trembling zeal,
O, prince! the grateful arrogance forgive;
No genuine muſe, ſo charm'd, can ſilent live.
Periſh the pride, in poor diſtinction ſhown,
That makes man blind, to bleſſings not his own!

Briton and Ruſſian differ, but in name:
In nature's ſenſe, all nations are the ſame.
One world, divided, diſtant brothers ſhare,
And man is reaſon's ſubject---every where.
So, does dark Nile's myſterious torrent ſtray,
And oozy wealth, in annual flood, convey.
Memphia's rich plains, imbibe th' impregnate flow,
And pleas'd Egyptians ſee proud harveſts grow.
Yet while on Egypt partial harveſts ſmile,
Egypt's glad ſons engroſs not all their Nile.
Egypt, and all the world, the river claim:
Egypt in influence, and the world in fame.
So, Ruſſia feels her Czar's intenſeſt heat:
But the warm'd world his diſtant brightneſs greet.
Ages, obſcurely loſt to ſlighted fame,
Rob'd the dim empire of its bury'd name;
One city's bounds uſurp'd her monarch's rights,
And ſhrunk his thouſand ſtates to Muſcovites.
Unmeaſur'd realms lay hid in noiſeleſs reign,
And Ruſſia cover'd half the world in vain!
Till rip'ning time this giant-genius ſent;
Divinely ſiz'd---to ſuit his crown's extent!
He breath'd prolific ſoul, inſpir'd the land,
And call'd forth order, with directive hand.
Then pow'r's whole energy, at once ſpread wide,
And old obſtruction ſunk beneath its tide.
Then, ſhad'wing all, the dread dominion roſe,
Which late no hope, and now no danger knows!
Did not, O prince! thy love of art's ſoft charms
Suſpend the keener influence of thy arms,
Aſtoniſh'd Europe, envious of thy ſway,
Muſt wink malignant, in thy ſtream of day!
But 'tis thy generous taſk, to ſteer thy reign,
'Twixt the two wide extremes of mean and vain.
To teach fierce conqu'rors all that arts beſtow,
Yet hold back arms till juſtice names the foe.
Not ſo, of old, when, ſtern in horrid arms,
The needy north pour'd forth her Gothic ſwarms;
Roughly they warr'd, on arts they could not taſte.
And, blindly laid the tracks of learning waſte.
This heav'n remember'd, and, with kind command,
Call'd for atonement from the barb'rous land.
The prince, diſdainful of his country's crime,
Guiltleſs, ſprings forward, to uncurſe the clime:
And, nobly juſt, has taught the nations more,
Than the world's empire ruin'd---loſt before!
How vaſt the engine!---and the force how great! [weight!
That could, ſo ſwiftly, move ſuch pond'rous
Enormous boaſt of kings! who,---though his reign
Stretch'd empire's endleſs line, from main to main,
Counts not his greatneſs by his country's length,
Nor from dependent millions ſteals his ſtrength.
But, to himſelf (like heav'n) his effluence owes,
And gives---not takes---what pow'r from number flows. [ſchemes,
Born, for eternal growth---and ſtor'd with
For whit'ning time, with ever-blooming themes.
Wonders on wonders gild a glowing land,
That almoſt ow'd diſtinction to his hand!
From frozen climes, where nature, ſtiff with cold,
Nouriſh'd no hope; and time in tears grew old:
Warm'd by the monarch's worth, we riſing ſaw
Springs of gay virtue---and ripe fruits of law!
Doubly ſupreme! thy unreſtrain'd controul
Directs the body, and empow'rs the ſoul!
While vulgar kings their views ſupinely ſcan,
And limit what they would by what they can;
Thy nobler pow'r, with more than martial ſway,
Commands---and makes men able to obey!
Tranſporting thought!---let me indulge it long,
Hence realms grow mighty and their influence ſtrong.
Ah! why by civil broils ſhould patriots bleed,
For parts in pow'r, they nor enjoy nor need?
Leſs factious ſubjects happier freedom ſhare;
Miſ-reckon'd ſlaves in ſuch a ſovereign's care.
Slaves are blind buſt'lers, who, deceiv'd by names,
Promote, unknowingly, their ſpoiler's aims:
Who (told ſedition ſets a nation free)
Hug the new chain---and call it liberty.
Then---walking gall'd, beneath th' incumbent weight,
Grind a curb'd curſe, and bear th' impos'd deceit.
If juſt Athenians, by a Theſeus led,
Their ſcatter'd country's ſtrength-uniting head!
To laſting praiſe conſign'd his cheriſh'd fame,
And, conſcious of his bounty, bleſs'd his name;
If hard Lycurgus, now immortal grown,
Sheds deathleſs glory round a realmleſs throne;
If, Romulus! thy mem'ry triumphs ſtill,
For teaching Rome to rob with ſafer ſkill;
For reining rapine in from private harms,
To mightier miſchief in confed'rate arms:
What praiſe, prodigious Czar! ſhall dare to tread,
In awful circles, near thy ſacred head?
To whom, not one ſmall portion ſingly kneels,
In thanks for ſep'rate benefits it feels:
But nations, numberleſs as Lybian ſands,
Share the long bounties of thy reaching hands---
Thy hands! to whom delighted with thy praiſe,
God gave not thrones to reign on---but to raiſe.
Thy catching luſtre fires the north's wide ſoul,
And thaws the icy influence of the pole.
The ſhaggy Samoid, ſhaking off the ſnow,
Warms his cold breaſt with new deſire to know.
The rugged Tartar, from whoſe ſwarthy bands
A gloom of horror us'd to ſhade thy lands,
Charm'd by thy gen'rous daring, checks his own,
Aſſumes new nature, and adorns thy throne.
Beams of young learning, active as the wind,
Radiant, flame out, and light up half mankind:
Stern ſuperſtition's miſty cloud diſpell'd, [held:
Quits her chief throne, through long dark ages
And Ruſſian arms a glitt'ring terror caſt, [paſt!
O'er realms, where ſcarce the Ruſſian name had
Bluſh, ye bought bards! of our degen'rate days,
Whom penſion proſtitutes to high-way praiſe:
Who fear it fruitleſs for a muſe to roam,
Thence, poorly, pin your venal hearts at home!
The world's my country: born, no matter where,
Man is a denizen of earth and air:
Native to truth, 'tis his all worth to ſhow,
And love the hoſtile virtues of a foe.
Ah! how too weak my willing verſe purſues,
And flags beneath new heights of op'ning views!
Touch my charm'd heart, thou God! that didſt inſpire
His force! and let me feel th' impulſive fire.

Sunk amid fens, in fortune's ſtagnate tract,
And curs'd myſelf, with want of power to act.
Let me at leaſt deſcribe, with conſcious blaze,
And, from another's triumph, force ſome praiſe.
O! great Eternal Pow'r, that bounds our minds,
What circling darkneſs human foreſight blinds?
Where are the loſt effects of ſtateſmen's dreams?
Whoſe erring envy ſpun ſuch cobweb ſchemes!
Long—each vain terror beat one devious road;
And ſigh'd at growing France with falſe forebode:
While, unobſerv'd, th' exulting northern bear
Grin'd over gen'ral empire, riſing there.
Henceforth, let none the ſtrength of ſtates compare:
Nor what they may be, judge from what they are.
Low the lord's genius, all his realms the ſame:
The king's breaſt wid'ning, ſwells his throne to fame.
Then, pow'r effulging, diſtanc'd equals find,
That man's whole boundleſs diff'rence dwells in mind.
This truth,—dread dark'ner of each rival throne!
Well has thy life's long tract of wonders ſhown;
What ſudden fleets have ſhadow'd diſtant ſeas,
With flags that ſtart to pow'r, and ſcorn degrees;
Glooming at pleaſure, ev'ry hoſtile ſhore,
Far-trembling nations hear new thunders roar;
Th' intrepid Swede does fortune's change upbraid,
And ſees th' aſſaulted enemy invade!
The Dane finds gratitude too weak for fear,
And hates his helper's ſtrength, diſplay'd too near.
The furrow'd Baltic a new lord obeys,
And to ſtrange keels reluctant homage pays.
The virgin Caſpian, he, bold lover! woes;
Nor vainly, for her envy'd favour ſues:
Graſp'd to his wiſh, ſhe has her love confeſs'd,
And giv'n him leave to wander o'er her breaſt.
Perſia's heap'd wealth ſhall her huge portion be,
And India's ſovereign's give her lord the knee.
From nameleſs outlets, endleſs naval hoſts,
Black'ning, ſtill more, the ſable Euxine's coaſts,
Shall teach the Porte's imperial walls to ſhake,
And the fell ſultan's iron ſceptre break.
Grecia's loſt ſoul ſhall be reſtor'd by thee!
Great ſaver! ſetting empire's genius free!
Then, Helleſpont, whoſe ſtream indignant glides,
And a ſubjected world's two bounds divides;
Shall feel, while reaching both, thy thunder roars,
Europe and Aſia, trembling to her ſhores.
Then, may thy floating empire's conq'ring ſweep
New greet vaſt Ruſſia round th' Atlantic deep.
So ſpring the ſeeds of pow'r, when wiſely ſown!
So pregnant genius plans the future throne!
Mean while, great founder! gath'ring ſtrength from blows,
They ſpread thy glory who thy arms oppoſe.
The ſelf-priz'd lords of China's boaſtful land,
Feel their pride ſhrink beneath thy bord'ring hand:
The trackleſs wilds, which both vaſt ſtates disjoin,
Are ev'n, when arm'd with ſhiv'ring winter, thine!
O'er realms of ſnow thy furry ſquadrons fly,
And bring, at eaſe, the dreadful diſtance nigh!
In vain oppos'd, th' enormous wall they ſee;
Proclaim'd defiance can but quicken thee.
Zembla's white cliffs—eternal hoards of froſt,
Where proud diſcov'ry has ſo oft been loſt;
Through every period of the world till now,
Have check'd all keels that would thoſe oceans plow.
Nature's laſt barrier! they all ſearch withſtood,
And bound ambition up in freezing blood.
Reſerv'd by heav'n, and for thy reign deſign'd,
Thy piercing eye ſhall that dark paſſage find.
Or, caſt's and weſt's embracing confines ſhown,
Join two emerging world's; and both thy own.
Stop, headlong muſe!—Ah! whither would'ſt thou go?
Look down with caution on the depths below:
Proſpects too vaſt the raſh preſumer fright;
And, dazzling, wound an uncollected ſight.
Congratulate a while our church's gain,
And mingling joy, relax thy wonder's ſtrain.
Shall then, at laſt, beneath propitious ſkies,
The croſs triumphant o'er the creſcent riſe?
Shall we behold earth's long ſuſtain'd diſgrace
Reveng'd in arms on Oſman's haughty race?
Shall Chriſtian Greece ſhake off a captive ſhame,
And look unbluſhing at her Pagan fame?
'Twill be.—Prophetic Delphos claims her own:
Hails her new Cæſars on a Ruſſian throne.
Athens ſhall teach once more! once more aſpire!
And Spartan breaſts reglow with martial fire:
Still, ſtill, Bizantium's bright'ning domes ſhall ſhine,
And rear the ruin'd name of Conſtantine, [be!
Tranſcendent prince! how happy muſt thou
What can'ſt thou look upon, unbleſs'd by thee?
What inward peace muſt that calm boſom know,
Whence conſcious virtue does ſo ſtrongly flow!
Each fame, of ages paſt, in ruin lies:
How timely, therefore, does thy greatneſs riſe,
To fire forgetful thrones, with thirſt of praiſe;
And build example for theſe feeble days! [ſhine,
Such, are the kings, who make God's image
Nor bluſh to dare aſſert their right divine!
No earth-born bias warps they climbing will:
No pride their power—no av'rice whets their ſkill.
They poiſe each hope which bids the wiſe obey,
And ſhed broad bleſſings from their wid'ning ſway.
To raiſe th' afflicted, ſtretch the healing hand,
Drive cruſh'd oppreſſion from each reſcu'd land.
Bold in alternate right, or ſheath or draw
The ſword of conqueſt, or the ſword of law.
Spare what reſiſts not; what oppoſes, bend;
And govern cool, what they with warmth defend.
How bleſs'd were man! would heav'n hereafter pleaſe,
That all earth's princes ſhould be form'd like theſe!
Wiſh it, O muſe! howe'er the wiſh be vain;
It gives ſome joy to hope th' unlikelieſt gain.
Adieu—dread flame! that bids the pole out-ſhine
The torrid brightneſs of the burning line!
Drawn by thy beamy force, I ſtill would gaze;
But my eyes ake beneath th' oppreſſive blaze,
Deſcend, raſh muſe!—'tis decent to retire;
Thy fall were dang'rous, if thy flight were higher.
Thou, too, great prince! forbear th' ador'd exceſs!
Reſt—for thy life, and make thy glory leſs.

Heav'n must reclaim thee—nor thy absence bear,
When earth yields no new wonder worth thy care.
Mourn'd, the near prospect! yet not mourn'd by all!
There are, whose humbler glory waits thy fall.
When thou, great sun of royalty! shalt set,
And pay sad nature's last and surest debt:
Then earth's low lords may boast their poor designs,
And ev'ry upstart twinkler think—he shines.
Then, when no more thy wonders wake mankind,
But dying envy leaves delight behind,
Here, while thy steps admiring ages trace,
Where shall amazement first encomium place?
Arduous decision! which most honour won?
Thy actions, or the speed with which they're done.
When Rome, that glitt'ring, that immortal name!
Aspir'd to rule, and panted after fame;
Age copying age, spun length of patient will,
And ek'd th' oft-breaking thread, with lab'ring skill.
Nor till sev'n hundred hard-press'd years were past,
The late propitious fortune smil'd at last.
Not such slow rise, O prince! thy Russia fears:
Thou dragg'st not glory from such depth of years.
At once resolv'd, at once the columns rise,
Which lift thy dreadful fabric to the skies.
Form and degrees, let bounded spirits need:
Thy soul, eccentric, moves with in-bred speed:
Makes nature shake, and raises in a day,
What with less ease in ages shall decay.
So, when young time its first great birth-day kept,
And huddled nature yet in chaos slept;
Th' eternal Word, to set distinction free,
But spoke th' almighty fiat—Let there be.
Millions of ways the starting atoms flew;
Like clung to like—and sudden order grew:
Struggling in clouds, a while confusion lay,
Then died at once and lost itself in day.

THE PICTURE OF LOVE.

Love is a passion by no rules confin'd,
The great first mover of the human mind:
Spring of our fate! it lifts the climbing will,
Or sinks the soften'd soul in seas of ill:
Science, truth, virtue, sweetness, glory, grace,
All are love's influence, and adorn his race;
Love, too gives fear, despair, grief, anger, strife,
And all th' unnumber'd woes which tempest life,
Fir'd with a daring wish, to paint him right,
What muse shall I invoke to lend me light?
Something divine there lives in love's soft flame,
Beyond our spirit's pow'r to give it name!
How shall I paint it then? or why reveal
A pleasure and a pain which all must feel?
Soul of thy sex's sweetness! aid my hope,
Pride of my reason, and my passion's scope!
Thou, whose least motion can delight inspire!
And whose sweet eye-beams shed celestial fire!
Thou, at whose heav'n-tun'd voice the dead might wake!
And from whose face we fatal learning take,
Teach me thy godlike pow'r the heart to move,
Smile on my verse and look the world to love?
Far, ye profane, from my chaste subject fly,
Nor stain its brightness with a tainted eye;
What if a thousand ills the wanton prove,
Whose earth-born heat usurps the name of love?
Lovers, indeed, are cast in no coarse mould,
How few have yet been form'd, though time's grown old!
No wild desire can this proud bliss bestow,
Souls must be match'd, in heav'n, though mix'd below,
As fire, by nature, climbs direct and bright,
And beams in spotless rays, a shining light;
But if some gross obstruction stop its way,
Smokes in low curls and scents the sullied day:
So love itself, untainted and refin'd,
Borrows a tincture from the colour'd mind;
The great grow greater while its force they prove,
But little hearts want room and cripple love.
Cautious, ye fated, who frequent the fair!
Your breasts examine, nor too rashly dare,
Curb your untrusted hearts while yet they're free,
Love is resistless when you feel 'tis he. [dart,
Small is the soul's first wound, from beauty's
And scarce th' unheeded fever warms the heart.
Long we mistake it, under liking's name,
A soft indulgence that deserves no blame;
A pleasure we but take to do her right, [light;
Whose presence charms us, and whose words de-
Whose sweet remembrance broods upon our breast,
And whose dear friendship is with pride possest.
Excited thus the smother'd fire at length,
Bursts into blaze, and burns with open strength:
That image which before but sooth'd the mind,
Now lords it there, and rages unconfin'd.
Mixing with all our thoughts it wastes the day,
And when night comes, it dreams the soul away,
Pungent impatient tingles in each vein,
And the sick bosom throbs with aching pain,
Absent from her, in whom alone we live,
Life grows a bankrupt and no bliss can give;
Friends are importunate, and pleasure's lost,
What once most charm'd us now, disgusts us most:
Fretful to silent solitude we run,
And men, and light, and noisy converse shun;
Pensive in woods, on river's sides we walk,
And to th' unlist'ning winds and waters talk;
How next we shall approach her pleas'd we weigh,
And think in transport all we mean to say:
Tenderly bowing, thus will we complain,
Thus court her pity, and thus plead our pain;
Thus sigh at fancy'd frowns, if frowns should rise,
And thus meet favours in her soft'ning eyes.
Restless on paper we our vows repeat,
And pour our souls out on the missive sheet:
Write, blot, restore—and, in lost pieces rend
The mute entreaters, yet too faint to send;
Unbless'd if no admission we procure,
'Tis heav'n at distance to behold her door!
Or to her window we by night repair,
And let loose fancy to be feasted there;
Watch her lov'd shadow as it glances by,
And to imagin'd motions chain our eye;
Has she some field, or grove, or garden bless'd?
Pleas'd we retread the paths her feet have press'd;
Near her, by chance, at visits or at plays,
Our rushing spirits crowd in speaking gaze;

Light on her varied airs our eye-balls ride,
Blind as the dead to the full world beſide.
If bleſs'd by ſome kind letter from her hand,
The cheriſh'd flame is into madneſs fann'd;
Trembling we half devour the ſacred prize,
And lend our thoughts and lips to aid our eyes;
No wild extravagance of joy's too much,
For aught once warm'd by her enlivening touch.
Theſe are the ſweet effuſions of deſire,
When abſence wounds us, or when wiſhes fire;
But when in preſence we our vows addreſs,
Who can the tumults of the ſoul expreſs?
Boundleſs deſire, aw'd hope, and doubtful joy,
Stormy by turns the veering heart employ;
Sick'ning in fancy's ſunſhine, now we faint,
And licence wounds us deeper than reſtraint:
Fix'd in her opening door ſurpris'd we ſtay;
Dumb and depriv'd of all we meant to ſay:
Our eyes flaſh meanings but our rooted feet
Pauſe till due rev'rence ſaints the hallow'd heat:
Soft tremblings ſeize us and a gentle dread,
Speechleſs our thought, and all our courage fled.
Slowly reviving, we from love's ſhort trance,
Softly with bluſhful tenderneſs advance;
Bowing we kneel, and her giv'n hand is preſt,
With ſweet compulſion to our bounding breaſt;
O'er it in ecſtacy our lips bend low,
And tides of ſighs 'twixt her graſp'd fingers flow:
High beats the hurried pulſe at each forc'd kiſs,
And ev'ry burning ſinew aches with bliſs:
Life in a ſouly deluge ruſhes o'er,
And the charm'd heart ſprings out at ev'ry pore.
The firſt fierce rapture of amazement paſt,
Confuſion quits us, and deſire grows faſt;
We ſit, and while her gaz'd-at beauties riſe,
A humid brightneſs ſparkles from our eyes:
Modeſt diſquiet ev'ry action wears,
And each long look the mark of paſſion bears!
Diſorder'd nature no cold medium keeps,
Tranſport now reigns, and dull reflection ſleeps:
All that we feel, or wiſh, or act, or ſay,
Is above thought and out of reaſon's way;
Joy murmurs, anger laughs, and hope looks ſad;
Raſhneſs grows prudent and diſcretion mad:
Reſtleſs we feel our am'rous boſom burn,
Now this way look we, and now that way turn.
Now in ſweet ſwell of thought our lifted eyes,
Loſe their low langour and attempt to riſe,
Now ſinking ſuppliant ſeek the charmer's feet,
And court wiſh'd pity in their glanc'd retreat,
Oft, in fix'd gaze, they dwell upon her face,
Then ſtart aſtoniſh'd from ſome dazzling grace;
Now in bold liberty fly out unbid,
Now aw'd, 'ſcape inward 'twixt the cloſing lid.
If we dare ſpeak, and would our wiſh purſue,
The words fall feath'ry like deſcending dew;
The ſoft'ning accents ev'n in utt'rance die,
And the tongue's ſweetneſs here out-charms the eye;
'Till mingled ſighs the fainting voice confound,
But lover's meanings ſpeak though robb'd of ſound.
Is there no more? oh! yet the laſt remains!
Crown of our conqueſt! ſweet'ner of our pains!
There is a time when love no wiſh denies,
And ſmiling nature throws off all diſguiſe;
But who can words to ſpeak thoſe raptures find?
Vaſt ſea of ecſtacy that drowns the mind!
That fierce tranſfuſion of exchanging hearts!
That gliding glimpſe of heav'n in pulſive ſtarts!
That veiny ruſh! that warm tumultuous roll!
That fire which kindles body into ſoul!
And on life's margin ſtrains delight ſo high,
That ſenſe breaks ſhort, and while we taſte we die.
By love's ſoft force, all nature is refin'd,
The dull made ſprightly and the cruel kind:
Gently the ſtubborn paſſions learn to move,
And ſavage hearts are humaniz'd by love:
Love in a chain of converſe bound mankind,
And poliſh'd and awak'd the rugged mind:
Juſtice, truth, pity, openneſs of heart,
Courage, politeneſs, eloquence and art,
That gen'rous fire with which ambition flames,
And all th' unſleeping ſoul's divineſt aims,
Touch'd by the warmth of love burn up more bright,
Proud of the godlike pow'r to give delight.
Thus have I vainly ſtrove, with ſtrokes too faint
Love in his known and outward marks to paint;
Unmindful that of old they veil'd his face,
And wiſely cover'd what they could not trace.
Lovely creator of my ſoul's ſoft pain,
Pity the pencil that aſpir'd in vain:
Vers'd in love's pangs and taught his pow'r by you,
Skill'd, I preſum'd that what I felt I drew;
But I have err'd; and with delirous aim,
Would picture motion and impriſon flame.
He who can lightning's flaſh to colours bind,
May paint love's influence on the burning mind.
Then when we maſter him and give him law,
Then may we chain him and his image draw:
But who would bind this god muſt captive take
A power which all mankind can captive make:
I am too weak of heart, yet I can tell
Thoſe who dare ſeize him, where he loves to dwell.
I ſee him now; in his own heaven he lies,
Cloſe at ſweet ambuſh in Miranda's eyes.

ADVICE TO THE POETS.

Too long provok'd, immortal muſe, forgive;
Rouſe a dead world, and teach my verſe to live.
Not the low muſe, who lends her feeble fire,
To fluſh pale ſpleen, or light up looſe deſire;
But that bright influence, that expanſive glow,
Which firſt in angel's numbers learn'd to flow;
Ere time had ſtruck eternity with ſhade,
Or day, or night, or ſpace, or form, was made:
Tun'd the rais'd notes at which creation grew,
And worlds, and ſtars, and ſuns, and heav'ns, ſhot new.
She, ſhe, the muſe---Oh, ne'er to be defin'd;
Thou flame of purpoſe! and thou flow of mind!
Thou path of praiſe, by heav'n's firſt fav'rites trod!
Thou voice of prophets! and thou breath of God!
I feel her now---th' invader fires my breaſt;
And my ſoul ſwells, to ſuit th' heav'nly gueſt:
Hear her, O Pope! ſhe ſounds th' inſpir'd decree,
Thou great archangel of wit's heav'n! for thee,

Let vulgar genii, four'd by ſharp diſdain,
Piqu'd and malignant words, low war maintain,
While ev'ry meaner art exerts her aim,
O'er rival arts, to lift her queſtion'd fame;
Let half-ſoul'd poets ſtill on poets fall,
And teach the willing world to ſcorn them all.
But let no muſe, pre-eminent as thine,
Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
Stung by wit's waſps, all rights of rank forego,
And turn, and ſnarl, and bite, at every foe.
No like thy own Ulyſſes, make no ſtay;
Shun monſters, and purſue thy ſtreamy way.
Wing'd by the muſe's god to riſe ſublime,
What has thy fame to fear from peeviſh rhyme?
Shalt thou, decreed till time's own death to live,
Yet want the nobleſt courage---to forgive?
Slander'd in vain, enjoy the ſpleen of foes;
Let theſe from envy hate; from int'reſt thoſe!
Guilt, like the firſt, your gratitude requires,
Since none can envy, till he firſt admires:
And nature tells the laſt his crime is none,
Who to your int'reſt but prefers his own.
Diſgrac'd by victory where we ſtrike too low,
And meanly furious ſtretch the ſtooping blow,
Pride, that provokes revenge, miſleads it too;
Return of ſlander is the weak man's view:
The wiſe expect it with a cold diſdain;
And, while they not receive, retort the pain.
Should ev'n hot raſhneſs erring javelins throw,
And ſtrike our friendly breaſt, ſuppos'd a foe?
How nobler ſtill to undeceive than blame!
And chaſten inſult with the bluſh of ſhame?
Never ah, never ſhall that worth be found,
Which neither malice nor miſtake can wound!
Thus far might ev'ry ſtrength of heart extend;
Thus far can ethic ſprings our tempers bend:
Thus far the thoughts of ſaints or kings may riſe,
And each known greatneſs of earth's uſual ſize:
But far more tow'ring ſtill the poet's fires!
Whoſe breaſt a ray from God's own heart inſpires.
Heroes and ſaints riſe rare---yet ſtill they riſe;
And time's full ſtream each common art ſupplies.
Philoſophy's proud heights are hourly gain'd,
And painting's charms, and muſic's force attain'd;
But when the deathleſs poet is to ſhine,
Long-lab'ring ages ſwell the ſlow deſign.
At length he comes: the birth of time appears!
And heav'n ſmiles ſatisfy'd a thouſand years.
Strange greatneſs this! with' which compar'd, prieſt, ſaint,
King, hero, and philoſopher, ſound faint!
He's none of theſe, whom time ſhall poet call,
But more than either, and creates them all.
Learn, poets, learn, th' importance of your name;
And, conſcious of your pow'r, exalt your aim.
Soul-ſhaking ſov'reigns of the paſſions, you
Hold wider empire than the Cæſars knew.
While clam'rous rhet'ric but ſuſtends the mind,
And whiſp'ring morals ſigh, unheard, behind;
While frail philoſophy but ſtarts deſigns,
And revelation's light to diſtant ſhines,
Ardent and cloſe the muſe maintains her ſway,
And the conſenting wiſhes make her way:
Ev'n pride's raſh plunge, the poet's curb endures;
And ev'ry paſſage to the heart is yours.

Scorn, then, the ſervile imitator's name,
Nor humbly ſplendid were caſt coats of fame:
Lean not ſuſtain'd---a weight no muſe allows:
Pilf'ring the faded bays from claſſic brows;
Nor creep contented in the modern way;
A dry, dull, ſoft, low, languid, tireſome lay!
But, ſtrongly ſacred, and ſublimely warm,
Strike the aw'd ſoul, and the touch'd paſſions charm;
Till the ſtern cynic, ſoft'ning at your ſtrain,
Feels himſelf mov'd, and hugs the pleaſing pain.
While lazy lovers from their langour ſtart,
And gain a conqueſt, though they loſt a heart.
Such wond'rous change can harmony command!
For heav'n lent nature to the poet's hand;
Gave him the paſſion's boundleſs pow'r to know;
And, like a god, diſtribute joy and woe: [ſpring,
Taught the tun'd nerves at each known ſound to
And bound obedient to the warbling ſtring
And the blood's current in compliance roll;
And the charm'd ſpirits ruſh in tides of ſoul. [lent,
Ye who feel ſtrong this power that heav'n has
Be your rais'd hearts with equal ardour bent:
Dare to praiſe virtue, though unprais'd before;
Lance your keen ſatires at oppreſſive pow'r:
Be worth obſcure by your bright genius ſought,
And gild its paleneſs in your ſun of thought:
Lift it to notice; give it ſtrength to move,
And teach dull greatneſs how to know and love.
With nerves of thought invig'rate manly themes;
Nor idly ſport in fancy's empty beams;
Let no baſe flatt'ry tempt your verſe aſtray,
Nor a light laughter a low taſte diſplay.
In wit's cold ſhallows wade, for ſhame! no more,
Her ſoundleſs ocean tempts you from the ſhore:
Up her vaſt ſteeps launch with intrepid climb,
And ſwim through ages down the ſtream of time.
Though faint, through modiſh miſts religion ſhines,
Oft let her ſacred ſoarings lift your lines:
Oft let your thoughts take fire at that firſt flame,
From whoſe bright effluence inſpiration came.
Th' Almighty God, who gave the ſun to blaze,
Voic'd the great poet for his Maker's praiſe:
Firſt, for his glory, form'd the world's extent;
Then form'd a language for that glory meant.
Hence have all tow'ry minds, ſublimely ſir'd,
With in-born ſtrength to their own heav'n aſpir'd;
While conſcious pertneſs, for ſuch heights unfit,
Safe to ſlight ſubjects pins its puny wit. [glows?
Lives there a man, whoſe breaſt with honour
Who, wrong'd by friends, forgives and pities foes;
Who, ſtill deſerving, never gains ſucceſs,
But lives oppreſs'd, by ſhunning to oppreſs?
Who can all grief for his own woes reſtrain,
Yet melts in generous tears at other's pain?
Teach him, O muſe! to wiſh no monarch's ſway,
Greater in want, than in dominion they! [mind,
For, oh!---what diff'rence! 'twixt th' effulgent
That longs for light, leſt others ſhould be blind,
And him, who, wanting nothing, graſping all,
Seems great himſelf, becauſe all round look ſmall!
Or does a ſofter ſubject ſuit your mind?
Fond of the fair, and to their int'reſt kind;
Pity ſome maid, whom modeſt wiſhes move,
Unbleſs'd by fortune, yet inſpir'd by love;

Fair without followers, without art ſincere,
Prais'd without hope, and without conqueſt dear:
There let the muſe the rights of beauty prove,
For all are equal by the laws of love.
There let the muſe perſuade on virtue's ſide,
And teach lame love to leap the bars of pride:
The pains of paſſion let the muſe impart,
And to ſoft yieldings mould the ſtubborn heart.
Are there, whoſe rais'd diſtinction ſweetly ſhines,
And whom high fortune fills with high deſigns?
Who greatly bleſſing all o'er whom they riſe,
Smile on th' inferior world with friendly eyes?
Or whom the love of uſeful arts inſpires?
Or whom faith, gratitude, or friendſhip fires?
Or whom by charity's ſoft glowings warm'd?
All vice has fled from, and all virtue charm'd:
Theſe, and all theſe, deſerve the muſe's ſtrain;
At once adorn, and are adorn'd again.
Shines there a captain, form'd for war's controul,
Born with the ſeeds of conqueſt in his ſoul?
By envy driv'n to truſt his in-bred ſtore,
And ſtill the leſs ſupply'd renown'd the more?
'Gainſt foes and friends, at once compell'd to guard,
But hardeſt preſs'd by thoſe for whom he warr'd;
Victor alike, ſupported or betray'd,
And obſtinate in his oppreſſor's aid;
Pointing ſuperior from the heights he won,
To teach his raſh ſupplanters what to ſhun.
Diſclaiming vengeance, while ſecure of fame,
And griev'd, not angry, at his country's ſhame:
Fearleſs of flattery here, confeſs the great,
And ro wrong'd glory lend the muſe's weight.
To crowns and ſenates hold a daring light,
And, 'ſpite of M——'s, do a M—— right.
Should wit's high guardians e'er their charge neglect,
Nor watch her waning, nor her growth protect,
Cold and unmov'd ſee tragic warmth decay,
And epic ſplendour fade, unfelt, away;
While in their place low taſtes the land defame,
Jeſts without words, and laughter without ſhame!
Poets expell'd the ſtage, ſupremely theirs,
And the bays with'ring round the heads of play'rs;
Then ſhould the muſe indignant wake the throne,
And the whole thunder of her voice be ſhown.
O that all verſe would ſenſeleſs ſound expel,
And the big ſubject bid the numbers ſwell!
But, ah, far ſhort th' unſolid tinklers riſe,
Nor ſoar, but flutter, in the muſe's ſkies!
Shame on your jingling, ye ſoft ſons of rhyme!
Tuneful conſumers of your reader's time!
Fancy's light dwarfs! whoſe feather-footed ſtrains
Dance in wild windings through a waſte of brains!
Your's is the guilt of all, who, judging wrong,
Miſtake tun'd nonſenſe for the poet's ſong.
Provoking dulneſs! what a ſoul has he,
Who fancies rhyme and meaſure poetry!
He thinks profanely, that this gen'rous art
Stops at the ear, with power to ſhake the heart.
For twice nine cent'ries, why has partial fame,
O'er worthier Romans, ſwell'd th' Auguſtan name?
O'er Julius, nobler, and of mightier mind?
O'er ev'n Veſpaſian, darling of mankind?
What but the muſe this laſting diff'rence made?
Pleas'd poets lent the world's great lord their aid:
And from their grateful praiſe conſent firſt grew,
That he, who rais'd the arts, ſurpaſs'd them too.
Think, ye vain ſtateſmen! whoſe ſelf-pointed aims
Die with your duſt, nor ſave your bury'd names,
Think on the crowds of buſy cyphers loſt,
Who once, like you, their ſov'reign's ſmiles engroſs'd!
Cloudily buſtling fill'd a realm alone, [throne:
And, with ſtate curtains, ſcreen'd the darken'd
'Twixt crowd and ſubject, ſtood an envy'd wall,
Bought, built, clear'd, clouded, and decided all:
Yet, dead for ever, in dumb graves are laid,
And reſt, forgotten, with the noiſe they made.
No Richelieu's they—nor knew the poet's pow'r,
Nor, ſkill'd to plant, invok'd the genial ſhow'r:
Hence their dry names in happy haſte decay,
And ev'ry barren glory fades away.
In peace, ſuch themes demand the poet's fire,
Such ſubjects raiſe th' exalted art ſtill higher:
But, if provok'd too far, ſome wav'ring ſtate,
Puſh'd and inſulted in perplex'd debate,
Feels her ſlow patience bluſh—and, tir'd at length,
Weighs her mean wrongs againſt her mighty ſtrength;
If then wiſh'd war th' exerted genius warms,
And glowing verſe would rouſe a realm to arms,
Then the joint muſes animate the ſong,
And the whole godhead pours the ſound along:
Then the big notes in tun'd excitement roll,
Bid the blood boil, and wing the wafted ſoul:
Courage impatient burns in ev'ry breath;
And a taught brav'ry leaps the lines of death.
Theſe are the ſeaſons, O, ye muſe-inſpir'd!
When ſtates unwarlike may to war be fir'd;
Then pow'rful verſe ſhould long-loſt heroes raiſe,
And kindle glory at the catching blaze:
Arthur's great ghoſt unreſting and aſham'd,
That William's brav'ry ſaw the brave defam'd,
Shining, redeem'd in honour of our land,
Would ſmile to 'ſcape the knighted tort'rer's hand,
Then might our great third Edward's awful ſhade,
Hem'd with ris'n ſtandards dreadfully diſplay'd,
Pale from his tomb in epic ſtrides advance,
And ſhoot cold horror through the heart of France.
Wide o'er the reading world extend alarms,
And warn proud ſtates to ſhun Britannia's arms.
Or, ſince the muſes ſons in courts are known,
And pleas'd pay homage round a reigning throne,
Why are they ſlow to ſing the Saxon fame?
From whoſe long lineage ſov'reign Brunſwick came:
When their white courſer, by brave Hengiſt born,
Did firſt in Albion war's wav'd pomp adorn:
While German aids thy cliffs, O Britain, ſcal'd
To triumph, where ev'n Rome's great help had fail'd!
To ſave, and give forgetful England name;
To plant a race, that know not whence they came:
To lend us language to expreſs our fires,
In grateful railings at our German ſires.
Thus, O ye happy few! for glory born,
Whoſe ſtarry wreathes your country's fame adorn,
Waſte not, on vulgar themes, your breathing fire,
But tune, for gen'rous ends, your living lyre:
Teach the miſtaken world a juſter rate,
court your praiſes, and to dread your hate.

Then, when kind heav'n inſpires the vaſt ſublime,
And your verſe lives, and claims the ſtamp of time,
Hiſt'ry ſhall die, and ſcarce preſerve a name;
While poets flouriſh in immortal fame
How have endanger'd balancers of ſtate
Liv'd in light ign'rance of the muſe's weight?
How might a guided ſtage men's wills prepare,
To brook tame peace, or wiſh reluctant war!
How might the ſubtle ſcene our paſſions wind!
And the watch'd arms of young ſedition bind!
How timely might this pow'rful art perſuade!
How make light lovelier, and illumine ſhade!
Eaſe ſtateſmen's labours, animate their aims,
Adorn their actions, and embalm their names.
Should W——'s ſelf, unconſcious of the muſe,
Provoke her vengeance, or her rev'rence loſe,
In vain were votes! ſhe could his pow'r defy,
And bid his blacken'd mem'ry never die:
Shade his beſt virtues, widen each miſtake,
And his hop'd fame from unborn ages take.
Or ſhe could force unwilling praiſe to climb,
And float him, topmoſt, on the tide of time;
Bid millions bleſs him ages after death,
And give new life in a charm'd people's breath:
When no ſkill'd antiquary finds his buſt,
And his proud buildings ſhall be loſt in duſt.
Pardon, ye living lights! where'er you ſhine,
Ye bleſt elect! ye prophets of the nine!
Pardon that I, whom fainter flames inſpire,
Have thus preſum'd to point your heav'nly fire:
To make the great more great, requires your ſkill;
I want the pow'r, nor ev'n poſſeſs the will.
While to myſelf I live obſcurely bleſs'd,
Look round the buſy world, and hug my reſt;
Plac'd below greatneſs, and above diſtreſs,
I pity pow'r, and hold faſt happineſs;
Purſue no int'reſt, no mean proſpect raiſe,
Reject no cenſure, and invite no praiſe.

THE IMPARTIAL.

Are theſe the marks then of our promis'd ſhame?
Or did detraction ſteal the patriot's name?
Weak if we were, how roſe we now ſo ſtrong?
Or whence, if pow'rful, were we ſcorn'd ſo long?
Burn, ſooty ſlander, burn thy blotted ſcroll:
Greatneſs is greatneſs, 'ſpite of faction's ſoul.
I gaze, aſtoniſh'd kingdom, o'er thy face,
And each weigh'd wonder to its fountain trace.
Glory flows in where infamy was ſpread:
And long loſt triumph lifts her tow'ring head.
Warm o'er the icy north thy influent awe
Bids hoſtile leagues diſſolve in friendly thaw.
Up Rhine's ſtrong ſtream Britannic thunders wind,
And Alpine mountains ſhake, and ſtates, behind.
Auſtria's plum'd eagle beak'd, and wing'd once more,
Sees baffled Bourbon driv'n from ſhore to ſhore.
Sea-ſhook Auſonia red with warring hoſts,
Starts from her Adrian to her Tyrrhene coaſts.
Ev'n Rome's imperious mitre learns to bow,
And Spain's Thaleſtris is but woman now! [fear:
Whence this amazing change?—'twas late all
No warring god invok'd, inclin'd his ear.
Tyrants combin'd, found freedom's rights betray'd:
Faith faſt expiring, ſaw the falſe invade,
Commerce cajol'd, reluctance brib'd, rage tame:
Ev'n empire trod on—yet uncouch'd by ſhame!
Then was the criſis; then fate's hand appear'd?
Then might the world be deaf, for Britain heard.
Wave-worſhipp'd Britain! one to all oppos'd!
By friends deſerted, and by foes incloſ'd;
Fills the world's eye—diſpels the doubter's care;
Bids the bold tremble, and the backward dare:
High to the nations points their guardian's throne,
And acts, and arbitrates, and ſhines alone.
And have ſuch fires inflam'd a patient reign?
Immortal heav'n! and muſt we ſtill complain?
Still muſt we rail, and blacken, and ſuſpect?
At once curb vigilance and goad neglect?
Deep let my ſoul deteſt th' adheſive pride,
That changing ſentiment unchanges ſide:
True to contempt of truth repents within,
Yet ſcreens conviction, and ſtrains hard to ſin.
Shame on this craft to ſcare!—this toil to ſeem!
O heart indignant, fly th' unmanly ſcheme!
Bluſh for thy paſt injuſtice—ſhrink no more;
But wake, and wonder, thou wert dark before!
Learn from whoſe hand th' unlook'd-for effluence came;
And, in the teeth of inſult, ſound his name.
What though ſome friend thou lov'ſt had narrower ſight?
Truth knows no parties, and involves like light.
Shadows and names fright cowards—but the ſtrong
Ne'er call that lightneſs, which is ſcorn of wrong.
Dare to be juſt, 'tis all that brav'ry means;
He ſtoops too baſely, who to flatt'ry leans:
But whom pale prejudice has taught his part,
Born for a ſlave, wears fetters on his heart;
Sees undiſcerning; feels without his touch;
Judges too little, and decides too much.
Poets have nobler ſouls: fame's paths they ſhow;
They glow themſelves, and teach the world to glow.
Satire's whole pow'r their own—yet praiſe they chooſe,
Ev'n of unconſcious kings, who ſlight the muſe.
Proud of neglected force, each heav'n touch'd mind
Open to reaſon is, to int'reſt blind.
Self, all unthought of, can for others think;
Swim till the ſtate rides ſafe, then ſmile, and ſink.
Lift ev'n the worth that hates him—love is ſhown;
And, for his country's joys, exclude his own;
This is to think like muſes, act like man:
This princes ought to feel—and poets can.
Ye, once miſguided! is retraction vain?
Truſt the brave injur'd; nor perſiſt to ſtain.
Why ſhould ſuſpicion penitence outlive?
None doubt forgiveneſs, but who ne'er forgive.
Heav'n has been wrong'd, yet ſtill goes on to bleſs;
For ſins of blindneſs err beneath diſtreſs.
So wrong'd, ſo pard'ning, Cart'ret heeds no foe;
But ſaves—unangry at the rage below.
Oft with theſe ſhackly quoils of twin'd intrigue,
Theſe nets for liberty, theſe links of league.
Trite, venal cant! which envy's arts can teach,
To cenſure ev'ry pow'r we fail to reach.
No gen'rous heart, miſdrawn to devious beat,
When truth's new luſtre ſhines, diſclaims its heat.
Charm'd and ſurpris'd, I hug my country's fame;
Compar'd, O heav'n! with years of length'ning ſhame.

Ye ſons, who love her, weigh the threat'ning ſwell
Of Spain, France, faction, calumny, and hell!
Weigh with what ſpeed, repell'd from mound to mound.
Subſiding danger fought her bidden bound!
Hail the white cliffs of Albion held ſerene,
While round her redd'ning rolls the bloody ſcene,
I hail it all;---and hail th' acknowledg'd cauſe;
Hail the mind's reach, that gives earth's uproar laws!
Safe mid ſurrounding menace, guards mankind;
Guides ev'ry council, buſies ev'ry wind, [main,
Shakes the world's ſhakers, hears for land and
And binds fell tyrants, while they bite their chain.
Ye muſe-made Mentors! rais'd on fancy's wings,
To think for heroes, and to reign for kings;
When cou'd your ſons of time's feign'd births do more?
For ne'er true ſtory reach'd theſe heights before.
Fav'rites have oft, in many a troubled ſtate,
Poiz'd the king's love againſt the people's hate;
Oft the firm leader, in ſome patriot ſcheme,
Has, with bold ſteerage, ſtemm'd the royal ſtream:
And ſometimes too---yet rare, too rare, that praiſe!
The ſafe at home, abroad, have gather'd bays;
But none, till Cart'ret roſe, e'er hop'd to ſee
One maſt'ring genius graſp th' unwilling three!
Prince half confiding---people all unjuſt---
Abroad all diſcord, and at home diſtruſt---
Propp'd on himſelf, like the world's weight he lay,
And through contention's impulſe ſhap'd his way;
Heard the claſh'd elements, deſpis'd their brawl,
Roll'd on ſelf-centred---and inorb'd 'em all.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

If on the tow'ring Alps' amazing height,
Whoſe cliffy tops our climbling eyes affright,
And with chill horror ſtrike the ſtartled ſight;
If there, Celinda, thou had'ſt chanc'd to be
The piny product of ſome teeming tree;
Taſteleſs of human pity might'ſt thou grow,
And forc'd to bend, when ruffling tempeſts blow,
Nod angry at the plains that ſpread below.
Ev'n pines and oaks can bend to ſtones, and be
More flexible, than thy ſtrong hate to me!
The greedy ocean, whoſe inſatiate waves
Flow to devour; whoſe ſmootheſt ſmiles are graves;
Of all its monſtrous forms, has none ſo cold,
Nor does one rock, in its vaſt boſom, hold,
That, had it ſenſe, ſuch cruelty would ſhow,
To triumph in the ſhipwreck'd ſailor's woe:
Nothing in nature does ſo fix'd remain,
But love's ſoft fire can gradual entrance gain,
And all but thee, once lov'd, will love again.

THE STATESMAN.

See'ſt thou yon mountain, ſo immenſely high,
Around whoſe ſky-crown'd head raw tempeſts fly!
How low'ring darkly o'er the ſhadow'd plain,
It hangs the genuine ſeat of horror's reign!
Its craggy ſides hold thin a ſterile ſoil,
Which, promiſing no harveſt, tempts no toil!
No grazing cattle crop ſubſiſtence there,
Nor flow'r-fed breezes feaſt the hungry air!
No ſoft meand'ring current glides along,
To court the meadows with its murm'ring ſong;
No lofty ſpires a wand'ring glance invite,
Nor wind-ſhook woods arreſt the raviſh'd ſight!
All rough and wild, it rears its rocky head,
Severely awful, and unlovely ſpread:
From its cold top, ſoil-ſweeping torrents flow,
Form'd by unfruitful floods of native ſnow!
Sorrow ſits brooding on its furrow'd face,
And deſolation covers all the place. [ſtate?
See'ſt thou all this, fond youth! ſo charm'd with
Such is the envy'd bliſs that gilds the great.
Such are the barren honours they enjoy;
For ſuch diſtinction, they their cares employ.
They move our pity, while they tempt our ſight;
High above all indeed, but fruitleſs in their height.

SOLITUDE.

Welcome cool breeze, to fan my glowing mind,
Cinder'd with feveriſh cares and conſtant woe!
Welcome ſoft bliſs, by gracious heav'n deſign'd,
The out-worn paths of ancient peace to ſhow,
The road which wiſdom loves to go,
And teach aſpiring man true happineſs to know.
In thy ſweet ſhades uninterrupted reigns,
Free from care-toil'd nature's ſtrains,
The downy god of eaſe!
In the innocent and life-bliſs'd ſwains,
Unſway'd, by low deſire of worldly gains,
Their uncorrupted ſenſes juſtly pleaſe,
Nor know the penetrating curſe of pains,
But travel ſmoothly up to death, by mild and ſlow degrees.

On thy calm coaſts no whirlwind doubts we find,
No terrifying blaſts to break ſoft ſleep,
No ſelf-rais'd tempeſts ſhake man's hurry'd mind,
For queſtion'd riches which the wild winds ſweep,
Along the furrow'd boſom of the deep;
And which, ev'n e'er we gain, we fear to loſe.
No watchful guards in thee we need to keep,
But reſt in peaceful ſlumbers duly find,
Nor feel the killing cares, which great men madly chooſe.

Smoothly revolving years,
Unloaded with a needleſs weight of fears,
Slide unperceiv'd and ſteadily away;
Safe in the humble ſhelter of content,
Our apprehenſion, eaſy and unbent,
Sometimes but ſeldom looks abroad to know,
How things about us go.
Sometimes we upward deign to caſt our eye,
And view, with curious ſcorn, the gath'ring clouds,
Which warring princes, plac'd for miſchief high,
Supinely ſit and bid againſt each other fly:
From coverts, where our choice our fortune ſhrouds.
We ſee all this, and hear the noiſe it makes;
As one well hous'd, ſees the blue light'ning fly,
And hears the rolling thunder ſhake the ſky;

While he, regardleſs where the tempeſt breaks,
Without the danger, the delight partakes;
Thus, while on earth, our bodies happy ſtay,
While here our joy-fin'd moments ſwim away.
Our elevated minds, above the ſpheres,
Forget their weak-built tenement of clay;
And by the trying fire of reaſon, grow
So pure, ſo free, from thought-diſord'ring ſin,
That when from life on their laſt call they go,
In large expanſe of ſoul, they upwards flow,
And rather mix with heav'n, than dwell therein.

ON MR. COWLEY'S INTRODUCING PINDARIC VERSE.

Sacred ſoul, harmonious ſwan!
Whoſe ſweeteſt notes long before death began;
And the long tuneful race unwearied ran,
Long before death began the ſong; and ſtill the
ſong improv'd, [mov'd!
And ſtill new ſtrings, and ſtill new pleaſure
How, mighty muſe! didſt thou, and thou alone,
(For the gigantic taſk was all thy own)
Find means to draw ſuch unexhauſted ſtore,
From ſprings which were ſo poor?
From fountains chok'd with blood, and made by
duſt impure.
How, 'midſt an iron age,
The dreadful and the over-acted ſtage,
Of undiſtinguiſh'd ſcenes of rage,
Where ſtriving merit, ſtruck by mis'ry, fell:
And all that learning then could teach, was how
to ſuffer well.
How, in this toilſome age,
Did'ſt thou, immortal man! when arts were over-
thrown,
When all the muſes garden was o'ergrown,
And whole Parnaſſus tumbled down,
Stand on its ruins, and erect a new one of thy own.

Yet, as within the all-enlight'ning ſun,
Some ſpots our glaſſes find, amidſt the blaze;
Too ſmall, tho' viſible, to look on long,
Becauſe encircled with eye-dazzling rays;
So thou, great king of fancy! led aſtray
By thy high melted muſe, uncurb'd and gay,
And prancing proudly on, in wit's unmeaſur'd
way!
Haſt err'd in judgment, where thou did'ſt deſign
Thy judgment moſt ſhould ſhine! [vine.
But all that's human in thy verſe, is loſt in the di-
Immortal man! thou doſt too raſhly blame
The waſteful ſpirit of thy gloomy times,
Ev'n of that age of crimes,
Which gave the fate of ſuff'ring Charles to fame!
Short-ſighted man, ſcarce ever aiming right,
Though eagle-ey'd, in mortal ſight,
Oft thus miſtakes, for chance, heav'n's well-re-
ſolv'd decree,
And does againſt it fight!
That which lights to ſhadows are,
Or peace to war;
Such was that age to thee!
Such contraries Almighty wiſdom finds,
And ſtamps on human minds;
That virtue's viſage, made thereby more bright,
May, when ſet oppoſite to ſin's black night,
To ſtrike all eyes that ſhall her luſtre ſee,
Shine out with double force, and doubly charm-
ing be.
So fell the royal martyr, to convince
The wond'ring ages ſince,
How bleſt their fathers were, in ſuch a prince;
Oh, wond'rous myſtic, undiſcover'd maze!
What man can ſearch his God's untrodden ways?
Hence our ſlow learners late are taught, loſt worth
to idolize!
And hence our long poſterity ſhall know,
(What heav'n thence meant to ſhow)
How many curſes three torn nations owe
To zeal's hot ſons, who really had no eyes,
And pride, who ſaw truth plain, and ſeeing durſt
deſpiſe.
So, too immortal ſubject of my muſe,
The fav'rite theme ſhe loves to chooſe!
So, too, the fable ignorance of that age,
Like foils, which luſtre can to diamonds give,
Inſpir'd thy ſacred muſe with that juſt rage,
Which greatly handing up to fame,
Thine and thy ſov'reign's reſcu'd name,
Shall ev'n thy Pindar's praiſe, but in thy works,
outlive.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA.

Tranſlated from Craſhaw.

When Chriſt, at Cana's feaſt, by pow'r divine,
Inſpir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cry'd they, while in redd'ning tide it guſh'd,
The baſhful ſtream hath ſeen its God and bluſh'd.

ARRIA AND PÆTUS, FROM MARTIAL.

When, from her breaſt, chaſte Arria dragg'd the
ſword,
And faintly reach'd it her expecting lord;
My wound, ſaid ſhe, but waſtes unvalu'd breath,
'Tis thine, dear Pætus, gives the ſting to death.

ON THE DEATH OF

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

Since ſhe by whom her people all live bleſt,
To ſorrow's reign, has giv'n her ruling breaſt,
Grief ſhould be loudly heard as well as ſeen,
To noiſe his death, and mourn our widow'd queen,
The friends of Anna muſt not ſilent weep;
Of ſtreams, 'tis ſaid, the gentleſt are moſt deep!
But grief is paſſion; and where paſſion reigns,
Nature ſcorns decency, and breaks her chains:
Like ſome fierce wind-driv'n ſhow'r true grief
appears;
'Tis but a breeze that is allay'd by tears,
She does, indeed, with ſighs and tears complain,
Like ſpring-born zephyrs, mix'd with ſprinkling
rain! [ſpread,
But we, the cloud with thunder charg'd, ſhould
And gen'ral woe ſpeak big, to ſuit the virtue dead.
Great as his mercy ſhould our pity be:
Ah! who unmov'd, can yon fair ſorrow ſee?
The royal Dane that treaſure long poſſeſt,
Dear to her ſoul, and faithful to her breaſt!

Free from ambition, innocently great,
'Twixt faction's shoals he piloted the state!
And temp'ring pow'r, though lord of sov'reign sway,
Shone bright, yet scorch'd not like the sun in May.

THE DISCOVERY.

This comes to let Liberia know,
That beauty is so much heav'n's care,
That all fine women say or do,
Is mark'd and treasur'd in the air.

Hence I, a stranger to your sight,
Whose hand perhaps you do not know,
Learn all you do by day or night,
As by these presents I shall show.

Your memory cannot but retain
Some hint of little Pope's bold muse,
Who, made by lady's secrets vain,
Did once a tell-tale subject choose.

Have you not read him where he prates,
Of Arabella's ravish'd hair;
And stories of those sylphs relates,
Whose sweet task is to guard the fair.

I am that happy sylph assign'd,
To screen Liberia's breast from harms;
To flutter round her in the wind,
And feast my fancy with her charms.

Have you always in my view:
And, t'other day employ'd my wit,
With nameless lines to puzzle you,
On the grief-wither'd sun-flow'r, writ.

I, at that time, in ambush plac'd,
Snug, under Mopsy's left ear lay,
And laugh'd to hear how wrong you guess'd,
Who thought they came another way.

'Twas I, your faithful sylph, 'twas I,
That, ever studious of your ease,
My skill in verse, resolv'd to try,
In verse which most the fair can please.

Perhaps, 'twill startle you to hear,
How I your actions hourly watch;
That though you see me not, I'm near;
And fly each straggling sigh to catch!

Sometimes in this shape, sometimes that,
My various duties I perform;
Sometimes astride your rambling cat,
I hide in fur, and shade my form.

But, when your stroking hand I feel,
From the soft back I leap with joy;
My fairy fabric still conceal,
But Puss's active paws employ,
And sportful, with your milky fingers toy.

Oft as you sit to sip your tea,
In a fly's shape, your charms to search,
Seeking some place, where, best to see,
I, on the lumps of sugar perch,

There, while one day divinely pleas'd,
I gaz'd in raptures on your face,
Your sugar tongs the Captain seiz'd,
And me between two lumps he squeez'd,
Half dead upon the place.

But I was even with him soon,
For catching him all gay,
At the Park door one afternoon,
With hands too full of play:
I took the figure of a gnat,
And, midst his am'rous strains,
Whisk'd from your bosom where I sat,
And stung his fingers for his pains.

But, oh! I tremble to relate,
How, by your smile-blest looks, bewitch'd,
I lately 'scap'd a far worse fate;
While you, with red and yellow mix'd,
At work, on yonder threshold fix'd,
Your silky mazes stitch'd.

There I again, a luckless fly,
Not dreaming any danger near,
Lay basking in your sunny eye,
My little aching heart to cheer.

When, on a sudden, through and through,
Your piercing needle careless pass'd,
And the dragg'd silk, swift-following, too,
Bound down my tiny body fast.

There, had I stay'd, transfix'd till now,
Nor miss'd, nor mourn'd, perhaps by you!
But that the stitch, the Lord knows how,
You lik'd not, and, thank heav'n, withdrew.

When once with you your sister Celia stood,
Celia! that sweet and lovely maid! [rude,
Two thoughtless bold park-wond'ring fops were
And you two charmers both afraid,
Rush'd in, and fled dismay'd,

I, then, fair charge! unknown to you,
By love, and vow'd revenge, inspir'd,
Did, like a wasp, the fools pursue,
And slily down their throats retir'd.

Then to their tongue's presumptuous root I flee,
And both with tingling venom fir'd;
Now learn, said I, when next you see
You tempting pair adorn their gate,
How sacred modest loveliness should be,
And what the insolent profaner's fate!

Thus, all day long, is Seraphil
Liberia's wakeful sylph employ'd;
So rich a charge claims ten-fold skill,
And care, so charm'd, can ne'er be cloy'd.

But, when at night the happy bed
Receives her snowy limbs to rest,
I sleep's soft mist about her spread;
Then stretch me, blissful, on her breast.

There, till the full grown morning smiles,
In downy heavings, lost, I lie,
Or wander o'er these charms 'twixt whiles,
For which a thousand lovers die.

At last, unwillingly I rise,
And seizing fast her rubied lip,
In a sharp-biting flea's disguise,
I, from her breath the nectar sip.

And then, Liberia ſtarting cries,
Deuce take this ugly ſharp-mouth'd flea!
But, now I'm wak'd, I think I'll riſe:
So dreſſes—and ne'er dreams of me!

Thus have I honeſtly at laſt confeſs'd,
What ſort of little ſcribbling thing I be;
Leſt, growing curious, you might wrong have gueſs'd,
And thought ſome other ſent what came from me.

TO LIBERIA,

WITH A SQUIRREL.

These, my laſt lines, I write with bleeding heart,
For, oh! Liberia and her ſylph muſt part!
I muſt no more engroſs that envy'd care,
Which angels now in crowds have begg'd to ſhare.
Now, I no more muſt flutter in your ſight,
And, from your eye-beams, gild my wings with light:
No more in fields of air when ſylphs rejoice,
Dance to the ſoft tun'd muſic of your voice!
Liſten no more while in the Mall you walk,
What the admiring crowds that meet you talk.
On your right ſhoulder's tip no more ſhall blaze,
Bright with the flaſh of eyes, which paſſing gaze!
And when ſometimes you're ſad, no more ſhall I
See myſelf weep, by peeping in your eye!
Theſe comforts paſt, and mention'd now in vain,
Serve but to make remembrance ache with pain!
Little, alas! I thought, when laſt I writ,
That I, ſo ſoon my boaſted charge muſt quit!
But our great king, whom all we ſylphs obey,
Wretch that I am! commanded me away:
Far off, to eaſtern ſhores I was to go;
Where the proud Turk keeps love, and woman low:
Where full twelve hundred rival beauties ſtrive,
To keep one lover's lazy flame alive:
Where female charms are taught the humble ſkill,
To court the fancy, and not bow the will:
To this new poſt preferred, I was to fly;
And paſt before the haughty ſultan's eye;
There, in his glitt'ring palace, gay with ſtate,
On his new fav'rite ſultaneſs to wait:
But, ah, Liberia! by thy ſweetneſs won,
Thy doating ſylph was doom'd to be undone;
Theſe proffer'd honours had no charm for me
I cou'd not taſte a joy, remote from thee!
Thou art my pride, and, where thou art not ſeen,
Sorrow would catch me, though I ſerv'd a queen!
This, when I told our prince, he never weigh'd
My grief's juſt cauſe, but thought I diſobey'd,
Swift he o'ertook me, with an angry vow,
And chang'd me to the ſhape I come in now.
Scarce had I time to write my wretched fate,
And begg'd a friend to bring me to your gate;
Helpleſs and dumb, ah! whither ſhould I go,
But to her breaſt, whoſe pitying ſoul I know?
She who to Puſs and Mopſy kind can be,
Will ſure, thought I, have ſome concern for me.
Weak though I am, ſome gratitude is due;
I claim your care, for my paſt care of you.
Elſewhere I will not my new wants ſupply,
And when you ſtarve me 'twill be time to die.
I may hereafter ſome ſmall ſervice do,
For yet my body's weak and form but new.
If you ſhall pleaſe to help me through my youth,
And with milk-ſoften'd biſket ſave my tooth;
Grateful when I grow up, I'll keep your's ſtrong,
And crack nuts for you, all the glad day long;
If kindly, you ſhall bleſs me with your care,
And ſhield me from the pinching wint'ry air,
Cloſe round your neck, like ſome warm tippet roll'd,
In froſty nights, I'll guard you from the cold;
And while in your ſoft hand you let me play,
I'll growl the Captain's rivals all away.
Refuſe not then, though chang'd, to keep me ſtill,
And oh! remember, Pug was Seraphil.

To my dear and ever honoured Mother, in anſwer to ſome Verſes which ſhe ſent me about Spirits, from Malmſbury Abbey.

Madam, your lovely muſe's late employ
Was read with wonder, and a pride-mix'd joy:
Fortune, in vain, her batt'ring engines bends,
'Gainſt ſouls, which ſuch a wit-rais'd ſtrength defends!
Secure within, you outward ſtorms defy,
And look ſerenely on a ruffled ſky:
So Philomel, by night, diſdaining reſt,
Sings o'er the pointed thorn which galls her breaſt.
The buſy ghoſts your fancy ſeems to hear,
Have no deſign to fright your liſt'ning ear:
Nor ſprings their reſtleſſneſs, from Rome's old pride,
Nor vain regret, that ſo long ſince they dy'd;
A purer race theſe buſtling ſpirits are,
And a more noble aim inſpires their care!
Some beauteous band of nuns they ſeem to be:
Stript to the naked ſoul, and ſo ſet free.
Through death's dark ſhade your ſhining form they ſpy,
And trace your virtues, with a raviſh'd eye!
Hence ev'ry night allur'd by freſh deſire,
They preſs to view the charms they ſo admire.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN DAMON AND PHILEMON,

Concerning the Preference of a Town Life to a Country Life.

Philemon.

Why does not Damon, unaſpiring ſwain!
Chooſe rather not to live, than live in vain?
From bright examples thy ambition fire,
Let others honours whet thy dull deſire;
Let ruſtic ſports engage the lab'ring hind,
And cultivated acres plough his mind;
Let him to unfrequented woods repair,
And ſnuff, unenvy'd, his lean mountain air;
'Till death, unfought, o'ertakes his heavy pace,
And unſam'd duſt conſumes his mould'ring race!
Do thou to warmer joys thy wiſhes raiſe,
And taſte the pleaſure of deſerving praiſe!
If ſparkling genius does thy fancy fill,
In muſe-led ſtages, try thy journeying ſkill;

Or, if thy soul more roughly is possest,
And struggling valour swells thy glowing breast;
To war's red toils let glory call thee hence,
And draw thy untry'd sword, in Britain's just defence.

Damon.

And why, Philemon, to the vicious town,
Not that way lies the road to just renown;
No virtue prospers in that barren soil,
That nursery of unregarded toil:
There fools, and knaves, by purchas'd favour rise,
And shine beyond the valiant and the wise.
Shall hope allure me to the wretched state,
Of cringing at the levees of the great;
With servile awe to court a stately nod,
And treat some glorious folly like a god?
No! sooner I'll the clown's free labour's share,
And with their brutes a nobler burden bear!
The wars, I must allow, a gen'rous thought,
A glory by fame-thirsty spirits sought;
Who scorch'd within, by hot ambition's flood,
Quench passion's fever in a lake of blood!
'Tis great to see 'em march through cannon's roar,
While sweat-wash'd wounds all-gild their faces o'er:
To brave the northern blasts, and with swoln veins,
Bear scorchings when the sultry dog-star reigns.
But will your unnerv'd youth encounter these?
Ah no! effeminate they rust in ease!
And should our sinewy hinds forsake the field,
France will stand high when Britain learns to yield.

Philemon.

Can Damon whose bright genius strongly shines,
Through the soft beauties of his tuneful lines;
Can he defend, or muses bless the strife,
Th' unglorious preference of a country life?
'Tis not alone for honour or renown,
The seat of wit and pleasure is the town:
To her, ungrateful, all those darts you owe,
Which, now, against her battlements you throw.
For sure, no rural dictates could inspire,
The rapt'rous energy of Damon's fire!
The cot-bred soul with ignorance content,
Is meanly miserable by consent:
Proud in his native sloth he scorns to think,
And has no end in life, but meat and drink;
While the brave learn'd, whose knowledge bids him try,
The mystic gulf of deep philosophy,
Wades 'cross the narrow bounds to reason giv'n,
Spurns back the measur'd earth, and fathoms heav'n!
Had glory's props in ages long since past,
In the rough mould of country life been cast;
A blind stupidity the world had sway'd,
And mother ignorance been still obey'd:
No deathless wit had crown'd the Grecian stage,
Nor skill-mix'd courage grac'd the Julian age!
No sun of thought had shin'd, with glorious beams,
No seas of knowledge spread their silver streams;
Then Damon come, to courtly pleasures fly,
Nor thus th' attractive charms of wealth and pow'r deny.

Damon.

Oh! would this tuneful youth whose numbers flow,
Soft as the love-inspiring zephyrs blow;
Sweet as maids look, when first they own their loves,
Smooth as the down which feathers Venus' doves.
Sweet as the dulcid streams, from Hybla run,
Or as the bloom, displaying to the sun!
Oh would he to our sylvan shades repair,
To taste our wholesome, our inspiring air!
Would he but leave that fable-clouded soil,
On which Aurora never seems to smile;
What bright, what glorious images would rise,
From all his thoughts to emulate the skies!
For if such charms, there, in his numbers shine,
Here, they would prove ecstatic and divine.
But why is Damon so ungrateful thought;
As if the town his humble sashes taught!
What muse could e'er endure your smoke and noise;
Your night alarms and your tumultuous joys?
No 'tis the murm'ring brook, the shad'wy grove,
And flow'r-dress'd valley, that invite their love!
Then haste, Philemon, to our blissful state,
And learn to live, before it grows too late.

Philemon.

If truth, dear swain! with freedom might advise,
Thou may'st be happy, for I know thee wise;
Quit for a trial once, this meagre air,
And all impartial to thy friend repair.
Then wilt thou ever fix'd with me remain,
And envious rustics tempt thee back in vain.
Thus some raw youth, on a domestic shore,
With terror hears th' encircling surges roar;
Trembling, he sees the threat'ning tempest roll,
And ev'ry rising billow lifts his soul:
But when a riper age has call'd him o'er,
To try the pleasures of some foreign shore,
Sad he returns, nor will at home remain,
But pants to taste abandon'd joys again.
Your muse, in vain, of boasted prospect sings;
Your flow'ry meadows, and your murm'ring springs:
Poor short-liv'd scenes of shadow-skimming joy,
Whose pride a change of season can destroy!
The rising floods your valleys over-flow,
And winter spreads your hills, with sheets of snow:
Autumnal winds strip bare your gawdy trees,
And cold December nights your purling currents freeze.
But we, more happy, constant blessings share,
Nor hang our comforts in the changeful air:
Our diff'ring seasons have their different sport,
The park, the play, the tavern, and the court!
Our rolling hours can sweetly wear away,
The utmost moments of the longest day:
When tir'd with business, we would care decline,
We drown the weight of thought in gen'rous wine:
By that made sprightly, to the park repair,
And eloquently silent, court the fair:
Thence, to the theatre, inspir'd we move,
And feast at once, on mingled wit and love!
These and a thousand nameless new delights,
Make our days fruitful, and enrich our nights;

While you, 'midſt few repeated paſtimes live,
Nor ever taſte the joy which changing pleaſures give.

Damon.

'Tis true, Philemon, our autumnal ſtorms
Diſrobe our trees, and ſtrip their quiv'ring forms:
'Tis true, our liveliеſt beauties are but ſhort,
Short as the joys which recommend your court:
But theſe new charms, in following ſprings obtain,
While thoſe, once ſet, ſhall never riſe again,
In vain your plays allure; all there, that's fine,
Does faintly to our artleſs beauties ſhine.
Their ſcenes as groſsly imitate our groves,
As their lewd actors our ſoft paſt'ral loves.
Frequent their comedies to pleaſe the town,
Deſcend to borrow, hence, ſome wit-grac'd clown.
The park, their folly's larger ſtage charms leſs;
An ill-mix'd ſcene of noiſe, grimace, and dreſs!
'The court, 'tis true, ſhines out with tempting ſtate;
For ruin, angling there, to catch the great,
Hides the hook, wiſely, with attractive bait!
The joy which wine can give, like ſmoky fires,
Obſcure their ſight whoſe fancy it inſpires.
Thus, like old Sodom's fruit, that ſeat of ſin,
Your pleaſures, fair without, are worms and duſt within.

Philemon.

Aſſiſt me, ſacred ſiſters! aid my voice,
And guide loſt Damon to a nobler choice!
The crowds of ruſtics, who to town repair,
And quit, for vulgar hopes, their native air,
Are groſs-form'd vapours heavily exhal'd,
Where profit's ſunny influence has prevail'd;
But thoſe alone, my friend, are beams for me
Which draw ſuch limpid innocence as thee!
What pleaſures reap you from the unprun'd field,
Which cities cannot more completely yield?
If, to ſome peace-bleſt cot we would retire,
An hour's ſhort journey crowns the ſoft deſire:
There, ſtrait we taſte the ſweets ſo prais'd by you,
And then return to thoſe you never knew!
Ev'n heav'n approves not ſolitude, elſe why
Did his great will direct ſociety?
Why did the ancients elſe to towns repair,
And quit, for houſes, tents and open air?
Would the great Hebrew favourite of Heav'n,
To whom both pow'r and wiſdom's charms were giv'n,
Would he on Sion's hills have fix'd his ſeat,
Had rural pleaſures been, in truth, moſt ſweet?

Damon.

While here the roſy-fronted morning's light
Shines o'er the hills, and charms the diſtant ſight;
While heav'n's gay choriſters in clouds ariſe,
And, with harmonious warblings, ſhake the ſkies;
While we our mirth with moderation crown,
And ſhun th' exceſſes of the dangerous town.
Why would Philemon, unadviſ'd, obtrude
On us the unfelt woes of ſolitude?
What though the Hebrew, whom you well call great,
Made Sion, for her temple's ſake, his ſeat?
What knowledge did his city life impart?
But that 'twas empty all, and vanity of heart!

Cowley, that ſhining bard, had try'd and known
The whole heap'd pleaſure of your boaſted town;
And, finding all its beauties falſe and baſe,
Retir'd, and ever after loath'd the place.
Great Dioclеſian, when he reach'd the height
Of human glory, ſhook off cumb'rous ſtate,
Wak'd into man, and ſhun'd th' alluring bait.
To rural peace, his ſearch he next addreſs'd,
And there his crown deſpiſing choice was bleſt.

Philemon.

Immortal Cowley's tuneful verſe I own,
Spoke pow'rful arguments againſt the town;
So Æſop's fox in vain exerts his pow'r,
And then, like Cowley, cries—the grapes are ſow'r.
Had court indulgence ſmil'd as he deſir'd,
He never had to rural ſhades retir'd.
Your Dioclеſian, from plebeian birth,
Rais'd to the rule of a dependant earth,
Stagger'd, with giddy ſteps, beneath the weight,
And, trembling at his danger, caſt his ſtate:
But, if examples can thy genius fire,
And move the ruſty ſprings of dead deſire;
Behold great Plato, whoſe acknowledg'd fame
Has, from his worth, immortaliz'd his name:
Big with town hopes to Dionyſius fly,
And to ambition tune philoſophy.
Far-fam'd Charibdis threaten'd him in vain,
Nor Scylla's terrors fright him back again.
Sicilian grandeur, like the golden fleece,
Drew all the men of excellence from Greece;
Pythagoras to town invites his friends,
And Socrates our city life defends.
But, leſt you ſhould the pow'r of truth deny,
And, in a cauſe ſo bad, unmov'd reply;
Know, though aſſembled nature's ſweets combin'd,
And art the country's honour had deſign'd,
Their joint endeavours would allure in vain,
While heav'n-fought Anna does with us remain:
For as thoſe parts where Phœbus fulleſt ſhines,
Though rough and wild, are ſtor'd with ſilver mines,
Whoſe wealth, attractive, draws from lovelier lands
Advent'rous thouſands to thoſe barren ſtrands:
So, though the city no delights poſſeſt,
Did Anna chooſe it for a place of reſt,
Millions would hurry thither and be bleſt.

Damon.

Farewell, ye once belov'd, retir'd abodes!
Ye murm'ring ſprings! and unfrequented woods!
Farewell, ye winged choirs that warble there,
And fill with melody the fluid air!
Ye ſoft amuſements which indulge and pleaſe,
And life's bent ſprings relax with bliſsful eaſe!
Farewell, ye rural ſports, the eager chaſe,
The mountain falcon, and the nimble race!
Philemon calls, the charming ſwain invites,
And wakes my drowſy ſoul to new delights.
Impregnated with fire, from his bright lines
My mind unfreezes, and my boſom ſhines.
We not to all our country pleaſures owe
Such ſoft delights as in thy numbers flow.
Leſs bright the roſy bluſhes of the morn
Than thoſe ideas which thy thoughts adorn.
Not tuneful Philomel, ſo muſical,
Nor murm'ring ſprings, with ſweeter accents, fall!

The god of oracles inſpires thy ſongs,
And all is truth which to that god belongs.
Let others then th' unequal ſtrife maintain,
And, with Philemon's muſe contend in vain:
I yield; and in his conqueſt take more pride,
Than if I'd conquer'd all the ſwains beſide.
Farewell, ye once belov'd, retir'd abodes,
I'll to Auguſta now, the darling of the gods!

Philemon.

Welcome, dear Damon! in a high degree;
Welcome, ſweet ſwain! to London and to me.
To love the late ſhun'd field I now begin,
For, yielding thus, you more than conqueſt win.
Such tender warmth in thy ſoft ſoul I ſee,
That I could dwell in woods, to dwell with thee.
Secure of thee, I may with eaſe defy
Th' attempt of any future enemy.
Abandon'd nymphs will now forſake the plains,
And dew-drench'd valleys weep departed ſwains:
Envy ſhall leave the loneſome cottage free,
For wit and virtue both muſt follow thee.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN DAMON AND PHILEMON.

Concerning the preference of Riches to Poverty.

Damon.

Accurſed gold! till thou begot'ſt offence,
All nature ſmil'd with artleſs innocence.
Men's days ſlid ſmoothly on in ſoft delights,
Nor fear'd they villains to diſturb their nights:
No blooming virgins then were baſely ſold,
Slaves to the ſordid tyranny of gold! [preſs'd,
But ſwains, with honeſt hearts, kind truths ex-
And nymphs, unbluſhing, their felt flames confeſs'd:
Aſtræa then, with unſtain'd glory reign'd;
The judge's ear, by brib'ry yet ungain'd.
No avarice, with her foul train, was known,
But his was theirs, and ours was no man's own.
War had not yet, with ſtains of blood and rage,
Her mangled offſpring brought upon the ſtage;
But all beneath the peaceful olive ſat,
Fill'd and delighted with their bliſsful ſtate.
But when thy birth, O gold! diſturb'd the world,
Nature was into ſwift confuſion hurl'd:
Her charms were loſt, and her all-pleaſing forms
O'erwhelm'd by tempeſts, or diſguis'd by ſtorms:
Noiſe and deſtruction, with gigantic ſtrides,
And all their horrid children at their ſides,
March'd round the frighted globe in ſearch of thee,
And plow'd up murder, ſhame, and perjury!
Philemon then th' inglorious chaſe refrain,
Nor waſte thy life in ſearch of ſordid gain.

Philemon.

Gold! thou gay quinteſſence of earth refin'd;
Which heav'n, to balance ſtruggling pow'r, de-
ſign'd.
Till thy deciſive weight depreſs'd the ſcale,
Contenders did alternately prevail.
Now, reign'd as lord, ſome chance-aſcending
ſwain;
Another conquers him, yet wins in vain;
A third dethrones 'em both, nor can his pow'r
maintain.
Each would be chief, but all unhelp'd by thee,
Stick in the mire of mean equality.
Gold firſt the famiſh'd mouth of learning fed,
And drew the curtain which dark ign'rance ſpread.
No lab'ring induſtry alarm'd the day,
For there was no reward ſuch toil to pay.
None to the ſearch of knowledge would aſpire,
Since wit's increaſe could raiſe their wealth no
higher.
Supine ſtupidity forbade all ſtrife,
And ſleep refreſh'd not, but impriſon'd life.
But, ſince thy worth, O gold! was greatly known,
Arts have ſprung thick, and hope is wider grown.
Men, bleſt with thee, the murm'ring world com-
mand,
And tread down diſcord in each rebel land:
In hopes of thee, the ſtupid aim to think,
And ſin's broad eye, for profit, learns to wink.
The ſea's vaſt depth, for thee, we boldly ſound,
And ſleep, undreading, upon hoſtile ground.
For thee, the hind with plenty-ſpreading hand,
Lifts lazy nature from his ſluggiſh land:
Thou, gold! can'ſt melt the froſty-breaſted fair,
And dry damp ſorrows, and ſoul-drenching care:
In ſhort, by gold alone we happy live;
O Damon! joys are goods which only gold can
give.

Damon.

Thus does the glitt'ring fiend debauch our wills,
And ſmiles to ſee us ſtroke his ſting-hid ills:
Baſe dirt! the fools who are enſlav'd by thee,
Slaves to a ſlave confeſs themſelves to be.
'Tis true thou art the origin and ſource,
Whence pow'r firſt roſe, and which maintains her
courſe:
But, what is power, which wealth, not juſtice gives?
How ill-diſtinguiſh'd ſuch a ſov'reign lives.
Could men but read the Gallic monarch's breaſt,
And trace ſwift tumults through his broken reſt,
How would they curſe his ſhadow-circled ſtate,
And laugh at envy, which maligns the great.
Sometimes, O ſhame! the fair thy pow'r adore,
And feign to love, where they diſdain'd before.
But, ah! the tempters who this charm have try'd,
Gain'd not the woman, but the woman's pride.
Can then Philemon, whoſe alluring ſtrains,
Lov'd by the nymphs, and envy'd by the ſwains,
Might reconcile antipathies, and move
The cruel hearts of ſavages to love.
Can he eſteem that baneful ore divine?
Or kneel diſhonour'd at blind fortune's ſhrine?
No—rather in her lewdeſt form, deſcribe
That ſtain affixing foe to virtue's ſnow-waſh'd
tribe.

Philemon.

Damon, I love thee, and thy welfare ſeek;
Thence lend my truth the liberty to ſpeak:
Juſt as I wiſh, my friendſhip would adviſe,
And have thee rich and mighty, as thou'rt wiſe:
Thy keen-wrought edge of ſatire cuts too deep,
Not always ills we from wealth's harveſt reap.
Gold is the gift of heav'n; and heav'n is wiſe,
And knows the worth of virtue's far-wiſh'd prize.
The ſtarts which ſhake the Gallic monarch's breaſt,
Thoſe night-born tumults which diſtract his reſt,
Spring not from gold, my Damon, but from pride,
Which ſwell'd ambition with too high a tide.

Had he been pleas'd with glories gain'd before,
Fate had not dash'd his hopes in search of more:
Though gold the engine of man's fortune is,
The pilot wisdom must direct the bliss:
Calm moderation ought to measure choice,
And high-flown wishes stoop at reason's voice.
The sun, which at such distance paints the year,
Would scorch it, Damon, if it came too near.
You may, with ease, o'er shining millions reign,
And never be a slave to flowing gain.
But he whose birth directing stars decree,
That he shall wear out life in poverty,
Let him be cast in nature's choicest mould,
And lord of every gift of heav'n but gold;
While that alone he wants, to crown the rest,
Not all his other charms can make him blest.

Damon.

Philemon's lines do gold so far outshine,
So far more radiant, dazzling, and divine,
That ev'n the praise he gives it serves to show,
What more to wisdom than to wealth we owe!
But oh! 'tis false that gold can give us friends,
Flatt'ry and friendship have wide-diff'ring ends:
They who crowd round us while our hopes look gay,
Will in the dusk of fortune shrink away.
Timon, the brave! the gen'rous! and the great!
Timon, the wise! but wise, alas! too late!
Who dragg'd of wealth's proud dross a mighty load,
And shed his blessings round him like a god!
Timon who heal'd the woes of half mankind!
What curs'd returns did wretched Timon find!
Content is bliss, I'll with Philemon hold;
But that was never purchas'd yet by gold;
Our affluence but serves to spur desire,
And dang'rous flights attain'd but tempt us higher.

Philemon.

Oh! let me triumph in a golden fate!
If I am rich I can be wisely great.
With nice-tim'd aids can fainting worth assist,
And make the wretched happy when I list:
But if on fortune's barren strands I lie,
My fruitless pity shall unpity'd die!
You tell me, Damon, friends are bought and sold,
And that assistance comes and goes with gold.
If help in life affords the greatest bliss,
Sure, that which buys that help the greatest comfort is.

Damon.

All your strong arguments no proof produce,
Of gold's intrinsic value but its use!
Your generous soul your friends would entertain,
And general bliss with wide-spread aids maintain,
Call forth dim virtue on the world to shine!
'Tis great! 'tis wond'rous great! 'tis all divine!
But still Philemon, this sublime delight,
Springs not from gold's access, but from its flight!
You praise the use, yet cannot bear the sight.
Should villains aid me some worse foe to kill,
I'd love the act, but hate the villain still;
I'd prize a truth sent in the devil's name,
But still abhor that devil from whom it came.
So gold, pernicious in its nature, may
By souls like your's be bent a nobler way;
Thus, as the needle, by magnetic force
Once touch'd, still to the magnet guides its course.
Trembling, while wand'ring thence, and finds no rest,
'Till clasp'd and fasten'd to its darling breast.
So though our thoughts on diff'rent points design,
Meeting at last we in one centre join,
And in the union lose the terms of mine and thine.

Philemon.

I praise, dear swain, the use of gold, 'tis true;
But use includes intrinsic value too;
Whence but from use does estimation rise?
And ev'ry thing is worth what ev'ry thing supplies.
'Tis true, a diamond cannot keep out cold,
Nor can we eat or drink our heaps of gold;
Yet bless'd with either, Damon, we can buy
What neither in their nature can supply.
And since for wealth the joys of life are sold,
There's an intrinsic value sure in gold.
I hold with Damon gold should be a slave,
I treat as such the moderate sums I have.
And as kind fortune shall increase my store,
I'll make a slave of that and ten times more.
Yet gold possesses every healing pow'r;
Not love alone falls in a golden show'r.
Gold makes men wise as well as gives 'em rule;
For who e'er knew a wealthy man a fool?
Ev'n in the shades below the rich were blest,
And born by Charon to the fields of rest.
While the poor beggar, shiv'ring on the shore,
Wanting his penny found no passage o'er.
So poverty with shame to death was hurl'd,
And drew down scandal to the other world.
But since, my Damon, whom the muses bless,
Affects not gold and bids me love it less,
I'll listen to his sweet bewitching voice,
And guide my soul to meet him in his choice.
Since then, nor you nor I can happy be,
You with much gold, nor I with poverty,
Let's bend our search to find some freer fate,
And crown our wishes in the middle state.

TO A LADY,

Desiring to know what Love was like.

Love is a treacherous heat, a smothering spark,
Blown up by children's breath who shun the dark;
At first, the fire is innocently bright,
Glows gently gay and scatters warm delight:
But left neglected and unquench'd too long,
The nourish'd flame grows terrible and strong;
Till blazing fierce, it spreads on every side,
And burns its kindler with ungrateful pride.

PLAIN TRUTH.

Chloe, you talk with joy of Celia's face,
Admire her wit, and ape her fancy'd grace;
The praise you give is sure sincere respect,
Your practice proves what airs your thoughts affect.
But since you know that friendship should be free,
Give her this hint, and say—it came from me.
A face like her's, if manag'd well, might please,
But no charm strikes that is not arm'd with ease.
Striving too eagerly, she strives in vain;
These studied airs put beauty to the strain;

Would ſhe wound ſure and conquer with a grace,
Tell her, the careleſs runner wins the race.

CELINDA IN THE SNOW.

Celinda riding in a ſnowy day,
The wind-driv'n flakes about her hov'ring flew,
Some to her tempting boſom made their way,
And melting, chill'd her beauties through and through.

Some aiming with leſs art her clothes beſet,
And froze to little buttons as they fell;
Others, which could not ſuch fair quarters get,
Flew by unbleſt and miſs'd the ſhiv'ring belle.

Quite tir'd at laſt, and freezing as ſhe rode,
Her ivory teeth all chattering in her head;
Was ever ſuch a day? ſhe cry'd, good God!
If it much longer ſnows I ſhall be dead.

Madam, ſaid I, 'tis true, your lovely breaſt
Is far more us'd to give than ſuffer pain;
Yet of this accident to make the beſt,
'Tis better I ſhould preach than you complain.

All nature's works in ſome degree alike,
Confeſs the wiſdom of their Maker's will,
And bear hid meanings man's dark mind to ſtrike
With myſtic hints that try comparing ſkill.

Thus ſome with envy fill'd, envenom'd look, [ſee;
And gnaw themſelves when happier men they
Some can ſucceſs in others gladly brook,
Though they, perhaps, ſteep'd o'er in miſery be.
Others, again, by outward winds unſhook,
All chances but their own indifferent ſee.

So, my Celinda, 'tis with the ſharp ſnow,
Thoſe feath'ry flakes have each a ſev'ral aim;
The envy-acted ſee your boſom glow,
And ruſh, malicious, to aſſault the flame.

But ſhock'd to find themſelves, when neſted there,
So far exceeded in their boaſted white;
With melting grief their humbled pride they bear,
And weep themſelves to death to ſhun the light.

Others, of this white tribe that ſee and know,
With rev'rence ſhun that bliſs-warm breaſt of thine,
But ſtrive t' adorn thy dreſs with ſome new ſhow,
And froze to glitt'ring gems about thee ſhine.

A third ſort, unattracted ev'n by thee;
And cold indeed ſuch ſnow we ought to call;
With dull indiff'rence all thy charms can ſee,
And, diſregardful, round thee ſcattering fall.

Celinda liſt'ning, anſwer'd with a ſmile,
You poets keep your fancies always warm;
Could but this inward heat the froſt beguile,
We need not ſtop at yonder ſmokey farm.

TO CELINDA,

In Excuſe for looking on her at Church.

If fix'd on your's my eyes in pray'r you ſee,
You muſt not call my zeal idolatry;
For ſince our Maker's throne is plac'd ſo high,
That only in his works the God we ſpy:
And what's moſt bright, moſt gives him to our view,
I look moſt near him when I look on you.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

Am I awake? or is my ſoul miſled,
Through the bold tracks of mem'ry's mazy deep,
The empty realms of mimic ſleep,
Horrors by wild imagination bred,
Skim ſhadowy, and about me circling ſpread,
Oh! who can tell the cauſe of theſe new fears?
Whence theſe loud groans which tortur'd fancy hears?
Whence this loud thund'ring in my ears?
Why ſeems the ſtarting ſun to hold back day?
Why does he leap at once out of his fire-pav'd way?
And half-extinguiſh'd upward fly,
To ſhrowd his beams behind a ſabbled ſky? [hurl'd?
Why every way at once are theſe ſwift lightnings
Trembling nations to amaze,
And terribly adorn with quiv'ring blaze,
The horrors of a ſhade-benighted world?

Why breaks yon riſing ocean o'er the lands?
Diſdainful of its old appointed bounds: [ſands,
Why does it open far behind its brine-delighted
And leaving dry its roomy bed,
Let looſe at once high liſt its frightful head,
To ſeek forbidden grounds?
And hugely ſwelling from afar, with earth-aſſault-
ing roar, [the kingdoms o'er.
Riſe o'er the ſwallow'd mountain tops, and ſweep
Why does this circle-ſpreading earthquake ſwell,
Deep-flowing like a ſubterraneous tide?
Frighted fancy, canſt thou tell,
Why this ſtrong foe, aſham'd, his face ſhould hide?
'Tis not ſure for want of pride,
He ſhakes down cities with his mildeſt ſhocks;
Plows in the hill he rolls beneath, and harrows up the rocks!
Unſeen, he dreadful does appear;
The marble-hearted mountains quake for fear:
And as they find the danger drawing near,
With huge unwieldy terror leap aſide,
And, ſhook with agues, caſt their ſnowy pride.

The dead themſelves, by nature's charter bleſt,
With promis'd beds of laſting reſt,
Are from their graves, their dark long homes thrown up and diſpoſſeſt.
See the pale ghoſts of our forefathers riſe!
Horribly ſerene they glide,
And ſnuff, with ſhadowry noſtrils, ſcents of day,
Which fled ſo lately, all at once, away.
See how to earth they bend their beamleſs eyes,
And ſeem to wander, guideleſs, every way,
Unwilling through our hated world to ſtray,
In ſearch of the forgotten graves where once their bodies lay
Too conſcious ſoul! I feel it now:
Well may the ſtubborn pride of nature bow.
Well may trembling nations moan,
And mem'ry, ſick with conſternation, groan.
God, who to man his ev'ry bleſſing gives,
From whom, ungrateful, he receiv'd his breath:

That God, by whom alone man lives,
That very God, this day, by man met death.

THE DISPARITY,

FROM A HINT OF SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Ye ſtarry ſparks, on which, by night, we gaze,
That meanly ſatisfy our diſtant eyes,
More by your number than your blaze,
Ye common people of the ſkies:
What are ye when the ſun ſhall riſe?

Ye warbling rangers of the groves,
That ſweetly ſtrain your little throats:
And, perch'd on boughs, to ſing your loves,
Charm the ſtill foreſt with your notes;
Who will admire your tuneful lays,
When Philomel her voice ſhall raiſe?

Ye violets that in early ſpring appear,
And, cloth'd in purple, wait upon the ſun,
Adorning earth's damp face, with blooming cheer,
And making ev'ry verdant bank your own,
What are ye when the roſe is blown?

So, when my charmer ſhall be ſeen,
Gaz'd on, and wonder'd at by all,
Beauty muſt own her rightful queen,
And ev'ry fair uſurpreſs fall:
For ſhe was ſure by heav'n deſign'd,
Th' eclipſe and glory of her kind.

BELINDA'S GRAVE.

Here, woe-mark'd ſpot! once dear Belinda lay;
Here her cold boſom mix'd with colder clay;
And here, deſpairing and afflicted I
Planted this tree, which now makes haſte to die:
While this lov'd cypreſs a ſad ſhelter made,
Oft would I loſe myſelf beneath its ſhade;
Guide, with a painful pleaſure, each dear ſhoot,
And water with my tears the rich-fed root.
Sigh through the boughs, like ſome moiſt April breeze,
And the graſp'd trunk in am'rous rapture ſqueeze.
And when ſome warbling ſongſter, neſted there,
Belinda's voice, methought, ſhook ſoft the air!
The murm'ring branches, bending from the wind,
Breath'd a cool comfort o'er my love-ſhook mind.
Thus, ſeven long years, I learnt to hear and ſee
My loſt Belinda, in her funeral tree.
But, mad at laſt, and all impatient grown,
To make my fruitleſs paſſion ſtill more known:
Fatally fond, I put a cruel mark,
And carv'd my name upon the ſhrinking bark.
Wretch that I was! the tree, from that curs'd day,
In ſad reſentment, pin'd itſelf away!
And that new life, which dead Belinda gave,
Wither'd with pain, crept downward to her grave.

THE ROYAL SEPULCHRE.

Is this the boaſtful pride of mortal ſtate?
Is it for this we covet to be great?
What ſhort-liv'd bliſs from envy'd grandeur ſprings,
When theſe poor relics once were mighty kings!
O frail uncertainty of earthly pow'r!
Where graves can majeſty itſelf devour!
How naked now does royalty appear!
Alas, how vaſt, how ſad a change is here!
Tell me, dumb duſt, how wide was thy command?
Where's now the ſceptre that once fill'd this hand?
Where are thoſe brawny guards which aw'd thy ſtate? [wait?
Where the gay crowds which once were proud to
Can narrow limits, dark like theſe, contain
The chang'd extent of thy contracted reign?
Canſt thou, at whoſe leaſt frown a nation ſhook,
And, trembling, watch'd the light'nings of thy look:
Canſt thou, at laſt grown humble, be content
To let bold ſearch profane thy monument?
And common men, grown rude and wanton too,
Thus poiſe your duſty bones, and wonder at the view.

MAY-DAY.

Welcome, dear dawn of ſummer's riſing ſway,
Fair fav'rite of the year! ſoul-ſoft'ning May!
Late I have learnt, by love's ſweet queen inſpir'd,
Why, from my youth, this day my boſom fir'd;
'Twas for her birth that blooming nature ſprung,
'Twas in her notes the ſky's ſoft rangers ſung.
The breeze blew ſoft, to ſigh her ſoul's ſweet frame,
And the boughs bent in homage to her name.
Thick ſhot the meads, to paint her fruitful mind,
And flow'rs, that roll'd her breath, enrich'd the wind;
For her the ſun wak'd out to bleſs our iſle,
And lighted up half heav'n to paint her ſmile.
Oh! we are lovers all! our Celia reigns,
And the warm'd world is ſick with my ſweet pains.

MOSES'S SONG OF THANKSGIVING,

On the overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea,

FROM EXODUS, CHAP. XV.

The firſt Part only.

Temples and altars let us raiſe,
Ours, and our father's God, provokes our praiſe.
God is our ſtrength, God is our theme:
Where is Egypt's fall'n eſteem?
Pharaoh wakes from his proud dream;
Wakes to feel a warrior's hand.
Lord of a pow'r more vaſt than his, that ſhakes
his wond'ring land!
Vainly the following foes our God defy'd,
Their rapid wheels in vain tore up the ſtrand;
In vain they mock'd the waving wand;
Not all their noiſe could the loud ſea withſtand;
The wat'ry world flow'd fearleſs o'er their pride,
A drowning army beat th' involving tide.
On wave-waſh'd chariots, half ſuſtain'd, the trembling captains ride.
Up-lifted hoofs paw'd looſe the liquid way,
And round 'em, black'ning through the foam, the floating legions lay.
Down, down, th' ungrounded footſteps go;
Strain'd to feel for ſands below,
Sands where wat'ry mountains flow!

Sinking, like rocks, they clog the deep with prey,
High-cov'ring roſe the briny flood, and ſwept their rage away.

Saving God! thy hand was here:
Thou protecting, who can fear?
Threat'ning aloud, the thund'ring legions roſe,
And at thy choſen ſhook th' extended ſpear:
Behind, amaz'd, we ſaw th' o'ertaking foes,
Hearts anticipating blows.
But while thy blaſt, O baſe deſpair! blew keen,
Safely from heav'n ſhot down between!
Dreadful, in wrath, thy lifted arm but ſhone,
And all th' unnumber'd thouſands melt away:
O'er ſtubbly fields, ſo wind-driv'n fire rolls on,
And ſweeps the blazing breadth with crackly ſway.
Th' Almighty's voice but ſpoke a loud command,
And ſtrait th' unlinking ſurges backward riſe.
High climbing waves in quiv'ring mountains ſtand,
And hang their billowy horrors in the ſkies.
In murm'ring cleft th' obedient deep yawns wide,
And ſhad'wy glooms lour dark from either ſide.
Down through the horrid vale's moiſt concave led,
Safe and dry bold Iſrael tread;
Gay, 'twixt terrors, round her ſpread,
Her tearful eye now ſmil'd once more and hail'd her guardian God.

Hark! aloft the wond'ring foe!
Look! they cry'd, all pointing low,
Shall the cowards 'ſcape us ſo;
'Twixt the dividing waves they go!
Their forc'rer cleaves the ſea with magic ſkill:
Haſte, prevent, o'ertake and kill.
They hear, they march—they dare the mad command;
The ſhouting ſquares invade the cover'd ſtrand;
Chariots, impell'd on fiery wheels, gore wide th' incumber'd ſand.
Mix'd horſe and foot, in bann'ry pomp deſcend;
See, from each horn th' inclining length'ners bend,
Looſe ſlides the weeping ooſe to ſhun their weight,
And the deep murm'ring mourns th' unuſual ſtate.

Hark! the burſting thunder ſpeaks!
Waves your wat'ry ranks diſband!
Oh! behold how vain, how weak
Strength that dares its God withſtand!
Down at once from either hand,
Hoarſe ſounding hills, o'er hills let looſe, devour the vaniſh'd ſand!
Helpleſs, ingulf'd, th' immerging ſquadrons roll:
Pharaoh, proud-ſinking, drinks down brine that chills his fiery ſoul.
Mix'd on th' involving ſurge, a-while they ſtrive,
Then, like ſunk plumbets, to the bottom dive.
Of all the gods, no god like ours is found!
Join heav'n and earth, applauſe like his let men and angels ſound.

DAVID'S ELEGY

For the Death of Saul and Jonathan.

2 KINGS, CHAP. I.

O Iſrael! how does all thy beauty fade!
How are the mighty fall'n, the ſtrong betray'd!
Ne'er may this woe in Gath's full ſtreets be told;
Never let Aſcalon our fate unfold.

Mountains of Gilboa! may ye drink no dew;
Let rain's mourn'd want turn red the verdant hue;
Let your vines wither, and your olives die,
And your parch'd fields no grainy wealth ſupply;
For there, abandon'd Saul, brave monarch, bled,
As if no awful oil had hemm'd his head.

Never in vain drew Jonathan his bow;
Never Saul's ſword fell fruſtrate on a foe:
Lovely and loving, one dear life they led,
Nor parted dying, but together bled.
Swifter than eagles, to the fight they flew,
Stronger than lions, they could foes purſue.

Daughters of Iſrael! weep the loſs of Saul:
In ſcarlet and in gold he cloth'd you all:
Peaceful, beneath his warlike ſhade, you ſmil'd;
And triumph'd, by their toil, whoſe hoſts he ſpoil'd.

Thee, Jonathan, my brother! thee I mourn;
With grief ſtill growing muſt thy loſs be borne.
Soft and delightful partner of my ſoul:
Two halfs divided made us one dear whole.
Vaſt was thy love, and wonderful to me;
And never woman lov'd as I lov'd thee.

TO A LADY,

ON CALLING ME JEALOUS.

He whoſe whole treaſure one dear veſſel bears,
Through ſeas on which deſtructive pirates ſwarm,
Muſt be excus'd a thouſand fears and cares,
And bend his ſoul to ev'ry ſtrong alarm.

Ill do they love, and feel thee at their heart,
Who ſeem unmov'd, while others hope thee theirs;
My kindling boſom burns with open ſmart,
For my proud ſoul her unveil'd meaning wears.

Nice as thy own, and all refin'd as thine,
My tow'ring paſſion climbs with gen'rous flame;
But, ſhrinking from neglect, in ſad decline,
Burns downward, and forgoes a fruſtrate aim.

Tender as infant ſighs, in ſlumb'ring eaſe,
My ſoft'ning ſoul admits and owns thy ſway:
'Tis my life's ſweeteſt care thy taſte to pleaſe,
And in thy ſunſhine melt my griefs away.

Woes are too weak to wound me through thy ſmiles;
The pole's fix'd froſt were warm as heav'n to me;
I tread down malice through her mazy wiles,
And triumph over all things charming thee.

What taſk ſo dang'rous, or what toil ſo vaſt,
Would not thy love inſpire me to deſy:
Soul'd with immortal fire my flame muſt laſt,
And I ſhould conquer worlds beneath thy eye.

O that my ſtruggling thoughts which heave within,
Could borrow but a voice and ſpeak my ſoul;
Then would this heart thy grateful paſſions win,
Till—oh, vaſt empire! I ſhould claim the whole.

Yet as it is indulge my trembling fear,
And give thy lover's counſel leave to ſpeak:
Fools are all falſe, nor long can hold thee dear,
For ſoon they find whateer they know to ſeek.

Boastful, ungenerous, vain, and grossly mean
On all thy charms they only feed their sense;
Thou art by them but as mere woman seen,
Blind to thy heav'n of inward excellence.

Sudden the wretches' smoky flames expire;
Such earthly fuel must of course decay;
But I, while adoration lifts desire,
Light up a love that ne'er can burn away.

ALONE IN AN INN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

April 25. 1737.

Twenty lost years have stol'n their hours away,
Since in this inn, ev'n in this room, I lay:
How chang'd! what then, rapture, fire, and air,
Seems now sad silence all and blank despair!
Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
And life advancing, fancy fades her light?
Ah, no!—nor yet is day so far declin'd,
Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.
'Tis that I miss th' inspirer of that youth;
Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth.
Her, from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.
Prospects that view'd with her inspir'd before,
Now seen without her can delight no more.
Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
But left her griefs to multiply my care.
Pensive and cold this room in each chang'd part
I view, and, shock'd from every object, start: [day,
There hung the watch, that beating hours from
Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.
There her dear diamond taught the sash my name;
'Tis gone! frail image of love, life, and fame.
That glass, she dress'd at, keeps her form no more;
Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor,
There sat she—yet those chairs no sense retain,
And busy recollection smarts in vain.
Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here!
I wonder, and retract a starting tear,
Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell,
And o'er and o'er on each weigh'd object dwell.
Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
And tempt idea to permit delight.
But unimpressive, all in sorrow drown'd,
One void forgetful desert glooms around.
Oh life!—deceitful lure of lost desires!
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires!
Scarce can a passion start (we change so fast),
Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.
Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste explore,
That e'er we learn to live, we live no more.
Who then can think—yet sigh, to part with breath?
Or shun the healing hand of friendly death?
Guilt, penitence, and wrongs, and pain, and strife,
Form the whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer, life!
Is it for this, that tost'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each new year?
Oh take me, death! indulge desir'd repose,
And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.
Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that pray'r,
Still there remains one claim to tax my care.
Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
In four dear transcripts of her copy'd mind.
They chain me down to life, new task supply,
And leave me not at leisure yet to die!
Busied for them I yet forego release,
And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace.
But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night,
Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas on the day whose unauspicious fate,
With dismal news alarm'd Britannia's state;
And in our admiral's shipwreck let us see,
That courage cannot stem mortality!
The sea's grim sov'reign in a calmer place,
Unbent the wrinkly terrors of his face:
Where, stretch'd at ease, the wanton monarch lay,
And, hemm'd with nereids, laugh'd the hours away;
Soft knots of unform'd coral swell'd his bed,
And oozy samphire crown'd his bushy head.
A watchful guard the best arm'd fishes keep,
And wind-rock'd billows lull'd their lord to sleep.
While thus he lay, thick-gathering shouts were heard
From ev'ry part the scaly nation steer'd;
With sudden force the swelling sea ran high,
And moving mountains swept the darken'd sky.
Disturb'd, the monarch rais'd his wond'ring head,
And started, doubtful, from his briny bed:
Angry, his awful trident thrice he shook,
And swift possession of his chariot took:
Fix'd in the stately seat, he drives, he raves!
The frighted steeds divide the foamy waves;
And plunging fiercely through retorted tides,
Dash the drops both ways from their panting sides.
Soon he arriv'd, where shoals on shoals amaz'd,
In gath'ring swarm, as on some wonder, gaz'd:
Triumphant tumult spoke unusual joys,
And growing numbers swell'd the savage noise.
The god advanc'd; and, as he nearer drew,
The shooting fishes fled his awful view!
He came; and curious what the cause could be,
That had at once alarm'd th' assembled sea!
He saw—and, starting back, declin'd his head,
The well-known Clou'sly, Britain's admiral, dead!
Stretch'd on the sands, the wave-swol'n warrior lay,
To death's wide jaws an unexpected prey!
Swift he descends, o'erjoy'd at what he found,
And rais'd the body from th' unwilling ground;
Invok'd the soul to re-inform his breast:
The late ejected spirit, greatly blest,
Return'd, and joyful its own seat possess'd;
The waking hero felt a strange surprise,
And starting, open'd wide his sea-wash'd eyes:
Look'd round, with curious horror all amaz'd,
While thus the god bespoke him as he gaz'd.
Illustrious rival of my wat'ry throne!
Welcome to regions more than half your own.
Long have my seas been practis'd to your sway;
Scarce would my doubtful slaves my laws obey,
Unknowing, till surpris'd, they saw you die,
Who was most god of oceans, you or I!

Live now confeſs'd, from this propitious hour,
Imperial partner of divided pow'r. [pride,
Grateful, the chief bow'd low, unmov'd with
And to the gen'rous offer thus reply'd:
You tempt me with a pow'r I would not loſe,
Had I my queen's conſent that pow'r to uſe.
She bid me rule the ſeas to my laſt breath,
But gave me no commiſſion after death.

THE FRENCH PROPHETS.

Prophecy, no—'tis luxury of ſoul!
No cataracts down religion's rivers roll! [clear,
Her ſtreams, though deep, are ever ſmooth and
And from their bottoms all things plain appear.
On ſuperſtition's ſea theſe veſſels ride,
Foul with the daſhings of her muddy tide.
What marks, what tokens, can they boaſt from heav'n?
Knowledge is ſtill with inſpiration giv'n!
While theſe the duſky paths of ignorance tread,
And impudently prophecy for bread!
With counterfeited ſhocks of ſoul they ſwell,
And in forc'd ſweats, convulſive falſehoods tell.
To heights like this religion would not fly;
Ev'n zeal grows madneſs, when 'tis ſcrew'd too high.
Now law, methinks, moſt wholeſomely ſevere,
Might truth's fair garden from this rubbiſh clear;
Which long deſpis'd, may ſtrike too vig'rous root,
And into groves of godly error ſhoot!
'Twere eaſy, now, to ſweep looſe weeds away,
Which may deſtroy the flow'rs by ſhort delay.
So, in the bottom of ſome goodly plain,
Flows a ſmall rill, increas'd by caſual rain;
Near which, with careful ſteps, and ſounding hands,
Some cautious clown with needleſs terror ſtands;
Loth to attempt a nimble paſſage o'er,
While ſtill the ſwelling ſtream increaſes more;
Till faint eſſays protracting time in vain,
The riſing river drowns the cover'd plain.
Then ſtagg'ring with affright he gazes round,
And forc'd to paſs at laſt miſtakes his ground:
Till deeply wading toward the wide miſs'd ſhore,
The current ſweeps him, and he's ſeen no more.

CELIA TO AMINTOR.

Since God, whom we continually offend,
Is ſtill ſo merciful, that he forgives,
Man ſure a pitying ear may juſtly lend,
When woman penitent in ſorrow lives.

The mournful dove, when abſent from her mate,
Sits brooding melancholy all alone;
Pines and bemoans her ſeparated ſtate,
And all the groves can ne'er the loſs atone.

So I, depriv'd of all I hold moſt dear,
My much-mourn'd lover, and my tend'reſt friend,
Hear reaſon whiſper in my conſcious ear,
That only your bleſt ſight my grief can end.

Sure, if I ſee you not before I ſleep,
A ſecond Niobe I ſhall become;
Fly then, Amintor, give my woe relief;
Rather than vex you, I'll be always dumb.

AMINTOR'S ANSWER.

If you too frequently provoke your God,
That God, who merciful, forgives you ſtill,
You muſt expect at laſt to feel his rod;
His rod, the fitteſt ſcourge of head-ſtrong will.

But I, long vers'd in women's winding ways,
Unmov'd with patient phlegm their follies ſee;
And, like men tir'd with dirty wint'ry days, [be.
Would wiſh 'twere ſpring, but know it cannot

No longer then in ſpite of nature pine;
Thoſe tiny eyes can ſpare no room for tears;
Your wand'ring dove has ſnatch'd the firſt glad ſign,
And with the peaceful olive-branch appears.

For ſhould your tuneful clack be ſtricken dumb,
More wonders would ariſe than you have ſhown;
Not Celia only ſtatue would become,
But all th' aſtoniſh'd town would turn to ſtone.

TO MIRANDA, AFTER MARRIAGE;

WITH MR. LOCK'S TREATISE ON EDUCATION.

Since every day with new delight I ſee
Theſe lively little images of thee,
I would their tender minds to virtue bow,
And have 'em never leſs belov'd than now.
Take then, thou gentle partner of my care,
A glaſs, to ſhow thee what theſe infants are:
By this juſt light direct their opening way,
Leſt road-met folly lead their ſteps aſtray: [owe,
Firſt, teach 'em what to heav'n's high throne they
Then—whence on earth the wiſe man's comforts flow:
Teach 'em, while fortune ſmiles to uſe her right,
And nobly ſcorn her when ſhe takes her flight.
The rare-found charms of friendſhip let 'em know,
And learn, that love's ſoft dreſs is lin'd with woe.
Form with progreſſive care the wid'ning mind,
And, growing, bid 'em leave the world behind:
Till having learn'd whate'er becomes the free,
You laſtly teach 'em, how to charm like thee.

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED UNMARRIED.

Ripe in virtue, green in years,
Here a matchleſs maid lies low:
None could read, and ſpare their tears,
Did they but her ſweetneſs know.

Humbly wiſe, and meekly good,
No earthly lover's arms ſhe bleſt;
But full of grace, her Saviour woo'd,
And hides her bluſhes in his breaſt.

AUGUSTA'S COMPLAINT TO HER THAMES.

Near the ſoft ſolitudes of Hampton's plain,
Where the moiſt banks perpetual ſpring maintain;
The gentle Thames has form'd a deep'ning bay,
Where ſportful ſtreams in wanton whirlpools play.
In this ſweet place the clouds no terrors wear;
Here no bold tempeſts diſcompoſe the air;

No ruffling billows here affault the ſhore,
Nor wint'ry floods with ſwell'd ambition roar;
But all, ſerene and calm, is form'd to pleaſe,
And the ſmooth ſtream reflects the bord'ring trees;
Hither no winds, but zephyrous breaths repair,
Soft as the ſighs of love-ſick virgins are!
Here ſafety reigns, and on the ſilent brink,
Cud-chewing cattle watch their fleeting drink:
While fiſhes, conſcious of no foes to ſhun,
Turn up their ſcaly noſes to the ſun. [bred,
Here, ſick with grief, which Anna's abſence
Auguſta's genius hid her mournful head;
And, with low accents, ſpeaking inward pains,
Thus to the gliding river ſhe complains:
When gentle ſtream to ſhun the briny tide,
Anon thy ſea-met waves ſhall backward glide;
Then, gentle ſtream be kind, one moment ſtay,
And, on thy ſurface, bear my ſighs away;
Tell the great miſtreſs of this happy iſle,
Auguſta, ſtript of joy, forgets to ſmile. [ſtate,
What though yon tow'ring ſpires have ris'n in
The city's genius feels an humbler fate.
Shou'd art and nature toil to make me fair,
Cou'd I taſte glory, and my queen not there?
But, oh! too fondly I to thee complain;
Thou know'ſt, unkindly know'ſt, 'tis all in vain!
Thy ſtreams their eye-bewitching pleaſures join,
To raiſe thy Windſor's ſtate to ruin mine!
Windſor has other boaſts, but help'd by thee,
Grows proudly charming and out-rivals me.
But turn ſweet current! bid thy waters ſtray,
And guide their mazy bends ſome other way.
Strip the gay cottage of its boaſtful pride,
Nor longer through th' imperious proſpect glide.
So to thy care this glory ſhall remain,
T' have given Auguſta back her queen again.
Grave Thameſis thrice ſhook his dripping head,
And ſlowly riſing from his oozy bed, [ran,
While the huſh'd ſtream with awful ſmoothneſs
He to the mournful genius thus began:
Yon queen of cities ought to learn content;
Her gratitude ſhou'd theſe complaints prevent.
Have I not rais'd her to an envy'd ſtate?
Is ſhe not rich, licentious, pow'rful, great?
And would ſhe thus make every bliſs her own?
And muſt our Anna live for her alone.
Do not yon ſun-beams with unwearied race,
Whelm their enliv'ning light from place to place?
Why, then, muſt Britain's glory ceaſe to move,
And bleſs her world with her divided love?
Go, go, retire! your tears with pain I ſee,
And this complaint renew'd ſhall dang'rous be!
He ſaid, and gliding from her preſence went,
And ſad Auguſta ſtrove, but could not be content.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

Of the beautiful new Piece, called Pamela.

Bleſt be thy pow'rful pen, whoe'er thou art,
Thou ſkill'd great moulder of the maſter'd heart!
Where haſt thou lain conceal'd? or why thought
At this dire period to unveil thy wit? [fit,
O! late befriended iſle! had this broad blaze,
With earlier beamings bleſs'd our fathers days,
The pilot radiance pointing out the ſource,
Whence public wealth derives its vital courſe;
Each timely draught ſome healing pow'r had ſhown,
Ere general gangreen blacken'd to the bone.
But ſeſt'ring now, beyond all ſenſe of pain,
'Tis hopeleſs, and the helper's hand is vain.
Sweet Pamela! forever blooming maid!
Thou dear enliv'ning (yet immortal) ſhade!
Why are thy virtues ſcatter'd to the wind?
Why are thy beauties flaſh'd upon the blind?
What though thy flutt'ring ſex might learn from thee,
That merit forms a rank above degree?
That pride, too conſcious, falls from ev'ry claim,
While humble ſweetneſs climbs beyond its aim.
What though religion, ſmiling from thy eyes,
Shows her plain pow'r, and charms without diſguiſe?
What though thy warmly-pleaſing moral ſcheme,
Gives livelier rapture than the looſe can dream?
What though thou build'ſt by thy perſuaſive life,
Maid, child, friend, miſtreſs, mother, neighbour, wife?
Though taſte like thine each void of time can fill,
Unſunk by ſpleen, unquicken'd by quadrille?
What though 'tis thine, to bleſs the lengthen'd hour,
Give permanence to joy, and uſe to pow'r?
Lend late-felt bluſhes to the vain and ſmart,
And ſqueeze cramp'd pity from the miſer's heart?
What though 'tis thine, to huſh the marriage breeze,
Teach liberty to tire, and chains to pleaſe?
Thine though from ſtiffneſs to diveſt reſtraint,
And to the charmer reconcile the ſaint.
Though ſmiles and tears obey thy moving ſkill,
And paſſion's ruffled empire waits thy will.
Though thine the fancy'd fields of flow'ry wit,
Thine art's whole pow'r in nature's language writ.
Thine to convey ſtrong thought with modeſt eaſe,
And, copying converſe, teach its ſtyle to pleaſe;
Though thine each virtue that a God could lend;
Thine every help that every heart can mend:
'Tis thine in vain, thou wak'ſt a dying land,
And lift'ſt departed hope with fruitleſs hand.
Death has no cure—thou haſt miſtim'd thy aim:
Rome had her Goths—and all beyond was ſhame.

ON CORINNA'S FIRST ATTEMPT IN POETRY.

With eyes unbrib'd, by your enchanting view,
I trac'd impartial your ſoft numbers through.
Your looſe-dreſs'd fancy in each ſparkling line,
Gilds the gay current of your deep deſign.
Your poem, ſtrongly fine, and ſoftly bold,
Is ſilkworm's labour ſpun with threads of gold.
Go on, bright maid! nor doubt the world's applauſe;
Wit arm'd with looks, like yours the critic awes.
Though years may knit and lengthen your ſucceſs,
Think not your youth will your due praiſe oppreſs;

Ev'n the broad ſun, when firſt his glories riſe,
With ſtruggling tincture, ſtreaks the eaſtern ſkies;
But ſoon, through heav'n's enlighten'd orbs, the conquering luſtre flies.

THE VALENTINE.

Why, be it ſo! it matters not what name
Yon river bears, ſince ſtill it flows the ſame.
Whate'er I call you, this I'm ſure I feel,
No name can ſpeak of you with half my zeal.
In vain, love's meaning, this or that we call,
The comprehenſive lover takes in all!
Yet ſince to cuſtom's bent we all incline,
You ſhall, to pleaſe you, be my valentine.
And ſince my charming trifler aſks a gift,
The myſtic value of this preſent ſift.
Accept theſe gloves, and if they worthleſs ſeem,
Learn, thus, what pleas they bring for your eſteem.
Their ſpotleſs white preferr'd their choice to me,
As the beſt emblem of your chaſtity.
Their ſmoothneſs may almoſt the honour win,
To repreſent the velvet of your ſkin. [find,
Their ſupp'neſs, which join'd with ſtrength, you
Is the juſt fabric of your well mix'd mind.
The kid, that wore 'em, had ſome faint pretence,
To be the type of your ſweet innocence.
How then can I a fitter preſent chooſe?
Or you theſe emblematic gloves refuſe.
One ſtronger reaſon, too, my fear has found;
Women, they ſay, oft ſlight the breaſt they wound.
And when dark abſence ſhades us from their view,
They look not after us, but ſeek out new.
To ſhun this fate theſe gloves your lover ſends,
That you may have him at your fingers ends.

THE REVENGE.

High on the ſummit of a craggy rock,
Whoſe harden'd ſides reſiſt the billows ſhock;
Whoſe cliffy brow, mens eyes with horror view,
O'erlooking, proudly, land and ocean too:
There ſtands a roomy cave by nature made,
To knit, in juſt embraces, light and ſhade:
Its ſpacious mouth the ſun's up-riſing greets,
Admits his luſtre, but repels his heats!
No glaring gold on this rough portal ſhines,
But creeping ivy round its entrance twines.
Wall-flow'rs, wild thyme, and juniper grow there,
And with their odorous influence feed the air.
Surrounding groves, at diſtance, graceful riſe,
Shades for the little ſongſters of the ſkies.
And near the cave, a torrent guſhing o'er,
Daſhes the ſea beneath with tributary roar.
Stretch'd on a bed of freſh-blown roſes here,
Serene the region, and the proſpect clear,
Reſts, when grown weary by her ſummer toil,
The wakeful genius of our happy iſle.
Hence, her unbounded ſight can trace the ſhore,
And look high-poſted the proud ocean o'er.
And hence, while hoſtile winds grow hoarſe in vain, [main.
Guide ſafe her wide-watch'd Britons 'croſs the
'Twas here of late, on an ill-fated day,
The awful nymph, o'ercharg'd with buſineſs, lay;
Now ſwelling winds deficient fails to fill;
Now ſoft'ning tempeſts with reductive ſkill,
Now with wide bleſſings looks ſhe through the iſle,
And calls forth harveſts with a fruitful ſmile.
Then t'wards Auguſta's ſpires ſhe loves to lean,
And guide ſtray'd comforts to Auguſta's queen.
But, whether tir'd with her long line of care,
Or lull'd to reſt by the unacted air,
A riſing languor o'er her ſenſes creeps,
And in a fatal hour the guardian ſleeps.
Now was the time! the prompted Gallic foe
Call'd out to ſtrike a chance-invited blow,
With ſhameful odds, in ſtrength advanc'd to meet,
Th' unfearing convoys of a Britiſh fleet!
With deadly ſhock th' unequal ſquadrons join,
And death-wing'd fires fly ſwift from either line.
In jetty pomp black terrors force their way,
And ſulph'rous ſmoke puts out the eye of day.
Juſt in the thunder of the growing fight,
The waking genius ſtarted at the ſight!
In ſad ſurpriſe ſhe rolls her ſparkling eyes,
Springs from her couch, and to the ocean flies!
Arriv'd, incumbent on the ruffled air,
She ſees rude globes the floating foreſt tear:
Her ſons o'ermatch'd, like men untaught to yield,
Scud, unreſolv'd, about the watry field:
The ſpacious ſeas with ſcatter'd veſſels charg'd,
To double length the breaking line enlarg'd.
Averſe to fly, nor deaf to ſafety's call,
They hang, like ſcatt'ring clouds, about to fall.
But while the foe, encourag'd at his view,
Preſſing triumphant on, would dare purſue;
Again united they the fight reſtore,
Again dart vengeance fiercer than before:
Again the big-mouth'd cannon rends the ſky,
And the unconquer'd ſuff'rers ruſh to die.
Thus, while the hunted panther ſpent with fight;
Looks round diſtreſt, and meditates a flight;
If then prevented, he with ſudden roar
Turns back, and dyes the field with hoſtile gore;
Diſdaining life upon the ſpears he flies,
And heap'd on piles of victims proudly dies.
All this the trembling nymph with grief beheld;
At length her care the victor's force repell'd;
Then waſtes no time the ruin'd to deplore,
But guides the rich remainder ſafe to ſhore:
Thence to the cave with threat'ning tranſport flew,
Revolving what her hop'd revenge ſhould do!
There, while depreſs'd with melancholy thought,
Her working fancy diff'rent projects taught,
From heav'n's bright orb a youth divinely fair,
With wings extended, cleav'd th' enlighten'd air;
Juſt at the mourning charmer's feet he ſtay'd,
Look'd lovely on her, bow'd him low, and ſaid:
Mourn not this little loſs, nor blame thy fate;
Decreed revenge ſhall on thy wiſhes wait:
Look up, bright maid! read Ramilies writ there,
And pay thyſelf large int'reſt for this care!
He ſaid: and ſtrait his wings their plumes advance,
And bear him glitt'ring through the wild expanſe;
The raviſh'd nymph beholds his ſtarry flight,
And fill'd with promis'd glory bleſt the ſight.

JOSTLING IN SNOWY WEATHER.

Forgive me, Chloris! nor my rudeneſs blame;
Strange as it is, this froſt has bred a flame!

Driv'n from your breaſt, I glow with new deſire;
And melt like ſtraggling ſnow that falls on fire.
Had you been black you might have ſhunn'd this blow;
For diff'rent colours would each other ſhow;
But, oh! you're fair, and cold, and ſoft, and every way like ſnow.

LIBERIA WATCH'D AT MIDNIGHT.

As from a window in the wane of night,
With ſtarry views I feaſted wand'ring ſight,
I ſaw Liberia watch the riſing day,
Whoſe luſtre was to light her friend away!
That friend whoſe kindred paſſion ſerv'd to prove
The promis'd ardour of her brother's love!
That brother's love, which though it meets regard,
Remains uncrown'd with the yet-hop'd reward!
As in ſome overcaſt and diſmal day,
We ſtart to ſee the ſun at once break way;
So, at that hour, to ſee ſuch charms advance,
When ghoſts are ſaid to riſe, and fairies dance!
With more than uſual pleaſure fill'd my ſight,
And mix'd ſome wonder with much more delight!
While arm in arm they trac'd the garden walk,
The love-huſh'd air hung liſt'ning to their talk,
The dancing breeze which had till then been gay,
At their appearance ſigh'd and dy'd away.
As they drew near the moon more ſtrongly ſhone,
To view their brightneſs, not to boaſt her own.
A gen'ral ſtillneſs ſeem'd to ſoothe their cares,
And nature's face grew ſad, to ſuit with theirs:
Shrill-barking Mopſy ſmother'd her own joys,
Fearing to drown her miſtreſs' charming voice:
Liberia ſpoke, but ſeem'd to ſpeak in vain,
As if unable to deſcribe her pain!
When grief is true, no words its force can paint;
A ſilent ſorrow far outſpeaks complaint!
A thouſand leaves the deſtin'd ſiſters took;
A thouſand unſpoke meanings fill'd each look:
Oft they gaz'd upward to the dawning ſky,
And curs'd th' expected hour for drawing nigh:
If now, thought I, ſome gentle zephyr blew,
Thus ſhould it whiſper as it round her flew:
Think, ſince your pitying ſoul does abſence hate,
Abſence from you muſt ſharper pangs create!
Think, if to loſe the ſiſter gives you woes;
What loſing you the brother undergoes!
Who every night from your lov'd preſence ſent,
Does long repeated abſences lament!
And if this parting does yourſelf diſpleaſe,
Be taught by ſympathy to give him eaſe.

TO LORD GEORGE GRAHAM;

On his Action near Oſtend, on the 24th of June 1745.

'Twas finely tim'd! third Edward's brighteſt days
Had from ſuch captains claim'd increaſe of praiſe,
But now, 'tis tenfold greatneſs thus to riſe,
Where ſenſe of victory, loſt in purſe-craft lies!
Where war but pilfers, and but bags conteſt;
And public honour is the public jeſt.
At ſuch a time, to dare the ſneerer's joke;
To ruſh on danger when but foes provoke;
Unbrib'd by profit's impulſe, fight for bays,
And court no premium but his country's praiſe,
'Tis prodigy! 'tis out of nature's road;
'Tis ſcorn of prudence, and offence to mode.
Shake, Dunkirk! and retract thy bold extent,
Doom'd to due duſt, ſtands each proud battlement:
Swell high, propitious ſurge, hide Tournay's ſtains,
And waſh off infult, from our cow'rd campaigns.
Look up, ye ſea-driv'n ghoſts! whom pleas'd Toulon
Saw ſink in fruitleſs fight, forgot too ſoon!
O'er the ſalt wave triumphant thunders hear,
Hail the wiſh'd vengeance that at laſt draws near!
While France ſtarts wide, and wonders whence it came,
Pale to her trembling genius point a Graham!
Tell her, 'tis his to feel his country's fire,
Hold her paſt fame in view to urge it higher:
Tell her, rewaking glory waits his call,
To pour atonement o'er the pride of Gaul;
Reclaim aſſerted ocean's queſtion'd ſway,
And teach the doubtful nations to obey.
Say, pitying Heav'n, that ſav'ſt a blund'ring ſtate,
Whom haſt thou late inſpir'd to lend us weight?
Blow, ye broad winds, expand his op'ning light,
Tell us, whence roſe he? Do his country right;
Born on thy bleaks, Albania! nurſe of kings!
From gen'rous ſtock this gen'rous ſcion ſprings.
Son of thy ſoul, Montroſe! There, known, too well!
Prop of a crown when three loſt kingdoms fell!
Far be the omen from thy filial fire,
In every wreathe but death's tranſcend thy ſire,
Far from thy great foreſather's ſuff'rings rais'd,
For more than all his virtues lov'd and prais'd;
Down through time's tide tranſmit his length'ning fame:
O born above his fate to lift his name.
Oh, Mallet this was he—ſweet heav'n-fac'd boy!
Thy friend congratulates thy conſcious joy:
Pride of thy care, thou led'ſt his earlieſt youth,
To court plain glory, white as roheleſs truth;
To ſcorn dark liſts, which men diſtinction call,
And climb, ſelf-ſinew'd—or not riſe at all.
Courage by nature his—thou taught'ſt him taſte,
And innate warmth with poliſh'd brightneſs grac'd.
Breath'd o'er his liſt'ning heart reflection's breeze,
Gave him deſire to know, with pow'r to pleaſe:
Thine, half the triumphs of his riſing fame!
And Britain's future flag ſhall bleſs thy name.

IN A BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK

SENT TO MIRANDA.

Go, happy book,——
Who, void of life, art from life's cares ſo free,
Thou canſt before my lovely charmer lie,
Unſcorch'd by all the lightnings of her eye.
'Midſt her inſpiring touch thou canſt remain,
Taſteleſs of pleaſure, and ſecure from pain:
While abſent beauty breaks thy author's reſt,
And hope and fear by turns diſtract his breaſt.
My angel miſtreſs muſt henceforth be thine,
And I devote thy offerings to her ſhrine:
On varied themes divert her wand'ring eye,
As o'er thy honour'd leaves her glances fly:
But when her thoughts on ſofter ſubjects rove,
And lead her where thy pages talk of love;
Oh, then, ſo mindful of thy author be,
To bid her in a whiſper think on me.

THE PROGRESS OF WIT;

A CAVEAT.

Tuneful Alexis, on the Thames' fair ſide,
The ladies play-thing and the muſes pride;
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Eaſy though vain; and elegant though light:
Deſiring, and deſerving others praiſe,
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;
Unborn to cheriſh, ſneakingly approves,
And wants the ſoul to ſpread the worth he loves.
This to the juniors of his tribe gave pain,
For mean minds praiſe but to be prais'd again;
Henceforth renouncing an ungracious Baal,
His altars ſmoke not, and their off'rings fail:
The heat his ſcorn had rais'd, his pride inflam'd;
Till what they worſhip'd firſt they next defam'd;
Depos'd at length, from Pindus' top he roll'd,
While infect wirlings pleas'd, his fall behold,
And each cold-croaking Heliconian frog
Leaps ſcornful, and beſtrides th' unreigning log.
Far-fall'n Alexis, who ſo ill aſpir'd,
Sick of ſucceſsleſs war, from wounds retir'd,
Where, while in ſleep, his ſorrows ebb'd away,
And huſh'd in darkneſs, indignation lay;
Fancy, fair miſtreſs of the poet's mind,
For ever changing, yet for ever kind;
Soft o'er his dreams her formful radiance ſhed,
And his rapt ſoul through heav'n's thin purlieus led;
Seated beſide the ſtar-invading dame, [flame.
Whoſe ſteeds, wind-footed, paw'd the lambent
High as a widow'd lover's grief can climb,
Her air-built chariot roſe, and hung ſublime.
Unveiling, thence, the world's bleak waſtes below,
They ſaw the ſtream of life beneath 'em flow;
Dim from the ſable ſea of birth it roſe,
In a ſlow, ſilent, ſullen, dread repoſe:
For, round th' emerging ſource that glimmer'd pale,
Mountains of midnight darkneſs roll'd a veil:
But, as the evolving ſurge ſwell'd into day,
Quick'ning it mov'd, and roar'd, and ruſh'd away.
Broad on the left from low oblivion's ſhore,
Quickſands and rocks reach'd half the current o'er:
Lucid, like truth, the treach'rous water ſhone,
And o'er gay gilded ſhoals ran tuneful on;
Pebbles of gem-like hue, with painted pride,
Glow'd through the wave, and burnt amid the tide;
Wantonly kind, the ſun's enliv'ning beams
Shower'd in light ſpangles on the dancing ſtreams,
While infect nations, gnats, and waſps, and flies,
Ting'd in the rainbow's ever-changing dyes,
Sheathing their ſtings, and ſmiling like the fair,
Peopled the funſhine, and adorn'd the air.
Leſs lively, on the right the ſtreams deep flow,
There no falſe colours mix'd their varied glow;
No gawdy bottom catch'd the downcaſt eye:
Above no flutt'ring infect wing'd the ſky:
Serenely ſolemn all—One equal whole
Flaſh'd not upon the ſenſe, but touch'd the ſoul:
Inſtead of rocks green iſlands flouriſh'd here,
Silent and fruitful as the full-grown year;
In place of flies, grave ſwans of ſnow-like hue,
Sweetly majeſtic in ſlow circles flew:
But though theſe iſles the diſtant proſpect cheer'd,
No bay, no port, no landing-place appear'd;
Kind birds alone gave entrance o'er the mound,
Nor from the ſtream below was inlet found.
Then fancy thus—Fame's future regions theſe,
Where nothing ſurfeits, yet where all things pleaſe;
Here memory ſtands fix'd while time runs on,
And worth blooms freſh when life itſelf is gone;
Danger keeps diſtance, ſoften'd ſpleen grows kind,
Ambition temperate, and love refin'd:
Nor pride nor jealouſy can here annoy,
Nothing is eceſtaſy, though all is joy:
Peace without languor, labour void of pain,
Glory unenvied, and unſlander'd gain.
Though diff'ring thus the ſtreams unſocial ſides,
Yet one broad gulf abſorb'd the double tides;
From birth devolving, death's blind ſea below,
Boundleſs, and formleſs, ſnatch'd the mingled flow;
Both rounding oceans backward ſeem'd to tend,
And vaſt beneath their ſable ſurges blend:
But far more frightful this!—whoſe dark profound,
A depth eternal! life wants line to ſound:
Unbottom'd ſhade roll'd looſe, o'er ſwallowed light—
Fancy grew giddy, nor ſuſtain'd the ſight:
But ſtarting into fear, tranſpos'd remark,
And ſought the ſource leſs dreadful, though as dark.
Thick on the riſing ſtream's emitted tide,
Millions of ſhapeleſs bodies ſeem'd to glide;
Whoſe breathing bulks to life and motion blown,
Shot into human forms completely grown;
Mix'd rank and ſex ſprung through the liquid jet,
But pouring outward, clear diſtinction met;
Some wading naked, trode the ſlipp'ry plain,
Some cut the fluent wave—ſome tir'd with pain,
Failing to float, or wade, neglected fell,
And ſunk unſnatch'd at in the troubled ſwell:
To others, riſing happier and ſerene,
Fortune, dark buſtling pow'r, obſcurely ſeen,
Reach'd with blind bounty, and with haſty hand,
Thin boats—and buoy'd 'em o'er the ſhining ſand:
Of diff'rent form theſe boats---a ſingle oar
Diſtinguiſh'd ſome---ſome wing'd their ſides with more:
Others, with oars and ſails conjoin'd, made way,
And mow'd the murm'ring ſurge with ſweepy ſway:
While ſome ſlow pole-men, o'er their toil reclin'd,
Puſh'd their check'd barks, and lab'ring, lagg'd behind.
While ſome eſſay'd to croſs, and veering wide,
Would with ſtrong ſtem the ſtubborn ſtream divide,
And ſlowly ſlanting, fought the ſilent ſide;
Swift to the ſhelvy ſhore light gallies flew,
As the fierce channel's rapid current drew,
'Twixt rocks, and whirlpools, driv'n obliquely gay,
And through the ſhoaly ſunſhine danc'd away.
Caught by a gulfy void that gloom'd below,
Theſe from the current's fair deſcending flow,
In-drawn at once by darkneſs ſwallow'd o'er,
Sunk from their ſunny ſcene and roſe no more:

Still gap'd th' unclosing deep, o'er millions gone,
Yet still insatiate, hourly swallow'd on!
Titles, distinctions, forms, rush mingled down,
Not levity itself wants weight to drown;
Gamesters, beaux, casuists, jinglers, jesters, drinkers,
Fox-hunters, politicians, and free-thinkers,
Prudes, devotees, coquets, grave, light, young, old,
In one mix'd night, the covering waves infold:
Swept from the noise they fought, to rest they
shun'd,
They plunge for ever into death's profound;
While abler pilots, who resolv'd, stood o'er,
And edging broad, gain'd slow the safer shore:
Snatch'd from their sinking seats, were borne to
land,
By watchful swans, whose wings the surface fann'd:
There, on green islands reign'd, escap'd from cares,
Lords of a blooming world, for ever theirs.
Wide o'er the scene, Alexis winds his eye,
Swift as the progress of the gliders by;
A strange confusion rose---of all who past,
With earnest emptiness and barren haste,
Few cross the flood, repugnant strove to steer,
Fewer had strength of oars to hold them near!
Tir'd by the current's ill-resisted force,
Or bulg'd by envious prows which cross'd their
course,
The boldest keels, pursuing, or pursu'd,
Entangling and perplex'd, were lost in feud:
While others, heedless of their sleeping oars,
Drove in light negligence, nor shun'd the shores;
But pendant o'er the helm each shoal explor'd,
And snatch'd in transport, shells and stones on
board:
Or leaping wanton, catch'd the glittering prey,
That buzz'd and gambol'd in their sportive way.
Mean while, most mournful of the motley scene,
Cherish'd effect of pride, and food of spleen!
Boat over boat destructive passage made,
And weeping pity mourn'd defective aid:
Sailing presumers, pressing proudly on,
Bore down each envied rower who nearest shone,
The oar-wing'd vessel eye'd, with dumb disdain,
The creeping pole-man's slow-availing pain,
And lordly wanton, with invasive beak,
Sunk the faint struggler, criminally weak!
He too, in concert with superior hate,
Loth to exert less guilt than match'd his state,
Triumphant, in his turn, fought equal prey,
And, o'er the naked wader sore'd his way.
Alexis pondering in suspended thought,
What meaning all these mazy mixtures taught,
Sudden a shout, from every distant side,
Eddied the air, and broke the back'ning tide;
Acclamatory thousands rose alarm'd,
All eyes attracted, and each hearing charm'd;
Pointing in transport, all their helms forsook,
And on one object hung their length'ning look.
Down from the gloomy source in side-long float,
Proudly descending, mov'd a glitt'ring boat:
Her silken sails a colour'd radiance threw,
And ting'd the sunny beams through which they
flew;
While oars of silver dash'd the wat'ry spray,
That rain'd in gemmy show'rs, and dazzled day:
High on the painted stern a youth appear'd,
Who rather happily than strongly steer'd;
Faint and unstriking was his anguish'd mien,
Sadden'd by sickness, and o'ercast with spleen;
Yet, from his eyes, there beam'd a living light,
Keen and intent as a fir'd eagle's sight:
And from his voice, (for as he sail'd he sung)
Such magic sounds of melting music sprung,
That the hush'd heav'n all downward seem'd to
bend,
And, against nature, the charm'd earth ascend.
Careless he look'd, yet heedful of his way,
Broke the kind current's unobstructing sway,
That kiss'd his oars, and hasten'd to obey:
Scarce was his course oblique, for each glad boat,
That envious stem'd all other's rival float,
Fix'd and enchanted, when this youth drew nigh,
Hung on his passing notes, and help'd him by:
The muses row'd him, and the graces care
Trimm'd his light sails, and spread them to the air;
In his boat's bottom, green-ey'd envy lay,
And serv'd as ballast, while she clogg'd his way;
Down from her chariot, light-wing'd fancy flew,
And o'er him, loose, her starry mantle threw;
Pleasure, praise, beauty, 'twixt his shrouds trod
gay,
And danc'd the measur'd moments soft away;
Sportful as zephyrs, in his smiles they strove,
And the young loves forsook their mother's grove.
Thus fortunate, thus favour'd, and thus bright,
Luckily negligent, and aptly light;
He touch'd no shoal, safe rounded every rock,
Despis'd all danger, and sustain'd no shock;
Till to that calmer coast approaching nigh,
And gliding 'twixt green islands safely high,
Circles of hov'ring swans with joyful note,
Clapp'd their broad wings in triumph o'er his boat,
Charm'd, that so soon, he reach'd their solemn side,
Ere yet one third of the stream's length was try'd.
Steering from isle to isle, with joyless awe,
Thin o'er each height, their white rob'd lords he
saw,
Pleas'd, without transport, how the palms they bore,
To hail his passage near their silent shore:
Cold and uncharm'd, he sought his fav'rite crowd,
Immensely distant now, though late so loud:
All was serene, the air was hush'd around,
The waters calm!—Lost ev'n his music's sound!
Back to the life, impatient looks he cast,
And long'd for ev'ry shining insect past;
Distant he saw them, wings o'er wings display,
And in light chases thread the colour'd ray:
Eager for these, contending pilots strove,
And catch'd them, careless how their vessels drove;
Then with their trophies dress'd each gaudy sail,
While humming drones, in swarms, their fortune
hail;
Record past leaps, foretel their next essays,
And buz, melodious, in the fly-men's praise.
Warm'd and misled, by this false fire of fame,
His beaming eyes with emulation flame;
And have I, recreant, thus renounc'd a field,
Where baffled danger can such glory yield?
Lives there a catch-fly of yon vent'rous press,
More brave than I am? or, who fears them less?

Show me the warring wasp, whose threat'ning wing
I dare not strike at, and provoke his sting!
Swans give me way! your shoreless islands keep,
Too safe your clime is, and too calm your deep;
I choose a rapid glory, not a flow,
Shoals are fought harbours, where these jewels grow.
He said, and rising, push'd with liquid sweep
Th' inverted helm, and goar'd the groaning deep:
Flaming erect, re-sought the surgy side,
And bounded, threat'ning, o'er the foaming tide;
Sailing athwart the swarms, and skipping high,
He snatch'd, triumphant, every tempting fly:
Gave his loose rudder to the current's claim,
And drove, disdainful, through his rival's game;
Press'd by invaded wasps excited stings,
He warr'd, revengeful, on the falling wings:
Through dust of slaughter'd gnats, he fought in shade, [made;
And squeez'd them, deathful, on the wounds they
Fleets of cold opposites from all sides join,
And wedg'd against this general foe combine;
Vainly indignant they resist his sway,
Yet block his passage and obstruct his way:
Still though he stagnates he the fight maintains,
While drones, applausive, with their ductile strains,
Homage the rising hero's new renown.
And prince of fly-catchers the champion crown.
The swans, mean while, which from the calmer side,
Forsaken, saw him trust the fatal tide;
Mournful, with pendent wing, his triumph griev'd,
And wish'd his wasted vigour less deceiv'd:
Trembling they mark'd his vessel downward bent,
Hang o'er th' engulfing oceans's dark descent,
While he, regardless still, new trophies won,
And bent to conquer, saw not what to shun.
Fancy still busied, still enamour'd, staid,
And still concurring, lent his rashness aid;
To her far distant, touch'd Alexis cry'd,
And with strain'd voice, to reach her notice try'd:
" O! save him, warn him, bid him turn and think,
" Let not his bark in yon black ocean sink!
" Teach me to call him by his pow'rful name,
" Point out his danger, quench his devious flame;
" Rash spleen of heart, that could such war advise!
" Blind rage! to lose himself and catch but flies!
" Oh teach my tongue his name:"—Then fancy heard,
And smiling, at her chariot's side appear'd:
" Why dost thou ask, she cry'd, what nations know,
" Even all whom wit or worth inspire below?
" His is a name that dwells on ev'ry mind,
" Tunes every tongue, and fails with every wind!
" Not surer is that river life's extent,
" Or by those oceans birth, and death,
" Not surer fortune, is that dark pow'r's name,
" That left oblivion, and that right side fame.
" Than that, no son of wit dares justly hope,
" Fame dwell in folly's paths, but thou, O Pope!
Alexis starting, heard his own lov'd name,
Felt his pride shrink, and blush'd with conscious shame!
Pitch'd from the chariot, lost to fancy's call,
And had not waiting judgment broke the fall,
Contempt's cold vale had caught him wak'd and stunn'd,
And deep intomb'd him in his own *profound*.

THE ART OF ACTING.

DEDICATED TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Why sleep the silent pow'rs that guard the stage,
While yawning opiates lull the tasteless age?
Shall trite cold themes catch fire from wit's essays,
Yet, hov'ring chillness damp theatric blaze?
Mourn it, ye sons of spleen, whose hands (mistaught)
Tore up this seed of sense, this plant of thought:
Whence reasoning shoots might bloom life's garden o'er,
And weedy wildness choke her walks no more.—
Horror (at alien woes) by genius mov'd,
To sense of home-felt bliss, be there improv'd:
Wits ent'ring hand dissect sedition's breast,
Show the malignant springs and call forth rest.
There the touch'd heart, in secret silence chid,
Might learn to hate the guilt it once but hid:
There, scorn from note of pity's praise—catch grace,
Start and pause conscious—in pride's slack'ning race.
There heedless beauty, warn'd of man's false fire,
Might chain down wav'ring love, and edge desire:
Each maid's mild eye correct her heart's warm truth,
Dull pens grow pensive, and false thinkers just.
There (now) fits mummery, thron'd on passion's urn!
There noisier fires than wit's (unbright'ning) burn:
There vice with laughter shares divided rule,
And only serious purpose marks the fool!
Vain the lost pray'r that courts a muse's aid,
By foes untasted, and by friends betray'd:
Patrons immers'd 'twixt faction's rapid tides!
Poets in flattery's, pow'r absorb'd in pride's!
Gone is the learned leisure once rever'd,
And the still voice of genius sighs unheard.
Happier Ierne! mourn our drains no more;
Richly reverg'd, thou drain'st a nobler store.
Poor in our turn, see wit's lost channel dry,
Robb'd of her fountain—for thy full supply.
Yet, while home ruin wrings the heart distrest,
'Tis recompence to fall for others blest:
Less thy doom'd distance (soul of absent joys)
Pains the shook realm, whose hope it half destroys;
Conscious thou go'st to warm one sister's fears
To transports, lasting as the others tears.
Long in sad silence on the willows hung,
Now she resumes her harp, for praise new strung:
Tires her tun'd hand to pour her grateful soul,
Wide as her chief can charm, from pole to pole.
Genius, from ages hers, 'midst want and wrongs,
How will she now transcend past poets songs!
At once of every nations grace made free,
By every added muse, bestow'd with thee!
There, 'midst the toils of empire's manag'd weight,
Law's lights extended, and embellish'd state;

Find a calm hour to lend the ſtage thy care,
And times unborn ſhall feel a Stanhope there.
Dark'ning mean while, our muſe s lamps expire,
Blank is their proſpect, and unfann'd their fire:
Friendleſs, neglected, laugh'd at, and unfelt,
No now-crown'd conq'ror cares where Homer dwelt.
Baniſh'd from court, from ſenate, city, ſcene,
Wit's ſons, all tongue-tied! mute, even Harlequin!
Yet, let the thinker ſcorn ſuch dumb ſuſpenſe,
Nor (flattering cuſtom) ſneak his aid from ſenſe:
Wing'd for the future o'er the preſent riſe,
Spurn the times cloud, and ſtrike benigner ſkies.
Not always ſhall ambition's muddied brain
Work to perſuade—yet hold example vain!
Bribe to each further'd intereſt's venal cue,
Yet dream diverſion all the ſtage's view.
The time ſhall come (indulge it ſoon ſlow fate!)
When power ſhall taſte that wit can think with weight:
The time ſhall come (not far the deſtin'd day)
When ſoul-touch'd actors ſhall do more than play:
When paſſion, flaming from the aſſerted ſtage,
Shall to taught greatneſs fire a feeling age:
Tides of ſtrong ſentiment ſublimely roll,
Deep'ning the dry diſgraces of the ſoul:
Pity, fear, ſorrow, waſh'd from folly's foam,
Knock at man's breaſt, and find his heart at home.
Then plaintful grief ſhall drop her whiney drawl,
And heart-felt anger nerve the inſenſate bawl;
Then ſhall the moving art old powers poſſeſs;
Wake valour, call forth joys, and ſtamp diſtreſs.
Then ſhall the player take pains in pleaſure's right,
Sweat for his praiſe, and labour to delight:
Then ſhall he thank the hand (in death long cold)
That fir'd his languor, and his fame foretold.
Taſteful ev'n now, there want not ſome choice few
Whoſe hope-warm'd hearts can hail the diſtant view:
Hearts that the ſubject's lov'd importance know,
And feel the fire they bear with conſcious glow.
Why was the actor ſtain'd by law's decree?
Loſt time's recov'rer! truth's awak'ner he!
Paſſion's refiner! life's ſhoal coaſt ſurvey'd—
The wiſe man's pleaſer, and the good man's aid.
Precept and practice in one teacher join'd,
Bodied reſemblance of the copied mind!
Nature confirms, art dignifies his claim,
And only cant's low crawl deſiles his name.
If but by comprehenſion we poſſeſs,
And every greater circles hold the leſs,
No rank's high claim can make the player's ſmall,
Since, acting each, he comprehends them all.
Off to due diſtance half ye ſtalking train!
Blots of a title your low taſtes profane!
No dull cold mouther ſhares the actor's plea,
Rightly to ſeem is tranſiently to be.
How ſhall this goal be reach'd, that, ſeen moſt nigh,
Still glides more diſtant from th' advancing eye?
Like the ſky's ſea-dipt arch, heaven's fancied bound,
For ever fail'd to, and yet never found.
How ſhall trac'd practice hit th' untrodden way,
Where life is travell'd out, in arts to ſtray?
Arduous the taſk, and aſks a climbing brain,
A head for judgment, and a heart for pain,
E'er ſenſe, impreſs'd, reflects adopted forms,
And changeful nature ſhakes with borrow'd ſtorms;
E'er ductile genius turns as paſſions wind,
And bends to fancy's curve the pliant mind.
Mark when th' expanding ſeed from earth's moiſt bed,
Starting at nature's call, prepares to ſpread; [cend
Firſt, the prone root breaks downward, thence aſ-
Shot ſtems, whoſe joints collateral boughs extend:
Twigs from thoſe boughs lend leaves—each leaf contains
Side-leſs'ning ſtalks, tranſvers'd by fibry veins.
So, from injected thought, ſhoots paſſion's growth;
No ſprout ſpontaneous, no chance child of ſloth:
Idea lends it root—firm on touch'd minds,
Fancy (ſwift planter!) firſt th' impreſſion binds;
Shap'd in conception's mould, nature's prompt ſkill
Bids ſubject nerves obey th' inſpiring will:
Strung to obſequious bend the muſe'ly frame
Stamps the ſhown image Pleaſure, pity, ſhame,
Anger, grief, terror, catch the adaptive ſpring,
While the eye darts it, and the accents ring.
See art's ſhort path!—'tis eaſy to be found,
Winding delightful through the mazy round!
Tempt the try'd ſkill, to no ſole proof confin'd;
Shift the ſhort ſhadowings o'er your figur'd mind.
Mournful, recal ſome friend's lamented fate;
Sad on each feature hangs the mind's felt weight.
Seek you ſtrong ſenſe of joy? looks firſt impart,
Then the nerve ſtricture bounds it from the heart:
Does rage inflame? no viſage can conceal
What the mark'd muſcle bids the ſpirit feel:
Still as the nerves conſtrain the looks obey,
And what the look enjoins the nerves diſplay:
Mutual their aid, reciprocal their ſtrain,
Will but commanding, face and nerves explain.
Light'ning and thunder, ſo concurring, ſtrike;
One their joint origin, though form'd unlike:
So to the look th' attentive nerves reply,
As from the flaſh ſucceeding thunders fly.
'Tis cauſe and conſequence; nor flows more grace
From beauty's ſmile than the touch'd actor's face:
Poiſe the rule's practice; turn it o'er and o'er;
Nor think it tedious, though conceiv'd before:
'Tis but to look and will. Th' imprinted eye
Moves the ſtruck muſcles, and the limbs comply:
Geſture is meaning's ape—grave, furious, gay,
Changeful as cloud-form'd ſhapes when winds make way;
Imag'd conception firſt, but face inflames,
Then the mein paints it, and the tone proclaims.
Is there who doubts an art thus briefly ſhown?
Call out proof's pow'r, and make that art his own:
Bid him, with mournful brow, ſwell ſounds of joy,
Half the mock'd ſenſe th' unbracing nerves deſtroy:
Tun'd to the tearful ey's retentive woe,
Rapture's check'd phraſe ſhall quench its fiery glow:
Painfully plaintful, each flat note ſhall die,
And his look's anguiſh give his words the lie.
Next while ſoft ſmiles reſtrain his voic'd eſſay,
Bid angry ſounds give rage its thund'ring way;

Vainly mouth'd menace ſwells th' attempted ſtorm,
Kind as conſent th' unfright'ning accents form:
While his look frown'd not, ſenſe could ſound but ſweet;
No nerve concurring help'd th' unſinew'd heat.
But had his eyes th' impatient fire diſplay'd,
Each note had ſnatch'd it, and each ſtop convey'd:
Thus one plain practice paints whole nature right,
And all her changeful pictures move delight.
Is there who loves not joy?—There then begin,
Search the ſoul-pleaſing paſſion's pow'r within;
Find your ſmile's force before ſome faithful glaſs,
Heedful to let no faint impreſſion paſs: [train,
There to touch'd gladneſs thought-form'd features
'Till each criſp'd fibre feels th' enrapt'ring ſtrain;
Then (ſtretch'd) behold your op'ning forehead
Back'ning in boaſtful ſenſe of ſparkling eyes. [riſe,
Broadly majeſtical your breaſt expands,
Brac'd your preſs'd joints—neck, knee, feet, ſhoulders, hands,
Treading on air, each ſtep new ſoul diſplays,
Your limbs all lighten, and your looks all blaze:
Then ſpeak,—joy anſwers; every ſound its own;
Muſic and rapture mix'd in tranſport's tone!
Fall from this height (ah! 'tis but fortune's road!)
Down to deep ſenſe of ſorrow's pungent goad;
Damp your looſe feature's into thought's diſtreſs,
Fade fancy's gloſs to dim-ey'd wretchedneſs:
The ſad look ſick'ning, ſtraight the ſpirits break,
Unbending nerves grief's lax impreſſion take:
Faint hangs the clouded eye, ſhort ſteps drag ſlow,
And every heedleſs geſture bends with woe:
Now to the heart-touch'd ſenſe the voice complains,
And ſighing pityers catch th' infectious pains.
Say, ſhould ſome ſlack'ner of the paſſion's care,
Form'd for gay flights, and ſtruggling from deſpair,
Bow'd from his native bent to doubt's new part,
Find fear's cold caſt aſſign'd a fearleſs heart?
What could he do? where houſe th' intruſive gueſt?
Let his eye lodge him—'twill prepare his breaſt.
From the ſoul's optic ſhoots th' admitted ſhape,
Nor let one tim'rous wavering ſtate eſcape.
Fear is eluſive ſorrow, ſhunning pain;
Active, yet ſtopp'd, it dims the doubtful brain;
Spirit ſnatch'd inward, ſtagnating by dread, [lead:
Slow through the limbs crawls cold the living
Form'd to the look that moulds th' aſſumer's face,
His joints catch tremblings, life's moiſt ſtrings unbrace;
This road and that th' alarmful paſſion tries,
Halts in the motion, flutters in the eyes;
Checks the clipt accent's heſitative way,
And on th' evaſive muſcles hangs delay.
Anger is pride provok'd (ſo felt, ſo known),
Strange! its ſtage influence is ſo faintly ſhown!
Yet, with what abſent ſenſe of all its flame
See we rage meek, fire cold, and fury tame!
Bid the face redd'ning warm'd idea take,
Straight the ſoul's wildfires all obſtruction break:
Stung by inflicted thought's imagin'd pain,
Hard heave the muſcles, rolling eye-balls ſtrain:
Twixt the cloſ'd teeth, indignantly ſuppreſt,
Or ſtorm-like loud out pours th' unguarded breaſt:
Slack'ning exclaiming, ſwift, ſlow reſtleſs change,
Wings the voic'd tempeſt in its whirlwind range;
Quick turns and ſtartings face and air deform,
And thick ſhort breathings paint the inſelt ſtorm.
Nor ſea, nor life, eternal tempeſt ſweeps,
Huſh'd calms ſucceed it, and the thunder ſleeps:
Such the ſoft ſilent tide, that floods the mind,
To mov'd compaſſion's pain-touch'd warmth inclin'd:
Aidful idea ſprings to pitied woe,
Thence every quiv'ring ſinew learns to glow:
Back from the panting boſom to the eye,
Kind ſigh-wing'd dews in ſoft ſenſation fly:
So from earth's op'ning breaſts, in flow'r-dreſs'd May,
Steams the ſipt fragrance to the ſun's felt ray;
Lightly ſuſtain'd, to morn's faint claſp it clings,
Yet oft (let go) falls back, oft upward ſprings:
So learn to ſteal ſoft pity's copied grace; [face;
Languor's moiſt cloud marks firſt the mournful
Then hope's kind tenſion warms the muſcly mein,
Dragg'd diff'rent ways contending contraſts lean;
Claſh'd looks 'gainſt movements paint internal fight,
'Twixt the heart's anguiſh and the help's delight:
Then touch'd attention's hark'ning huſh creeps round,
And breathleſs mouths devour th' expected ſound.
Nature loſes change—Cold night ſucceeds to morn,
And pity's dark'ning oppoſite is ſcorn: [face;
Far be this brow-ſtretch'd arrogance of air
From miſery's doomful claim, in ſons of care.
Ah! minds (too apt) turn but the look within,
We find pride's image there as ſure as ſin!
Yet with ſuch bias rolls man's will from right,
That ſearch firſt miſſes what is moſt in ſight:
Elſe how unneedful to deſcribe a rage
No player wants power to feel—but on the ſtage.
Cautious (life's ſpeaking picture) wear that ſtain,
Rightly to ſhow be thine, but not retain!
Scorn is calm careleſs anger flagg'd of wing,
Bruſh'd ſenſe of harmleſs wrong, too weak to ſting:
Safe in ſuſpended power, eas'd warmth diſclaims
Exertion, and with ſlack remiſſneſs flames:
Now ſmiles, now frowns, yet both with eye ſerene,
While half-ſtrung nerves play ſprings of painleſs ſpleen.
Cloſe-following ſcorn, amazement ought to riſe;
Angels feel wonder, men ſhould dare deſpiſe!
Born to miſtakes, and erring out life's ſpan,
Man, as if heaven were his, looks down on man.
Say then what wonder is—trace its taught cauſe,
Mark its true features, and make known its laws.
Wonder is curious doubt—will's check'd retreat,
Shrinking from danger it prepares to meet;
'Tis fear's half-brother, of reſembling face,
But fix'd, unwavering, and bound down to place:
Earneſt, alarmful gaze, intently keen,
Notes the weigh'd object, yet diſtruſts it ſeen;
As in pale churchyards, gleam'd by ſilent night,
Should ſome croſs'd ſpectre ſhade the moon's dim light,

Shudd'ry, the back'ning blood, revolving swift,
Clogs the press'd heart—stretch'd fibres fail to lift:
Lost in doubt's hard'ning frost, stopt motion lies,
While sense climbs gradual to the straining eyes.
Hatred is sullen fury long retain'd;
'Tis willing mischief warily restrain'd;
'Tis thought's corrosion acridly perplex'd;
'Tis self in pain, lest others live unvex'd.
This to touch vivid—(pencil! pleas'd and free,
Paint the coil'd serpent thou abhorr'st to see.)
Veil the malignant leer that burns with spite,
Bid the brow's lour o'erhang the sick'ning sight;
Swell the blown cheek, th' unopening lip restrain;
Stretch'd the wide nostril marks th' impatient pain.
Ardent, yet heedless, half th' averted eye
Skims the loath'd object, and disdains it nigh.
Hard back-brac'd nerves in sett'ry fervour toil,
And the curv'd system heaves in check'd recoil.
Hast from taught pain---shun hatred's baneful shade,
And to love's sunshine lend the muse's aid.
Love is intense desire, by rev'rence check'd;
'Tis hope's hot transport, streak'd with fear's respect;
'Tis passion's every soul-felt power disjoin'd;
'Tis all th' assembled train's whole force combin'd.
'Tis like soft air, through which admitted light
Peoples pleas'd fancy, and lends shape to sight:
Yet, like that air disturb'd, man's quiet breaks,
Tempests his reason, and his triumph shakes.
You who infuse this pow'r must first have felt;
No heart, unmov'd itself, bids others melt:
Yet, would chalk'd outline sketch th' imagin'd grace?
Dumb earnest gaze tongues o'er th' unvocal face:
Soft'ning in apprehension's awe-check'd air,
Each limb beseeches, each slow step's a prayer:
While high-brac'd raptures imag'd pride confess,
Meekness sits guardian o'er the mild address:
Doubt dissipating hope, to blanch desire,
Hangs the mind's curb upon the body's fire.
Snatch'd from the scene, claim this the box's care;
It paints and warns for every beauty there:
But there love's shafts (of late) all pointless lie,
Blunt from bold mein, and dead'ning in the eye:
Naked of heart, and hateful of delay,
Erring time-short'ner! meeting wish half way!
Woman, outstradling art's old lureful skill,
Mann'd o'er with invitation, drives back will;
Falls her past price, owns patient hope buys dear,
Hawks for quick market, and hawls chapmen near;
Talks loud, struts, elbows, calls a grace a fool;
Dress'd like a scarecrow, manner'd like a mule:
Pall'd, the press'd cheap'ner dreads th' out-blustring air,
Eyes the braw'd swaggerer, and rejects her ware.
Turn, coarse conceiver! all unsex'd by mode,
Maid that trot'st uglying in the monster's road!
Proud, yet immodest! light, rude, witless, pert,
Bold, jostling, hoid'ning, blushness, pow'rless flirt!
Emptier than air thy coloury gewgaws play,
While every hour's new forms push o'd away:
Trifler! for cards and contradictions born!
Panting for conquest, yet compelling scorn!
Lab'ring from nature to grow loath'd by art,
And for man's manners forfeiting his heart! [just;
But hold—contempt wrong plac'd becomes unPerhaps stage whiners gave love's friends disgust:
For (goblin-like) there lovers walk unshown,
Talk'd of in every play, yet seen in none:
Lost in unfeeling cold affected drawl,
They touch no tenderness, attempting all.
Lump'd lazy lifeless indolence one cause,
And one th' admiring fool's misjudg'd applause.
Why should pain sweat for praise, proud ease can win,
By the rais'd footstep and exalted chin?
By the heav'd halt, that swings its load along,
Clumsily solemn, and serenely wrong?
By the big, broad, round, mellow, trounding troll,
That means no passion, and conveys no soul:
Half swells, then sinks, like sails of ships becalm'd,
A dry dead sweat, man's mummied voice embalm'd.
Shame on the whineling, sleep-inductive tone!
Not by such glow-worm glimse love's fires are shown:
Heart, voice, mein, visage, all pay love their aid,
Cupid exacts more strict alliance made; [he
'Twixt the mind's states than once 'twixt Europe's,
Who bound all princes, yet left none unfree.
Not such loose treaties please th' all-buckling god,
Punctual he yokes tun'd sounds to meaning's nod:
Pardons no void vain voluble harangue,
And hates to hear the unaiming bowstring twang.
Say, female shades of love, who haunt the stage,
What fiend, close-treading, rags desire with rage?
If in your hospitable bosoms bred,
Th' unresting fury thrives, by beauty fed,
Tell the dire name.—But if you silent feel
Th' impressive tooth, and no gnaw'd thought reveal, [bite,
Speak, tell-tale muse. Thou shar'st th' envenom'd
For jealousy ne'er sleeps when poets write.
The Janus jealousy two faces wears,
Each diff'ring, apt as form'd by diff'rent cares;
While infant-wing'd the callow harpy lies,
Too dim for daylight, too unfledg'd to rise:
'Tis doubt-mix'd anger, struggling to confide,
Floating half-sunk on pity's pleading tide:
Here hope-fed softness soothes the affiant heart,
There rage vindictive bids the spirit smart:
'Twixt the two wav'ring scales, by turns depress,
The eye's short wand'rings mark the mind distress;
Languidly strung, slow-nerv'd, half-sinewy strain,
Paints an unsettled, half-determin'd pain:
Whence rous'd resentment, catching hasty flame,
Cool'd by met pity, blushes into shame:
But does weigh'd proof confirm th' ideal wrong,
Then the eye lightens, and the brace binds strong;
Not vengeance burns more turbulently stern,
Though (through it) pain'd affection sighs concern.
Thus has the muse, in passion's changeful dress,
Led enr'ring art through nature's dark recess;
Fair to her eye one source of action shown,
Whence every branch'd meander flows her own:

Brief let precision's ſcale contract the view;
Then graſp it mem'ry, and remit the clue.
Previous to art's firſt act (till then all vain)
Print the ideal pathos on the brain;
Feel the thought's image on the eyeball roll;
Behind that window ſits th' attentive ſoul:
Wing'd at her beck th' obedient muſcles fly,
Bent or relaxing to the varied eye:
Preſs'd, moderate, lenient, voice's organ'd ſound
To each felt impulſe tones the tuneful round:
Form'd to the nerves, concurring mein partakes,
So the mov'd actor moves, and paſſion ſhakes.

THE DEDICATION OF THE BEECH-TREE,

Occaſioned by the late Diſcovery of making Oil from the Fruit of that Tree.

High in thy ſtarry orb,
Great ruling planet of our brighten'd ſphere,
The muſe invokes thee, and demands thy ear!
Her Harley's ear! O yet confeſs the name!
Thy titles borrow luſtre from thy fame.
Fearleſs to fall, my rein-loos'd fancy ſoars
High as thy deeds, nor common aid implores.
Let conſcious fawners blow their ſmoky fire,
And vainly bid th' unliſt'ning gods inſpire,
My muſe, diſdainful of their ſullied wings,
Views the vaſt height, and dauntleſs upward ſprings,
Inſpir'd like angels by the worth ſhe ſings.
Yet, Oh! miſtake not my aſpiring lays;
They would but ſpeak my duty, not your praiſe;
Praiſes like yours, who lives and does not know;
The pooreſt debtors count the ſums they owe;
But I, impatient of the growing ſcore,
Would pay you ſomething ere I owe you more.
Accept, great guider of the ſtormy ſtate,
An off'ring worthy of the brave and great:
Accept what heav'n, propitious for your ſake,
Smiles on this peace-bleſs'd land, and bids her take:
This art of old had been ſome altars due,
Now, fir'd with purer zeal, ſhe kneels to you.
That awful pow'r who guards our Anna's throne,
And to that Anna made your virtues known,
To place ſuch worth above all wiſh'd controul,
Bleſs'd the long labours of your peaceful ſoul.
But one thing wanted,—fam'd Minerva's tree,
The gift of peace from gods to men like thee;
That oleous plant, the pride of funnier climes,
Chief in the poets ſongs of ancient times;
Too long profan'd for thy chaſte brow to wear,
Fled the cool influence of the northern bear.
Heaven's voice was heard, deficient nature groan'd,
Felt his new will, and the correction own'd.
The humbleſt foreſt of our favour'd land
Grew proud beneath this bounty of his hand;
Confeſs'd the ſecret he vouchſaf'd to teach,
Diſdain'd the olive, and enthron'd the beech.
Hail, happy tree! wou'd after-ages know,
To whom their ſons thy oily harveſts owe,
Oxford's lov'd name, deep on thy boſom grave,
Who from his country did his country ſave;
Who gave our haraſs'd land its long-wiſh'd reſt,
And forc'd unwilling nations to be bleſt;
Whoſe known eſteem of arts gave birth to thee,
Omen of greater, which e'er long ſhall be.
Thy pious hand, which made war's thunder ceaſe,
Shall cultivate the nobler arts of peace;
Till murm'ring faction owns, with thankleſs joy,
'Tis far more great, to build than to deſtroy.
Nor ſhall thy riſing country's ſons alone,
Thy wiſer care of their loſt int'reſt own,
The boundleſs bleſſings of thy lib'ral hand,
Shall ſhed their influence on our fruitful land:
The long-mourn'd abſence of th' inſpiring plant,
Whoſe pow'rful juice ungrinds the edge of want,
Whoſe ſov'reign ſtrength makes glad the lab'rers toil,
Shall now no more reproach our injur'd ſoil;
Our teeming glebe, if I a right divine,
E'er long ſhall ſwell with floods of gen'rous wine,
France ſhall no more her courted vineyards boaſt;
But look with envy on our northern coaſt,
Which now enrich'd, with matchleſs oil and corn,
Unequal'd vintages ſhall ſoon adorn.
Nor this alone! on, on, prophetic fire!
Though boundleſs is the flight, diſdain to tire;
Unwearied all his glorious aims purſue,
'Till ſick'ning envy dies to ſhun the view,
Fir'd with the ſure preſage, methinks I ſee
The ſtruggling eaſt reſign her morian tree;
The roughеſt Dryads of our oaken iſle,
Charm'd with the gentle ſtranger, learn to ſmile;
The dancing boughs their breezy homage pay,
The oak nods welcome, and the beech gives way.
And now, glad ſpring, by riſing warmth renew'd,
The various inſect ſeeks its leafy food,
Spins out its little life's induſtrious thread,
In grateful toil, to find its feeder's bread.
Dies a rich recompenſe of female care,
And leaves its ſilken treaſures to the fair;
The fair, long mindful, whence th' advantage came,
Shall teach their ſons to ſpeak, by liſping Harley's name.
From views, like thine, with thy vaſt knowledge join'd,
What bleſſings may not happy Britain find?
Fierce emulation ſhall new pow'rs impart,
Till ev'ry wiſh grows poſſible to art;
Rivers ſhall roll, where now huge mountains grow,
And tides, new channel'd, wonder how they flow.
For thee, proud Thames his wealthy arms ſhall ſpread,
And take the ſwift Sabrina to his bed.
Enamour'd Trent ſhall love-ſick Avon meet,
And diſtant ſeas in mix'd alliance meet.
Dear, to thy care, ev'n th' unhoping Scot
Shall bleſs the union, and hold faſt the knot;
Britain no longer ſhall explore from far,
The coſtly magazines of naval war;
High on the mountains of her northern ſhore,
The gummy pine ſhall ſhed her pitchy ſtore;
Tall firs, which uſeleſs, have long ages grown,
Shall fright the ſeas, and viſit worlds unknown;
Till the check'd ſons of Norway's timber'd ſtate,
Learn love by force, while we diſarm their hate.
And here rejoice, ye Caledonian ſhores,
Whoſe empty ſtrands my friendly muſe deplores:

Shortly, ſtrong fleets ſhall plow your ſtormy ſeas,
And wealth's warm breath your icy ports unfreeze!
The Belgic ſpoiler ſhall no more purſue [you;
Thoſe finny ſhoals which court your guides and
Summon'd to greatneſs, worthy of your fame,
Nor ill-ſupported in the gen'rous aim,
Approaching time ſhall ſee you, juſtly brave,
Aſſert the right which God and nature gave.
Then ſhall that fire which now your boſom fills,
With virtues uſeleſs on your barren hills,
New-nerve the graſp of application's hand,
And rouſe the latent glories of your land.
Wide lies a tract beneath the ſunny line,
Where rays direct with burning luſtre ſhine;
Where ribs of ſilver bind the ſea-waſh'd plains,
And virgin wealth unmix'd with av'rice, reigns.
This the proud Spaniard never yet poſſeſs'd,
So much has heav'n the happy natives bleſs'd;
Reſerv'd for Britiſh rule, their iſthmus free,
Divides the northern from the ſouthern ſea.
Nor this, the hapleſs tract, the direful ſpot,
Dear to the brave, the unpermitted Scot.
North of that ſad, that ill-remember'd ſhore,
A happier work does happier hands implore.
Here ſhall the ſons of our advent'rous land,
Through unborn ages ſtretch decreed command;
Here ſhall they draw both oceans to their ſway,
And through repugnant mountains cut their way:
'Tis done! methinks I hear their cannons roar,
Hoſtile repiners ſhun the envied ſhore,
And round vaſt capes a tedious courſe purſue;
While we, and only we, poſſeſs the new.
Hence ſhall the ſhorten'd diſtance guard our health,
Secure our traffic and increaſe our wealth:
The weſtern bullion to our merchants ſold,
Shall ſend us weight for weight in eaſtern gold.
Nor then ſhall Aſia's aromatic ſtore
Pile the proud markets of a neighb'ring ſhore;
All ſhall be ours, and while we all maintain,
No bloody war ſhall the chaſte victory ſtain.
O blind profaners of obtruded bliſs!
Who wanting ſoul to fathom depth like this,
Inſtead of owning debts, you cannot pay,
Strike at the friendly hand which points the way.
Forgive, thou great inſpirer of my ſong,
If ending here, thy wider views I wrong;
If arts more wiſh'd, or worlds leſs known there were,
Thy *ne plus ultra* had not reſted there.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE V.

Quis multâ gracilis.

Coot within the grotto toying,
Soft on ſcatter'd roſes laid,
What young bud art thou deſtroying;
Why to-day thoſe charms diſplay'd?

Trimly plain in ſubtle ſweetneſs,
What fond heart is here beſet?
Why, with negligent completeneſs,
Looſely curls that treſſy net?

Soon by ſufferings taught to know thee,
O! ye changeful gods! he cries,
Too, too light, thy falſehoods ſhow thee,
Late the fond believer's wiſe:

Then with fooliſh wonder ſtarting,
He compares thy ſunſhine paſt,
With thoſe ſtorms of ſpleen's preparing,
Which thy preſent looks o'ercaſt!

Silly truſter! vain ſuppoſer!
In his am'rous empty mind,
Soft he forms thee joy's diſpoſer:
Ever grateful, huſh'd and kind.

But alas! and ſhame upon thee!
Little dreams he what a ſky,
Heaping clouds in whirlwinds on thee,
Soon ſhall dim thy future eye.

Pity, gods! thoſe faithful creatures,
Yet unbroke to woman's arts:
Fondly truſting lovely features,
And for ſmiles exchanging hearts.

As for me, by heaven befriended,
Long ago I 'ſcap'd the ſtorm:
Safe with all my ſails extended,
Flying from that fraudful form:

Broad my pictur'd ſtory flaming,
Now ſhall love's gay temple grace:
From ſome pillar's height proclaiming
Warnings, to the riſing race.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. DENNIS.

Adieu! unſocial excellence! at laſt
Thy foes are vanquiſh'd, and thy fears are paſt:
Want, the grim recompence of truth like thine,
Shall now no longer dim thy deſtin'd ſhine.
Th' impatient envy, the diſdainful air!
The front malignant, and the captious ſtare!
The furious petulence, the jealous ſtart,
The miſt of frailties that obſcur'd thy heart,
Veil'd in thy grave ſhall unremember'd lie,
For theſe were parts of Dennis, born to die!
But, there's a nobler Seity behind,
His reaſon dies not—and has friends to find!
Though here, revenge and pride withheld his praiſe, [days:
No wrongs ſhall reach him through his future
The riſing ages ſhall redeem his name,
And nations read him into laſting fame!
In his defects untaught! his labour'd page,
Shall the ſlow gratitude of time engage.
Perhaps ſome ſtory of his pitied woe,
Mix'd in faint ſhades may with his memory go,
To touch futurity with gen'rous ſhame,
And backward caſt an unavailing blame,
On times too cold to taſte his ſtrength of art;
Yet warm contemners of too weak a heart!
Reſt in thy duſt, contented with thy lot,
Thy good remember'd, and thy bad forgot:
'Tis more than Cæſar and his world cou'd give!
Spread o'er his virtues his few errors live:
Till reaſoning brutes, whoſe ſpeck of ſoul wants room,
To lodge the juſt conception of his doom,

Dare with lewd licenſe noiſe his queſtion'd fame,
And blot the ſacred rev'rence of his name.

WRIT ON A WINDOW,

In the Highlands of Scotland.

SCOTLAND! thy weather's like a modiſh wife!
Thy winds and rains forever are at ſtrife:
So termagant a-while her thunder tries,
And, when ſhe can no longer ſcold—ſhe cries.

VERSES

Made for Mr. Savage; and ſent to my Lady Macclesfield, his Mother.

HOPELESS, abandon'd, aimleſs, and oppreſs'd,
Loſt to delight, and every way diſtreſs'd:
Croſs his cold bed, in wild diſorder thrown,
Thus ſigh'd Alexis, friendleſs, and alone.
Why do I breath? what joy can being give,
When ſhe who gave me life forgets I live!
Feels not theſe wint'ry blaſts—nor heeds my ſmart;
But ſhuts me from the ſhelter of her heart?
Saw me expos'd to want! to ſhame! to ſcorn!
To ills!—which make it miſery to be born!
Caſt me, regardleſs, on the world's bleak wild,
And bad me be a wretch while yet a child!
Where can he hope for pity, peace or reſt,
Who moves no ſoftneſs—in a mother's breaſt?
Cuſtom, law, reaſon, all! my cauſe forſake;
And nature ſleeps, to keep my woes awake!
Crimes, which the cruel ſcarce believe can be,
The kind are guilty of, to ruin me!
Even ſhe who bore me blaſts me with her hate,
And, meant my fortune, makes herſelf my fate!
Yet has this ſweet neglecter of my woes
The ſofteſt, tend'reſt breaſt, that pity knows!
Her eyes ſhed mercy whereſo'er they ſhine,
And her ſoul melts at every woe—but mine.
Sure, then, ſome ſecret fate for guilt unwill'd,
Some ſentence pre-ordain'd to be fulfill'd,
Plung'd me thus deep in ſorrow's ſearching flood,
And waſh'd me from the mem'ry of her blood.
But, oh! whatever cauſe has mov'd her hate,
Let me but ſigh in ſilence at my fate;
The God within, perhaps, may touch her breaſt;
And when ſhe pities, who can be diſtreſs'd?

ON LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE'S BRINGING WITH HER, OUT OF TURKEY, THE ART OF INOCULATING THE SMALL-POX.

WHEN Greece reviving into ſhort delight,
Felt pride and comfort at our muſe's ſight,
The rival'd nine no ſooner ſaw her face,
But ev'n their envy gave their wonder place.
Charm'd into love of what eclips'd their fame,
They wak'd Apollo with her powerful name.
See, god of Grecian wit! Urania cries,
How ſweet a muſe the weſtern world ſupplies:
Say, ſhould ſhe aſk ſome favour from your throne,
What could you bid her take, that's not her own?
Sparkling in charms, the heavenly ſtranger view,
So grac'd, ſhe ſcarce can owe a beam to you.
Beauty with love her power to your's prefers;
And wit and learning are already her's.
Rous'd at her name, receding from her eyes,
The gazing god roſe ſlow in ſoft ſurpriſe!
Fair miracle! (he ſaid)—and paus'd a while:
Then thus—ſweet glory of your envy'd iſle!
Charm'd and oblig'd leſt we ungrateful ſeem,
Bear hence at leaſt one mark of our eſteem.
One of my three great claims your wiſh may ſit;
Whoſe voice is muſic, and whoſe thoughts are wit.
Phyſic alone remains to grant you here—
A ſkill! your godlike pity will endear. [cure,
Form'd to give wounds, which muſt no eaſe pro-
Atone your influence by new arts to cure.
Beauty's chief foe, a fear'd and fierce diſeaſe!
Bows at my beck, and knows its god's decrees.
Breath'd in this kiſs, take power to tame its rage,
And from its rancour free the reſcued age:
High o'er each ſex in double empire ſit;
Protecting beauty, and inſpiring wit.

TO CLELIA, IN THE COUNTRY.

ON THE PULLING DOWN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

WHILE from the noiſy crowd you lean retir'd,
In ſilent ſhades by love of thought inſpir'd,
I, vex'd by various cares, to buſineſs chain'd,
Mourn'd your loſt converſe, and in town remain'd:
Dark as the midnight world, your ſunſhine gone,
Guideleſs in ſullen gloom, I wander'd on:
Paſſion's wild influence ebb'd and flow'd my mind,
As ſeas drive diff'rent with the changing wind:
But to what point ſoe'er my will was bound,
In vain I turn'd th' unreſting compaſs round:
Doubtful a while th' wav'ring needle hung,
Then, trembling, backward to your image ſprung.
Penſive I view'd a ſacred pile of late,
Which falls, like man, to riſe in nobler ſtate;
The doors thrown wide, it ſeem'd unveil'd to lie,
And reverend ruin ſtruck my ſtartled eye.
Ent'ring amidſt the buſy hammer's ſound,
I ſaw time's duſty trophies ſcatter'd round:
Each violated pillar ſtood bedew'd;
And wept in ſolemn grief a fate ſo rude.
From tombs, by force diſjoin'd, reluctant ſtones
Roll'd, mix'd with clouds of duſt, and human bones:
From faithleſs walls defac'd inſcriptions fled,
And to long night conſign'd the nameleſs dead:
The pew's pale ſquares, in their whole lengthen'd row,
Gave way, and open'd a ſad ſcene below!
Beauty, youth, wealth, and power, reduc'd to clay,
Lard'ed with bones, yet moiſt, unſhelter'd lay:
Remnants of eyeleſs ſkulls, with hollow ſtare,
Mock'd the proud looks which living charmers wear:
Coffins roſe broke, unfaithful to their truſt,
And fleſh flew round me in unjointed duſt.
Scarce a ſhort ſpan beneath that opening floor,
Where kneeling charmers pray'd the week before;
Where forms like yours rejoic'd th' admiring eye,
Forms once like yours, in naked atoms lie.
O fate of failing life! O flatt'ring dream!
What wint'ry ſunſhine is thy ſhadowy gleams!
Thus while I mus'd, thy ſoul approach'd my ear;
Thy ſoft-wing'd ſoul, that always hovers near.
See'ſt thou, it ſigh'd—how theſe ſad relics lie;
And doſt thou fear that Clelia thus can die?

No—she's all mind; and her immortal name,
Eluding death's short reach shall tread on fame.
Tongues yet unthought of, Clelia shall adorn,
And charm adoring nations---yet unborn.
Heroes, at whose resolves the world will shake,
Shall treat thy sex with reverence for thy sake;
And each fair tyrant who would empress be,
Form but one wish---to think and look like thee.

ANSWER TO THE RESOLVE.

Whilst empty coxcombs blast a woman's fame,
In ev'ry state and ev'ry age the same:
With their own folly pleas'd, each fair they toast,
And where they least are happy, swear they're most;
No diff'rence marking 'twixt the gay and lewd,
But dreaming all who fly would be pursued:
While thus they vainly think, and vainly live,
Lost to that reverence love's soft lessons give;
Let this great maxim be my passion's guide;
May I ne'er hope where I am ne'er deny'd,
Nor gain a woman willing to be try'd.

ANSWER TO A SCURRILOUS OBSCENE POEM, Intituled, *An Epistle from Mrs. Robinson to Senesino.*

From thy loose lines I turn my eyes away,
Nor know, o'erspread with blushes, what to say:
The modest muses, wounded by thy strain,
For me, and for themselves, do thus complain.
O thou, our country's folly and expence!
Dull foe to tragedy and godlike sense;
Too long, mean mercenary shade, too long,
Has't thou these isles enchanted with thy song.
Music's soft god unbinds the charm he rais'd,
He blest thy tongue, and while he blest we prais'd:
By thee polluted, he disclaims his choice,
And will no longer warble in thy voice.
His trembling notes where melting softness hung,
And every grace will seek a chaster tongue.
No more the lover shall thy song repeat,
No more the fair one sigh—'tis wond'rous sweet!
Oh, guilty Senesino! thou no more
Shalt bravo! bravo! hear---or loud encore.
The loose and dull shall all thy audience be;
The chaste and witty shall resent for me.
All unattended shall thy awkward form,
To sad uncrowded scenes, or whine, or storm.
Thy wretched ha! shall unapplauded grow,
And ill-plac'd bays fall with'ring from thy brow.
Know, Songster, Julius, God-like chief, disdains
Thy shrill, unnatural, ungraceful strains:
With rage redoubled, Pompey's ghost must burn,
To find such tears profane his sacred urn.
Remember, echo, soon thou'lt know the time,
Strip'd of thy robes, thy legions, and thy rhyme;
Thou poor machine of mean delusive sound,
When I shall see thy temples all unbound,
And those who heroes act, like heroes crown'd.
Thou to thy famish'd Italy shalt go,
And rival Faustus in the shades below.

THE CHOICE, TO A FRIEND.

Oh greatly blest! who can, as fate requires,
By ductile wisdom temper your desires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad serene,
And marking both extremes pass clear between.
Oh, could your lov'd example teach your skill!
And as it moves my wonder, mend my will!
Calm would my passions grow, my lot might please,
And my sick soul should think itself to ease,
But to the future while I strain my eye,
Each present good slips undistinguish'd by.
Still what I would, contends with what I can;
And my wild wishes leap the bounds of man.
If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd desires can fix a scope; [poor,
This were my choice---oh! friend, pronounce me
For I have wants which wealth can never cure.
Mean is that soul which its own good can fill;
A prosp'rous world alone could feast my will.
He's poor at best who others misery sees,
And wants the wish'd-for power to give it ease.
He's rich who sole supreme and unconfin'd,
Can with unbounded influence bless mankind.
A glory this, unreach'd!---but on a throne!
All were enough---but less than all is none.
This my first wish---but since 'twere wild and vain,
To grasp at glitt'ring clouds with fruitless pain,
More safely low let my next prospect be;
And life's mild evening this fair sun-set see.
Far from a lord's loath'd neighbourhood---a state,
Whose little greatness is a pride I hate! [plac'd,
On some lone wild should my strong house be
Surrounded by a vast and healthy waste:
Sterile and coarse the untry'd soil should be;
But forc'd to flourish, and subdued by me.
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, streams, and skies,
Should with a changeful grandeur charm my eyes,
Still where I mov'd, new marks of my past pains
Should plume the mountain tops, and paint the plains:
Greatly obscure, and shunning courts, or name
Widely befriended, but escaping fame.
Peaceful in studious quiet would I live;
Lie hid for leisure, and grow rich to give.

TO THE EDITOR OF CLARISSA.

Painters to poets owe their noblest praise;
Mute are their tints, till voic'd by living lays:
Passive the semblant forms but seem to breathe;
Delusive surface holds no depth beneath.
Far other lines Clarissa's painter drew;
Far other force his pensive colours knew:
There in round fulness active pictures glow,
Turgid with speaking life, and thinking woe.
His the soul's pencil, whose warm strokes impart
Mind to the form, and passion to the heart.
A delegate creator, calm he lies,
And sees the worlds he calls for round him rise.
Oh, might he live till his Clarissa's death!
But life immortal suits not mortal breath.
Let him but live till all who read are taught,
What aided influence beauty draws from thought.
Then would his length'ning years all bounds defy,
And nature and her friend together die.
So would he charm whole time---yet vainly too,
Reach every conscious heart---to change---how few!

Let him not hope too much---nor heaven nor he
Set human minds from human frailties free:
Though each can own where all the reſt are hit,
And every flaw, remote from ſelf, admit;
Though marks external catch the viſual ray,
All in-ſhut objects ſhun the ſearch of day.
Each ugliеſt likeneſs for another ſhown,
Strikes all; but none find eyes to note their own.
Yet his---whate'er ſtage, preſs, or pulpit can;
Whate'er the heart's touch'd feelings lend to man:
All that from all is learn'd, one genius gives,
And in collective right of virtue lives. [ply'd,
Whence was his more than magic power ſup-
So ſkill'd to ſtart life's game on every ſide?
Where could his line th' unmeaſur'd vaſtneſs find,
To fathom all the depths of all mankind?
Piercing as light from heaven, to earth he flows,
And every ſtain and every beauty ſhows.
The three great powers that ſhake the human heart,
Are muſic, eloquence, and paintive art:
Picture and eloquence already charm,
In every tearful page divinely warm.
Oh, let tun'd numbers fill th' illuſtrious trine!
In ſome new work let added muſic ſhine;
Let his next wreath the poet's ivy claim,
And his own verſe immortalize his name.
Verſe ſo inſpir'd, inſpiring, and combin'd,
Would pour th' enrapt'ring virtues o'er the mind;
Rouſe from their roots in earth, hearts hard as ſteel,
And teach once more the trees and beaſts to feel!

TO THE

TWO GENEROUS MASTERS ST. QUINTIN,

On their tender Affection to each other, in their Progreſs through, and Recovery from the Small-Pox.

Sexes are needleſs aids in love's pure claim,
Since ſouls (not bodies) light our ſocial flame.
Lamps of impriſon'd life miſplac'd we ſhine,
Leap, lean our lengthening points—and long to join.
So long'd your brother minds to mix embrace,
As light meets light, and ſpace is loſt in ſpace.
Death, with ſuſpended hand, beheld your ſtrife,
Call'd off diſeaſe's rage, and ſet free life.
Why ſhould they die, the ghaſtly pauſer cry'd,
Whom names but ſeparate, and but forms divide?
See with what ſpring th' elaſtic ſtrugglers flew;
Clung to their fate, and to death's horrors grew!
In vain eruptive fires their faces ſcreen;
Fever's hot anguiſh vainly burnt between.
Wolves that behind ſome thicket ſcent their prey,
Not with more fierce delight o'er thorns make way,
Than, fir'd by danger, one with rapture ſought
Th' infectious grasp that his beſt half had caught.
There ſmil'd their twiſted ſouls, farewell all fear;
We riſe together to a heaven not here.
No---let 'em ſtay, to earth's dim duſt confin'd,
Croſs'd in their clouded way t'ward realms of mind.
'Twas not death's drift to ſtrike for---added bliſs,
In next world angels---You're but men in this.

SENT TO A LADY

WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.

See, my ſoul's ſerene invader,
See the face I firſt ador'd:
Heaven for love and pity made her,
And with angel's graces ſtor'd.

Mark her forehead's awful riſing,
See her ſoul-ſubduing eyes,
Every look and air ſurpriſing,
Modeſt, lively, ſoft, and wiſe.

Next to you I own I love her;
But your ſweet diſcerning eye,
Muſt not now be jealous of her:
She's ne'er ſeen but you are by.

TO DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

On a miſtaken ſuppoſition that I had forgot him.

Wit like yours---and yet forgot?
Dreamy doubt? believe it not.
Faith in ſilence loves to dwell,
Fill'd with ſenſe it ſhuns to tell.
Shoaly waters loudeſt daſh;
Diſtant light'nings longeſt flaſh:
Spare pretence's empty drum,
Deepeſt joys are oft'neſt dumb:
Bodies part---but mutual mind
Stretch'd immenſe, contiguous join'd,
Ever tangent, always ſeen,
Souls embrace, with worlds between.
Pride, indeed, avows it fit,
Men forgotten ſhould forget:
Reaſon more to juſtice owes;
Reaſon loves---becauſe it knows.
Debt can ne'er for traffic ſtay;
Unreceiving it muſt pay:
Taſte of other's worth---ſhould none
Lend a weight to aid our own---
Don't, howe'er, the balance fail,
Tofs in ſelf to turn the ſcale.

THE ACTOR'S EPITOME.

If comprehenſion beſt can pow'r expreſs,
And that's ſtill greateſt which contains the leſs;
No rank's high claim can make the player's ſmall,
Since acting each he comprehends them all.
Off, to due diſtance, half the ſtalking train!
Blots of a title your low taſtes prophane:
No dull cold mouther ſhares the actor's plea,
Rightly to ſeem is tranſiently to be.
Arduous the taſk, and aſks a climbing brain;
A head for judgment, and a heart for pain:
E'er ſenſe impreſs'd reflects adopted forms,
A changeful nature ſhakes with borrow'd ſtorms.
Then ſtrong-mark'd paſſions ſigns external bear,
And ſtamp aſſum'd diſtinctions on the player;
Joy, grief, fear, anger, pity, ſcorn, and hate,
Wonder, ſhame, jealouſy, and love's ſoft weight.
Theſe, when he paints, did he but firſt conceive,
Each on his fancy would its image leave;
Thence ductile fibres catch the expreſſive ſpring,
And the eyes dart it, and the accents ring.

You who would joy's triumphant pride expreſs,
What moſt you wiſh, imagine you poſſeſs.
Strait flames th' idea to the kindling eye,
And every nerve in concord braces high:
Treading on air, each joint a ſoul diſplays;
The looks all lighten---and the limbs all blaze.
But you who act unhoping grief's diſtreſs,
Touch fancy with ſome home-felt wretchedneſs.
Then ſlack'ning nerves the looſe impreſſion take;
Each ſad look ſickens: the ſhock'd ſpirits break:
Dim falls the faded eye;---the ſteps drag ſlow,
And ev'ry heedleſs geſture heaves with woe.
Fear is but active grief, avoiding pain,
Yet flies too faintly, and avoids in vain:
While ſtagnate ſpirits, thick'ning as they ſpread,
O'er the cold heart, crawls ſlow, the living lead.
What though the eye's prompt ray keen light'ning dart;
'Tis fruitleſs:---loos'ning fibres lame the heart.
Anger is pride provok'd beyond controul,
When ſome ſelt inſult fires the ſmarting ſoul:
Then the will's warmth, repelling fancy'd ſhame,
Strings the nerves hard, and bids the eye-balls flame;
Then marks of menace, air, and face deform;
And ſhort thick breathings paint the inſelt ſtorm.
Pity is active ſenſe of alien grief;
Think ſome dear dying ſuff'rer begs relief:
Aidful idea ſprings to ſuccour woe,
And ev'ry quivering ſinew learns to glow,
While mild as ſighing ſaints, the ſadd'ning face
Clouds into anguiſh with relenting grace.
Scorn is cold anger, careleſs and at eaſe,
Calm ſenſe of wrongs too harmleſs to diſpleaſe;
Bold in undoubted ſafety, 'twould diſclaim
Defiance—and with proud remiſſneſs flame.
Now ſmiles, now frowns,—yet both with eye ſerene;
And lets the nerves play looſe with painleſs ſpleen.
Hatred is ſullen fury long retain'd;
'Tis willing miſchief warily reſtrain'd:
This to paint ſtrong the back-brac'd nerves ſhould toil
In fetter'd ſtrain, and heave in curv'd recoil;
While, with impatient frown, th' averted eye
Shuns the loath'd object it diſdains too nigh.
Pain-ſeeking jealouſy feels doubtful rage,
Which truſtful pity ſtruggles to aſſuage;
Thence frets uncertain pain, with penſive glow,
And look and action ſhare divided woe.
Sad in the face the heart's felt ſoftneſs reigns,
While each tugg'd ſinew angry vengeance ſtrains.
Wonder is curious fear—Suppoſe by night,
Some pale met ſpectre croſs'd the moon's dim light.
Sudden the back'ning blood, retreating ſwift,
Swells the preſs'd heart:—each fibre fails to lift;
Loſt in ſhort pauſe arreſted motion lies,
And ſenſe climbs doubtful to the ſtraining eyes.
Love is at once intenſe and ſlack deſire;
There hope inflames, while reverence cools the fire.
Fear of repulſe, bold ſenſe of joy withdraws;
Sighs in each accent; every movement awes.
Soft, earneſt looks bluſh o'er th' inclining face,
And fireſwy tranſport borrows ſhade from grace.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.

Almighty Father! of high heaven poſſeſs'd:
Be thy name holy, and thy power confeſs'd.
Teach us, on earth, to know and do thy will;
As heaven's bright train thy great commands fulfil.
Gracious our daily bread of life beſtow;
And ſhow us mercy, as we mercy ſhow:
Guard us from ſtrong temptation's powerful call;
Nor, when we meet with evil, let us fall.

AN ADDRESS

FROM THE STATUES AT STOWE,

To Lord Cobham, on his return to his Garden.

From every muſe and every art thy own;
Thy bowers our theatres, thy mind our throne:
Hail to thy virtues, manumiz'd from ſtate;
Hail to thy leiſure, to be wiſely great.
Fetter'd by duties, and to forms enſlav'd,
How timely has thy life a remnant ſav'd!
To taſte that freedom which thy ſword maintain'd;
And lead, in letter'd eaſe, a life unpain'd:
So Scipio, Carthage fall'n, reſign'd his plume,
And ſmil'd at the forgetfulneſs of Rome.
O, greatly bleſs'd! whoſe evening ſweetlieſt ſhines,
And in unclouded ſlowneſs calm declines:
Now free reflection, with reverted eye,
Wan'd from hot noon-tide, and a troubled ſky,
Divides life well—the largeſt part long known
Thy country's claim—the laſt and beſt thy own.
Go, like the maſters of the world, go ſhine;
Be Charles' life, and Diocleſian's thine:
Form thy own power, dependent peace create,
And ſhade diſtinction from the ſtorms of ſtate:
With pray'rs and praiſe, thy toil (like heaven's) be paid,
And guard the growing world thy hands have made
There, while detach'd, thy ſelf-ſupported ſoul
Reſumes dominion, and eſcapes controul;
Moves with a grandeur monarchs ſeek in vain,
Above all forms, all dangers, and all pain:
The muſe ſhall find thee in thy bleſs'd retreat,
And breathe this honeſt wiſh at Cobham's feet:
Freſh as thy lakes, may all thy pleaſures flow;
And breezy, like thy groves, thy paſſions blow;
Wide as thy fancy be thy ſpreading praiſe;
And long and lovely as thy walks—thy days.

TO LADY W——,

On ſeeing her in the Park, after her recovery from a long Illneſs.

Pleas'd at your wiſh'd return, to cheer the ſhade,
For your long life, a penſive neighbour pray'd;
Shock'd and diſguſted at the modern fair,
Vacant of thought and turbulent of air;
He hail'd your health, reſtor'd who live to prove,
How women once compell'd the wife to love.
How unaffected eaſe in motion charms!
How knowledge holds the heart that ſweetneſs warms!
How thinking ſpirit quickens every grace,
Till the ſoul lightens through the meaning face!

Griev'd to obſerve what now the ſex employs,
Whoſe wit is laughter, and whoſe converſe noiſe.
Who loudly ignorant, and coarſely light,
Repel men's reaſon, and offend their ſight;
Make youth diſtaſteful, dignity deſpis'd,
And every claim of beauty paſs unpriz'd:
Charm'd, he beheld once more your air ſublime,
In all but wiſdom, ſtill unchang'd by time.
Patterns, like you, may teach the faithleſs eye,
What, in your abſence, wou'd be judg'd a lie;
Shou'd it be told theſe quenchers of love's fire,
That woman once was ſoft and mov'd deſire;
By modeſt tenderneſs compell'd reſpect,
And, arm'd with influ'nce, never fear'd neglect.
That friend, and lover both, ſhe cou'd impart
Peace to the mind, and paſſion to the heart,
'Twould now be thought a dream—but that in you
They ſee ſuch proof, that they muſt own 'tis true.
Live then a lengthening age of painleſs hours,
Your ſex's envy—and the wiſh of ours.

TO MR. GARRICK,

On his united Ideas of Actor and Writer.

Form'd for each other's aid, theſe powers but meet,
As nature's ſelf ſhows light combin'd with heat:
Oh! born to grace their union, let 'em ſhare
Thy thoughts exertion, and reward thy care.
The willing arts bid all their praiſe be thine,
For thee, tun'd diſcords into muſic join;
What others, lab'ring hopeleſs, hardly gain,
'Twas thine at once to ſtart for and obtain.
To inſtant growth without gradation drawn,
High-noon leapt backward to embrace the dawn;
Time and experience ſunk to ſpeed thy way,
And genius craſp'd creation in a day.
Nor let malignant envy blaſt thy claim,
Since wit and virtue triumph in thy fame.
Oh! let no rogue of damn'd Iago's race,
To wile-try'd torture rack that honeſt face:
Seem what thou art, brave, faithful, amorous, gay;
The nobleſt paſſions pleaſe the nobleſt way.
Heart humaniz'd, head clear, hands clean, ſoul great,
Sharp ſenſe, mild manners, eaſe, adorning weight,
Sun of our ſtage ſhine on: we feel thy light:
Thy warmth how fruitful, and thy beam how bright!
Each guilt thou paint'ſt by borrow'd art is ſhown;
But every goodneſs native, and thy own.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

O'er nature's laws God caſt the veil of night,
Out-blaz'd a Newton's ſoul—and all was light.

TO CLIO,

On her praiſing Mr. Dyer, and ſhowing me ſome of his Verſes.

Matchless inſpirer of my muſe and me,
Thou heaven of blended ſmiles and majeſty!
Thou, by whoſe light all others worth is ſhown,
While thou art dark as midnight to thy own,
Praiſing deſert, like his, you charm me too,
And for your bleſſing him my thanks are due.
Mean are the minds, who but their own poſſeſs,
And reap no joy from other's happineſs.
I groan beneath their pains, whom ſorrow wrings,
And when their hope is riſing, mine has wings.
O Clio! to deſerve ſuch praiſe from thee,
Points out thy friend, a boſom one for me;
My ſympathetic ſoul reveres his name,
And my warm heart beats anxious for his fame.
Sweet are his thoughts, and ſoft as evening air;
Joy gilds his ſmiles—his ſighs invite deſpair:
Strong is his ſenſe, and his reflection deep,
Wide as his proſpects—as his mountains ſteep:
Oh, may he ſtill be bleſt with thy eſteem!
Oh, may thy charms for ever be his theme!
Vaſt is my wonder at his fancy's flight,
Till I remember whence his ſtore was drawn;
Clio, the inſpirer Clio! lent him light,
And ſpread ſoft influence o'er his wid'ning dawn.
Warm'd by the enliv'ning luſtre of her beams,
His rip'ning reaſon burnt with conſcious glow;
Blaz'd in the radiant charmer's ſtarry ſtreams,
And ſhed diffuſive heav'n on all below.
Oh! thou ſoft ſun of wit, and love's gay clime,
Point but one ray of thy broad ſhine on me;
Then ſhall my kindl'd ſoul flame out ſublime,
And glitter proudly with thy friend and thee.

ON TWO LOVELY AND LOVING SISTERS.

When equal charms, in different colours dreſs'd,
Have two ſweet ſiſters, rival perſons, bleſs'd:
How kind is heaven, their minds with love to ſtrike,
And teach 'em both to look and think alike.

TO THE EDITOR OF ALBANIA.

A POEM.

Addreſſed to the Genius of Scotland, and dedicated to General Wade.

Known, though unnam'd, ſince ſhunning vulgar phraſe,
Thy muſe would ſhine, and yet conceal her rays;
Think thyſelf hid, and hope in vain to be
Unſeen, like light, that ſhows us all we ſee.
But while thy readers are deny'd thy name,
They feel thy genius, and atteſt thy flame.
They pity too, in death, thy noteleſs friend,
Poor by the generous aid thy wealth wou'd lend,
Preface'd by thee, his feeble lights expire;
Ev'n in producing, thou obſcur'ſt his fire.
Not but the muſe had warm'd his youthful ſong!
Bold were his notes, and his ideas ſtrong;
But where domeſtic dearneſs warp'd his lays,
And partial birth miſled the patriot praiſe;
Wilt thou not join to blame the bounded zeal,
That bids us only for our country feel?
Yes—thou wilt cenſure this too ſcanty care,
That ſhuts out pity, and appropriates prayer.
Thou wilt enlarge affection, till it ſees
Beyond itſelf, and pants for public eaſe.

Stretch liberty to diſengage mankind,
And ev'n from nature's biaſs free the mind.
What though (we know not why) ſoft inbred pride,
Makes home ſeem ſweeteſt, and can choice miſ-guide;
Till native darkneſs erring taſte conſtrains,
And Lapland deſarts rival Perſia's plains.
Let the ſoul's reach the heart's reſtraint reprove,
And widen to the world our country's love.
Baſe are theſe local limits to men's hearts,
That canton out humanity in parts.
Truth has no diſtricts to divide her toil;
And virtue is at home in every ſoil.
Since, on one common globe, we neighb'ring dwell,
What narrower line ſhou'd man from man expel.
Each born alike, and ſons of nature all,
Human can ne'er from care of human fall.
But paſſion's rapine, nature's union breaks,
Not ſoil but int'reſt all this difference makes:
Born brothers, each from each wou'd ſomething draw,
Till ravag'd equity is ſhrunk to law.
Blindly forgetful, that the whole is duſt,
We hate for parts, nor feel ourſelves unjuſt:
Confine repute to place, and praiſe or rail,
As ſelf or ſtranger turns the varied ſcale;
Till ſenſe grown harden'd in her partial plea,
Juſtice is crippled into bribery.
Thou!—ſon of liberty!—can'ſt ſhun this ſhelf;
Looſ'ning reflection, and out-launching ſelf:
Can'ſt burſt the chain of cuſtom round the heart,
And from worſt ſlavery—(that of reaſon)—ſtart.
Thou, on thy country's hills, can'ſt praiſe beſtow,
Yet ſtoop not the encomium to her ſnow!
So wants confeſs'd, but ſtrengthen merit's claim,
And right from wrong diſtinguiſh'd fixes fame.
When rock-fenc'd Scotland boaſts her hardy race,
Or Engliſh beauty claims but matchleſs grace;
When France the praiſe of ſprightlieſt wits aſ-ſumes,
And German plainneſs ſpreads its honeſt plumes;
Concurring plaudits grant unqueſtion'd dues,
And truth and reaſon ſanctify the muſe.
But ſhou'd Teutonic heavineſs aſpire,
From French vivacity to raviſh fire,
Or Caledonia's manlike virgins vie,
With the ſoft ſunſhine of an Engliſh eye,
Juſtice wou'd bluſh at nature's erring pride,
And each forc'd trophy be by truth deny'd.
More juſt thy mind, more gen'rous is thy muſe!
Albanian born, this Engliſh theme to chooſe:
No partial flattery need thy verſe invade,
That in the ear of Scotland ſounds a Wade.
Such as thy muſe, ſuch is thy patron's aim;
Nor north nor ſouth can bound his ſpirit's claim.
Warm'd from within, he burns with Roman fires;
Shines for the world, and for mankind aſpires;
Adorning power, he beautifies a ſtate;
Endears dominion, and abſolves the great.
Kind by his care, rapacious licenſe grows,
And poliſh'd jealouſy no hatred knows:
Felt in their hearts, to love of faith he charms,
And ſoftly conqu'ring, needs no aid of arms.
When (ages hence) his laſt line's length'ner dies,
And his loſt duſt reveals not where it lies;
Still ſhall his living greatneſs guard his name,
And his works lift him to immortal fame.
Then ſhall aſtoniſh'd armies, marching high,
O'er cauſeway'd mountains that invade the ſky,
Climb the rais'd arch, that ſweeps its diſtant throw,
Croſs tumbling floods, which roar unheard below,
Gaze, from the cliff's cut edge, through midway air,
And, trembling, wonder at their ſafety there!
Pierce ſenny deeps with firm unſinking tread,
And o'er drain'd deſarts wholeſome empire ſpread.
While charm'd, the ſoldier dwells on wonders paſs'd,
Some chief, more knowing and more touch'd—laſt,
Shall, (pointing) to the attentive files, explain,
How (many a cent'ry ſince)—in George's reign,
Wade's working ſoul, that grac'd his prince's throne,
Built theſe vaſt monuments---and ſpar'd his own.

VERSES WRITTEN ON WINDOWS,

In ſeveral Parts of the Kingdom, in a Journey to Scotland.

Letters from abſent friends extinguiſh fear,
Unite diviſion, and draw diſtance near:
Their magic force each ſilent wiſh conveys,
And waſts embody'd thought a thouſand ways:
Could ſouls to bodies write, death's power were mean,
For minds could then meet minds, with heaven between.

Order! thou eye of action! wanting thee,
Wiſdom works hoodwink'd in perplexity;
Entangled reaſon trips at every pace,
And truth beſpotted, puts on error's face.

Tener-handed ſtroke a nettle,
And it ſtings you for your pains;
Graſp it like a man of mettle,
And it ſoft as ſilk remains.

'Tis the ſame with common natures,
Uſe 'em kindly they rebel:
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

How is the world deceiv'd by noiſe and ſhow!
Alas! how diff'rent to pretend and know!
Like a poor high-way brook, pretence runs loud
Buſt'ling, but ſhallow, dirty, weak, and proud:
While, like ſome nobler ſtream, true knowledge glides,
Silently ſtrong, and its deep bottom hides.

Whig and Torry ſcratch and bite,
Juſt as hungry dogs we ſee:
Toſs a bone 'twixt two they fight,
Throw a couple they agree.

Women talk of love for fashion,
So they do of spirits walking:
But no more they feel the passion,
Than they see the ghost of which they're talking.

Have a care, gay, young, and wanton,
Give no ground for love to plant on;
Guard against the fair deceiver,
See and hear, but don't believe her:
Or if nothing seems unjuster,
Than to love, and yet distrust her:
On your side to turn the laughter,
Try her first, and trust her after.

Here in wet and windy weather,
Muse and I two mopes together,
Far from friends, and short of pleasure,
Wanting every thing but leisure:
Scarce content in any one sense,
Tell the showers, and scribble nonsense.

Where'er the diamond's busy point could pass,
See what deep wounds have pierc'd the middle glass!
While partial and untouching all the rest,
Highest and lowest panes shine unimpress'd!
No wonder this!—For e'en in life 'tis so;
High fortunes stand unreach'd—unseen the low,
But middle states are marks for every blow.

As in a journey just begun,
We think the distance vast,
Yet while we travel gaily on,
Insensibly 'tis past.

So in our youth we measure flow,
Long views of promis'd breath:
'Till like a shadow out we go,
And vanish into death.

Were women wise, their names on glass,
Light froth of empty fashion!
Would to their lovers sorrow pass,
For proofs of brittle passion.

Love should in secret, like the sun,
Burn though a world should shade it;
But shows its source of heat to none,
Except that God who made it.

THE DISTINCTION OF AGES.

The seven first years of life, (man's break of day)
Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display;
When fourteen springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
His soft and blushful meanings learn to speak;
From twenty-one proud manhood takes its date,
Yet is not strength complete 'till twenty eight;
Thence to his five-and-thirtieth, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce desire:
At forty-two, his eyes grave wisdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care;
On to the nine-and-fortieth, toils increase,
And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace;
At fifty-six, cool reason reigns entire,
Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire;
But sixty-three unbinds the body's strength,
E'er th' unwearied mind has run her length;
And when from seventy, age surveys her last,
Tir'd she stops short—and wishes all were past.

THE MUSE TO THE WRITER.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF DUBARTAS.

Scarce was the April of my life begun,
When anxious to immortalize my name,
Pleasure and soft repose I learn'd to shun,
And lab'ring upward, fought the mounts of fame.

But as a traveller, in viewless plains,
Stops amid crossing roads, and doubts his way;
Pensively searchful, and unsure remains,
Eager to journey on, yet loth to stray.

So stop'd, and so unfix'd, I mark'd around,
The flow'ry paths that led to groves of bays;
But pausing, doubtful, long confusion sound,
Which best to choose of all those tempting ways.

One while my genius plann'd the glowing scene,
And from the Grecian source example drew;
Taught pride to pity, ignorance to mean,
And form'd the many, by the suff'ring few.

Anon domestic discord snatch'd my pen,
My country's woes I now aspir'd to feel;
Historic truths, and wrongs of injur'd men,
Impell'd my justice, and inflam'd my zeal.

Then sinking sudden, from the glorious height,
Low mercenary praises quench'd my fire;
Poorly a flatt'rer, I for profit write,
And to my fortune tune my tortur'd lyre.

At length grown lazy, I by love was caught,
And finding age, and taste, and will to fit,
In warm light sallies, wanton lessons taught,
And to the size of Cupid crop'd my wit.

While roving thus uncenter'd and unstaid,
I lik'd by turns, and did by turns refuse;
Sudden before me a descending maid,
Confess'd the shape of a celestial muse.

All that we dream of angels form'd her air;
Sweet was her gesture and her step divine:
But when she spoke, she would have charm'd despair,
And taught the gloom of wither'd age to shine.

High from her head, aspir'd a starry crown,
Immensely beaming its effulgence round;
An azure mantle flow'd obliquely down,
And bright with lamps of silver swept the ground.

Mortal! she cry'd, Urania's face behold!
Urania—muse of all the heavenly nine;
Best skill'd the paths of glory to unfold,
And make the poet (like his art) divine.

I through the dancing numbers breathe a soul,
And to the sound of reason tune mankind;
I teach true pleasures, false ones to controul,
And warm the yielding heart, to stamp the mind.

Mark me, and keep my image long in sight,
And when departed to my starry sphere,
Strike this new harp, and from it draw delight,
By sounds that list'ning angels love to hear.

Long have I mourn'd my sister's sully'd fame,
By friendless mirth or cheerless malice stain'd;
Cramp'd by cold flatteries that blight their name,
Or by wild warmths of loose desire profan'd.

But most I grieve that rebel waste of wit,
Which boldly pushing its infernal claim,
With darkness for such blind presumption fit,
Turns its own arms on heaven with impious aim.

Learnt are the vulgar arts—but poets draw, [fire:
From heaven alone the gift that wings their
Not the best lights that ever learning saw,
Could living verse by study'd strength inspire.

Thence 'tis that Homer, powerless, poor, and blind,
Beggar, himself has taught e'en kings to shine:
Buoy'd sinking heroes by fresh floods of mind,
And stretch'd the human grasp with reach divine.

Thence 'tis that Ovid could not speak in prose,
But wept in measure, and expir'd in verse:
Thence the Jessæan lyre to music rose,
Which seraphs in their Maker's ear rehearse.

Read, meditate, reflect, grow wise—in vain;
Try every help; force fire from every spark;
Yet, shall you ne'er the poet's power attain,
If heav'n ne'er stamp'd you with the muses mark.

Man must be out of man sublimely swell'd,
Whose wreckless verse would swim the storms of time,
By force, not fury, meaningly impell'd,
To scorn the puny prostitutes of rhyme.

The warmth of fury but compassion moves,
And less than man makes man to man appear:
But warmth of genius, man from man removes,
And lifts his wid'ning soul to Heaven's high sphere.

Mark this soft flute—when void of vocal wind,
In tuneless silence rests the sleeping sound:
Yet, when thus breath'd in, hark! what power 'twill find,
To waft the modulated raptures round!

So, till the whisp'ring Godhead bids—begin,
The poet's silent spirit stands unbent:
But when he feels th' inspiring power within,
Tuneful he spreads the transports heaven has lent.

Since, therefore, all that makes his genius shine,
Is heaven's own gift,—how dares he subjects choose,
Base and unworthy of that warmth divine,
And poorly noxious to the passive muse?

Why is his pen employ'd on idle themes?
Why is his fancy light? his purpose low?
Why does he waste his fire in fruitless dreams?
And with a tide of wanton wishes flow?

Why does he stoop to praise unletter'd pride?
Why celebrate defects in those who rule?
Why does his wit soft am'rous trains provide,
And bid love's wild-fire catch from fool to fool?

Ah! 'tis too much that he himself has crimes,
Which, unrepented, ne'er unpunish'd go:
Why would he lend his guilt to distant times,
And teach an unborn race to merit woe?

As on the yielding wax the seal we find,
Left in strong likeness with imprinted glow;
So does the reader steal the poet's mind,
And to the bias's lent inclining go.

Shame on your pens, ye flexible of heart!
Whose poorness does not hurt yourselves alone,
But teaches blockheads to despise your art;
Judg'd by false patterns you have lightly shown.

Conscious of this, would you but turn at last,
And bid true genius with true lustre shine;
All would, admiring, lose th' impression past,
And feel and own you of a stamp divine.

Then as my Moses his Jehovah sung,
And Israel wafted by the guardian rod:
Poets from every kindling country sprung,
Shall in a thousand tongues uncover God.

O you, who would the deathless laurel win,
No king's vile badge, but time's all-rev'rend crown!
High as the fountain of your verse begin,
And with the god you write for, share renown.

This is a subject, that outstretching thought,
Through depths unsounded, wit's long plummet draws:
There by immense effects immensely taught,
Pour out your straining souls, and claim applause.

There, and there only, find the road to fame;
The hardiest themes the noblest glory yield:
On low light subjects scorn to build a name;
But ent'ring boldly, plough th' untrodden field.

Vainly shall envy blast your budding praise;
Malice and hatred vainly press you down:
Slow shall you rise, indeed, but sure to blaze,
And hourly broad'ning reach decreed renown.

Envy's a cur, that at all strangers barks;
But on the known and licens'd creeps to fawn:
Its hov'ring smoke hangs hard on kindling sparks,
But when the fire burns up 'tis strait withdrawn.

On then, be mine—Urania hears your pray'r;
Glows in your breast and fans it gen'rous flame:
Write to be read—be times to come your care,
And bloom for ever fragrant still the fame.

She said: and breath'd ambrosial o'er my face:
The circling sweetness swell'd my ravish'd mind;
She rose, and left me in an empty space;
But left her pow'rful influence still behind.

AN ODE TO ASTRÆ:

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUBARTAS.

FAIREST pattern from above,
Though I only live for love,
'Tis not for those sparkling eyes;
Though the stars that gild the skies,
When the twinklers shine most bright,
So compar'd have lost their light.
Though the sun in all his blaze,
Sees that smile, and hides his rays.

'Tis not that my fancy dips,
In the rainbow's red thy lips,
'Tis not ev'n thy lips that pleaſe:
Though the happieſt Hybla bees,
When they rob the flow'ry ſpring,
Never ply'd the buſy wing,
Charg'd with honey half ſo ſweet,
As it would be thoſe lips to meet.

'Tis not your neglect of air,
Far outcharming others care;
Nor thoſe locks that fall reſign'd,
Catch'd and courted by the wind:
Though the drifts of glitt'ring ſand,
Strow'd o'er Afric's yellow ſtrand,
Ne'er to charm ambition, roll'd
Half ſuch tempting veins of gold.

'Tis not to thoſe poliſh'd rows,
'Twixt whoſe openings muſic flows,
That I find my offerings due,
Vows ſo tender and ſo true!
Though the pearl-producing eaſt
Ne'er did Europe's wonder feaſt,
Spite of all its toothy ſtore,
With ſuch ivory before.

'Tis not that declining waiſt,
Nor that neck ſo ſweetly grac'd;
Nor the pantings of that breaſt,
(Soft as pity, and as bleſt!)
I could even that breaſt defy:
Though were Læda's ſwan but nigh,
All its down would fail to ſhow,
Half ſo white and ſoft a ſnow.

When that forehead I behold,
(Smooth as flatt'ry and as cold!)
'Tis not its majeſtic frown
Throws my heart's defences down;
Though the ſilver moon at height,
Shines leſs awful through the night,
Than the meanings of that brow
Shoot correction at me now.

'Tis not that this azure vein
Marks your arm with heav'n's own ſtain,
While along the white it flows,
Swell'd with triumph as it goes:
'Tis not this engaging hand,
Holds my heart in ſoft command;
Though to hear it touch the lute,
Rocks would ſpeak—and birds grow mute.

Teach me, then, myſterious fair,
What your power to charm, and where?
If this flame of my deſire,
Did not at your eyes catch fire:
If thoſe lips (how ſweet they be!)
Have not thus entangled me;
Tell me what my heart could move?
Teach me whence aroſe my love?

If thoſe ringlets of your hair
Did not ſtring this amorous ſnare;
If that beauteous mouth has fail'd,
Nor thoſe ivory teeth prevail'd?
Tell me what reſiſtleſs cauſe,
Felt unknown my fancy draws?
Still unpleas'd but where you are,
Still untaught what pleaſes there!

Since thoſe breaſts—(how ſoft they riſe!)
Reach no farther than my eyes;
Since I count a thouſand charms,
None of which my heart diſarms:
Let your ſtill-uncounted ſtore
Guide my ſearch to find out more,
Till the cauſe I learn to know,
Pleaſing cauſe! that charms me ſo.

Ah! 'tis found—delightful truth!
Senſe with beauty, temp'ring youth.—
'Tis that peerleſs ſoul of thine,
Breaks like day-light into mine;
Charg'd with heav'ns etherial flame!
Full of charms without a name!
'Tis thy converſe turn'd to move,
Claims reſpect and forces love.

EPIGRAM,

On giving the Name of Georgia to a Part of Carolina.

While rip'ning ſlow the future purpoſe lay,
And conſcious ſilence plann'd the op'ning way;
Kind o'er the riſing ſcheme an angel hung,
And dropt this counſel from his guardian tongue:
Wiſh you this way the royal pair inclin'd?
To Carolina be a Georgia join'd—
Then ſhall both colonies ſure progreſs make,
Endear'd to either for the other's ſake:
Georgia ſhall Carolina's favour move;
And Carolina bloom by George's love.

A LETTER

From a departed Spirit to the Author (Mr. Pope), of a Lady's Character, lately publiſhed in a Thurſday's Journal.

Stipt to the naked ſoul, eſcap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and diſſolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by ſtrife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charm'd by friendſhip's fond eſſays,
And though unbody'd conſcious of thy praiſe?
Has pride a portion in the parted ſoul?
Does paſſion ſtill the formleſs mind controul?
Can gratitude out-pant the ſilent breath?
Or a friend's ſorrow pierce the glooms of death?
No—'tis a ſpirit's nobler taſte of bliſs!
That feels the worth it left in proofs like this:
That not its own applauſe, but thine approves,
Whoſe practice praiſes, and whoſe virtue loves!
Who liv'ſt to crown departed friends with fame,
Then dying late, recall all thou gav'ſt reclaim.

THE CIV. PSALM.

Let my exalted harp be doubly ſtrung!
High-tune thy praiſe, my ſoul! and let thy God
be ſung!
See! how around his throne the conſcious rays
Shoot quiv'ring, with continuous curve, and trem-
ble in their blaze! [diſplays!
See! what ſoul-ſhaking majeſty, effulgent he

Cloth'd with embodied light, see! where he
stands!
Pointing wide his dread commands!
As earth's dim flames, o'erwhelm'd by stream-
ing day,
Beneath the sun-beams die away;
The sun full met, with cover'd face, retires,
Burns inward and rolls back his frighted fires!
Gracious, th' unequal eye of man to skreen!
See! where the maker kindly shades the too re-
splendent scene!
And like a curtain widely drawn, spreads out
whole heaven between.
Look! now, amazing! where he glides!
Look! where yon gathering host of clouds he
dreadfully bestrides!
And, awful on those self-roll'd chariots rides!
He moves! he walks upon the swift-wing'd
wind!
He steps, from world to world at once, and leaves
even thought behind!

Myriads of hovering angels crowd the God-grac'd
scene to fill!
Angels! fit heralds for th' Almighty's will!
Ten thousand firey light'nings sweep his way!
Nimble couriers of his sway!
And round his temples, hissing swift, in blue
meanders play
The firm-fix'd balance of the self pois'd globe,
To neither bias partial sway'd, [obey'd!
Became thus just, at his great word, and lastingly
At his command the covering deep, drew off the
world's wet robe;
Gave back, and fill'd the channels he had made!
But peeping o'er the hills reluctant staid;
Displeas'd with its new bounds, but more afraid,
Its old to re-invade!
E'en yet the stubborn-hearted flood, no more
High-licens'd as before,
Disdains to give its proud repinings o'er:
Oft, with bold murmurs, it alarms the shore,
And, now and then, with rebel rage breaks out in
general roar!
But when presumptuous billows swell too high,
And sprinkle heaven's eternal eye:
Streight all the thunders of God's voice in loud
resentment rise;
The starting flood hears, shakes, and flies!
Down sinks the quash'd aspirer from the skies,
And hush'd in humble flatness lies!
Yet if the Sovereign will but nods, black oceans
quit their bed!
Foamy they lash each other on, with high dis-
covering head,
And curling climb the steepy hills, and o'er
drown'd mountains spread;
Thence call'd again, again they rush, confessing
God's controul!
Again let loose, re-seek their sandy beds,
Tumble for haste o'er one another's heads!
And, sweeping with resistless breadth, o'er delug'd
kingdoms roll!
Fierce as they are, they're subject to his check!
They know th' appointed bounds, and watch
th' imperious beck!

From the huge treas'ry of the briny deep,
Through thousand earth-form'd lab'rinths taught
to slide,
In search of springs the salt-stript waters creep,
And trickling thence into sweet rivers glide.
Smooth-travelling to seek their mazy way,
And devious 'twixt th' enamour'd hills, slowly
delightful stray;
These God appointed thus to flow, exhaustless
stores of drink,
Where every beast may quench his thirst, that
seeks the smiling brink!
And in the shady groves, which on their bor-
ders rise,
He hous'd the warbling songsters of the skies!
The pride-swoln mountains, which ambitious
grow, [below;
And neighb'ring heaven disdain the world
Nor will to humble brooks refreshment owe,
He waters with th' ætherial seas or coronets of
snow!
Amazing goodness! where's the smallest space,
That does not feel and boast his grace?
For cattle's food green flourishes the flow'r-em-
broider'd mead;
For man's free use is every fruit decreed:
For him th' inspiring grape was taught to bleed;
Bread-bearing corn makes glad the labourer's
toil; [oil.
And his rough skin grows supple, smooth'd with

When, at fix'd times, up rolls the changeful
moon,
God shoots her shadowy gleam through night's
black noon!
Rapid as is the ever-wheeling sun,
He dares not measure heaven one thought
too soon?
Yet at God's word the flag of day is furl'd,
And licens'd darkness rises o'er the world:
Then does the gloomy forest quake,
And all th' assembled savage kind their holiday
then make:
Leaf-trembling trees in silent horror shake,
And panting herds creep terrified away,
While the stern lion, hungry, roars and stalks a-
broad for prey.
God suffers him the needful prey to take,
And then new-wakes the day:
Out breaks the sun, and to their dens the beasts
fly swift away. [found!
Almighty Power! how dost thou thought con-
What human search can trace thy mazy round?
How wisely, and how vastly, Lord! are all thy
wonders done:
Not earth alone does with thy wealth abound,
But all above, and all beneath the sun.

The sea's wild herds, as well as those on land,
Rough-moulded sons too of thy formal hand,
All live and move by thy command. [ing eye;
The horrid wonders of that scene fatigue the ach-
There wave-tost's ships the op'ning depths defy;
And circly through th' imprison'd winds their
diff'rent courses ply:
There does Leviathan wide-wallowing lie;

And while his broad unwieldy ſports the ſcaly people fly, [at the ſky.
He, dreadful monſter! ſucks in ſeas and ſpouts 'em
On thee, obedient, all thy creatures wait;
And, in due ſeaſon, all by thee are fed:
Thy ſingle bounty does their bliſs create;
They gather what thy op'ning hand has ſpread;
If thou but hid'ſt thy face they fall away:
Thou tak'ſt their breath and they decay;
At once return to unform'd duſt and old paternal clay.
Again thou doſt but ſpeak thy potent will,
And life, rekindling, glows within 'em ſtill!
For ever ſhall thy glorious power endure:
The pillars of thy majeſty ſtand ſtedfaſtly and ſure:
Approach'd by thee, the conſcious mountains ſmoke,
And earth diſſolv'd, flows looſe beneath thy ſtroke!

TO HIS MUSE.

Thy country! blaſt it, if it once diſdains
To prop thy virtues, or reward thy pains:
If there I proſper, here was only born
That claims my duty: this deſerves my ſcorn.
O muſe! 'tis mean to ſtoop to helpleſs moan;
Try if no clime is gentler than thy own:
Offer, on diſtant ſhores, a faithful hand;
In vain, not uſeleſs, in thy mother land.
When fortune frowns, and care's black harveſt ſprings,
A change of place, a change of proſpect brings:
Far off thy reaſon's force uncurb'd may reign;
But even the prophets preach'd at home in vain.
Yet hold; and e'er it quite determin'd grows,
Let me ſome ſudden ſtarts of hope diſcloſe:
E'er, widely wand'ring, led by falſe diſtruſt,
From my wing'd feet I ſhake their native duſt.
Perhaps my doubt clouds ſome domeſtic ray,
And hides a proſpect bordering on my way:
Though men of title ſeem exempt from thought,
And pride's aſſiſtance is but vainly ſought;
Though truth, oft try'd, this known advice imparts,
That noble blood may warm ignoble hearts:
Hid in a cloud of pomp which hems the throne,
There may be greatneſs, to my hopes unknown;
How'er unfought, howe'er unſeen by me,
There may ſome ſoul-diſtinguiſh'd nature be:
Some gen'rous breaſt, whoſe mind, divinely warm,
Has taught him how uncourted favours charm.
If ſuch there be, ſo rich, ſo ſtrong a mind,
And thou, bleſt muſe, ſhall his bright boſom find,
Whiſper, in gentle notes; thy maſter's pray'r,
And in ſoft accents this ſad truth declare:
There lives, O brighteſt gem of honour's crown,
Thou angel-acted theme of juſt renown!
There lives, who, ſkill'd in fortune's wanton ſports,
Hopes, with ſuch faintneſs, for regard from courts,
That, though not blind to worth, which all men ſee,
He ſends me, half deſpairing, even to thee.
No gain-polluted aim inſpires his views;
He ſeeks not office, nor reward purſues: [ſign,
More nobly fir'd, his thoughts high ſchemes de-
To ſtretch dominion, and make empire ſhine.
Oh! were his wiſhes bleſt, and thy kind ear
Would once, impartial, his conceptions hear;
Th' important moment might reſolves produce,
And clothe ideas with ſubſtantial uſe.
Stop there, O muſe! 'twere needleſs more to ſay;
And with unwilling ſlowneſs glide away:
If, mov'd, he calls thee back, regardful, go;
If not, return ungriev'd; all vain complaint is low.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

A POEM.

Germanicus, for love and empire born,
At once to govern kingdoms, and adorn;
Too good for greatneſs, but that kings can bleſs;
Too firm for fear, but of his friend's diſtreſs.
Fore-temp'ring pow'r, by reaſon's generous plan,
To taſk the monarch, meditates the man.
In a town grove, whence Driad's noiſe exclude,
And huſh loud ſtreets to ſylvan ſolitude,
Veil'd by a verdant ſkreen's encircling ſhade,
Whoſe angly ſides eight arching lights pervade;
Friend to mankind their penſive fav'rite ſtood,
Revolving previous plans of purpos'd good.
Soft to his ſight a female ſuppliant preſs'd,
In all the ſpeaking marks of mis'ry dreſs'd;
Down-look'd, relax'd of mien, oft bending low,
Now ſtopping ſhort, now re-advancing ſlow:
Pardon, ſhe cry'd, th' intruding ſighs of grief
Hope is the friendleſs wretch's laſt relief.
Germanicus, who, when diſtreſs draws nigh,
Catches quick ſorrow from the ſuff'rer's eye;
With gentle waft invites her back'ning fears,
And ſmiles the warmth of pity on her tears.
Her, while advancing, heedful he ſurvey'd,
Chance ſtretch'd his eye to the remoter ſhade;
Where, dimly obvious, from the bord'ring wood,
Dark'ning the arches, eight new phantoms ſtood,
All like the firſt, thin forms of ſhiv'ring woe,
Wept all—in dumb, ſad, ſolemn, circl'y ſhow.
Think, cry'd th' approacher, proſtrate at his feet,
How ſharp is inſult, and relief how ſweet:
Pity a wretched ſiſterhood of tears,
Nine friendleſs mourners, whom no comfort cheers.
All arts were ours, that poliſh'd life could gain;
But arts, and poliſh'd life, were ours in vain.
See what reward wiſh'd knowledge could impart,
Where fool is faſhion, ignorance is art.
Urg'd by deriſion, and eſcaping hate,
We ſad, flow exiles, ſeek ſome gentler fate.
To the bleak north's new-riſing coaſts we go,
Leſs cold than theſe, amidſt eternal ſnow.
Glory's gay beams, to whoſe felt warmth we run,
More than ſupply the abſence of their ſun.
There mourning merit cannot miſs relief,
Where watchful pow'r ſupplants prevented grief.
Fam'd for munificence, thy princely hand
Singly abſolves an unbeſtowing land.
Ah! ſave the friendleſs—help the wrong'd away;
Too poor to go, yet too unlov'd to ſtay.
Pay but wiſh'd paſſage from this cruel ſhore,
And never, never will we truſt it more.
Scarce had th' imploring accents voic'd her pray'r,
When the known ſounds and recollected air

Through the falſe ſemblance, natively convey'd
To the charm'd prince, a ſpeaking muſe betray'd.
Round, while uncrediting the ſtoried woe,
His curious eyes diſcov'ring glances throw.
Th' examin'd umbrage, as he turn'd, reveal'd
Each muſe that ev'ry diſtant arch conceal'd.
Waiting impatient for the finiſh'd tale,
Quit your vain hope, he cry'd, by want's thin veil
Unhid, to 'ſcape the rev'rence of my zeal,
Who all your power through all your changes feel.
Joyful he ſnatch'd th' implorer from the ground,
Then, turning graceful, bow'd progreſſive round;
Preſs'd their joint acccſs, undiſguis'd and gay,
And ſhone receptive of each effluent ray.
Seated and circled by the beamy train,
Their ſhapes reſuming, and themſelves again;
Tell me, ſaid he, ye ſoul inſpiring nine!
Ye living fires that give the great to ſhine,
Who, quick'ning regal courage into flame,
Guide it, by juſtice, to immortal fame.
Why would ye leave a land diſtinguiſh'd long
For love of valour, and for hate of wrong;
Where freedom unreſtrain'd her empire holds,
And legal monarchy new bloom unfolds?
He paus'd—and Clio anſwering, thus began:
Periſh pale malice!—It oblit'rates man.
Where envy blaſts, the muſe inſpires in vain;
No human culture there extends its reign.
Loſt in malignity by civil hate,
Virtues that claſh with virtues, curſe a ſtate.
Stifled in faction, arts unfriended ſink,
Or pigmy'd into partial flatt'ry ſhrink.
Hiſt'ry muſt bluſh the wiles of ſpleen to pen,
And grace the bloodleſs broils of angry men.
Smother'd in ſelf there breathes no public ſoul,
Where ſep'rate ſtrugglings general ſtrength controul;
There policy's old gen'rous ſtraitneſs bends;
And ſhifting medium crawls to ſidelong ends:
There fraud triumphant, tempts the juſt to fall;
And every one man's gain is loſs to all:
There love internal, checking ſighs that roam,
Begins and ends all charity—at home.
Each pray'r appropriates one man's modeſt aim,
And humbly truſts to God, the common claim.
Cruſh'd by contempt of praiſe exertion dies,
And public ſpirit, laugh'd at, ſhuns to riſe.
Thither when hope miſleads th' hiſtoric muſe,
Swift let her ſeek ſome ſcene of nobler views;
Where guileleſs pow'r no praiſe to craft aſcribes,
Where courage ſcorns deceit and duty—bribes;
Where nervous meaning dares directly ſpeak,
And crooked windings teach no truth to ſneak.
'Tis found—for ſee—the icy pole diſſolves;
Honour's new warmth with ſunny force involves.
There glows event, there more than Roman arms
Claſh their prophetic thunder's fear'd alarms:
There the puls'd public beats in ev'ry vein;
Strong to one purpoſe, lifts with equal ſtrain.
No vile pretenſion there at titles aims;
No pride-ſwoln lumber lazy lordſhip ſhames:
There ſhines the ſword in honour's guarded track;
No knighthood bluſhes on a miſer's back;
No bought emblaz'nings eminence efface;
No dirty dignity ſublimes diſgrace;
There heroes multiply; and labouring fame
Grows buſy—to record each ſparkling name.
She ceaſed—the prince, his patriot eyes withdrew; [true;
Weigh'd the long charge, and wiſh'd it half un-
Sigh'd at the waſte domeſtic diſcord made,
And mourn'd unfriended arts by ſpleen betray'd:
Then view'd the ſiſters, re-prepar'd to hear,
While Erato, ſoft ſighing, charm'd his ear.
Lur'd, ſaid the am'rous muſe, from realms above,
Pleas'd I deſcended on this land of love:
Look'd and approv'd; and form'd aërial ſchemes
Of heart-felt ties, and hope's eluſive dreams;
Vainly propos'd—each ſex by each to mend,
And ſmooth the rugged paths of life with friend.
Snatch'd at one ſweet example new to fame,
Urg'd its dear pow'r th' unhappier to reclaim.
Miſguided millions hail'd th' acknowledg'd charms,
And lov'd perfection when it bleſs'd thy arms.
But ah! too loſt at length themſelves were gone;
They worſhipp'd and confeſs'd—but ſtill ſinn'd on.
Yet I, vain hoper, ſtill new helps apply;
And, ever failing, would for ever try.
To ſlighted beauty would new powers impart,
And ſtretch the aided empire of the heart.
Teach man that woman's ſtrength in ſoftneſs lies;
Teach woman why the modeſt charm the wiſe.
Uſeleſs to either I from both remove;
Money's th' inſpiring muſe of modiſh love:
O'er truth and paſſion avarice prevails,
All vows are venal, and all ſighs are ſales.
Int'reſt and vanity, and ſelf, diſarm
Mutual eſteem, till neither ſex can charm:
The blank unnat'ral whims pervert deſire,
Attraction failing they exchange attire.
Then man's lac'd lightneſs apes the lady's air;
And bluff big boldneſs maſculates the fair.
With changing ſexes, love's loſt motives change,
From wiſh to wiſh, the ſhort-liv'd paſſions range;
Recorded conſtancy becomes romance,
And, among millions, two may love—by chance!
Why ſhould I then ſupporting preſent ſcorn,
Stretch my too patient hope to times unborn?
When to the north, where nature ſhines unſtain'd,
Confiding ſexes love with faith unfeign'd,
Their native beauties, in no clime excell'd,
To riſing force by conſcious worth impell'd;
While through the ſparkling eye taught ſpirit breaks,
And the felt luſtre of their fame partakes.
The lover prince unwillingly believ'd,
Faults which his nobler nature ſcarce conceiv'd;
Touch'd for the honour of the human heart,
His own glow'd painful with ideal ſmart:
When loftier accents from Urania broke,
And ſnatch'd his liſt'ning ſoul, while ſcience ſpoke.
From heav'n's unſounded depth, ſhe cry'd, I ſtole
Angelic fire, and form'd a Newton's ſoul;
Taught him the ſecret walks of God to tread,
And 'twixt the ſtarry worlds his ſpirit led.
All æther op'ning to a mortal's eyes,
Till earth ſent colonies, and held the ſkies.
What king for this magnificently juſt,
Bleſs'd him in life, or dignified his duſt?

What voted honours mark the aspirer's race?
What thinking statues emulate his face?
He who immortaliz'd his country's name,
Beyond ten thousand conqu'rors bounded fame,
He, who to list mankind, new heav'ns display'd,
And every human breather nobler made;
Did he to public fame all nature raise?
And is he poorly left to private praise?
In such a land, ah! what can arts expect,
What claim has hopeless science, but neglect.
O fate of wint'ry worth, by climate crost'd!
Budding untimely to be nip'd in frost!
Newton has multiplied the suns!—yet pours
In vain the light of all their orbs on ours,
When will the incurious courts for which he found
New worlds, find will to trace an old one round?
What promis'd pension ships th' unshaken soul,
To dare discov'ry and ungloom the pole?
What coasting keel indenting southern strands,
Starts the long shores of cloud-benighted lands?
No annual bounty persevering kind,
Draws the dark veil that covers half mankind.
What regal influ'nce easing learning's birth,
Now adds new stars to heav'n, or arts to earth?
Who sows munificence to root up sloth,
And call forth harvests of eternal growth?
Hail to the land where war makes science room!
Where realms from desarts rise, and ruins bloom!
Where conquest spreading to embrace distress,
Lets loose ambition, not to waste, but bless:
There pow'r inverts destruction into birth,
And the prolific sword empeoples earth!
There desolation, fruitful in decay,
Fades into opulence, and strengthens sway.
There ports (unnative) indrawn seas confine,
And climbing streams o'er channel'd mountains shine;
There public splendor swallows private pride,
And claims which all men share in all men guide;
There art rewarded strains excited skill,
Till dazzling wonders wid'ning empire fill:
The fierce free Tartar, sees the Tartar taught,
Grins at advancing rule, and pants for thought;
Then in long link, new nations forward draw,
And the drain'd wilds of nature crowd to law.
Hail promis'd land!—All now that seems severe,
Is—that removing hence we leave you here.
Urania stopp'd and bow'd.—The prince whose heart
Inly confess'd the pow'r of cherish'd art,
Nobly approving praise so justly warm,
Smil'd conscious of his inborn right to charm.
Next rose Terpsichore,—melodious muse!
Soft her first accents like descending dews;
Sweet, and flow swelling, till in livelier sound,
Gay to the ravish'd ear quick transports bound.
Tim'd to the tuneful voice each trembling tree
Strain'd its tugg'd roots, and labour'd to be free:
Warm'd through the wak'ning stone the sculptur'd ear
Of every starting statue seem'd to hear;
Air catch'd, and length'ning back the mazy notes,
Curls, while the undulating music floats.
Earth lift'ning to inhale harmonious pain,
Sigh'd it in soft vibration back again.
Pardon a mourning muse that leaves with tears
The land that lov'd Germanicus endears;
But ah, what toils! what anguish shalt thou bear!
What endless labour must o'erload thy care!
Ere thy last views a taste like thine inspire,
And sparkling kingdoms catch thy manly fire!
Near operas fribling fugues what muse can stay,
Where wordless warblings winnow thought away;
Music when purpose points her not the road,
Charms to betray, and softens to corrode:
Empty of sense, the soul-seducing art
Thrills a slow poison to the sick'ning heart:
Soft sinks idea dissolute in ease,
And all life's feeble lesson is to please.
Spirit, and taste, and generous toil, take flight,
And lazy love, and indolent delight,
And low luxurious weariness of pain,
Lull the lost mind,—and all its powers are vain.
Hence to the realms of fame ye muses fly,
There to the drum's big beat the heart leaps high;
There sighing flutes but temp'ring martial heat,
Teach distant pity and revenge to meet;
The manly pipe there scorns th' expanded shakes,
That wind wav'd nothings, till attention akes;
There now concurring keys and chords increase,
The heart's soft social ties, and cherish peace;
Then trumpets answ'ring trumpets shrill and far,
Swell to the sounding wind th' inspiring war;
There the rous'd soul in exercise grows strong,
Nor pools to puddly foulness stopp'd too long:
Strength'ning and strengthned by the poet's fire,
There music's meaning voice exalts desire;
There harmony not drowns but quickens thought,
And fools unfeeling words by notes are caught.
Soft sigh'd the prince, for suff'ring music pain'd,
And Polyhymnia rising warm complain'd:
Deign to be told impartial, gen'rous, wise,
Why fruitless eloquence indignant flies;
Gall'd at lost time in cases vainly clear'd,
At truths untouching, and at sounds unheard;
Blushing, while oratory's lab'ring strains
On pre-decision waste derided pains;
And flourish'd periods to no purpose fine,
Like suns in desarts, without notice shine;
Hating grave insult, I disdain to stay,
Where talk but trifles, and where tropes but play:
If serious rhet'ric sweats where sneering mutes
Hast'ning the hurried question, crop disputes;
If law sells argument, yet forms must reign,
And custom pleading, equity is vain;
If the dark pulpit's short mysterious art,
Lifts faith to heav'n, and damns the moral heart;
Bear me, dishonour'd God! to some plain state,
Where truth, in spite of aye and no, is weight;
Where pleas of right a reas'ning bench persuade,
And justice scorns in precedent to trade;
Where no bold blasphemy would faith enslave,
But humble, honest, doubting works, can save.
Euterpe, watchful of her sister's close,
Snatch'd her sunk cadence, and impatient rose:
Pleasure, she cry'd, is mine, mine the gay skill,
To paint the fancy, and adorn the will.
But where dry avarice has taste betray'd,
Pleasure is robbery in masquerade;

Contending ſexes puſh one common aim,
And youth, and wit, and beauty, meet to game;
At cards to conquer, or at dice to ſweep,
Is all the humble joy the poliſh'd reap.
Or, if aſpiring to robuſter praiſe,
Some livelier genius warmth more active ſways;
Then frock'd in groomy fleekneſs, tight and ſmart,
The pert cap'd racer dares the jockey's art;
At ſtake and plate his ſkill profoundly ſhown,
He from his horſe's worth preſumes his own.
Or, nobly ſtung by John the coachman's claim,
Climbing th' advent'rous box, diſputes his fame;
Scatt'ring malignant duſt, cracks voice and thong,
Glows for a livery's right, and burns along:
Proudly diſplay'd, looks back, and ſhouts to find
Poor conſcious John, leſs glorious, hang behind.
Not ſo th' Olympian rivals charm'd of old,
When fiery youths in whirling chariots roll'd;
Then the watch'd ſignal bade the rank disjoin,
And ruſhing wheels diſſolv'd the breaking line:
Strain'd to th' expanded whip's impulſive ſound,
Light leap'd th' exulting axles o'er the ground,
'Twixt crowding nations, partial, panting, gay,
The prais'd, plum'd hero ſkim'd the leſs'ning way,
The ſmoking ſteeds obey'd the watchful rein,
And winding warlike, ſwept the ſhouting plain.
Now graceful rais'd, now pendent in career,
High and far-glitt'ring, ſhone the charioteer,
Firm in his ſeat, ſuperior in his mien,
Flew o'er the courſe, and flam'd along the green;
Martial in geſture, eminent in grace,
His birth and grandeur light'ning from his face.
Or, if to ſweeter conteſt match'd he mov'd,
Aud in ſome ball, led the kind hand he lov'd,
The modeſt fair, ſlow through the mazy dance,
Swam to the love-ſick ſoul in ſoft advance;
No light coarſe friſking kick'd off woman's air,
No ſtrong ſtretch'd limb out-trod attraction there,
Decent their pleaſures, and diſcreetly weigh'd,
Active the youth, and delicate the maid:
Honour by elegance its right maintain'd,
And thought correcting rapture, prudence reign'd.
Mournful Melpomene, with tragic frown,
Spoke next; and thus deplor'd a taſteleſs town.
Why ſtrove the ſcenic muſe to ſhine in vain,
Where wit is levity, and art is gain?
Where law's blind hope would curb corruption's rage,
Yet leſt undue contempt to taint the ſtage?
Hence theatres neglected into ſhame,
Catching at concourſe, purity diſclaim.
By pow'r deſerted, make their humbler court
To rake and rancour, or to fool and ſport:
Piqu'd to repriſal, unconfed'rate wit,
Noting the popular, evades the fit.
Then the play plots on ſtate-craft, laughs at truth,
Miſguides allegiance, or unſinews youth;
Thither crowds faction to be taught complaint,
Where pow'r, the martyr, might have reign'd the ſaint.
There wiſdom bleeds, by pleaſure's feath'ry dart,
And love's looſe hand unſtrings the ſlacken'd heart;
There diſcontent firſt tries her tim'rous force,
Hints and finds help and dares her dang'rous courſe;
There froth, farce, flatt'ry, chance, ſedition, ruſe;
And virtue ſcarce finds place in virtue's ſchool.
Farewell, forſaken ſtage—when courts refuſe
To urge wit's wand'ring rein, ſhe ſhames a muſe;
Hail, from afar! thou fate-foretelling light!
Beaming prognoſtic through the eye of night!
Kindling a hundred realms, th' enliv'ning flame
Wings the wak'd energy of courted fame.
There empire flaſhing into glory's blaze,
Conſcious intention bluſhes not at praiſe;
There ſpurring virtue, wit has leave to mean,
And pow'r exciting paſſion prompts the ſcene.
So muſt it be ere tragic fire is felt, [pelt,
But where grave thoughts are marks for fools to
Where tir'd illit'rate viewleſs yawning pride
Muſt hear unliſt'ning, and untaught decide,
There let loſt ſentiment miſpoint no beam,
To hope were blindneſs, and to wiſh a dream.
Up leap'd Thalia, glowing red with rage,
Fir'd and indignant at a farceful age;
Shall comedy's inſulted muſe, ſhe cry'd,
Hold hoops to tumblers———
She paus'd—unable to proceed;—ſigh'd ſtrong:
Repell'd the big diſdain—and trac'd her wrong.
Shall comedy for ſworded harlequin
Split lathes, and arm him for the mimic ſcene?
While he, proud impotence, with modiſh ſtrut,
Cocks bluff, diffuſive of his wooden cut:
Muſt ſhe ſwing gypſies o'er the winnow'd pit,
Mounting poſteriors in defect of wit;
Or clap ſome human whirlwind's bluſt'ring rage,
That o'er twelve heads deſcending ſhakes the ſtage.
Stare while th' unmanly reptile's wriggling twiſt
Threads the ſtarv'd ladder, and deſcends unhiſs'd?
Or, for the rope-aſpirer's jirkful tread,
Shall ſhe poiſe right their emblematic lead?
No---let implor'd expulſion wing me hence!
Far let me fly to ſome fair ſeat of ſenſe; [grace,
Where life's ſtoll'n humour glows with mirthful
And comic picture copies nature's face;
Where imag'd paſſion, dear to the polite,
Leaves low buffoon'ry to the rabble's right.
Tir'd, yet untaſk'd, let me no longer wait,
Laughing unheeded---at the laughing great;
While with the roar of boys to tricks they run,
Which mobs ſhould ſhout at, and the wiſe ſhould ſhun.
Gravely, good ſouls! reſerving ſolid ſcorn, [born.
For thoughts to feel whoſe force themſelves were
Warm'd in wit's cauſe, lamenting genius loſt,
Nor taſting ecſtaſy at judgment's coſt,
Liſt'ning Germanicus, with penſive grace,
Revolv'd with'd ſoft'nings for a pitied race;
When like a trumpet pouring muſic's flood,
Speaking Calliope thrill'd through his blood.
There was a prince! ah, bid me add, ere long
There is!---impulſive of the epic ſong.
Flame of imperial prominence he ſhin'd;
Terror at once, and charm of human kind!
All the ſoft praiſe of ſocial life his due:
All the rais'd pow'rs of arms and arts he knew;
Fearleſs, impell'd his father's fortune on;
And in youth's dawn a dazzling victor ſhone:
In force reſiſtleſs, yet undaring wrong;
Honeſt in vengeance, and in pity ſtrong.

Without dwelt war, in all her thund'ring din;
While peace in all her ſtillneſs wept within.
Form'd for a lover, for a thinker taught;
Bloodleſs reflective eminence he ſought:
Born to be greateſt, choſe but to be beſt;
But heav'n that knew his uſe, forbad his reſt:
Then from the calms of conqu'ring thought he roſe,
Glow'd in tempeſtuous war, and ſcorn'd repoſe.
Uncrown'd, gave crowns at will, their thorns untry'd;
And more than reigning, without reigning died.
Such, though the land I leave could ſhow me ſtill,
Calm ſeaſons call not for a pilot's ſkill.
Peace is the bleſſing commerce loves to chooſe;
But war and glory taſk the epic muſe.
Farewell, ſure ſubject of my future ſong.
When riſing ſhameful at a people's wrong,
In times yet diſtant, thy rememb'ring hand
Lets looſe correction at ſome foreign land.
Then loud as thy applauſe, reclaim us all;
And every muſe of nine ſhall wait thy call.
Speaking, ſhe roſe; and with her riſing flow,
Her eight ſad ſiſters, ſighing, turn'd to go.
Lively, upſtarting from his ſhadow'd ſeat,
Stay (cry'd the prince alarm'd)---ſuſpend retreat.
Juſt though your anger, yet revenge forbear;
Leſt taught by muſes, man forgets to ſpare.
Too ſoon degen'rate nature warps awry,
The bad to copy, and the good to fly.
Have you beheld wit's ſtream diſcolour'd glide,
And pour'd loſt azure on th' unconſcious tide?
Think the blame yours, who heav'n's beſt tincture bring,
To ſtain the current, yet neglect the ſpring.
Would you at once Cœrulean depth renew?
And gayly bright'ning flush th' improvement through?
High at the ſource th' infuſive tinge beſtow;
And ev'ry downward drop ſhall tinctur'd flow.
But while a vagrant inſpiration ſtrays,
And here and there unlicens'd pow'r diſplays;
Though ſep'rate individual ſtrollers ſhare
Some uncollective ſcatt'rings of your care;
This way and that though ſome faint hint of light
Gleams like a meteor, and ſhrinks back in night,
Or, ming'ling beams to form ſome deathleſs blaze,
Once in an age you Popes or Thomſons raiſe:
All the loſt labour ſerves but to expreſs
How wide our wants! how thinly we poſſeſs!
Till the day breaks expect no gen'ral glow;
For the ſky darken'd keeps all dark below.
Here for wit's fountain dream not of a court,
Falſe and injurious ſlight th' unweigh'd report.
Meant for a clime where thrones appropriate pow'r,
And one man's paſſions all mens rights devour.
But in free ſtates where liberty may chooſe,
Taſte knows no monarch, and obeys no muſe.
Senates their muſes, property their aim;
Their boaſt but ſafety—and their plaything fame.
No—would your willing culture waſte no toil?
Would your bays thrive in a reluctant ſoil?
Ductile of form, and changing ſhapes at will,
Aſſume new ſex, new names, new views, new ſkill.
Safe in ſage politics conceal your wit;
Then by my bounty qualify'd to ſit,
Nine Corniſh boroughs might aſſign you place,
Where mix'd unthought of you may ſhun diſgrace.
There, breathing unſuſpected influence lurk,
Till patient progreſs crowns your arduous work.
Thence ſhall deſcending radiance taſte convey;
And willing kingdoms make the muſes way.
Till time ſlow fav'ring you may quit diſguiſe,
And wear wit plain among th' unlaughing wiſe.
Pauſing, he ſmil'd humanity ſo kind, [mind:
That ev'ry muſe was touch'd, and chang'd her
All bow'd conſent to his grave purpoſe wrought;
And thus Uranla voic'd her ſiſter's thought.
Born to a people's hearts, their darling ſhine;
Let ev'ry wiſh, and hope, and joy, be thine.
Mov'd by the magic mercy of thy view,
We feel good counſel, and embrace it too.
One ſole condition grant, and we obey;
No dang'rous notice muſt detect our ſtay.
Hid in thy grove, each menial muſe ſhall claim
Domeſtic ſhelter from reproach and ſhame;
Till by thy ſcheme their yet unrivall'd friend,
Their influence widens, and their ſuff'rings end.
Then ſhown the world, and privileg'd to pleaſe,
And gath'ring face and faſhion by degrees,
Seen at aſſemblies belles may jokes forbear;
Nor ſhocking modeſt ſtrangers turn and ſtare!
Thus, in his ſhade from public pain exempt,
Sleeping, the viſionary poet dreamt. [there;
Then wak'd, and found his ſparkling prince was
But ev'ry empty muſe was loſt in air.

CAMILLUS: A POEM.

Humbly inſcribed to the Right Honourable Charles Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth. Written in the year 1707.

When injur'd heroes ſuffer in their fame,
Juſtice unſummon'd ſhould their wrongs proclaim:
But Phœbus' ſon ſhould raiſe reſentment higher,
And light up vengeance with poetic fire.
For where injuſtice clouds a noble name,
The patron's ſcandal is the poet's ſhame.
Permit, great Sir, my humble muſe to raiſe
A private monument of public praiſe:
Unbend your mighty ſoul, and ſtoop to fame,
Whoſe voice ſhall ſound to heaven your glorious name.
Minds that are great like yours diſdain applauſe,
Their inborn virtue gives their reaſon laws:
Above the reach of malice bleſt they live,
Proud to be envy'd, and like heaven forgive.
What depth of line muſt my rais'd fancy find,
To ſound th' unfathom'd ocean of thy mind!
Or through the lab'rinth of thy wonders wind!
How dares my untry'd pen attempt a verſe,
Worthy thy godlike actions to rehearſe?
How dares my ſtutt'ring muſe invade that ſky,
Where Virgil, eagle-wing'd, would fail to fly?
Dark in my breaſt tumultuous terrors roll,
And riſing paſſions ſhake my lab'ring ſoul:
Encount'ring reaſons through my judgment ſhine,
Some urge and ſome forbid the vaſt deſign:

Here juſtice ſummons---there my youth denies;
Duty to this, to that my will replies.
Reſolv'd at laſt you ſafe return to greet,
I throw my worthleſs numbers at your feet;
Aſſur'd the generous goodneſs of your eye
Will ſee my zeal, and paſs my errors by.
But if my feeble genius chance to fail,
Nor ardent pray'rs can with the nine prevail;
Think, Sir, how various your great acts appear!
There war and glory---wit and honour here:
One glitt'ring moment ſpreads your wond'rous fame,
Battles and bloodſhed celebrate your name.
Now the great hero in a purple flood
Plunges through ſtormy ſeas of hoſtile blood.
Now ſtrides with ſkilful courage from afar,
To ſtop ſome gap of unſucceſsful war:
Another moment ſmoothly gilds his face
With lovely ſweetneſs and delightful grace:
Calmly he tunes his mind to ſofter ſports,
And lives the matchleſs paragon of courts.
No wonder then if my preſumptuous eye,
Viewing thy ſun of excellence too nigh,
Dazzled with light, is forc'd to look awry!
A traveller, who thus without a guide,
O'er ſome unmeaſur'd tract attempts to ride;
Where thouſand paths of equal breath appear,
And each fair courſe ſeems ſafe alike to ſteer,
May ſpite of ſtricteſt caution loſe his way,
And ſcarce be juſtly ſaid to go aſtray.
In peace the fam'd Hiſpania long had ſlept,
And free poſſeſſion of her Indies kept:
Made poor by plenty, dull content ſhe knew,
Her ſtrength declining as her riches grew;
Till forc'd to valour ſhe begins too late,
And climbs unwilling but to pull down fate.
Their ſecond Charles reſign'd his princely breath,
And ſwift-wing'd fame proclaim'd th' expected death:
Sudden the trumpet echoes from afar,
And friendly nations riſe to furious war:
The hardy veterans their arms prepare,
And waving banners fan the heated air:
The ſprightly ſteeds with lofty bounds advance,
And curb'd by ſkillful riders proudly prance:
A wild confuſion o'er the globe is hurl'd,
And warlike earthquakes ſhake the Chriſtian world.
The Auſtrian prince, heir in affirm'd deſcent,
To graſp the crown his ſtrong endeavours bent:
Bourbon oppos'd, and in the vacant throne
Would place a royal offspring of his own.
Doubtful the right---but pow'r which all obey,
Appear'd to juſtify the ſecond's ſway:
The arms of France allure the voice of Spain,
And Anjou ſeated will his poſt maintain.
Sighing the young prevented Auſtrian ſtands,
And lifts to gracious heaven his eyes and hands;
Implores ſwift juſtice to an injur'd man;
And heaven directs his prayers to heaven's vicegerent Anne.
Thither they fly whom pow'ful wrongs oppreſs,
And find a certain ſhelter from diſtreſs:
By her the proud aſpirer daily bleeds,
And biaſs'd monarchs wait her dreaded deeds.
Aw'd though diſpleas'd, to her decrees they ſtand,
And own the fate of Europe in her hand.

Thither with tow'ring hopes and longing eyes,
The young excluded monarch ſwiftly flies;
Whiſpers in Anna's ear his weighty grief,
And from her pitying ſoul extracts relief.
At her command th' intrepid Britons fly,
Exert their inborn worth, and proudly die:
Pleas'd with their fate they dearly ſell their breath,
And ſmile amidſt the raging pangs of death.
A choſen band of theſe who all things dare,
For diſtant war their mighty ſouls prepare:
Through ev'ry ear their glorious cauſe they ring
To curb proud France, and right an injur'd king.
O'er theſe a chief by art and nature grac'd,
Renown'd in war and policy was plac'd;
Beyond mankind his judgment could diſcern,
And much improve what others could not learn:
He ow'd no virtue to a dread of ſhame,
No ſeeming honeſty to promis'd fame:
On its own baſe in him true honour ſtood,
Waſh'd by a generous tide of noble blood.
Him the great Anna choſe---Camillus go
Revenge my brother on his haughty foe;
Guard him to Spain---there let my will be known,
And ſeat the monarch in his raviſh'd throne.
The valiant chief without ambition brave,
Humbly receiv'd the weighty charge ſhe gave:
Deſtin'd in ſpite of malice to be great,
His daring ſoul contemns the tricks of ſtate:
Swiftly he bids his glad commanders meet,
And lead their army to the waiting fleet.
Their ſwelling hopes the ſwelling gales invite,
And heaven and they propitiouſly unite;
In loud ſalutes the deep-mouth'd cannons roar,
Anſwer'd by zealous wiſhes from the ſhore:
Whence mingled crowds their hearty prayers repeat,
Till riſing waves obſcure the ſailing fleet.
On the extremeſt limits of that land,
Through which the Tagus rich in golden ſand,
His rapid courſe in depths of waters bends,
And twice two hundred miles his ſtream extends;
Old Barcelona ſtrong by nature ſtands,
And rules a vaſt extent of fertile lands:
With rocky mountains half environ'd round,
The other half by bogs and marſhy ground:
Beneath her walls ſurrounding trenches lie,
Beyond thoſe depths riſe bulwarks vaſtly high:
Walls within walls the ſolid place defend,
Where watchful centinels their charge attend:
Whence trains of hollow braſs with fiery breath,
Vomit black ſulph'rous meſſages of death;
Ramm'd with deſtruction, burſt with horrid roar,
And ſcatter'd terrors round the trembling ſhore.
Hither with crowded ſails the Britons bent,
Big with the meſſage their great miſtreſs ſent.
Their warlike ſouls to emulation riſe,
And breathe out pious wiſhes to the ſkies:
And now thoſe powers which brave deſigns attend,
Had brought their voyage to a happy end.
From Barcelona's tow'rs with wild affright,
The trembling foe beholds th' unwelcome ſight;
A mighty fleet approaching by degrees,
In graceful order ploughs the ſmiling ſeas;
Harmonious muſic ſpreads the joy they bring,
And clam'rous ſhouts proclaim the coming king:

The ſounding trumpets his intent declare,
And waving ſtreamers flouriſh in the air:
Arriv'd at length the cannons loudly roar,
And ſhake with panic fright the wond'ring ſhore.
Mean while the Spaniards all their force prepare,
And arm confus'dly for defenſive war:
Blind with amazement and ignoble fear,
They double all the Britons that appear:
All think with horror England now had bent
Her utmoſt force, to form one grand deſcent.
But when they ſaw ſo ſmall a number land,
And boldly tread the ſurface of their ſand,
The paler marks of fear forſook their face,
And wonder far more great ſupplies the place.
An equal force within their walls they found,
Yet fear'd to meet their foes on equal ground:
They ſaw, with wonder at an act ſo vain,
Th' undaunted Britons win the neighb'ring plain,
Where ſoon their ſquadrons form'd a camp, and then [men.
They thought or dreaded they were more than
Thus had the great Camillus forc'd his way,
And void of fear in midſt of dangers lay:
Impatient of delays, the Auſtrian youth,
Deep-touch'd with ſorrow, liſten'd to the truth;
He ſaw the weakneſs of his daring few,
And with concern his foe's advantage knew:
The brazen tubes of death were mounted high,
And clouds of rolling ſmoke obſcur'd the ſky;
All this and more from his ſmall camp was ſeen,
And death diſguis'd with horror ſtalk'd between.
The aged chiefs in cautious war grown old,
Would rather be too backward than too bold:
Therefore adviſ'd the prince to haſte away,
Since 'twas ſcarce poſſible to live and ſtay.
The prince with melancholy thoughts oppreſt,
Came to Camillus and unlock'd his breaſt;
Told him the pangs of ſorrow, ſhame, and rage,
Which ſhook the blooming comforts of his age:
Told him the flames in which his ſoul would burn,
Should he thus unſucceſsfully return.
With grief the gen'rous Briton heard him tell
The deep misfortunes he but knew too well:
He rolls his eyes, accuſes partial fate,
And tells the Auſtrian that he ſhould be great.
Reſolv'd to act, the council ſpeak in vain,
And by debates protract the fall of Spain:
Camillus had a ſoul whoſe heavenly fire
Could compaſs all things, and to all aſpire.
Himſelf alone could with himſelf debate,
And mov'd obſcurely like the hand of fate.
Hard by the towers of Barcelona ſtands,
High on the rocks o'erlooking neighb'ring lands,
A ſtrong-built caſtle, whoſe extended ſway
Obliges ev'n the city to obey.
Five hundred men the ſolid ramparts keep,
On rocks beyond imagination ſteep:
Whence rolling ſtones invading foes can chaſe,
When with an aching eye they climb the dreadful place.
This was the ſource whence victories muſt flow,
Hither the Britiſh chief reſolv'd to go:
Unus'd to fear, and more unus'd to boaſt,
With temp'rate words he cheer'd his wond'ring hoſt;
Strove not to hide the hazard of the taſk,
Nor cover danger with a gilded maſk:
He bids each ſoldier like himſelf perform,
And by example wins 'em to the ſtorm.
The roſy morning uſher'd in the ſun,
Which was to ſee a bloody buſineſs done;
His beams ſhone bright to guide the battle well,
And drank their blood in pity as it fell:
Eight hundred Britons on this glorious day,
O'er pathleſs foreſts force their oblique way;
In tedious march o'er high aſcents they paſt,
And won the dangerous precipice at laſt.
With ſtrange ſurpriſe the Spaniards ruſh to arms,
And bells rung backward in confus'd alarms:
The ſummon'd ſoldiers hurry'd to their poſt,
And pour whole vollies on the climbing hoſt:
Repeated charges from the cannons fly,
Like fiery meteors blazing through the ſky:
The ſhatter'd limbs of men who nobly dare,
Are borne on bullets through the flaming air:
The diſmal proſpect ſhocks the braveſt hearts,
And adds new motion to disjointed parts;
The brave Camillus with a fierce delight,
Drives on the headlong fury of the fight;
Urges his bleeding troops ſtill higher and higher,
And ſcatters death for death, and fire for fire.
Thus, when of old the mighty giants ſtrove
To check the boundleſs power of angry Jove;
With force like this, but in a cauſe leſs good,
The huge Briareus, their great leader, ſtood;
The ſolid centre ſhakes beneath his weight,
Who, all-unknowing, or unfearing fate,
Kicks at the thunder which with horror flies;
And while ſwift lightning flaſhes in his eyes,
Tears up a hundred rocks and hurls 'em at the ſkies.
But now aloft the mingled war grows high,
On heaps promiſcuous numbers fall and die;
Rivers of blood from the mix'd battle flow,
Till death ſcarce ſees to guide a deſtin'd blow.
The walls are won, the Spaniards loſe the day,
And crowding Britons win the cover'd way:
While ſome on high the conquer'd paſs defend,
Others below by mutual help aſcend:
No more the driven foes their fortune try,
But quit their bloody battlements and fly:
Deſpair and horror fill the diſmal place,
And terror ſits enthron'd on every face.
Deſtructive fate grows cruel to exceſs,
And rages blindly in her blackeſt dreſs:
Matrons and virgins weep with bitter cries,
And noiſy ſorrows pierce the diſtant ſkies.
But ceaſe, miſtaken wretches! ceaſe your moan,
Proud of your conqu'ror your conqueſt own;
Your friends victorious might tyrannic be,
Your foes but conquer you to ſet you free.
No baſe deſign diſtains a Briton's cauſe,
But pity guides the ſword which juſtice draws.
With ſuch ſucceſs was that great day begun,
Which not the army but their general won:
While he impatient his great taſk to end,
Which heaven appear'd ſo early to befriend,
Cheers his glad ſoldiers with divided gain,
And leads 'em down undreading to the plain

Ranges 'em widely near the city's bound,
Resolv'd to force a place they scarce surround.
Thus moves he brightly like some wand'ring star,
And scorns the heavy arts of common war:
In their own fire his matchless actions blaze;
He needs no counsel, and he seeks no praise:
While other generals tedious projects form,
He thinks and acts, and wins applause by storm;
With furious courage stands and tempts his fate,
But heaven still spares the man to bless the state.
With threat'ning look each ready Briton stands,
And sharp-edg'd weapons grace their warlike hands;
Obsequious silence waits the general's nod,
As ancient Grecians watch'd the Delphian god.
Mean while, each trembling tow'r with horrid dread,
Loosen'd its walls and shook its batter'd head:
The lofty works which should the town defend,
The shocks of hostile thunder widely rend;
Amidst these crowds of terror and despair,
The Britons for a sharp assault prepare;
The Spaniards see and shun the louring fates,
And widely open their submissive gates.
And now the mighty deed is greatly done;
A king reliev'd, and kingdoms bravely won.
The warlike chief, with glory fir'd his breast,
Forgot his pleasures and forsook his rest;
The Austrian fix'd—He bravely onward bent,
And conquer'd rebel countries as he went:
The stubborn Catalans unus'd to bow,
Gladly submit to firm subjection now.
With joyful shouts their happy monarch greet,
And leave their mountains for the regal seat;
That strong-built fort whose state the rest excell'd,
And thrice ten thousand Gallic foes repell'd,
Afraid to strive, her iron gates unlock'd,
And gladly open'd when Camillus knock'd.
To his successful arms whole nations yield,
And freely give him up an untry'd field.
At his bless'd feet the rich Tortosa lay,
And matchless conduct gain'd him Lerida.
Valencia's kingdom gloriously he won,
And triumph'd o'er the prostrate Arragon.
But hold, unwary muse! no higher soar;
He who did this, alas, must do no more!
Oh that thy numbers could but reach my aim,
How would I celebrate his glorious name!
How would I paint the battles he has won,
And all the noble actions he has done!
How would I paint him spilling gen'rous blood,
And tempting death for his dear country's good!
How would I drag his two illustrious sons,
Proud of their mangled flesh and shatter'd bones!
How would I tune my elevated song,
And shame the men who do Camillus wrong!
But since his works through clouds are forc'd to shine,
How could I hope success from such as mine?
Let virtue be rewarded if it can,
When gratitude forgets so great a man.

FREE THOUGHTS UPON FAITH:

OR, THE RELIGION OF REASON.

Oh Thou! who'er, whate'er, where'er thou art,
Sole—or associated—conceiveless power!
In search of whom o'erstretch'd idea burns;
And sense rolls back on darkness—cause unsaus'd!
Progressive unbeginner—without end!
Giver of thought, oh guide it.—Arm a mind,
Tremblingly struck,—to stem but one short glimpse,
One distant, transient, momentary flash
Of thy keen light—and live!—oh, far from dream
To draw th' Almighty's deign'd approach too near—
All that my soul's touch'd sense aspires to tell
Is, that she dares not view thee, thou who know'st
The muse's conscious rev'rence, aid her song.
Awfully shrinking from th' assumer's hand,
That points me to thy place, thy power, thy will,
Astonish'd at his pride! I start—and fly.
O pitier of presumption! whence aspires
Awak'ning dust's brief glance of shadowy life,
To launch its little plummet---into depths
Profounder than Eternity!—how dare
O'erweening, mole-blind furrowers of dark earth
Engross to their low selves, their Gods whole care?
Slight nobler orbs, as skirts to this dim ball,
That day by day rolls round its eyeless bulk,
To beg light's needful alms from one kind sun,
While tracts superior to conception's bound,
See suns in millions o'er new worlds pour blaze,
Yet reach but confines of new suns, and die.
Require not these vast works of God, God's grace
Proportion'd to their vastness?—how then dares
Conceit's proud pref'rence of its own clay'd cott
O'erleap those azure voids, where thought, and space,
And number, and immensity, are lost,
And comprehension aches to scale repulse!
Whence had man's insect arrogance of guess
Such impotent outstarting, to presume
His momentary nothingness of grasp
Could know, task, limit, and describe his God!
Say, bigot boaster of unmanner'd zeal,
Thou that art impudently sure of heaven!
And, cov'ring blasphemy behind faith's name,
Sinn'st deepest where most sanctified!---weigh, pause,
Think---answer not from custom's light assent,
But the try'd soul's true test unwarp'd within.
Is it in revelation's awful claim [will
That dust should dare misplead th' Almighty's
For insult on his justice? Dare men pass
For intimates of heaven, who thus degrade
Th' all-gladd'ning Lord of all those wid'ning worlds
To one poor partial care of one poor part
Of one poor corner of one world's poor clan?
Out with this av'rice of fanatic scrape!
That, pinching to itself God's nibbled grants
Hedg'd in th' Eternal's common! Greedily
Forestall'd all power of op'ning mystery's gate
For its own pick-lock tribe, unkey'd by heaven.
Why, if enlighten'd most, should will most dark
Bid these few fav'rite handled spies of grace
Conceal from modest doubt their arts to know?
Why, if possess'd of some eductive clue,
That shews lost diffidence truth's lucid ray,
Claim they consent implicit? Why submits
Belief to bold assumption?---Tasteless faith

Dishonours where it worships. Heaven disdains
Obedience from the blind: and every sect
Were orthodox, if to believe is proof.
To me---nor let the rev'rence of my pause
Offend the power that caus'd it! it should seem
More impious to decide of God than doubt.
Oft when I pant for aid to shake distrust,
Humbling imperious reason; while I bend
With meek attention to the calls of faith,
Where pious fury lends the pastor gall;
And what falls short in proof o'erflows in rage.
While revelation, thund'ring on my ear, [ven!
Low-rates my heart's admission, help me, Hea-
To check th' impassive struggler's infelt hint,
That asks how God's almighty? if his will
Who made this captious world whereon we crawl
Could to the worm call'd man be shown in vain.
If 'twas the Maker's law to man proclaim'd,
By man's resistless God, my trembling soul
Whispers in shiv'ring horror! Oh 'tis strange!
God will'd---God spoke that will---yet man---
proud dirt!
Divides, disputes, examines, disobeys!
Had Heav'n requir'd, could Heav'n want force
to cause?
Or, not requiring, why was Heav'n profan'd?
Hum from thy dusky hive, unreas'ning drone,
Stretch thy tame wings, heave thy dull search
along, [wide.
Leave thy cav'd home behind, and look more
Seest thou not every where earth's emmet swarms,
Scheming their busy mount's loose crumbling hope
For the next cataract shower, that sweeps down
all.
Such are the toils of Mustis, Popes, Pauwaus,
Lhamas and Rabbis, Morabuhts, Bonzees,
All the long-labouring props of faith's lost boast,
Fabrics of tow'ry air, that fright and die.
O'er worships thus distinct have sep'rate gods
Presided? or beneath but sep'rate names
Did one sole power inspire divided prayers,
And smilingly accept 'em? Nature feels
This question; and methinks I hear her voice
Bid reason thus reply---If but one light
Insur'd salvation's course, unsocketed,
Unlanthern'd, it had known no curtail'd shine.
All dark had been illumin'd:---ne'er with-held
Just Heaven, from more than half th' ex'tended
globe, [caus'd.
All glimpse of dawn, yet curs'd the gloom he
Or, grant some race indulg'd with kinder smile,
Why partial to the proud, sin's haughtiest sons?
Yet heedless of unfolded flocks, more meek,
More aw'd, more simply serious, in faith's field,
Anxious in adoration's twilight gleam,
And prostrate, though neglected. Why again
In truth's appropriate and selected seats
Shoots Eden's heaven-watch'd tree, for ever prun'd,
For ever fruitless, into monstrous growths
Of thorn-branch'd oppolition? If to doubt
Religion's lifeless form were to destroy
The essence of her purpose, why o'er lands
That boast high claims to systems heav'n inspir'd,
Spread schemes of diff'rent texture? Each avow'd
God's own enjoin'd sole path reveal'd to save.

Alas! 'tis man's proud heart, that, idly fill'd
With self-paid rev'rence for desert misclaim'd,
Grown impious in imagin'd rectitude,
Hugs his own day-dreams, idoliz'd within,
And styles 'em revelation! Hence the buz
Of honeyless and stingful wasps of zeal,
Alike on all sides heard, and felt on all! [hell!
Each charg'd in heaven's pretence with menac'd
Jews, Tartars, Bramins, bord'ring Ganges flood,
Swift hoards of hot Arabia's swarthy sons,
Far China's dateless race, long Nile's old claim
To superstition's childhood. Each heav'n's choice,
Yet each from each distinct, all spurn'd by all,
Split revelation into canton'd snarls,
And murder to show mercy; damn to save!
Ev'n these divisions, subdividing on, [points,
Break from their centre like the wind's wide
Yet every radius right, and every wrong;
All err---but each---peace be to that alone;
The rest let war involve, and curse their creeds.
Where art thou found, fair charity? sweet
power
That stills the stormy soul! soft cherub's eye!
That weep'st at all this mischief---sceest man's
pride
Mistaken for his virtue; arguing low
In the calm voice of pity's whisp'ring God,
The od'rous breathings of thy balmy hush
Fly scatter'd on the winds of keen debate.
Lost and benighted in this warring wild,
How shall a lightless wand'rer find which front
Bears heav'n's commission'd stamp? and which
bold brow,
Fright'ning credulity, miscals it faith?
Bid miracles decide contested claim.
Where are they? call aloud; they shun to hear.
Prudent restraint forbids expectant prayer
To court renewal of old eye-sight proofs, [dumb.
Which deign'd in days long past to strike doubt
Dead time's departed ghost recorded holds
Millions of wonders done---Faith's grey supports
—But millions of pretences too diffus'd
O'er earth's contentious face, each unlike each,
As night's dim veil compar'd with sun-gilt day.
Match miracles 'gainst miracles array'd,
And push back ev'ry angel's vain descent
Who comes on errands hostile to their own.
Where miracles try truth no faith is false.
What nameless corner of the world, untouch'd
By trade's far-furrowing keel, even safely new
To the unquenchable and sacred thirst
Of missionary rapine's holy ken,
But boast believ'd descent of some kind God
That chose their lov'd forefathers, blest their race,
And taught 'em for his glory? Fill'd with trust
In their transmitted tale, th' invited guests
Take place at heaven's high table, upmost all.
The white-fac'd, olive-hu'd, the sably jet,
The grease-anointed, woolly-headed, shorn, [elect,
Long-hair'd and short-hair'd, curl'd and cropt
All sagely satisfied, all else must err—
Swol'n with inflative zeal, catch martyrs flame,
And die, to live again in scorn of pain.
Since then th' extremest polar tracts of faith,
Where reason's one eye winks unbeam'd for day,

Plead miracles in proof which none can try,
Becauſe but heard, not ſeen, let learning ſhun
Such hoary feebleneſs of palſied plea,
Which error muſt aſſert, or truth diſclaim.
But off! ſtand wide, make room, ye coarſe profane!
Ye vulgar of religion's ſuburb world!
Ye goats unſhepherded! unſiſh'd-for ſhoals!
Unmelch'd by myſtics union's indragg'd net
Of never-erring ſweep, deduc'd from heaven!
Room for the papal pontiff's triple crown!
Now, heretic preſumer! bow, convinc'd
Infallibility unwinds her ſcroll:
Saints, martyrs, angels, ſeventeen cent'ries down
Link power to power, and, length'ning truth's old rod,
Lend faith tradition's line to hook mankind.
Hail, venerable weakneſs! awful dream!
Shade of a ſhadow! thou that blindly hop'ſt,
By twice nine age's loud-concurring noiſe,
To drown ſoft reaſon's evidence, yet ſhun'ſt
To recollect how thrice ten cent'ries join'd
Their vain ſupport, yet ſaw Jove's fabric fall.
Plead'ſt thou duration? plead'ſt thou breadth of ſpace?
What art thou but an infant's tott'ring ſtep,
Compar'd to mightier growths now ſound no more?
Where are the deities of muſe-tongu'd Greece?
Greece, from whoſe hundred ſtates ſtrong ſcience flow'd;
And arms and arts in one mix'd blaze of power
Held out high freedom's torch to half mankind!
Where is her Phœbus? where her Neptune now?
Turn thy ſight eaſtward o'er the time-huſh'd plains, [o'er
Now graves of vaniſh'd empire, once gleam'd
From flames on hallow'd altars, hail'd by hymns
Of ſeers, awakeners of the worſhip'd ſun.
Aſk ſilent Tigris---bid Euphrates tell [frown
Where is the grove-crown'd Baal, to whoſe ſtern
Bow'd haughty Babylon? Chaldea, fam'd
For ſtar-taught ſages; hard Phœnicia's ſons,
Fierce, fear-ſurmounting, curbers of the deep,
Who ſtretch'd a floating ſceptre o'er the ſeas,
And made mankind one empire? Where is now
Egypt's wide-homag'd Iſis? where the Mars
That ſhook the ſhakers of the Roman world?
Where the Teutonic Woden?---in his name
Alone ſtill reverenc'd each revolving week
Even in fair Albion's iſles.---If age bore proof,
Why have theſe ſunk? why all the lifeleſs gods,
Loſt demi-gods, long, nameleſs, countleſs, powers
That fill'd th' adoring world with fabled fame?
Are they not dead? whelm'd o'er in time's black tide?
And known but by contempt to mem'ry's claim?
How was this poſſible, had noiſe beep proof
Of faith's extent in ſpace, with realms for guard,
Mellow'd miſtake to equity? Far ſhort
Of heaven falls time's perſpective---vainly climbs
Guile-founded god-craft. Let proud fortune ſpread
The lie-tipt pyramid's broad covering baſe,
Till earth groans wounded at th'oppreſſive weight,
Still but the wider ruins mark its fall.

Let him who boaſts blind multitudes convinc'd,
Or builds on time for truth's imagin'd teſt,
Aſk his unjudging raſhneſs what rent heart
Of Celtic druid but had ſhook more bow'd [ſhade
Than his ſtorm-lab'ring oak, could ſome pale
That ſcann'd futurity, pointing through fate,
Have ſhown him his inſulted Godhead's doom?
Nor let vain pref'rence of our own touch'd ſenſe,
Our own ſeen ſurer light, our own ſafe truſt,
Degrading ancient ſtubbornneſs in faith, [ſtrong.
O'er-rate attachment's warmth, as now moſt
What aw'd allegiance, what more firm belief,
What haughtier fureneſs more imprints the ſoul,
By modern truth's new caſt of thought inſpir'd,
Than ſway'd the ſolemn Pagan's breaſt, of old,
When bow'd before his idols?—Idols, (now)—
But (then)—vindictive gods, who ſhook mankind.
Where are faith's certainties—if time's beſt boaſts,
Sacred to arts, arms, numbers, learning—all!—
All fam'd beyond fate's dread, ſound all unſure?
Whence then the imperious poſitive diſdain,
That ſpurns back modeſt doubt—and damns debate?
Where the foundation of that holy ſcorn,
Which lifts the bigot's brow, to ſcowl reproach?
To pity ſects that hurl his pity back,
And hate him—for his hatred?—If nor time,
Nor numbers who ſuſtain'd the atteſted cauſe,
Nor miracles renown'd in reverend hords,
So awful that no ſacrilegious mouſe
Dare ſatiate hunger on the duſt-veil'd roll,
But dies to leave untouch'd the dry record—
If evidence like theſe falls ſhort of proof,
Where in what dark domain, of thought's deep maze, [drawn,
Shall reaſon—through doubt's crooked windings
Find truth's white face unſpotted?—think, and tell.
What if we ſeek her in man's moral walks?
Judge her by life's try'd practice!—what more juſt,
Than to conclude, the ſaint's uncenſur'd deeds
Lend ſanction, to his doctrine?---here, methinks,
Truth loves to chooſe her teſt. Yet here (again)
We wander-- into new deſect of plea, [life
That proves too much---or nothing.---Cou'd looſe
Infer falſe faith,---how ſtain'd even Chriſtian zeal!
Where avarice and revenge, and pride's big bloat,
Taught guilt's blood-colour'd hat to hint church ſpleen: [riſe,
Whence murders, robb'ries, treach'ries, perj'ries,
Like taints effluvient from infectious fens,
Diſpeopling in their progreſs!---unaton'd,
Till death-bed ſanctity abſolves remorſe,
By ſcar'd conformity to faith's flat modes---
To mock'ries of belief---and rotes of prayer.
Since then bad life muſt leave no ſtain on faith,
Try if life's purity refines coarſe creeds?
Try if the good man's virtues church his claim?
No---if they cou'd--then pole from pole but bounds
Th' extenſive true-nam'd church's general pale.
Dreadful indeed were (then) th' excluder's power!

Then---excommunication's reachful hand
Had push'd off exiles to new worlds---ere dead!
For this had all been church---one truth's known claim: [mopes,
Turks, Jews, wild Afra's wood-men---India's
Who pine in pangful abstinence from sin,
And shudder but to crush the trodden fly:
Australia's art untasting solitudes,
Where all ambition's wealth is ease from care;
And hope's consumptive diet starves desire:
Columbia's many peopled bow'ry groves,
Fanning in feath'ry pomp her tawny tribes,
From the sun's down-driven ray:—cold Zembla's cots,
Of fish-fed shiv'rers furr'd in shaggy mail,
Trampling the ice-bound ocean whiten'd o'er
With endless snows, to spoil the spoilful bear:
All among these who love not vice, draw claim
From lives of simplest sanctity---to heaven:
And multiply th' elect---were virtue faith.
Pause here encompass'd soul. Look round, reflect.
Engulf'd and central to this whirl of tides,
With each proud vortex threat'ning---all to shun
Seems safer than trust itself. Hark! they roar.
Look with what rage they whiten!---All foam sure:
All climb to drown each other. None recede:
None conquer. Universal uproar reigns---
And faith's a fighting chaos---is this truth?
This revelation's word disclos'd by heaven?
Boldly refuse consent---it cannot be.
What then must be believ'd?---believe God kind---
To fear, were to offend him. Fill thy heart
With his felt laws: and act the good he loves.
Rev'rence his power. Judge him but by his works:
Know him but in his mercies. Rev'rence too,
The most mistaken schemes that mean his praise.
Rev'rence his priests---for every priest is his,---
Who finds him in his conscience---by what name
So-e'er distinguish'd---howsoe'er misdrawn,
They deviously believe---what though they preach
Perdition to the mod'rate! truth dares owe
Respect to error: if its end is grace,
And aims at reformation. Mindful yet,
Men are but men. Where most thou trust'st beware.
Stretch not esteem to homage: be nor slave,
Nor censurer: but hear strong reason's voice,
Tongu'd by the power who loves it. And since that
Cries liberty too loud for law to drown,
Free thy chain'd thought from fears unworthy God,
And know him for himself---were one prim form,
One forc'd identity the maker's wish,
Ne'er had that wish prov'd frustrate. Dare not doubt [pels,
But he, whose will was power---whose wish com-
Had moulded all to that one form he lov'd.
Loves he not unity? he does.---But know,
The unity God loves, is lodg'd in mind.
'Tis the heart's conscious glow---that beats to thank,
Not scrutinize his bounty. 'Tis the chain,
That links intention---in one warmth of will:
Not binds to one forc'd act, of outward form.
Thus thinking,---thou wilt feel the Godhead right:
Uncloſing in a house of jointed stone,
Him in whose temple twenty thousand suns
Serve but as lamps---and all their spangly worlds
Form footsteps to his altar——this believe:
And dread no vengeance on mistaken man,
Unadequate to man's brief power in sin,
Offending grain of animated dust! [fire!
'Gainst him, beneath whose smile the stars catch
Fill'd with ideas thus becoming Heaven,
Pity the hag-ridd'n quiv'rer who contracts
To superstition's gloom religion's joy,
And humbles adoration into dread.
Who ekeing his inch'd measure from within,
Peeps through his narrow soul's dim loop-hole wink,
And insolently by his own scale takes
The altitude of heaven. But, if compell'd
To lend thy patient ear,---and press'd too hard,
By self-sufficiency of teazing faith,
—That—nothing knowing,—will be sure of all—
Hear, with dumb smile: and ask'd why reason's range
Acquits dissention---teach thy judging eye
To read God's answer in his works for man:
Where do they tell thee, fameness was his choice?
How various are his creatures! various all,
His animal, his vegetable tribes:
Earth's, air's, wide ocean's products---all unlike.
In qualities, forms, colours, diff'rent all. [fields,
---Tread but th' enamell'd mead---or o'er yon
'Twixt the wind-waving corn indent thy way.
Or partial to the garden's painted proofs,
Lend there thy first pleas'd nothing---snuff this air:
How numberless the scents, yet each distinct,
Of every tree's known bloom---lean o'er these flow'rs---
Lowliest, yet loveliest! excellence depress'd!
Worth trod on by despisers! short-liv'd sweets!
How oppositely soft the streak-touch'd shades,
That tinge their fragrant families!---turn short,
From pity due, to life so lov'd, so brief!
Wish'd long, by ev'ry short'ner!---now look out,
On yon fair op'ning plain---there herb meets herb,
All green---yet none resembling! shades less deep,
Touch lights more soft'ning: feastful to the eye,
That dwells on their distinctions!---still new glows
Diversify the verdure's fluid surge:
And dance delightful to the breezy bend!
Next, up this steepy shelve ascending slow,
Win we the Down's high top---whose carpet mound
Ends at the jutting cliff, that shades the shore,
Hence to the wing-divided air extend
Survey's charm'd outlet---o'er this upper sea,
Where meditation founders,---flights immense
Cross-cut the winnow'd æther. Black, white, gray,
Red, blue, brown, golden, verdant, motley-stain'd,
Distant in size as colours!---'mongst 'em all,

None looks nor calls like other. No ſweet bird,
That beats the pathleſs void, but pours new notes,
Diſtinct from every plumy rival's ſong.
Stop thy endanger'd foot. Recal the range
Of thy recovering eye--bend o'er the brow
Of this touch'd precipice: and hence look down,
Where the broad ſea ſcarce heard, rolls murmuring in.
Ponder the deep's dumb legions---infinite
Their numbers! ſtill more infinite their ſhapes,
Bulks, movements!---ſwift, ſlow, timid, fierce, horn'd, barb'd,
Coatleſs, finn'd, ſcaly, ſhell'd, wing'd, motionleſs:
All diff'ring---till immenſity grows tir'd
To note their changeful natures!---can it be,
That he who fill'd each crowded element,
With unreſembling ſons of endleſs change---
Peopled each puny drop with varied ſtates---
Each leaf, with new-ſhap'd nations, too minute
To dread ambition's ravage---veil'd each path
To heaven's blue lawns with clouds that ſhift each hour.
Form, texture, hue---to ſuit their painted glow
To man's undazzled gaze---attemp'ring lights,
That teach the ſun's too fervid beam to break
In coloury rays and touch the ſight more ſafe!
---Can it be poſſible that he,---pleas'd power!
Who o'er creation's glebe ſow'd ſeeds of change,
Should but from unity, bald harveſt reap!
And burn---for tares---thoſe beauteous growths he rais'd,
To ſmile ſuch lov'd variety!---'Twere ſin---
'Twere blaſphemoſly blind---to dream ſuch wrong.
No, let me fill'd with awe think fear a fault.
Fear but affronts the God, I'm born to love.
I am, but by his pity: and want weight
To juſtify his anger.——If I err
'Gainſt in-lodg'd impulſe, by his goodneſs lent,
To guide man's choice to virtue ſome ſure fate,
From ſuff'rings adequate muſt puniſh guilt.
But what, where, how---he who decreed can tell.
---If, by miſtake, on life's blind rocks I ſplit,
By no falſe pilot pointed out to ſhun,
There---erring weakneſs meets avoidleſs ſin:
And needs no pardon: for it meant no wrong.
Doubt all faiths boldly then, undoubting God,
Appendant to no pride, miſ-rob'd like zeal,
Hope all men bleſs'd alike---and injure none.
Grateful, I'll trace the fainter lights I find,
Un-envying other's blazing:---humbly own
My aw'd conviction of man's reachleſs power
To pierce omnipotence---and know it near.
Let me, with diſtant rev'rence, pond'ring, dumb,
Dread arrogant deciſion; perſecute
No fancied hereſy---but cloſing calm,
Opinion's dazzled eye, bow darkly down,
And hail th' unfathom'd vaſtneſs! through the duſk
Thought fails to penetrate, revere what is---
Undaring to deſcribe it. Let no pomp
Of poſitive preſumption ſwell my ſoul,
To ſelf-preferring ſcorn of alien creeds,
Uncertain in my own: yet---ſure of this,
That virtue cannot err, but judgment may.
Peaceſully patient let me travel out
Life's unoffending journey. Mark, well-pleas'd,
New proſpects, manners, taſtes, beliefs, chang'd modes,
New ſyſtems---every view that ſides my way,
Unprejudic'd to any: till---at laſt
Death opening truth's barr'd gate, 'tis time to ſee
God's meanings---in the light his preſence lends.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

A POEM.

Hover no more, my muſe! o'er idle themes;
Sliding ſhadows, flipp'ry dreams!
By heaven's high call, from human bias freed,
Imagination climbs with dreadful ſpeed.
Unfetter'd from earth's humble heights I riſe,
And ſtretch ſublime a dang'rous flight, which none untrembling tries.
Tremendous Maker! arm my aching eyes;
Aid and ſupport, O God! my failing power;
Teach my bold thought to wing the blazing ſkies!
Fearleſs to ſtem deſtruction's driving ſhower,
And ſafe 'twixt burning worlds ambitious tower,
O! let my hot, my ſtruggling boſom glow,
Swol'n by a burſting flood of bright deſire,
'Till the aſtoniſh'd ſoul is taught with ſtarting dread to know,
How groaning nature ſhall diſſolv'd expire,
And tumbling orbs, with orbs involv'd, flow looſe in ſeas of fire.
How this blue void's immenſe, and concave frame,
Spangled with ſtarry worlds, to pieces broke,
Shall feel heaven round it ſhrivel from the flame,
And melted ſuns, from diſtant ſpheres, pour liquid through the ſmoke.

Now, now on fancy's ſaily wings I riſe,
Aw'd and confounded, through deep wilds of air,
Millions of opening wonders ſtrike my eyes,
And reaſon's finite view is dazzled here!
Globes behind globes unnumber'd hence appear!
The twinkling ſtars, that from yon earth remote,
Seem heaven-ſet gems, and ſcatter'd ſeeds of day;
Here wid'ning into flaming worlds, 'midſt ſeas of æther float,
And o'er blue kingdoms hold a fiery ſway.
In diſtant orbits, round each reigning ſtar,
Huge earths and moons their circly homage pay;
Millions of countleſs miles are loſt between,
And ſick'ning thought grows tir'd to ſtretch ſo far.
How vaſt the concave ſpheres, which hence are ſeen,
Th' enormous vaults with wheeling worlds glow round:
Rolling ſublime they ſlide oblique, yet none their paths confound!
A thouſand bright croſs-currents cauſe no jars,
Nor one the others progreſs bars;
Wide round their central worlds of fire their various tours they make;
Yet no proud planet dares his line forſake;
Partial, an intercepted ray to break.

They take and lend by turns the ſtreaming light,
And ſilent form in ſolemn round, alternate day and night;
Yet beauteous as this heavenly fabric ſhines,
An hour ſhall come when it muſt all decay;
When ſtarting man from midnight ſleep ſhall ſee
th' incumbent ſigns,
That time is ſick, and nature melts away.

Hark! the diſſolving trumpet roars! thunders o'er thunders roll!
A trembling angel ſounds th' eternal call!
The unbounded notes whirl higher and higher, and rend my ſhiv'ring ſoul!
Echoing from world to world they burſt o'er all;
And gathering horrors, cold as death, in ſhow'ry ſhadows fall;
The conſcious planets ſtart to hear the ſound,
And from their orbits bound;
Now void of motion, and depriv'd of force,
Th' arreſted ſyſtems ſtop at once their courſe.
The languid orbs, grown dim, their ſhine withhold,
And night creeps o'er them in a deadly cold.
The guardian angels hear the alarming blaſt,
And from their ſeveral ſtations wing their way;
Upward, in glittering crowds, they tower in haſte,
And, looking back, ſigh ſad and feel the day.
Thin troops of naked ghoſts, long ſtript of clay,
That, wand'ring 'twixt the ſpheres, admiring gaz'd,
Start in looſe ſhoals, and glide like miſts away;
Gathering above, expecting and amaz'd!
Again th' intollerable ſound I hear!
The dreadful ſummons tears my deafen'd ear.
The trembling air unbracing lets me fall;
O, ſave me heaven! I ſink apace to yon benighted bail.

Hail, doom'd dominions! hail, my native clay!
O, what a bleſſing here were vaniſh'd day!
Again, what rumbling horror burſts its way?
Save me, my God!---a flood of flaſhing light
Gleams its red luſtre through the depth of night.
The poles ſtart ſudden from the frightful buſt,
And earth's ſnap'd axis groaning quits its truſt.
No more th' ungravitated globe goes round,
Inward convulſions power and form confound,
Wan deſolation fades her cind'ry cruſt, [duſt.
And active life creeps through the quick'ning
Vales aw'd beneath me at th' impending doom,
In billowy heaving, roll upright along th' incumbent gloom.
Torn from their roots, the groaning foreſts lie,
And hills leap headlong and invade the ſky:
Mankind now, firſt united, join in prayer,
Shrieks from a thouſand kingdoms rend the air,
And ghaſtly horror ſtalks o'er all, and leads on pale deſpair.

See, how deſtructive flaſhes wind their way!
And point the following thunder where to rend.
Mark! how the ſpouted rivers upward ſtray,
And hiſs againſt the light'nings which deſcend
Heaven! how the falling cities buried lie,
Entomb'd in their proud palaces earth's humbled monarchs die. [give,
See! through the flaſh'd diſtinction, fires can
Naked crowds who wiſh to live.
Mix'd in confuſion, to the mountains run;
Mountains which more afraid than they have their own flight begun,
And rolling o'er the ſwallow'd tribe bring on the fate they ſhun.
On every ſide, from every part,
Diſjointed realms aſunder ſtart;
Wide gaping clefts earth's inmoſt entrails ſhow, [below,
And from th' uprooted mountain's chaſms
Unpriſon'd ſeas in roaring torrents flow.
Commiſſion'd ocean, breaking looſe, diſdains his crumbling bounds,
And hoarſely climbing o'er the rocky mounds,
Swallows Pyrene's ſnowy top, and Alpine barriers drowns.
Now all is ocean! and a dreadful blaſt
Burſts from beneath and ſwells it to the ſky!
Torn from their ſeats, the ſea-toſs'd hills are 'gainſt each other daſh'd,
And bulging on the foaming ſurface lie.
On floating oaks the wond'ring lion rides,
And clings majeſtic to th' unſtable ſeat;
The elephant bears up his buoyant ſides,
And paws the groaning waves with his broad feet.
Th' aſſembled birds in clouds ſkim low in air,
Wind-ſhaken, ſcorch'd, and waſh'd by driving rains;
In circly flight ſhrill ſcreams their woe declare,
To find no remnant of their ſheltry plains.
Deep-ſwallow'd earth, meanwhile, ſtill loos'ning more,
Lets in old ocean to her central fires;
Th' aſtoniſh'd deluge, ne'er ſo check'd before,
Shrinks from the pain, and in loud roar retires.
Cloſe in purſuit, the burſting flame breaks through th' unuſual vent,
O'ertakes the rolling floods flow flight, and climbs th' immenſe extent.
On all ſides now the fire-aſſaulted waves
Feel themſelves boil, and curl to ſhun the heat;
A night of ſteam climbs, dark and broad, from their voracious graves; [meet,
And plunging whales, which no cool comfort
Spout the hot flood to heaven in rage, and the froath'd billows beat.

Melting within earth's ſulph'ry ſolids flow,
Pierc'd by the force of her expanding flame;
Metals, diſſolv'd in blazing lakes below,
With liquid burnings daſh her concave frame.
Victor at length outburſts the flooding fire,
And rolls triumphant o'er the bellow'ing ſea!
Rivers of flaming gold in ſpouts aſpire,
And ſtruggling through repugnant ſtorms a labr'ing paſſage free.
As when from furnaces thick ſmoke expires,
And towers in inky volumes to the ſky; [ſpires,
The warring wind beat down th' unyielding
And ſpreads the ſable eddies broad and high.

So rising hills of liquid flame, by cov'ring waves oppress'd,
In glowing whirlpools, driving round, torment the [ocean's breast;
Furious the battl'ing element engage,
And twisting hostile hiss with mutual rage;
Coated with fire in strong and rampant tides,
Reluctant ocean less'ning fast subsides;
Mix'd with the melted world it flames all round,
And seas that drown'd the earth themselves are drown'd.

How low proud earth are all thy honours laid!
Where are thy late contested empires found?
Where the big boasts of arts and arms display'd?
Where are the dreadful pomps which hemm'd thee round? [mains?
What difference now 'twixt rich and poor re-
The ruler's sceptre and the captive's chains?
Where lie the properties of boastful wealth?
Distinction and degrees now clash no more;
Pale sickness here flows mix'd with ruddy health, [before.
And scorn and pity now unite, which never join'd
Melting like wax thy kindled rocks in tow'ry flames aspire,
And liquid kingdoms undulate in fire.
From the sad sight tir'd fancy turn thy eye,
See what amazing changes blot the sky!
Longer and louder the last trumpet's sound
Rolls its encreasing clangor to the sun;
The starting fires convolve, and backward run,
Struck to the heart he darkens and decays, [blaze;
And strongly trembles through his breadth of
As when in living man, some swift surprise
Chills the warm region of his beating breast,
The failing members feel th' oppression rise,
And hang of force and motion dispossest:
So when the sov'reign sun forgets his care,
Dependant worlds in sympathetic woe,
Halt in their course, and sick'ning with despair
Their vast etherial rounds forego,
And rolls in devious mischief down the air.
Yon wat'ry moon, dissolving broad, now seems a dusky flood,
And now at once, O horrid change, she reddens into blood!

Wide from its centre, see th' escaping sun,
With random dread revolves his icos'ning spires;
Cold orbs which plac'd remote his influence shun,
Now feel th' attraction of his bordering fires.
Suck'd to his burning breast averse they flow,
And icy regions roar to meet his glow.
Plung'd in embracing frost unquench'd he lies;
And the thaw'd clime round his hot convex fries.
Worlds by his absence from dependance freed,
Scud in loose liberty along the sky;
Wild and licencious drive with headlong speed,
Till 'gainst some shoaly comet bulg'd they lie:
So rebel kingdoms struggling to be free,
Shun regal power and split on anarchy.
See, see where blazing orbs in spheres remote,
Wrecks of lost worlds through storms of æther float. [high,
With spiry climb, vast tongues of fire stretch'd
In dreadful cones to sweep each other try,
While skies between shrink up and warp their frame,
As crackling bay-leaves curl in circling flame.

Involv'd at length, th' attracted planets throng,
And burn confounded with their central suns;
Tumbling from every part they strike, and thund'ring rend along!
Th' unhinging shock the list'ning angels stuns.
Worlds against worlds, with clashing horror driv'n,
Dash their broad ruins to the throne of heav'n!
Through flaming regions of the burning air,
Down rain distilling suns in liquid rills,
Mix'd with red mountains of unmelted fire!
Hissing, perplex'd, with showers of icy hills, [er;
And cat'ract seas that roar from worlds still high-
Mingled, like driving hail they pour along,
And thund'ring on our ruin'd system fall;
Flames grappling flames combine to grow more strong,
And in wild blaze sweep boundless over all;
One fiery deluge, wasteful, boils below,
And crumbled worlds in liquid millions flow.

Th' accomplish'd ruin sleeps, creation dies!
And untask'd angels rove o'er empty skies!
The soft'ning trumpet breathes harsh strains no more; [roar.
But in sunk sounds grows sweet and falls its
Celestial voices swell 'twixt warbling notes,
And thrilling joy on circly rapture floats!
O'er the vast void melodious praises flow,
And list'ning fiends from the red lake below,
Hush, for a while, the creeping flames and half suspend their wo!
But while in deep and fix'd attention charm'd,
Their hungry souls devour the blissful sound,
By sudden silence struck, they start alarm'd,
And mark a sad, an awful stillness round!
Conscious of coming judgment, down they sink,
Diving by thousands through the burning lake;
Calm with incumbent dread from brink to brink,
Th' unheaving ocean scarce is seen to quake,
Nor swells one daring billow up in fiery foam to break!

From shore to shore, wide round the laky flame,
High-arching heav'n contracts its springy frame.
Broad as the ruin spreads, the unmeasur'd dome
Tow'rs in full compass o'er the waste below!
Assembling angels now no longer roam,
But in throng'd radiance gild the roofy bow;
A solemn black does the vast concave line,
Where streaky waves of rubied redness glow;
'Twixt their loose curls, white beams of silv'ry shine,
Involv'd with rolling tides of azure flow!
Currents of mingled black, red, gold, and blue,
In glitt'ring chases sport, perplex'd and wind unceasing through. [darts,
Stream'd through the whole a quiv'ring lustre
Which, as bright groups of angels interpose,
A twinkling change of coloury rays imparts,
And, from their wings a show'ry light'ning throws!

Far above all through the dome's op'ning crown,
Broad as a world, th' Almighty's eye looks down;
Clouds of deep glory shadowing round his keen refulgence hide,
And dazzled angels turn their eyes aside.

Hark! what transporting majesty of sound,
In solemn sweetnels rolls its force along?
Soft and yet loud it leads its thunder round,
And strikes chill rev'rence through th' angelic throng! [waken death!
'Tis the Eternal's pow'rful voice that calls to
And resurrection waits th' Omnific breath!
The lake groans deep! the labour will begin!
O'er its broad face life-heaving billows curl;
And burning bowels sep'rate flow within,
And smoky clouds expire in pitchy whirl!
Bodies of men in ages long since past, [forms
Whose wand'ring dust has chang'd a thousand
Purg'd by the boiling fires evaporate fast,
And steaming upward rise in misty swarms!
Sexes conjoin'd in shoaly atoms swim,
And sallying loose, the fiery surface skim!
Kings, slaves, and patriots undinguish'd flow,
And mount entangled from the gulf below!
In the mid air dispers'd unnumber'd ways,
Each in his fellow's search instinctive strays!
Circling like flaky show'rs of driving snow,
Which whirlwinds into mazy wav'rings blow.
In endless intricacies winding through,
Atoms join atoms and lost forms renew.
With sympathetic cling together fly,
And limb'd for life in cumb'rous millions lie!

Once more sublime th' enliv'ning voice I hear!
"Souls, descend! your bodies join."
Sudden thin clouds of hov'ring lives appear,
And leaning anxious in soft squadrons shine!
Loos'd at th' Almighty's word distinct they fly,
Swift as the sight-beams of a human eye!
Ardent with longing shoot each strikes his own,
And smiles to fill his long-lost home again;
Bodies supine by ent'ring breath new-blown,
Flash sudden into life and start up men!
They wake! they pant! they try their limbs!
they gaze!
Lost in short horror and severe amaze!

Armies unnumber'd throng th' etherial space,
Paternal Adam views at once his whole collected race,
And with big tears for conscious woe bedews his reverend face:
Parents meet children, and transported, cling,
Long-parted friends in mutual raptures greet,
Th' obliger and th' oblig'd together spring,
And trembling traitors injur'd fov'reigns meet!
Cæsar on Brutus looks serenely down,
And cloudy Cato stalks with sullen will,
Glares on him envious with inferior frown,
And wonders that in spite of death he feels him conqu'ror still!
Majestic in the solemn front of Stuart's injur'd race,
The kingly martyr rears his awful brow!
Pierc'd by the force of his forgiving face,
A gloomy host of back'ning rebels bow!
And fear too late that sovereign pow'r they never own'd till now!
Decrepit age, to more than youth restor'd,
And pining sickness freed from aching pain,
Exert the vigour their new limbs afford,
And move transported at th' apparent gain
Pale murd'rers meet alive whom once they kill'd,
And rush through crowds th' alarming sight to shun;
Usurpers fly from kings whose thrones they fill'd,
And loaded with their guilt unwieldy run.

Fancy, thou fail'st me here! I feel the weak!
I feel thee sink beneath th' o'erpow'ring weight!
Aid me, O Saviour! teach my soul to speak;
Thron'd on thy Father's red right hand in all thy dreadful state!
Thou seest the humbl'd pride of nature wait,
Mankind collected into life, the lowly and the great:
And thus th' eternal doom thou speak'st, the sentence of their fate:
"Come, my blest remnant, ye selected few!
"Who practis'd but the obvious good ye knew
"Who, safely pointed by the guide within,
"Struggled to virtue and resisted sin;
"Who, or by prophets or by conscience taught,
"Have or discover'd truth, or humbly sought;
"Who from the guilt of choice have still liv'd free,
"Or done or suffer'd for my name and me!
"Who by no conscious weight depress'd of unrepented sin,
"Feel yourselves light and uncondemn'd within,
"Rais'd from yon dark and sinking crowd, to heav'n's high thrones aspire!
"Enter with me to joys which drown desire;
"And leave th' accurs'd to prove by pain eternity in fire!"

'Tis spoke: and lo! th' unroofing arch rends wide;
Swift descends a radiant tide!
An opening breadth rolls down of sparkling day;
And like a scroll unfolds huge length of more than milky way!
They go! th' admitted saints tread light as air,
They mount with more than human eyes, and stem the streamy glare!
Bright as they move th' encircling angels throng;
Heard hallelujahs shake th' inferior sky!
In distant thrills expiring notes prolong,
And with transporting fall of sound in gradual soft'nings die.
See! through the portal, how attracted day,
Like a swift current's spiral ebb glides after 'em away!
Now all is dark and dismal as yon scene;
Ah! why does closing heaven so soon th' entrancing prospect screen.
What does beyond those glitt'ring confines lie!
And why no room till death makes way for such a wretch as I?

But murmur not, proud thought! if here delay'd
A wand'ring pilgrim through this life's cold shade,

I muſt not yet with heav'nly choirs rejoice;
O! be the will of God, not mine, obey'd!
Wait, my impatient ſoul, his wiſer choice!
Truſt the ſtrong hand by which thoſe worlds were made,
And to his pleaſure tune thy willing voice!
If I not yet ſhake off this earthly load,
Sure there is bus'neſs worth my life's heſt aim;
He who ſubmits to tire upon the road,
Is fairly foul'd or travels not for fame;
For me, ſuffice it to have taught my muſe
The tuneful triflings of our tribe to ſhun,
And rais'd her warmth ſuch heav'nly themes to chooſe,
As in paſt ages her beſt garlands won,
He who beyond the pow'r of man could write,
Would ſtill fall ſhort of him who acted well;
To flow in ſound or turn a period right,
Is but in fairy tow'rs of praiſe to dwell!
To pardon wrongs and benefits requite,
Is in ſubſtantial meaning to excel!
Why are my wiſhes bent beyond my power,
But to provoke my ſpeed to reach that goal,
Whence on the afflicted I may comforts ſhow'r,
And with eas'd pity feaſt my hungry ſoul!
Be action, then, henceforth my life's wide ſphere,
A thouſand glorious things I wiſh to do;
All has been ſaid that's worth a wiſe man's ear,
But much may be perform'd that's greatly new.

CLEON TO LYCIDAS.

A TIME-PIECE.

The Date not marked by the Painter.

Faith and the muſe have err'd. 'Twas juſt advice,
Skill'd Lycidas! that check'd too haſty praiſe.
I ſhould have cool'd pre-currence into pauſe,
And weigh'd the public voice oppos'd to mine:
Then had I ſound the future in the paſt;
Nor falſely charg'd contractions puny graſp
With compaſs it conceiv'd not. Share, my friend,
In pity ſhare the pain my ſoul ſuſtains,
To find ſuch hope ſo faded. Hope too rais'd
To ſtoop at humble ſelf: Hope wing'd for all.
All was my blaſted proſpect. Fond ſurmiſe
O'er-rated and out-ſtretch'd a people's bliſs.
Bid throb the muſe's pulſe—for thy ſweet call;
What muſe uncharm'd can hear?—Bid burn the brow
Vindictive and appeal due ſatire's frown.
Due to the flagg'rers that made drunk by pow'r,
Forget paſt thirſt's dry promiſe; and preſume,
Dark dreamers! that the world forgets it too.
Bid the prieſt poet conſecrate the rage
Of a wrong'd nation's curſes. Rage at zeal
From ranc'rous gall, hot envy's acrid hell!
Long under cloak of patriot ſemblance hid,
Guileful to lurk in wait, till av'rice ſnapt
Corruption's watch'd-for lure: then, off at once
Flew wide th' obſtructive virtue. Veil'd no more,
Scramblers in broad expoſure's bluſhleſs brawn,
Light from the duſt, lick'd prone th' admiſſive gold,
Deep-ſtain'd with cank'ry ordure. Lambent ſlaves!
Fiend-cloven tongues! grac'd once to ſhame belief:
And make diſtruſt ſeem virtue!—yet, vain truth!
No ſooner hears the muſe her poet's call,
Than venal calumny whets every ſting,
To wound his honeſt purpoſe. Public ſenſe
With her is private feeling: Satire's frown
Mean warmth from diſappointment. Spurn the hag:
Or let her err neglected. Periſh warmth,
That acts, or wills, or thinks from partial pique,
Unfaithful to its ſeemings! Self avaunt!
Self is beneath reſentment; nor deſcends
The muſe to note ſuch waſte of wild impute.
Unperſonal the cheeks indignant glow,
That bluſhes but for others. Fall diſgrace
On ears of daſtard ſtart that dare not hear:
Or tongues that dare not own truth's boldeſt call!
Fall even contempt on worth, where fac'd for ſcorn,
Tort of revulſive brow bids pride with-hold
Thy ſmile, cheap gratitude! which craft's low guile
Oft lends the beggar'd heart that wants within.
Shame on the painful ſtretch that racks the great!
Needleſs extenſion! dignity like light,
Dwells in itſelf, diſplayer, undiſplay'd.
How have I ſeen the native courtier ſhine!
Warp'd to no four ſublime, enchant men's eyes;
Charm dreſs'd in eaſy honour's effluent air,
Fill out diſtinction's voids without pomp's aid,
Strike in deſcending; and attract ſupreme!
Oh thou! to whom loſt Anna's evening ray
Ow'd love's allegiant luſtre: flame of joy,
Wit, genius, tide of art, whence letter'd hope
Drew depth to ſail ungrounded. Soul of taſte!
Shade without chill! ſoft'ning ſuperior height
With acceſs and urbanity!—what need
Thy name here added? Day's meridian blaze
Marks the known hour untold.—O ſay, beſt judge,
Thou, who ſo nobly trod'ſt th' illuſtrious ſteep,
Oft clouded ſince thou left'ſt it!—Teach th' untaught,
Why are the rais'd look'd up to?—'Tis to try
Their claim to ſit ſo mounted. 'Tis to taſk
Their ſtrength to lift low climbers. Down proud ſnails [expoſe!
That crawl'd too high, your ſlime track'd ſhells
Out with theſe ſnuffs in blaze that ſhine to ſtink!
What have the lame to do with wreſtler's toils?
'Tis impudence that prompts deformity
To prink itſelf like beauty. Want of light
Were flatt'ry to the ugly. Drag 'em out,
And leave 'em in the eye of ſcorn impall'd.
Theſe are the minds that diſavow the muſe!
Dead to the formful glow that figures thought,
Blots low ſenſation from the wid'ning heart;
Lends an elaſtic nerve to every ſenſe;
Puſhes exerted virtue into act;
Feels for a world embrac'd, and warms mankind.
—Nothing of this, poor ſouls, diſturbs their calm.
Cloſing their tortois'd lump of cold content;
Diſtant, perhaps, they hear the poet's name;
Leſs probably, ſometimes perhaps, half deign
To turn th' untaſted page; there, lumb'ring on,

Find nothing in the nobleſt verſe but rhyme:
And equal Durfey's froſt to Dryden's fire!
Sleep, genius ſleep—the times invite repoſe.
No ſource of all Britannia's ſilv'ry ſtreams,
Shall feed hope's with'ring root, where hearts thus dry,
Have drunk like ſponges fortune's ponded ſwell;
And o'er th' unmoiſten'd virtues ſhake no drop.
O Lycidas! how climbing zeal will lie!
Come help me to deplore thoſe bluſt'ring gales,
Whoſe ventilative heave puff'd out their void,
With ſhows of airy ardour. Till up-driv'n
O'er ſkreenful clouds, there burſt the bubbly forms!
There ſhrunk their ſatiate bulk to trackleſs huſh!
Speak ye forgotten graces, if unſworn
To hold dumb diſtance, round the ſeats of power,
And rev'rence unapproaching ſtep more near:
Untarniſh thoſe bald ſtars; tell 'em, their lights
Were lent to be reflected. Every muſe,
By ev'ry art attended, ſighing, prone,
Complains of interception. Each in vain
Invokes one beam; but pines in ſhiv'ring ſhade.
Why, Lycidas, were ends and means misjoin'd?
Why am I born to pain for pity will'd? [heart,
Why chooſe the God, that charm'd thy widening
To curb thy ſhorten'd hand, and preſs down fire?
What ſhall we ſay, to touch theſe ſons of noiſe
With ſenſe, how boldly death diſſects their name?
What ſhall we do to break th' imperious blinds,
That riſe 'twixt power and taſte, to pierce their miſt? [form?
And teach th' incumbent reeks, what clouds they
How ſhall a noteleſs, nameleſs, ſilent, friend,
To thought's obſcure retreats, unnerv'd like me,
By dignity's bold brace, or fame's felt ſpring,
Shake thoſe cloſe groves of ſtate, whence kings catch gloom? [wiſh'd,
Oh, were their reach but thine! or lot more
Happier and ſafer, moſt remote from thrones!
O, were thy will but theirs!—Then, Lycidas,
No ſelf-expoſing halt, in place poſſeſs'd,
Wou'd ſhame remember'd ſweep to diſtant hope,
Corrective care wou'd change what once it charg'd.
Watchful diſcernment ſeize unſhould'ring worth,
That crowds not into notice. Taſte wou'd dare
Feel uninſus'd diſtinction; take no cue
From int'reſts venal nod—leſs wait for prayer,
From virtue's baſhful pang, or art's dumb claim.
For excellence hugs cloſe her modeſt veil,
But (actively inquiſitive for woe,
For wit's gueſs'd wants, for ſorrow's cover'd tear,
For pains, wrongs, penury of every good,
With-held by every evil) drag back weight,
That holds down worth depreſs'd,—and bid it ſpring.
So cou'd my verſe, ah! fruitleſs dream, inſpire
Then ſhou'd I feel I breathe, nor life's dim track
Touch'd languid, loſe each footſtep's feeble mark,
And leave no ſtreak on time to note my name.
—But huſh, vain ſtruggler, bid thy breaſt contract,
And ſatisfy with will thy pow'rleſs ſoul.
How ſhou'd ſuch lot be mine, who drink wit's dregs
In deſarts, where ſeduction's drowth has chok'd,
With venal duſt, Caſtalia's dwindled rill!
How ſhall I raiſe my voice till greatneſs hears?
Write, ſays the whiſp'ring impulſe, that aſſumes
Ambition's airieſt hope, yet hates her name.
Write, but be read. Write rugged truth, untun'd
To flatt'ry's dulcid lentor, roughly loud,
As when the laſt heard call ſhall wake the dead.
Court ſome kind angel's aid to voice thy theme.
Alas! no angel dwells where avarice reigns.—
Oh! for ſome hoarſe Teutonic note more ſtern
Than Runic bard, o'er hoſtile ſcalp e'er ſung,
When Woden's hall reſounded to his clang.
Then ſhould ſatiric ſervor, ſharply ſtrong,
Roar like the muſes's bull, till the wak'd nine
Concurr'd in frightful conſort; while intenſe,
Up the ſteep cliffs of Pindus' pathleſs brow,
Rumbling, I roll'd my tumbril theme along.
Wrong not by numbers tun'd to concord's ſhell,
The brawl-devoted taſte that tans thy times.
Softneſs be opera's claim: be ſharpneſs thine.
Softneſs in ſatire aſks good ſenſe in guilt:
'Twere loſt on power's blind puddlers. Wit's light gnat,
Humming its courteous buz, is bruſh'd from note.
Her waſp, cloſe-faſt'ning, bids th' unliſt'ner feel.
Sting then, and force from pain what pride with-holds.
So ſhall thy verſe at leaſt out-ſoar contempt;
And lend diſtaſte diſcernment.—Touch no praiſe.
'Tis idol ſacrifice to gods of ſtone. [friend,
Praiſe has but one pleas'd reader, ſcarce one
Satire can ſqueeze kind looks from bitt'reſt gall.
Looſen the reins to ſpleen, cries angry truth;
Where phlegmful fogs diſtil their lazy damp
'Tis wholeſome to be mad. Nor pauſe for thought;
Who that but ſees or hears needs think for fame.
Born to no paſt'ral plain's romantic range,
Calm and cool-fann'd by reaſon's temp'rate gale,
Feel that thou breath'ſt in paſſion's hazieſt fen,
Contagious air by ſenſual ſuns inflam'd:
Where carnate emulation, ſtript of mind,
Glows muſcularly ſtrong: where licenſe reigns
Uncurb'd by law's reſtraint: where youth's fed fire
Bids baſhful diffidence of ſelf be bold.
Where not to rev'rence is to know mankind:
Where diſreſpect is eaſe, noiſe taſte in life,
And modeſty low breeding: where deſcent
Drives literally downward; till, behold!
Yon coachman's copy'd ſoul propels the peer,
And dim-ſtar ſtouchers ſhine by glare of ſhame,
Downcaſt decorum ſwells the public laugh.
Judgments and views run backward. Nature nods.
Ends but ſucceed as means prepoſt'rous err.
Malice grows faſt, water'd by pity's tear;
And factions but contend for rank in wrong.
Up from rhyme's popy'd vale, aſcend fame's hill:
Soft to the ſoft, thy theme be tempeſt—on.
Write with a whirlwind's fury. Snatch the God,
That thunders in blank verſe to ride thy ſtorm.
So may they hear though cricket ſtakes were pitch'd;
Though the won plate's broad triumph ſhook the field; [rings;
Though cock's hard-conqu'ring crow to ſhouting

Or Briton's coarſe debates out-quarrel Rome's.
—Muſe, I begin! Aſſiſt with all your ſail
Ye proſe-inflating hawks of Helicon?
Lend me your wing's wide ſtretch to aid my ſweep?
Come, let the ſoul of freedom's reinleſs power,
Vaſt and unconſcious of conſtraint inſpire!
Wild let her lift me from the lawns of ſong,
Muſic's hedg'd boundlets, mem'ry's meaſur'd meads,
Where rhyme-trac'd cadence in harmonious cloſe,
Rivets recorded ſenſe, and pins down thought.
Light and diſrob'd of ſoftneſs let her drive,
Looſe to the voids of fancy's viewleſs ſcope;
Vague and unſhap'd, and pathleſs as the air.
What ſhall be ſung, ye ſons of vaſtneſs ſay?
What ſubject, ſadly ſoundful like the ruſh [roar?
Of hoarſe broad cat'racts, ſhall blank numbers
Shall it be ſorrow's energetic plaint,
That groans away the ſun, and lends new gloom
To midnight's mournful umbrage? Tim'd too well,
Too lately Albion's boreal waſtes had wept
The ſuited theme; when tears from raſh revolt
Waſh'd ruthleſs priſons; when th' acceſsleſs wilds
Of bleak-brow'd mountains ſhriek'd with vocal woe;
Mothers and orphan's cries! whom famine found,
Where only famine cou'd. Deſpair's pale tribe,
Weeping in death's chill graſp, their own unfelt,
Some paſt or future fate of friend more dear.
Why ſhou'd the gen'rous muſe inſult the fall'n?
Why not deplore the pangs of hoſtile pain?
Juſt if they thought their cauſe their crime ſeem'd faith.
Guiltleſs in will by taſte involv'd in wrong,
From educative cuſtom's devious warp,
Spare the perſiſting blind; unhoping grace;
Truſtleſs of regal virtues; erring on
From doubt of mercy. For, alas! no voice
Of truth in deſarts heard had taught 'em kings,
Who laſt can fear offence, can firſt forgive.
Paint then their pity'd anguiſh: nobly feel,
To make ſublimely felt this brave man's teſt:
That hearts, unſhaken by reſiſter's rage,
Are conquer'd by their ſorrow.—Vain attempt!
Spread the ſonorous wing for flights of joy.
Sorrow renounces latitude of range: [chain'd,
Dwells in confinement's cave; where thought ſits
Muſes are ſhunn'd; and horror's winking lamp,
Ghaſtlying night's ebon eye, ſees woes on woes,
Tear following tear, ſigh echoing ſigh combin'd,
Move in cloſe conſonance of ſiſt'ring ſound.
Shall it be love, ſoft whiſp'ring out the ſoul
From its own manſion, tenderly exhal'd
To reach ſome ſweeter ſelf? No: dare not touch
That theme, 'tis ſacred to the rights of rhyme,
Union will ne'er by diſſonance be ſung.
Love's links are married couplets: hand in hand
The willing yoke-mates ſhare confederate fall:
Soft as the zephyr ſkims the dew-drop'd roſe.
—But even had rhyme conſpir'd to tempt—forbear.
Awful reſign a wreath more nobly won,
Saint John, his country's boaſt, his country's crime,
When courts at leiſure left his youth to love.
Saint John, the muſe's lord, this theme once ſung:
Sung it in verſe more ſoft than beauty's eye:
More ſtrong than her attraction! Almahide,
Immortal Almahide! by Saint John lives.
Who ſhall attempt to touch the theme he choſe?
He who was voic'd by muſic; mien'd by love!
He who by turns has every muſe poſſeſs'd,
And every art protected: Every grace
Through every fortune led—Supreme in all.
St. John! whom woman wiſh'd, man envied; realms [hate!
Made war on; yet whom none found power to
Nor grief thy theme nor love. What choice remains?
Shall it be death's grim waſte, war's field of fire?
Aptlier the ſubject would have warm'd our iſle,
When England's ſun ſhot wide th' irradiate flame
Of her fam'd Edward's day-dawn.—Yet who knows,
But at ſome far thrown moment, whit'ning broad,
Some light new riſing may (perhaps) once more
Off-roll the ſullen ſhade that glooms our fame.
Rekindling ſenſe of martial fire may glow,
Till the rous'd nation blazes. Then the ſons
Of fires unſkill'd to think defeat no ſhame,
Starting to deſtin'd vengeance, the ſtruck drum
No more ſhall bid the form-dreſs'd ſoldier ſleep:
But roll its deep'ning baſs to wake due death;
Then too, no more the trumpets clang'ry ſhrill,
Fright'ning the opera dame, ſhall to her ear
Call her affected hand, and ſhut out claim
To promiſe of a ſon like him ſhe loves.
Hail the wiſh'd wonder: give him birth, O time!
And into fame's rough ocean launch his name.
But when he riſes bid him hate no muſe.
Fan his impatient blaze to letter'd love.
Pour the enthuſiaſt fervour through his ear,
That fir'd the conqu'ring Ammon's thirſty ſoul—
Born for the poet's praiſe, teach him to know,
That war's wing'd bolt by love of verſe impell'd,
Burſts every bar to glory. Verſe to war
Lends ardour: war to verſe new warmth imparts.
So join'd that never hero reach renown,
Or reach'd, ne'er held; who wrong'd the muſes claim.
Oh what ye Gothic renders of the ear!
Ye blank verſe burſters of Pierian bars!
Strong beyond chaining comet; ſwerves of thought!
Giant ſurmounters of wit's loftieſt Alps!
Ye hurlers of proſe rocks at muſic's heaven!
What ſhall deſerve the dread your thunder bears?
Faction deſerves and claims it: cries a howl,
That paints th'attentive ſoul—Come learn her laws.
Give to the deity that ſhakes down thrones,
Th' allegiance of thy muſe. Blank verſe be mine.
Guideleſs and boundleſs in aſpiring graſp,
And frownful in majeſtic ſullenneſs,
Her muſic dwells in murmur. Let her growl
For faction: taſte her luſt of loud complaint,
And hang on empire's wheels the drag of hate.
Range ſafe beneath her ſtandard: mark its ſweep!
Unfurling into length, the dreadful wave [ſhade!
Sees earth's chill'd kingdoms ſhake beneath its
Kneel and be her's: enroll thy name—and rail.
Thou ſtart'ſt!—alas, for verſe that dares not rail!

What canſt thou hope from praiſe? it wounds no name. [hoards
Art thou to learn thou liv'ſt where greatneſs
Regard, to bribe repugnance? o'er aſſur'd,
And cheaply negligent of zeal inclin'd.
So muſt it be where party's billowy ſurge
Bids wave puſh wave from power. There ſcience ſleeps.
Uproar and conteſt reign. Deep to the root,
Pain-trod Parnaſſus ſhakes; and each ſap'd ſprig
That green'd the muſe's grove finds dry decay.
While pelted into fright, or laugh'd to ſpleen,
Deaf miniſterial ears abſorb'd in fret;
Or dirtily engroſs'd by craft's low buzz,
Taſte not the calm ſurveys of leiſure's range:
Share no delight in ſong; nor woo nor weigh
The power that dwells in gen'rous praiſe, to guide
A nation's doubtful heart to find her friend.
Waſte not the warmth of verſe on things like theſe,
Or ſtain their mem'ry with effaceleſs gall.
Yet ſince ſometimes in power's obſcureſt night,
Through ſably jet pale threads of white may part,
Should vice ſhame one, to virtue lend him light.
Faction, that loves no truth, muſt own this one;
That never friend to verſe malign'd the juſt.
Virtues, however thankleſs, forc'd or few,
Compel the poet's praiſe—But would thy ſong
Wake theſe ſublime inſolvents into ſenſe
Of what they owe attachment? Let it rail.
Rail horrible: in accents like their own
When envy's acrimonious rage impells
Detraction's venal inſult. Nerve in ſounds
Like thunder's gath'ring menace, the rais'd arm
Of oppoſition's onſet. Tell the preſs
Where public plunder bawds for private thrift;
Where grandeur holds a ſtalking horſe to ſhame,
And ſcreens guilt's aim at honeſty. Why laws
Bent and rebent like wire, crack ſhort, ſtart wide,
And with two ends bind nothing. Tell whoſe thirſt
By taſte unguided ſnaps at bubbly froth,
And leaves the ſapid depth untouch'd below:
Teach where bought ſtrength was weakneſs, wiſdom craft,
And infamy long due where chance gave joy.
Begin, deſcribe, diſcolour. Spread abroad
Sedition's fluid taints, and ſtain a ſtate.
So ſhall attracted notice deign regard,
And ſlander ſnatch the perquiſite of praiſe.
Such are the taſtes of office! ſuch the ſouls
That actuate half the mighty! Note it, you
Who rev'rence high diſtinction. This unmark'd,
Hope's empty ſwell plumes broad her feathery creſt:
But bald in diſappointment, frights belief,
Court crocodiles are ſcal'd: they feel no tweak.
He who would wake muſt wound: ſeen danger ſtrikes
More forcibly than all thy pathos, wit!
Say, Tacitus,—thy ſkill the ſecret found:
In what ſtate-ſcale five hundred inſults pois'd,
Weigh'd down five hundred thanks in grateful gold.
Dream not thy Roman's genius mov'd ſuch boon:

Not his fam'd father's vict'ries ten times won,
And to thy claim tranſferr'd had there ſo charm'd.
Oh power of prompt reproach to raſp reward;
And flaſh conception's fire from flint moſt cold!
Call it not bounty: blaſt it angry muſe;
And from the fame of Albion blot that tale.
Th' embitter'd hand of calumny bows down
The heart; its gall corrodes, to ſmile through wrongs,
And pay compell'd reſpect to dreaded ſcorn:
While on the candid courtſhip of the kind,
No ſoft'ring glance deſcends!—untott'ring power
Takes compliment as tribute. Over-cramm'd
With ſelf, and ſurfeiting on brief ſucceſs,
The narrow-compaſs'd heart wants room for taſte.
—Or grant ſome glimm'ry ray give light to gueſs
Th' effect of ſkill'd applauſe: what thence reſults
But inſolent contempt of aid unſought?
The buſy breaſt that pants in poſt hard held,
Wants leiſure to be grateful: 'Tis the taſk
Of grandeur in diſgrace to thank a friend.
So ſpoke th' innrbane voice. The muſe ſigh'd ſad:
Paus'd long, withheld conſent; and thus reply'd:
Faction is fam'd for falſehood—If ſhe now
Hints truth, 'tis infamy too poor for verſe:
Leave it to proſe-tongu'd party's cool diſplay—
Nor love the meaſures; nor malign the men.
Grant imag'd worth by erring fancy form'd,
Ideal as the dreamer's empty graſp,
Who ſuffers but the ſhown? unmaſk'd and found!
What has miſtaken candour loſt but faith?
When miſcomputing their unſounded ſwell,
Deep'ning proud ſhallows thou o'er-rat'ſt deſign,
And wrong'ſt the guiltleſs by reſpect undue,
Bluſh and be dumb: repent; and ſin no more.
Where, arrogant in virtue, conſcious claim
Looks cold on praiſe conſign'd to lenghth'ning time,
Or uninſpir'd to judge, reads flat: nor finds
Diſtinction 'twixt the bellman's power and thine,
Smile and forgive the blind: but ſtill be juſt,
Still be the worth thy theme: the taſte thy ſcorn,
And thou, fled ſoul of Pope! diſrob'd from duſt,
And in that duſt depoſing each faint ſtain
That ſpeck'd, while here, thy part divine with man!
If from that ſource of truth where now thou ſhin'ſt,
Spirits like thine look down and love it ſtill;
Hear and atteſt. Sarcaſtic as thou waſt,
All ſcorn of flatt'ry ſleeps not in thy grave.
There lives who dares aſſert the poet's fire,
Undimm'd by venal ſmoke. Who boaſt no muſe:
Yet owns the rights of all; and loves their fame.
Who from retreat's ſafe depth feels virtue's wounds;
Adopts th' impropriate pang, and flies from reſt.
Who from the ſummit point of fortune's ſpire
There could his fate ſtand rais'd, would, touch'd as now,
Bow proſtrate as the worm to hail the wrong'd;
Then greateſt when moſt leſſen'd by falſe fears,
From envy's miſcreant arts, and ſtripp'd of name!
And you, whoe'er you are, where'er you pine,
Who glow perhaps unmark'd, perhaps o'erlook'd,
Perhaps untaſted by ſublime deſect
Of dignity in ſenſe; which kings may want,
But none 'midſt all his titles can beſtow:

Grieve not to seem too little to the great.
What lose the gen'rous, who profusely waste
On high-plac'd weakness all the muse's strength?
Shines the sun faintlier for those beams he pours,
Vain and unthank'd to warm th' insensate rock?
Tell the big blanks, that he who courts neglect,
And loves to praise unpaid, is paid within.
Is greater than the great: pities their scorn;
And bids their merit live by verse they wrong'd.

THE EXCURSION OF FANCY:

A PINDARIC ODE.

And why ye empty names of things unfound!
Ye almost shadows e'en of sound!
Fame, glory, fortune, fate, and all the fairy fancy round:
Or rather would ye but vouchsafe to tell
The cause of ills, ye know too well;
Say, ye proud tracers of disdainful state;
Who buy distinction at the world's low rate!
Ye mean aspirers to be great,
By aims which earth-born hopes, not heavenly truths, create!
Why must the sacred spring of honour's flood,
Be us'd to rince the dusty robes of pride,
With blood and purple doubly dy'd?
Why foully trampled in by wealth's bold feet?
Why there must lep'rous vices meet?
And why must poverty, however sweet,
And naked innocence unstain'd and neat,
Be rudely driv'n away: or terribly withstood,
By giant forms! chimeras stain'd with blood!
Who dreadful stalk about, within—and raise th' uncleanly mud?

Say, coward learning! long, too long misled!
If yet thou dar'st erect thy dizzy head!
And art not yet heart-conquer'd quite,
By power fight! and custom join'd; too, too unequal
If yet once more thou dar'st assert thy eyes,
Once more undazzled view truth's beamy skies;
And can'st with strong unstagg'ring sight,
Firm-fix'd in steddy gaze take in the o'erwhelming light!
Say, nor fear th' oppressive hate,
Which truth told plainly must create!
The foes of truth, in bulk though great,
Lifted boldly want in weight!
Say to what sad cause we owe,
That naked virtue must regardless go!
Or, shiv'ring stand in fortune's snow:
Till chance does some gay mantle o'er her throw,
And notice does not from her worth, but her adornments flow?
Immortal heav'n! if man may dare
Climb thither to refresh his care!
What means our God! when he requires,
That man in virtue's rugged paths shou'd tread,
If to blessings he aspires?
And yet, strange paradox! permits to virtue's foes,
The mounts of power, from whence to aim their blows,
And hurl red ruin down in furer throws,
With levell'd malice nicely pois'd to hit the climbing head,
While they sit safe, and laugh above to see th' aspirer dead!

Why? If reasons may be giv'n
To earth for laws which pass in heav'n!
Why am I doom'd to toil with vain desire?
Be ever climbing and yet never higher?
Why am I curs'd with scenes of helpless woe,
Which since to cure I must not reach the pow'r,
Why am I not permitted—not to know?
Why feels not yon proud lord his share,
Of my heart-piercing care,
For suff'rings I can neither help, nor which my bus'ness are?
Why sleep princes void of pain,
For those sad thousands who complain;
And wash with tears their deep-dy'd grief in vain?
These men could lend compassion hands to reach
The sinking mis'ries which their help beseech!
I, who my own misfortunes cannot cure,
With barren sorrow other men's endure!
While they whose smiles might heal and voice might chear,
Have eyes, and cannot see!—have ears, and will not hear?

'Tis wond'rous strange all this!—but man should never gaze,
With search too curious on the mystic ways,
Which form the soul-bewild'ring maze!
It is enough for us that there must be
Ends in this we cannot see!
And since 'tis vain to tug at fate,
With unavailing human weight,
Let us throw down this load of doubt with which no race is won:
And swift to easier conquests lighter run,
The way which reason is not bid to shun!
Let us with never-yielding courage strive,
In spite of villany to thrive;
And from our resolution's spring long streams of bliss derive!
Like the gay ball struck down still higher let us rise,
And obstinate dispute th' unwilling prize!
Rebound with ten fold vigour at each blow!
And that to wounds we may a victory owe,
Antæus like spring fresh from ev'ry throw:
Till short-breath'd fortune tir'd and sick with our unthought defence,
At once, permits us to enjoy both her and innocence.

Well then! resolve we!—be it so:
Further thought we shall not need:
That we fet forward stands decreed!
But hold! what journey shall we choose to go?

I will embark me, on yon boundleſs ſea!
The ſea of knowledge! proud! imperious ſtore! [ſhore,
Of heaven-aſſaulting waves which gnaw the
On ev'ry ſide with hungry roar!
Yet always gaping always ſwallowing more,
Still flows forever, and will flow—voracious as before!
Well! I am ſail'd!—I plow the foamy deep,
And now my climbing veſſel mounts on high,
And now I ſweep the ſtarry ſky!
And now! ſtand firm my brain! ruſh down the wat'ry ſteep! [try!
Ah me! half-founder'd now, in vain all arts I
This way and that, immortal heaven I drive!
Currents encount'ring currents, ſtrive!
The fruitleſs rudder ill-obey'd in vain,
Struggles oppreſs'd againſt the madding main,
Eddies croſs eddies whirl—and whelm it back again!

Hold! I am ſick, I'll ſail no more:
Pilot give thy labours o'er!
Put in and ſeek repoſe on yonder peaceful ſhore.
Where am I now?—'Tis wond'rous dark all round!
What means this ſhadow-cover'd ground!
This is the land of ignorance wild and rude!
Bleak comfortleſs and bare:
A dreary ſoil! an empty air!
By ſhadowy nothings I am here purſued;
A gape, and yawn, and tire in ſleepy ſolitude!
Let me turn which way I will,
Sight has narrow quarters ſtill!
Scarce can I ſee above a fathom round;
I tread on ſoft and ſandy ground!
At ev'ry ſtep I take, my feet ſink in;
Already I to fear I know not what begin!
Hark! what ſtrange noiſe is that which whiſtles round my head?
Ghoſts and gobblings this way tread!
Aſtoniſh'd eyes! what ſcenes about me draw!
Now ſtagg'ring reaſon, where's thy law?
My ſoul grows weak with childiſh awe:
Fancy has courage captive led;
Empty ſomethings ſtill I dread!
Ha! ſee—at once what objects riſe!—How horribly they ſpread!
I trod too loud, and with the noiſe have wak'd the ſilent dead.

Fly, fly, night-wand'ring feet! explore loſt day.
If this the land of ignorance be,
I'll drive again on learning's ſea!
Here I dare no longer ſtay!
And yet I ſee not how to get away!
What's this?—methinks I ſee the ruſhy brink
Of ſome deep current in my way!
Help, help me, fortune, or I ſink!
Now I am in, whelm'd o'er amidſt the flood!
Ha! though the chance was bad th' effect is good!
It is not water this, but fluid mud.
Stagnate and thick the ſleepy depth I tread with unhop'd eaſe!
And now I ſee the land again; and now
The liquid field I up before me plough:
Wade out and climb the bank by ſlow degrees!
I've 'ſcap'd the lake, thank heav'n! but all this while
I wander guideleſs in the ſame dark iſle.
What's this which would be thought a wind?
Which heaves by ſluggiſh fits the drowſy air?
Which creeps in broken murmurs far behind,
And idly ſeems to ſlumber in its care? [aſſuage;
Now ſwells in ſudden guſts, now does at once
Like drunken men who ſtrive to talk, but ſleep amidſt their rage?
Curſe on his ſoul-condenſing ſolitude!
This land of ignorance appears as rude;
And far more dangerous theſe unactive ills,
Than all the buſy frightfulneſs which fills
Yon ſea, where ſtorms my devious bark purſued!
Tell me then, directive ſtar,
Thou that guid'ſt me from afar,
If learning's voyage is not ſafe to take,
And ign'rance, dreadful ſhore, I now forſake,
What more inviting land my next look-out ſhall make?

I ſee, methinks, far off a ſudden glare!
Ha! look—a mountain riſes to the ſea!
From which ten thouſand flames ſhot through the air,
Spread circling brightneſs wide to ſuch degree,
That a kind trail of light darts outward ev'n to me!
Bleſs'd with this glorious unexpected guide,
I look about me now with pride!
And lo! a narrow cauſeway thither leads:
Narrow indeed it is, and ſeems to ſhow,
That few ſhould hence to yon gay mountain go!
Care and diligence there needs;
For ev'ry tott'ring ſtep I ſtumble ſo,
That ſcarce I 'ſcape the waves which foam and break below!
Would I had never landed on this ſhore;
This cauſeway is a dangerous paſſage o'er;
And I was nearer to the mount before, [roar!
When my bark miſs'd its ſight amidſt the ocean's
Courage, my ſoul, I ſhall anon be there!
I know the country now as I draw near:
It is the far-fam'd realm of war!
How red the ſkies about it are!
Oh, let me climb the cliffy ſteep, and ſtrike yon topmoſt ſtar!

Thank heaven! my aching foot has reach'd the ſtrand:
What's this?—the earth is iron; and ſulphur all the ſand.
Inſtead of air, here's ſmoke;—but flame does light ſupply!
And from within where ſtrongly fed they lie,
Torrents of fiery day break up and ſtreak the ſooty ſky!
Hark! as up the hill I go, [roar,
From the wide top huge full-mouth'd thunders
While far within and more below,
Hoarſe infant noiſes faintly blow;
And, ſlowly riſing, more and more,
Grumble, in horrid notes, their new-taught leſſons o'er:
Some the ſhrill trumpet imitate, and ſome
Buffet, unſkill'd, the ſullen drum.

Through my aſtoniſh'd ear, harſh-mingling paſs
The ſound of bells, claſh'd ſwords, and clatt'ring braſs.
Loud-neighing horſes, ſtorms of vollied ſhot,
Shouts, groans, and words confounded all, heard, but diſtinguiſh'd not.
Well, I am up at laſt; and now I'm here,
Let me look round and ſee how things appear.
Oh! my glad ſoul---what proſpects open there,
My hope-enlivening heart to cheer?
Now I am in my wiſh'd, my proper ſphere;
What is there in yon fair-ken'd world which hence we may not ſhare?
Oh, Heaven! what falſe appearance dwells below;
How is man deceiv'd by ſhow!
Yon Viceroys (as they would be thought) of fate;
Yon poppet managers of ſtate;
Thoſe things which bid life-waſting followers wait
For bubbles, which at jewel's price they rate;
And puff and ſwell with empty pride---and call themſelves the great.
Ye ſtars!---How humbly they all look this way,
As who would ſeem to ſay,---
Great Sirs! permit us ſtill to cheat the fools with whom we play;
They turn to us the cringing ſide, and ſtrut the other way.

Soul recline and take thy eaſe;
Look about thee by degrees;
The proſpect's wide enough to pleaſe.
Since the commanding top is thus attain'd,
Uſe with care th' advantage gain'd.
What wilt thou do that thus I feel thee ſwell?
In ſtruggling ſilence loves deſign to dwell.
Or are thy views too vaſt to tell? [well.
Go on, form boldly, ſwift reſolve---and execute it
Send out fancy, ſhe can fly;
Nimbly wing'd, her own beſt ſpy;
Every danger, ere drawn nigh,
Th' air-ſooted Amazon diſcerns, and ſcatters with her eye.
Fancy then, proud goddeſs! riſe;
From earth extend thy ſtretching ſize,
And puſh thy active head through the diſcover'd ſkies.
Stamp, ambitious, with thy foot,
And bid the threaten'd world look to't;
For thou haſt mighty work to do, and power enough to do't.
Graſp yon eſcaping earthquake, 'twould depart;
Blow new vigour to its heart.
Take it and give the lazy globe a ſhake;
And when ſcar'd nature's broad awake,
All her coy aid demand and take.
Break open ev'ry inmoſt part;
Through all the gloomy chaſms of matter dart;
Let in light to find out art;
And ſmile to ſee the blaze-ſhot nymph with ſudden wonder ſtart.
Seize her quickly, bind her faſt,
Diſtant elſe behind her caſt; [paſt.
A thouſand mazy turnings firſt muſt tediouſly be

Doubly arm'd, and ſeated thus,
Who is now a match for us?
Begin, begin the glorious taſk!
Deſcend at once and ſtrip yon kings of power's ill painted maſk!
Tell 'em they the nymph diſgrace;
Power ſhould wear a lovely face;
And hideouſly to hide her charms is horrible and baſe. [for place,
Bid 'em, in empire's maſquerade, elbow no more
But bravely dare put on plain truth, and ſcorn a borrow'd face.
Are they diſturb'd?---Is all the hive in arms?
See they buz in hoſtile ſwarms!
But 'tis no matter, let 'em bring
Hoarded malice in their ſting;
They cannot pierce, much leſs diſplume, the pinions of thy wing.
What is that they ſeek to know?
What commiſſion we can ſhow.
Tell me, Fancy, was it ſo?
Commiſſions ſay are ſometimes forms which men to cuſtom owe;
A ſhape of power which tyrants ſteal, and having ſtol'n, beſtow.
Yet, to pleaſe 'em, be they told,
From higher hands than theirs we hold!
From juſtice, truth, and reaſon ſay,
That great triumvirate of power!---which they
Pretend, and but pretend t' obey!
This our authority; and if theſe not ſuffice,
We can ſhow 'em large ſupplies
Of vengeance, force, and ſtubborn will; our ſworn auxiliaries.
Now they tremble, now they mourn,
Now with helpleſs rage they burn!
Well may they rave indeed to ſee their friends againſt 'em turn.
Stay! and e'er we farther go,
Let our great meaning be aloud proclaim'd:
Our deeds ſhall be as juſt as fam'd.
Friends and enemies ſhall know
Why we make war, and what we mean to do.
Herald vengeance! ſwift ariſe!
Shall with ſteel thy flinty heart!
And ſince by nature blind thou art,
Bury thy lifted hand in yonder ſkies,
And pluck two comets down to ſerve for eyes.
Dawb thy diſmal face with blood!
And with extenſive ſtride, croſſing the trembling flood [ſhook robe,
Of fire-embroider'd ſmoke, throw on a wind-
And ſhoot thy ſhadow over half the globe.
In thy right hand lift quiv'ring light'nings high!
Hardly held, and mad to fly!
From thy rais'd left let heaven's loud bolt be hurl'd;
And roll th' alarming thunder round the world.
When wak'd attention pricks her frighted ear,
And ſtalking apprehenſion pants with fear;
When all the ſtarting nations upward look,
By convulſive horror ſhook,
Borrow the northern wind's big voice, and then
Three times pronounce O yes! and thus addreſs the ſons of men:

Hear, ye people! far and wide;
Reaſon's force will now be try'd;

Tremble, ye tyrants! at the near defence
Of long oppreſs'd and helpleſs innocence.
Where is the wretch, who, deep entrench'd in ſtate,
Impiouſly defies his fate;
And dares be wicked without bounds becauſe immenſely great?
Him let injur'd virtue ſhow,
And we proclaim ourſelves his foe.
Fortunate uſurpers quake! [take,
Let the forc'd thrones, whoſe ſeats uncall'd ye
Beneath your pond'rous ruin ſhake;
Or let 'em ſwell to throw you out; or with your fortunes break [wealth.
Rapine diſguis'd in law, oppreſſion arm'd with
Rock-hearted cruelty, and ſcornful pride,
Hear and tremble when ye know,
We the great healers bring th' unhappy—health,
And draw the thorn from virtue's bleeding ſide.
Ye ſap-engroſſing weeds which but for miſchief grow;
Pay plunder'd excellence, ye ſlaves! the vaſt arrears you owe,
Or we pronounce ourſelves your mortal foe.
Wiſdom, knowledge, juſtice, art,
Peace, meekneſs, truth, and ſanctity of heart;
Diſcourag'd induſtry, unfriended grief,
Charity, gentleneſs, and to be brief,
Each weeping virtue that deſerves and has not found relief,
March and join us; we are friends.
What though your numbers are but few?
Our muſter's well-weigh'd ſtrength attends;
Where ſhow is wanting ſubſtance makes amends,
We, your allies, can lend you arms—and give you courage too.

They come from ev'ry part, they, gathering, fly;
But, trembling, backward caſt a doubtful eye,
Aſtoniſh'd at the hoſtile ſwarms which round 'em ſhad'wing lie!
Safety from ſilent caves ariſe:
Yon cryſtal pillar from heaven's palace break,
And cope it down to our allies,
'Twill a glitt'ring cauſeway make.
So they are paſt, encamp 'em on th' aſcent;
Stretch out the bright diviſions line by line;
Unfold our milky enſigns to the wind;
Draw the battalions down in juſt extent;
And bid the iron face of battle ſhine.
What's this! the raſh audacious foe,
Far from fear, and mad with pride,
Scorns to wait a threaten'd blow,
And this way turns invaſion's tide:
They will not ſtay it ſeems to be a ſecond time defy'd. [part,
They weigh, they ſail, they ſpread from ev'ry
Numbers following numbers ſtart.
Their navies hide the ſea through which they ſweep;
And th' o'er-labour'd wind grown ſick at heart,
After the flagging canvaſs ſeems to creep;
And groans behind, oppreſs'd with weight ſo ſtrong,
And puffing ſtorms, with cheeks half-burſt, ſcarce puſh it ſlow along.

'Tis worth our wonder, Fancy, ſince we are
Poſſeſs'd at once of the whole realm of war,
Whence thoſe prodigious magazines ſhould ſpring, [bring.
Which nations, ill-ally'd, do thus againſt us
At times exported hence, at firſt they went
Like naval ſtores from Chriſtendom, to Barbary rovers ſent;
And hoarded long, to be at laſt ill ſpent,
Come now againſt their mother's boſom bent.
Since it is thus we'll diff'rent arms prepare!
Our terrors ſhall new unknown habits wear;
And like our cauſe, our weapons too ſhall huge advantage bear!
Nature our confederate ſound,
And Proteus' art our captive hound;
What force can earth againſt us bring which theſe ſhall not confound!
Hear, thou tall foreſt, from thy loos'ning root
Hither thy piny offſpring ſhoot:
And thou, proud hoſt of gloom-arreſting oak,
Through whoſe cloſe ranks the day's light horſe ne'er broke,
With reverend awe confeſs the mighty call!
Nod conſent—and groaning fall! [join
Now ſwift together ruſh again, once more cloſer
With animated, ſympathetic twine!
Embrace at once, and new in form with concave beauty ſhine!
Deſcend complete, and plough the flood in naval-bodied line!
Scorn the help of canvaſs wings!
Art ſhall lend ſelf-moving ſprings!
Your active forms ſhall never need attend the humorous wind;
Self-oar'd with ſpoky fins your furrowing keels
Shall daſh the billows back with living wheels;
And ſtriking ſwiftly every mark deſign'd,
Sweep on through winds and tides averſe, and leave the gales behind.

Mountain, open thy hot breaſt, thy iron ſinews ſtrain!
Bleed at every nit'rous vein!
Yawn horrible, and with convulſive pains
Burſt thy flame-lab'ring head, and ſhoot thy mineral brains
Take 'em, art, and mix 'em well!
Thou canſt the dark proportions tell!
Let death the bitter kernel be, and forge thou thick the ſhell!
Kindle a fire like light'ning blue!
And that its dreadful work it may unerring do,
Breathe a living ſpirit through,
And give the deadly compound fight, and force and ſwiftneſs too!
Take this new gigantic mould;
And by it form ſuch tubes as may befit
The maſs which their impregnate wombs muſt hold!
Ram their greedy throats with it;
And teach new thunders to out-mouth the old!
Hold, it not ſuffices yet!
Not one advantage ſhall the proud foe boaſt;
'Tis not enough that victory we get,
Unleſs the gain is ours with nothing loſt!

Bid yon aërial ſubſtance ſhed its down;
Spin it thick, and weave it ſtrong!
Draw out the force-repelling texture long!
And with it fence each veſſel round, like ſome
well bulwark'd town;
Now we are proof againſt their gather'd pride,
Be all their batteries on us hourly try'd!
Breathleſs and dead their fruitleſs force ſhall
kiſs our ſoft'ned ſide.

Embark, ye well-appointed few, embark!
Put out, and meet the number-truſting foe!
Their circling fleet has made the day look
dark, [blow!
And ſeems in ſable dreſs'd to mourn the coming
Ruſh againſt 'em—gore 'em through!
Bear 'em down beneath the ſea!
As weeds before the furrowing plough torn up
and buried be!
If while onward ye purſue,
On either ſide they flank ye too; [throats,
At once clear all your thunder's dreadful
And roar deſtruction out in paſſant notes!
'Tis done; and glorioufly the baniſh'd day,
Which late their gloomy ſquadrons chas'd
away,
Reſtor'd triumphant ſhines with ten-fold light:
Their curling ruin ſhines to heaven, and makes
the ſun more bright!
See, ſee, mark well this ſcene-recording fame!
The hiſſing ocean toils with vain deſire,
To quench with ſpouting waves the batt'ling
flame;
But ſcorch'd with clinging heat, and mad
with ſhame,
Does every way at once in blazing tides retire,
And flying frights th' aſtoniſh'd world with floods
of liquid fire. [feels;
Pride-ſwoll'n oppreſſion now hot vengeance
Their falling flags bluſh deep in blood!
And hide their ſhame within the flood!
Their maſts turn downward, and th' uplifted
keels
Float reverſe with wave-waſh'd reels! [gay,
And all th' extended ſtrength but now ſo proudly
Like ſnow-top'd fields o'er-run by fire, melts all at
once away.

Whither ſhall we now proceed?
Turn your heads to yon white ſhore;
Follow fortune ſtill with ſpeed,
Ye who would engage her more!
It matters nothing what we now have done;
Or vict'ry muſt be well purſued, or ſhe is never won.
Ha! what means yon op'ning ſcene?
The warlike land is gilded o'er
With glitt'ring arms in diſtant marches ſeen,
And graceful troops that edge the guarded ſhore!
And from behind to cloſe us up between,
A huge half moon of naval ſtrength,
Stretch'd in gay and pompous length,
Advances on us ſlow and well aſſur'd:
Theſe cannot of the number be, who late ſuch loſs
endur'd!
Mark the impatient haſte of thoſe behind!
As if o'erjoy'd an enemy to find;
Their wanton ſtreamers laſh the lazy wind,
And like their genius hov'ring in the air!
See that glorious ſomething there!
Which does a form unuſual ſeem to bear;
Moving awful; looking kind;
Now glides before to light 'em on; now cheers
'em up behind.
In ſhape a lion fierce, and ſtrong it ſeems,
But like ſome figure fancy-form'd that fills mens
active dreams;
An eagle's talons and keen bill it dreadful ſeems
to bear;
An eagle's broad and ſhad'wy wings direct it
through the air!

Obſerve what's he, who ſolemnly ſevere,
With grave and awful ſenſe of majeſty,
Hemm'd with reverence does appear!
Whoſe eye ſo piercing ſeems to be!
Whoſe forehead wears beneficence to temper dig-
nity!
Who marches ſtately down yon hill to ſee;
But not to ſee with fear!
To look and judge what we may be!
Ye powers, where are we?——How did fancy
ſteer?
I know the hero; now he draws more near!
How came we blindly thus to touch a ſhore?
Thus hoſtilely a land explore,
Where heaven does only bleſſings ſtore?
Where wailing ſorrow ſhall be heard no more,
Nor virtue e'er in vain the help of power im-
plore!
Away! heave anchor! we've no buſineſs here!
Yet ſtay! divinely led, I err th' unmeant good to
blame!
Inſpir'd at once I ſee and own 'twas heaven's un-
erring aim!
Hail, immortal ſon of fame!
Take theſe legions, they are thine!
With theirs thy navy ſhall reſiſtleſs join;
And virtue's ſquadrons led by thee, o'er earth's
whole ſurface ſhine.
Root out oppreſſion whereſoe'er ſhe grows,
Let ſtubborn tyranny fall dead beneath thy pond'-
rous blows!
And over all the wide-watch'd world leave inno-
cence no foes.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. WILLIAM BROOME,

Containing

ODES,	PARAPHRASES,
ELEGIES,	TRANSLATIONS,
EPISTLES,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Even I, the meaneſt of the muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mœolian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire;
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right;
Like theirs our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—*for thy friendſhip's fame.*

EPISTLE TO POPE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. WILLIAM BROOME.

THE LIFE OF BROOME.

William Broome was born in Cheſhire, as is ſaid, of very mean parents. Of the time and place of his birth, or the early part of his life, no intelligence is to be found. He was educated upon the foundation at Eton, and had the misfortune of being captain of the ſchool for one whole year, 1707, without any vacancy, by which he might have obtained a ſcholarſhip in King's College, Oxford.

Being by this delay, ſuch as has happened but four times in 160 years, in 1619, 1653, 1707, and 1756, ſuperannuated, his friends ſent him to St. John's College, where, by their aſſiſtance, and a ſmall exhibition, he was maintained till he entered into orders.

At his college he had the reputation of being an excellent Greek ſcholar and a ſkilful verſifier, but he is deſcribed, as being a contracted ſcholar, and a mere verſifier, unacquainted with life, and unſkilful in converſation. He was ſo much addicted to verſifying, that his companions familiarly called him Poet. When he had opportunities of mingling with mankind, he cleared himſelf, it is ſaid, from great part of his ſcholaſtic ruſt.

He appeared early in the world as a tranſlator of the "Iliad" into proſe, in conjunction with Ozell and Oldiſworth; but his ſhare in that verſion, which is now neglected, is not known. He was introduced to Pope, who was then upon a viſit to Sir John Cotton at Madingley near Cambridge, and gained ſo much of his eſteem, that he was employed with Jortin to make extracts from Euſtathius for the notes to the tranſlation of the "Iliad;" and in the ſecond volume of "Miſcellaneous Poems, Tranſlations, and Imitations," publiſhed by Lintot, commonly called "Pope's Miſcellanies," twelve of his early pieces were inſerted. That he furniſhed "the greater part of the Remarks from Euſtathius," together with ſeveral excellent obſervations, is acknowledged by Pope; who, it has been ſaid, promiſed him a handſome gratuity for his trouble; and, when the work was finiſhed, quarrelled with him, and diſappointed him of the promiſed reward. It is certain that Broome thus repreſented the ſtory to his friends; yet, in a letter to Lord Hervey from Pope, who had been charged with "ſelling Broome's works, printed with Pope's name," he tells his Lordſhip he printed not his name before a line of the perſon's his Lordſhip mentions; beſides, my Lord, when you ſaid I *ſold* another man's works, you ought in juſtice to have added that I *bought* them, which very much alters the caſe. What I gave was 500 l.; his receipt can be produced to your Lordſhip."

Ruffhead relates that Broome, in conjunction with Fenton, had formed a deſign of tranſlating the *Odyſſey*, while Pope was employed upon the "Iliad," and went through ſeveral books of the *Odyſſey*, which they deſired him to peruſe; and having made a conſiderable progreſs in the tranſlation himſelf, adopted what he found thus ready for the advancement of his work.

It is ſome confirmation of what is thus related, that among the poems in "Pope's Miſcellany" there is one *To a Gentlemen who corrected ſome of my Verſes*, the title of which he afterwards thus changed, *To Mr. A. Pope, who corrected my Verſes.*

That the verſion of the *Odyſſey* was not wholly Pope's was always known. He had mentioned the aſſiſtance of two friends in his propoſals; and at the end of the work ſome account is given by Broome of their different parts, which, however, mentions only five books as written by the coadjutors; the fourth and twentieth by Fenton, the ſixth, the eleventh, and eighteenth, by himſelf; though Pope, in an advertiſement prefixed afterwards to a new volume of his works, claimed only twelve.

The books allotted to Fenton were the firſt, the fourth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth; to the lot of Broome fell the ſecond, ſixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, ſixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third, with all the notes.

The price at which Pope purchaſed this aſſiſtance was 300 l. to Fenton, and 500 l. to Broome, with as many copies to his friends as made one hundred more. The payment made to Fenton is not certainly known. Lord Orrery ſays "it was an errant trifle:" Broome's is very diſtinctly told by Pope in the notes to the "Dunciad."

It is evident, that, according to Pope's own eſtimate, Broome was unkindly treated. If four books could merit 300 l. eight and all the notes, equivalent at leaſt to four, had certainly a right to more than ſix.

Broome, probably finding that Pope got more than either of them expected, was deſirous of a ſhare; but though Pope was not generous on this occaſion, if Broome received what they agreed for, there ſeems no juſt ground of complaint.

There was for ſome time, from whatever cauſe, more than coldneſs between Broome and his employer. He always ſpoke of Pope, as did his friend Fenton, as too much a lover of money, and Pope purſued him with avowed hoſtility; for he not only named him diſreſpectfully in the "Dunciad," but quoted him more than once in the "Bathos" as a proficient in the "Art of Sinking;" and in his enumeration of the different kinds of poets diſtinguiſhed for the profound, he reckons Broome among "the parrots who repeat another's words in ſuch a hoarſe odd tone as makes them ſeem their own."

It appears by a letter from Pope to Broome, in 1730, in which he communicated to him an account of the death of Fenton, which is noticed in the life of that amiable and elegant poet, that they were afterwards reconciled, but their peace was probably without friendſhip.

In 1727, he publiſhed his *Poems on Several Occaſions*, with a dedication to Lord Townſhend, dated Jan. 16. 1726; being at that time rector of Sturſton in Suffolk, and chaplain to Charles Lord (afterward Earl) Cornwallis.

At Sturſton he married a widow lady who had a good fortune, which enabled him to take the degree of Doctor of Laws, when the king went to Cambridge, April 25. 1728.

Upon his reſignation of the living of Sturſton, he was preſented by the Crown to the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, in Auguſt 1733, which he held with Oakley Magna in Suffolk, given him by Lord Cornwallis, who added the vicarage of Eye in Suffolk; he then reſigned Pulham, and retained the other two till his death.

Towards the latter end of his life, he amuſed himſelf with tranſlating *Odes of Anacreon*, which he publiſhed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," under the ſignature of *Cheſter*.

He died at Bath, November 16. 1745, and was buried in the Abbey Church, by Dr Gooch biſhop of Norwich. He left an only ſon, Charles, who died of the ſmall-pox in 1747, an under graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge.

His *Poems on Several Occaſions* were reprinted in 1739, and again in 1750, with ſeveral additions and variations, which are retained in the preſent edition.

The character of Broome, though he never roſe to a very high dignity in the church, ſeems to have been amiable and reſpectable. At college he was univerſally beloved; and in more advanced life he was diſtinguiſhed by his exemplary obſervance of the ſocial and domeſtic duties, and his piety and diligence in the exerciſe of his paſtoral function. He is mentioned by Shuckford *(Sacred and Profane Hiſtory Connected, vol. iii. p. 60.)* under the title of "the ingenious Annotator on the Engliſh Homer, whoſe real worth, as well as learning, makes it a pleaſure to me to ſay, that I have a friend [illegible]"

As a poet, his compoſitions are characteriſed by correctneſs of judgment, elegance of diction, and harmony of numbers, rather than by force of genius, or grace of fancy; neither of which, however, are wanting. To examine his performances one by one, would be tedious. One of his pieces is intituled, *Melancholy; an Ode, occaſioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter*, 1723; but it is not quite certain that it was written on a daughter of his own. His *Verſes on the Death of a Friend*, which were printed in 1727, were afterwards very happily enlarged, and applied to Fenton, who died in 1730. His *Verſes to Mrs. Elizabeth Townſhend, on her Picture at Rainham*, are elegant and poetical in a high degree. Of his *Paraphraſes from Scripture*, nothing very favourable can be ſaid; yet *the third chapter of Habakkuk*, and the *Paraphraſes* from *Job* and *Eccleſiaſticus*, have merit; the language not being deficient either in ſtrength or melody. His *Tranſlations* are ſmooth, claſſical, and ſpirited; and moſt of his original

pieces have ſomething to be praiſed, either in the thought or the expreſſion. Dr. Warton thinks the books he tranſlated for Pope, in the *Odyſſey*, are inferior to Fenton's; but it is no ſmall honour to him, that the readers of poetry have never been able to diſtinguiſh his books from thoſe of Fenton and Pope.

"Of Broome," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "though it cannot be ſaid that he was a great poet, it would be unjuſt to deny that he was an excellent verſifier; his lines are ſmooth and ſonorous, and his diction is ſelect and elegant. His rhymes are ſometimes unſuitable. In his *Melancholy* he makes *breath* rhyme to *birth* in one place, and to *earth* in another. Thoſe faults occur but ſeldom; and he had ſuch power of words and numbers, as fitted him for tranſlation; but in his original works, recollection ſeems to have been his buſineſs more than invention. His imitations are ſo apparent, that it is part of his reader's employment to recal the verſes of ſome former poet. Sometimes he copies the moſt popular writers; for he ſeems ſcarcely to endeavour at concealment; and ſometimes picks up fragments in obſcure corners." His lines to Fenton,

> Serene the ſting of pain thy thoughts beguile,
> And make afflictions objects of a ſmile,

brought to my mind ſome lines on the death of Queen Mary, written by Barnes, of whom I ſhould not have expected to find an imitation.

> But thou, O muſe! whoſe ſweet Nepenthean tongue
> Can charm the pangs of death with deathleſs ſong;
> Can *ſtinging plagues* with eaſy *thoughts beguile*;
> *Make* pains and tortures *objects of a ſmile*.

"To detect his imitations, were tedious and uſeleſs. What he takes he ſeldom makes worſe; and he cannot be thought a mean man, whom Pope choſe for an aſſociate; and whoſe co-operation was conſidered by Pope's enemies as ſo important, that he was attacked by Henley with this ludicrous diſtich."

> Pope came off clean with Homer; but they ſay,
> Broome went before, and kindly ſwept the way.

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND;

Late one of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My Lord,

I Beg leave to publiſh the following poems under your patronage: a preſent, I confeſs, unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: but, I fear, it may be eſteemed a boaſt rather than an acknowledgment, or at beſt an oſtentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the higheſt obligations from the Lord Townſhend: it is an honour to be regarded by a perſon of ſo diſtinguiſhed a character: I am proud of it, and, not being of a nature to be content with a ſilent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miſcalled vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happineſs to enjoy what that great ſtateſman Walſingham, who held the ſame office which you fill with ſo much honour, frequently wiſhed, but never obtained: a retirement from buſineſs in the declenſion of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity: this laſt action ſpeaks you truly great; for that perſon who by a voluntary retreat, could induſtriouſly renounce all the grandeur of the world, muſt evidently have a ſoul above it.

Tully in his Tuſculum was never more happy, than the Lord Townſhend in his Rainham:

" ——Where majeſtically plain
" Pure nature reigns, where varied views from
" views [woods,
" Diffuſive proſpects yield *: here ſhagg'd with
" Here rich with harveſt, and there white with
" flocks,
" And all the gay horizon ſmiles around
" Full of thy genius! Lo! between yon groves
" The dome with eaſy grandeur, like the ſoul
" Of its great maſter, riſing overlooks
" The ſubject regions, and commands the charms
" Of many a pleaſing landſcape, to the eye
" Delightful change! here groves of loftieſt ſhade
" Wave their proud tops, and form of ſtatelieſt view
" A ſylvan theatre! while nature's hand [lawn,
" Pours forth profuſe, o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er
" Her choiceſt bleſſings: ſee! where yonder lake
" Spreads its wide liquid plain: now ſtands un-
" mov'd, [flects
" Pure as th' expanſe of heaven, and heaven re-
" From its broad-glittering mirror; now with
" waves
" Curl'd gently by the breeze, ſalutes the flowers
" That grace its banks! in ſtate the ſnowy ſwans
" Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various
" plume
" Innumerous, native or exotic, cleave [lawns
" The dancing wave! while o'er th' adjoining
" Obverted to the ſouthern ſuns, the deer
" Wide-ſpreading graze, or ſtarting bound away
" In crowds, then turning, ſilent ſtand and gaze!
" Such are thy beauties Rainham, ſuch the haunts
" Of angels in primæval guiltleſs days,
" When man imparadis'd convers'd with God."

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more elegantly: no part of your life lies heavy upon you; there is no uneaſy vacancy in it; it is all filled up with ſtudy, exerciſe, or polite amuſement: here you ſhine in the moſt agreeable, though not moſt ſtrong and dazzling light: in your public ſtation you commanded admiration and honour; in your private, you attract love and eſteem: the nobler parts of your life will be the ſubject of the hiſtorian; and the actions of the great ſtateſman and patriot will adorn many pages of our future annals: but the affectionate father, the indulgent maſter, the condeſcending and benevolent friend, patron, and companion, can only be deſcribed by thoſe who have the pleaſure and happineſs to ſee you act in all thoſe relations: I could with delight enlarge upon this amiable part of your character; but am ſenſible that no portion of your time is ſo ill ſpent as in reading what I write. I will therefore only beg the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,
And moſt obedient ſervant,
William Broome.

Pulham in Norfolk, 1739.

* *See Mr. Thomſon's excellent poems.*

PREFACE.

I AM very ſenſible that many hard circumſtances attend all authors: if they write ill, they are ſure to be uſed with contempt; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themſelves with the ſentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I muſt confeſs, that mere idleneſs induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men to publiſh. I am not ſo vain as not to think there are many faults in the enſuing poems; all human works muſt fall ſhort of perfection; and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility: however, I am not like thoſe authors, who, out of a falſe modeſty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world ſhould believe them: I will not add hypocriſy to my other faults, or act ſo abſurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating; I have furniſhed out the table according to my beſt abilities, if not with a ſplendid elegance, yet at leaſt with an innocent variety.

But ſince this is the laſt time that I ſhall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to ſpeak ſomething not as a poet, but a critic; that if my credit ſhould fail as a poet, I may have recourſe to my remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my induſtry as the annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyſſey,

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticiſm in general, a ſtudy very neceſſary, but fallen into contempt through the abuſe of it. At the reſtoration of learning, it was particularly neceſſary; authors had been long buried in obſcurity, and conſequently had contracted ſome ruſt through the ignorance and barbariſm of preceding ages: it was therefore very requiſite that they ſhould be poliſhed by a critical hand, and reſtored to their original purity: in this conſiſts the office of critics; but, inſtead of making copies agreeable to the manuſcripts, they have long inſerted their own conjectures; and from this licenſe ariſe moſt of the various readings, the burdens of modern editions; whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varniſhed, but not a feature is to be altered; and every ſtroke that is thus added, deſtroys in ſome degree the reſemblance; and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal perſon. the creature of the editor's fancy Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author: and therefore, ſince moſt books worth reading have now good impreſſions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticiſm; it is ridiculous to make it the ſupreme buſineſs of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a ſyllable, or the tranſpoſition of a phraſe, when the preſent reading is ſufficiently intelligible. Theſe learned triflers are mere weeders of an author; they collect the weeds for their own uſe, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers: it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully publiſhed, to turn our thoughts from the words to the ſentiments, and make them more eaſy and intelligible. A ſkill in verbal criticiſm is in reality but a ſkill in gueſſing, and conſequently he is the beſt critic who gueſſes beſt: a mighty attainment! and yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration uſhered into the world! ſuch writers are like Caligula, who raiſed a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-ſhells. In ſhort, the queſtion is not what the author might have ſaid, but what he has actually ſaid; it is not whether a different word will agree with the ſenſe, and turn of the period, but whether it was uſed by the author; if it was, it has a good title ſtill to maintain its poſt, and the authority of the manuſcript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor: for can a modern be a better judge of the language of the pureſt of the ancients, than thoſe ancients who wrote it in the greateſt purity? or if he could, was ever any author ſo happy, as always to chooſe the moſt proper word? experience ſhows the impoſſibility. Beſides, of what uſe is verbal criticiſm when once we have a faithful edition? it embarraſſes the reader inſtead of giving new light and hinders his proficiency by engroſſing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor; it increaſes the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for abſurdities. I will only add, with Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown ſo voluminous, that we begin to value the firſt editions of books as moſt correct, becauſe leaſt corrected.

Of partial Critics.

There are other critics who think themſelves obliged to ſee no imperfections in their author: from the moment they undertake his cauſe, they look upon him as a lover upon his miſtreſs; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties: this, indeed, is a well natured error, but ſtill blameable, becauſe it miſguides the judgment. Such critics act no leſs erroneouſly, than a judge who ſhould reſolve to acquit a perſon, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial It is frequeat for the partial critic to praiſe the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, ſolely from the impreſſion of the name, and not from the intrinſic value: the copper of a favourite writer ſhall be more eſteemed than the fineſt gold of a leſs acceptable author: for this reaſon many perſons have choſen to publiſh their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who ſtood unſeen behind

his own Venus, have received a praiſe, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been viſible.

Of envious and malicious Critics.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raiſe a reputation by diſpraiſing every thing that other men praiſe; they have an antipathy to a ſhining character, like ſome animals, that hate the ſun only becauſe of its brightneſs: it is a crime with them to excel: they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who, ſeeing a perſon of diſtinguiſhed qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain juſt ſo much merit as they deſtroy in their adverſary. I never look into one of theſe critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance: the glory of the giant conſiſts in the number of the limbs of men whom he has deſtroyed; that of the critic in viewing

" ——— Diſjecti membra Poetæ." HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praiſe, he does it that his enſuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the ancients thoſe victims which they were ready to ſacrifice: he ſtudies criticiſm as if it extended only to diſpraiſe; a practice, which, when moſt ſucceſsful, is leaſt deſirable. A painter might juſtly be thought to have a perverſe imagination, who ſhould delight only to draw the deformities and diſtortions of human nature, which, when executed by the moſt maſterly hand, ſtrike the beholder with moſt horror. It is uſual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, becauſe they are good; they conſtantly prey upon the faireſt fruits, and hope to ſpread their own works by uniting them to thoſe of their adverſary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcaſs to a living body; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with deteſtation: their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their deſign, they give a teſtimony of their enemy's merit, and ſhow him to be an hero by turning all their weapons againſt him: ſuch critics are like dead coals; they may blacken, but cannot burn. Theſe writers bring to my memory a paſſage in the Iliad, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superûm, or rabble of the ſky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own inability; Jupiter is ſtill Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifeſt his ſuperiority.

Modeſty is eſſential to true criticiſm: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the ſenſe of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critic ought to conſider, that if the authors he dead whom he cenſures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their aſhes with inſolence; that it is cruelty to ſummon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animoſity, when they are not in a capacity to anſwer his unjuſt allegations: If the authors be alive, the common laws of ſociety oblige us not to commit any outrage againſt another's reputation; we ought modeſtly to convince, not injuriouſly inſult; and contend for truth, not victory: and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unleſs their enemies were made a public ſpectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels: but what is ſuch a triumph but a barbarous inſult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? the noiſe of a day, purchaſed with the miſery of nations? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from criticiſm; I would only have it circumſcribed within the rules of candour and humanity: writers may he told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderneſs of a friend, not the malice and paſſion of an enemy; boys may be whipped into ſenſe, but men are to be guided with reaſon.

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adverſary's dulneſs, and his own acuteneſs, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modeſt dulneſs will be preferable to learned arrogance: Dulneſs may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if, while he diſcovers more learning, he is found to have leſs virtue than his adverſary? and, though he be a better critic, yet proves himſelf to be a worſe man? Beſides, no one is to be envied the ſkill in finding ſuch faults as others are ſo dull as to miſtake for beauties. What advantage is ſuch a quickſightedneſs even to the poſſeſſors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleaſed, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleaſure: they reſemble the ſecond-ſighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to ſee more than other perſons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to diſcover objects of horror, ghoſts, and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reaſon to enlarge the argument for candour in criticiſm, through a conſciouſneſs of my own deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own cauſe, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find ſo much mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to ſuffer without inhumanity: But whatever be the fate of theſe works, they have proved of uſe to me, and been an agreeable amuſement in a conſtant ſolitude. Providence has been pleaſed to lead me out of the great roads of life, into a private path; where, though we have leiſure to chooſe the ſmoothеſt way, yet we are all ſure to meet many obſtacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and ſupport from the fatigues of it; how long, or how ſhort, the future ſtages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, ſo it is a folly to be over-ſolicitous about it; he that lives the longeſt, has but the ſmalleſt privilege of creeping more leiſurely than others to his grave; what we call living, is in reality but a longer time of dying: and if theſe verſes prove as ſhort-lived as their author, it is a loſs not worth regretting; they only die, as they were born, in obſcurity.

POEMS.

" ———Nos otia vitæ
" Solamur Cantu."
STAT.

HABBAKKUK, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

AN ODE,

Written in 1710, *as an Exercise.*

When, in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's towering height th' Almighty took his way;
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode,
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God;
No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightneſs ſhroud:
Glory, and majeſty, and power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before;
Behind, a grim and meagre train,
Pining ſickneſs, frantic pain,
Stalk'd widely on! with all the diſmal band,
Which heaven in anger ſends to ſcourge a guilty land.

With terror cloth'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view;
Through half the nations of th' aſtoniſh'd earth
He ſcatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!
And when he ſpoke,
The everlaſting hills from their foundations ſhook;
The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,
With reverence ſtruck, confeſs'd the God:
On Sion's holy hill he took his ſtand,
Graſping omnipotence in his right hand;
Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the ſun darken'd as he frown'd:
He dealt affliction from his van,
And wild confuſion from his rear;
They through the tents of Cuſhan ran,
The tents of Cuſhan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with deſpair.
* I ſee! his ſword wave naked in the air;
It ſheds around a baleful ray,

VARIATION.

* I ſee his ſword wave with redoubled ire,
Ah! has it ſet the very clouds on fire?
The clouds burſt down in deluges of ſhowers;
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.
When through the mighty flood
He led the murmuring crowd,
What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
Why was the mighty flood afraid?
March'd he againſt the rivers? or was he,
Thou mighty flood! diſpleas'd at thee?
The flood beheld from far
The Deity in all his equipage of war;
And lo! at once it burſts! in diverſe falls
On either hand! it ſwells in cryſtal walls!
Th' eternal rocks diſcloſe! the toſſing waves
Ruſh in loud thunder from a thouſand caves!
Why tremble ye, O faithleſs! to behold
The opening deeps their gulfs unfold?
Enter the dreadful chaſms! 'tis God, who guides
Your wond'rous way! the God who rules the tides!
And lo! they march amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling ſeas! they mount the adverſe ſhore!
Advance, ye choſen tribes!——Arabia's ſands
Lonely, uncomfortable lands!
Void of fountain, void of rain,
Oppoſe their burning coaſts in vain!
See! the great prophet ſtand,
Waving his wonder-working wand!
He ſtrikes the ſtubborn rock, and lo!
The ſtubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
His ſtony entrails burſt, and ruſhing torrents flow.

* Then did the ſun his fiery courſers ſtay,
And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

* Ah, what new ſcenes unfold, what voice I hear!
Sun, ſtand thou ſtill; thou moon, thy courſe forbear:
Ah, ... ſun, thy wheels obedient ſtay,
Doubling the ſplendours of the wondrous day.
The nimble-footed minutes ceaſe to run
And urge the lazy hours on.
Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year
Stop in their full career;

The nimble-footed minutes ceas'd to run,
And urge the lazy hours on.
Time hung his unexpanded wings,
And all the secret springs
That carry on the year,
Stopp'd in their full career:
Then the astonish'd moon
Forgot her going down;
And paler grew,
The dismal scene to view,
How through the trembling Pagan nation,
Th' Almighty ruin dealt, and ghastly desolation.

But why, ah! why, O Sion, reigns
Wide wasting havock o'er thy plains?
Ah, me! destruction is abroad!
Vengeance is loose, and wrath from God!
See! hosts of spoilers seize their prey!
See! slaughter marks in blood his way!
See! how embattled Babylon
Like an unruly deluge rushes on!
Lo! the field with millions swarms!
I hear their shouts! their clashing arms!
Now the conflicting hosts engage,
With more than mortal rage!——
Oh! heaven! I faint——I die!——
The yielding powers of Israel fly!——
Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
Of Sion! now she sinks, she falls!——
Ah! Sion, how for thee I mourn!
What pangs for thee I feel!
Ah! how art thou become the Pagans' scorn,
Lovely, unhappy Israel!
A shivering damp invades my heart,
A trembling horror shoots through every part;
My nodding frame can scarce sustain
Th' oppressive load I undergo:
Speechless I sigh! the envious woe
Forbids the very pleasure to complain:
Forbids my faultering tongue to tell
What pangs for thee I feel,
Lovely, unhappy Israel!

Yet though the fig-tree should no burthen bear,
Though vines delude the promise of the year;
Yet though the olive should not yield her oil,
Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil;
Though the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
And herds in millions perish from the stall;
Yet shall my grateful strings
For ever praise thy name,
For ever thee proclaim,
Thee everlasting God, the mighty King of Kings.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

Sure never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!

You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please:
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes,
Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can even sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms;
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair.

But see! the pain begins to fly;
Though Venus bled, she could not die:
See! the new phœnix paint her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise:
Thus roses, when the storm is o'er,
Draw beauties from th' inclement shower.

Welcome, ye hours! which thus repay
What envious sickness stole away!
Welcome as those which kindly bring,
And usher in the joyous spring;
That to the smiling earth restore
The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
And give her all the charms she lost
By wintery storms, and hoary frost!

And yet how well did she sustain,
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flowers, when blasting winds invade,
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks, and radiant eyes,
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs;
When the wide seas, and spacious earth,
Resign us to our second birth;
Our moulder'd frame rebuilt assumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms;
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels rise, who mortals dy'd.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS AND FLOWERS.

* The listening trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills, where once they grew:
But you express a power more great;
The flowers you draw not, but create.

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes!
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flowers, what mean these arms?

VARIATION.

At once th' astonish'd moon
Forgets her going down,
And paler grows,
To view th' amazing train of woes;
While through the trembling Pagan nation
Th' Almighty ruin deals, and ghastly desolation.

VARIATION.

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flowers to birth:
But you display a power more great;
She calls forth flowers, but you create.

So round the fragrance of the roſe,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows.

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to deſtroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay.

It is a dreadful pleaſing ſight!
The flowers attract, the arms affright;
The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an inſtant doom.

Thus, when the Britons in array
Their enſigns to the ſun diſplay,
In the ſame flag are lilies ſhown,
And angry lions fiercely frown;
On high the glittering ſtandard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

PART OF THE XXXVIII. AND XXXIX. CHAPTERS OF JOB.

A PARAPHRASE.

Now from the ſplendors of his bright abode
On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
And the loud voice of thunder ſpoke the God.
Cherubs and ſeraphs from celeſtial bowers,
Ten thouſand thouſand! bright ethereal powers!
Miniſtrant round, their radiant files unfold,
Arm'd in eternal adamant and gold!
Whirlwinds and thundrous ſtorms his chariot drew
'Twixt worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
He ſtretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
Bade hills ſubſide, and rein'd th' obedient clouds;
Then from his awful gloom the Godhead ſpoke,
And at his voice affrighted nature ſhook.

Vain man! who boldly with dim reaſon's ray
Vies with his God, and rivals his full day!
* But tell me now, ſay how this beauteous frame
Of all things, from the womb of nothing came;
When nature's Lord, with one almighty call,
From nowhere rais'd the world's capacious ball?
Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
Of the vaſt earth, and circumſcribes the bounds?
How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the ſky,
In concert move, and dance in harmony?
What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
When hung ſelf-balanc'd in the fluid air?
Why the vaſt tides ſometimes with wanton play
In ſhining mazes gently glide away;
Anon, why ſwelling with impetuous ſtores
Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the ſhores?
By thy command does fair Aurora riſe,
And gild with purple beams the bluſhing ſkies;
The warbling lark ſalutes her cheerful ray,
And welcomes with his ſong the riſing day;
The riſing day ambroſial dew diſtils,
Th' ambroſial dew with balmy odour fills
The flowers, the flowers rejoice, and nature ſmiles.

VARIATION.

* But tell me, mortal, when th' Almighty ſaid,
Be made, ye worlds! how worlds at once were made;
When hoſts of angels, wrapt in wonder, ſung
His praiſe, as order from diſorder ſprung?

Why night, in ſable rob'd, as daylight fades,
O'er half the nations draws her awful ſhades?
Now peaceful nature lies diffus'd in eaſe;
A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigns o'er land and ſeas.
* Sleep ſheds o'er all his balm! to ſleep reſign'd,
Birds, beaſts lie huſh'd, and buſy human-kind.
No air of breath diſturbs the drowſy woods,
No whiſpers murmur from the ſilent floods!
The moon ſheds down a ſilver-ſtreaming light,
And glads the melancholic face of night:
Now clouds ſwift-ſkimming veil her ſullied ray,
† Now bright ſhe blazes with a fuller day:
The ſtars in order twinkle in the ſkies,
And fall in ſilence, and in ſilence riſe:
Till, as a giant ſtrong, a bridegroom gay,
The ſun ſprings dancing through the gates of day:
He ſhakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing ſtreams:
His fiery courſers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain:
The fiery courſers and the car diſplay
A ſtream of glory, and a flood of day.
Did e'er thy eye deſcend into the deep
Or haſt thou ſeen where infant tempeſts ſleep?
Was e'er the grave, or regions of the night,
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy ſight?
Has death diſclos'd to thee her gloomy ſtate,
The ghaſtly forms; the various woes that wait
In terrible array before her awful gate?
Know'ſt thou where darkneſs bears eternal ſway,
Or where the ſource of everlaſting day?
Say, why the thriving hail with ruſhing ſound
Pours from on high, and rattles on the ground?
Why hover ſnows, down-wavering by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees?
Say, why in lucid drops the balmy rain
With ſparkling gems impearls the ſpangled plain?
Or, gathering in the vale, a current flows,
And on each flower a ſudden ſpring beſtows?
Say, why with gentle ſighs the evening breeze
Salutes the flowers, or murmurs through the trees?
Or why loud winds in ſtorms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the ſky?
Say, to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewleſs beings, when ſerene the air?
Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toſs cloud on cloud,
While waves encountering waves, in mountains driven,
Swell to the ſtarry vault, and daſh the heaven.
Know'ſt thou, why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, deſtruction, and deſpair,
The plague, the ſword, and all the forms of war?
On ruddy wings why forky light'ning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the ſkies?

VARIATIONS.

* No more the monſters of the deſert roar,
Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
The fowl, the fiſhes, to repoſe reſign'd,
All, all lie huſh'd, and buſy human-kind.
The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
And ſighing breezes lull the drowſy woods.

† Now bright ſhe blazes, and ſupplies the day.

Say, can thy voice, when sultry Sirius reigns,
And suns intensely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhausted urns of thirsty springs supply,
And mitigate the fever of thy sky? [clouds,
Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy
And half the skies precipitate in floods,
Chase the dark horror of the storm away,
Restrain the deluge, and restore the day?
By thee does summer deck herself with charms,
Or hoary winter lock his frozen arms?
Say, if thy hand instruct the rose to glow,
Or to the lily give unsullied snow?
Teach fruits to knit from blossoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
Whose various kinds a various hue unfold,
With crimson blush, or burnish into gold?
Say, why the sun arrays with shining dyes
The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy skies?
He from his urn pours forth his golden streams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
Sweetly the varying colours fade or rise,
And the vast arch embraces half the skies.
Say, didst thou give the mighty seas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with stars,
Whose thousand times ten thousand lamps display
A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?
Say, canst thou rule the courlers of the sun,
Or lash the lazy sign, Boötes, on?
Dost thou instruct the eagle how to fly,
To mount the viewless winds, and tower the sky?
On sounding pinions borne, he soars, and shrouds
His proud aspiring head among the clouds;
Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his prey,
He sails in triumph through th' ethereal way,
Bears on the sun, and basks in open day.
Does the dread king, and terror of the wood,
The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams:
* He snuffs the track of beasts, he fiercely roars,
Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours:
With sullen majesty he stalks away,
And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey:
Dreadful he grins, he rends the savage brood
With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting blood.
Dost thou with thunder arm the generous horse,
Add nervous limbs, or swiftness for the course?
Fleet as the wind, he shoots along the plain,
And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;
His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright,
Dart a fierce glory, and a dreadful light:
Pleas'd with the clank of arms, and trumpets' sound,
He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
He snuffs the promis'd battle from afar, [war:
Neighs at the captains, shouts, and thunder of the
Rous'd with the noble din and martial sight,
He pants with tumults of severe delight:
His sprightly blood an eyen course disdains,
Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
He braves the spear, and mocks the twanging bow,
Demands the fight, and rushes on the foe.

VARIATION.

* He mocks the beating storms and wintery showers,
Making night hideous as he sternly roars.

MELANCHOLY:

AN ODE.

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter. 1723.

Adieu vain mirth, and noisy joys!
Ye gay desires, deluding toys!
Thou, thoughtful melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy pensive train!
If by the fall or murmuring floods,
Where awful shades embrown the woods,
Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
Thou wanderest silent and alone;
Come, blissful mourner, wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth, thou care, my hours employ!
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy!
By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk;
While to my sighs and groans by turns,
From graves the midnight echo mourns.
Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
Though earth conceal me in thy womb!
And you, ye worms, this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground!
O life, frail offspring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!
Swift as the short-liv'd flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.
With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath:
While round, stern ministers of fate,
Pain, and disease, and sorrow wait.
While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from play to play
The wanton trifles life away.
When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.
When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost;
Wither'd and wan to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes.
Oh happiness, thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
What art thou, gold, but shining earth?
Thou, common fame, but common breath?
If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame, applause is noise;
Ev'n victors are by conquest curst,
The bravest warrior is the worst.
Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show!
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toy-shop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With ſolemn pace, demure, and ſlow:
Lo! ſad and ſerious, I purſue
Thy ſteps—adieu, vain world, adieu!

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS;

A PASTORAL.

[They ſing the different ſucceſs and abſence of their loves.]

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount Townſhend, of Rainham in Norfolk.

——"Sylvæ ſunt Conſule dignæ."—VIRG.

Daphnis.

How calm the evening! ſee the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle ſighs the ſoftly whiſpering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees;
Hark! the night-warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
Glads every valley with melodious woes!
Swift through the air her rounds the ſwallow takes,
Or ſportive ſkims the level of the lakes.
The timorous deer, ſwift-ſtarting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again, and gaze.
See! how yon ſwans, with ſnowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks, and ſail along in ſtate!
Thy friſking flocks ſafe-wandering crop the plain,
And the glad ſeaſon claims a gladſome ſtrain.
Begin——Ye echoes liſten to the ſong,
And with its ſweetneſs pleas'd, each note prolong!

Lycidas.

Sing, muſe—and oh! my Townſhend deign to view
What the muſe ſings, to Townſhend this is due!
Who carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illuſtriouſly retires;
And calmly wandering in his Rainham, roves
By lake, or ſpring, by thicket, lawn, or groves;
Where verdant hills or vales, where fountains ſtray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away;
Unenvy'd views the ſplendid toils of ſtate,
In private happy, as in public great.
Thus godlike Scipio, on whoſe cares reclin'd
The burden and repoſe of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly ſtray'd,
The world forgot, beneath the laurel ſhade;
Nor longer would be great, but void of ſtrife,
Clos'd in ſoft peace his eve of glorious life.
Feed round, my goats; ye ſheep, in ſafety graze;
Ye winds, breathe gently while I tune my lays.
The joyous ſpring draws nigh; ambroſial ſhowers
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flowers;
The flowers blow ſweet, the daffodils unfold
The ſpreading glories of their blooming gold.

Daphnis.

As the gay hours advance, the bloſſoms ſhoot,
The knitting bloſſoms harden into fruit;
And as the autumn by degrees enſues,
The mellowing fruits diſplay their ſtreaky hues.

Lycidas.

When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſt roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores,
The bloomy beauties of the paſtures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.

Daphnis.

Severe the ſtorms! when ſhuddering winter binds
The earth! but winter yields to vernal winds.
Oh Love! thy rigour my whole life deforms,
More cold than winter, more ſevere than ſtorms!

Lycidas.

Sweet is the ſpring, and gay the ſummer hours,
When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers;
But neither ſweet the ſpring, nor ſummer gay,
When ſhe I love, my charmer, is away.

Daphnis.

To ſavage rocks, through bleak inclement ſkies,
Deaf as thoſe rocks, from me my fair one flies:
Oh virgin, ceaſe to fly! th' inclement air [ſpare!
May hurt thy charms!—but thou haſt charms to

Lycidas.

I love, and ever ſhall my love remain,
The faireſt, kindeſt virgin of the plain;
With equal paſſion her ſoft boſom glows,
Feels the ſweet pains, and ſhares the heavenly woes.

Daphnis.

With a feign'd paſſion, ſhe I love beguiles,
And gayly falſe the dear diſſembler ſmiles;
But let her ſtill thoſe bleſt deceits employ,
Still may ſhe feign, and cheat me into joy!

Lycidas.

On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd,
Gods! how tranſported I, and ſhe how kind!
There riſe, ye flowers, and there your pride diſplay,
There ſhed your odours where the fair-one lay!

Daphnis.

Once, as my fair-one in the roſy bower
In gentle ſlumbers paſs'd the noon-tide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliſs,
At leiſure gaz'd, then ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
She wak'd; when conſcious ſmiles, but ill repreſt
Spoke no diſdain!—Was ever ſwain ſo bleſt?

Lycidas.

With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In ſport my charmer gave her ſwain a blow:
The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
Fled, till I ſeiz'd and kiſs'd the blooming maid;
She ſmil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
She would offend a thouſand times a day!

Daphnis.

O'er the ſteep mountains, and the pathleſs mead,
From my embrace the lovely ſcorner fled;
But ſtumbling in the flight, by chance ſhe fell:
I ſaw—but what—her lover will not tell.

Lycidas.

From me my fair-one fled, diſſembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and ſhow'd by the directing ſound
She only hid, in ſecret to be found.

Daphnis.

Far hence to happier climes Belinda ſtrays,
But in my breaſt her lovely image ſtays;
Oh! to theſe plains again, bright nymph, repair,
Or from my breaſt far hence thy image bear!

Lycidas.

Come, Delia, come! till Delia bleſs theſe ſeats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats!
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe!

Daphnis.

Where'er Belinda roves, ye zephyrs, play!
Where'er she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
From sultry suns, ye groves, my charmer keep!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her sleep!

Lycidas.

If streams smooth-wandering, Delia, yield delight;
If the gay rose, or lily, please thy sight;
Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow,
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow!

Daphnis.

Aid me, ye muses, while I loud proclaim
What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name:
Wast it, ye breezes, to the hills around;
And sport, ye echoes, with the favourite sound.

Lycidas.

Thy name, my Delia, shall improve my song,
The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue:
Her name to heaven propitious zephyrs hear,
And breathe it to her kindred angels there!

Daphnis.

But see! the night displays her starry train,
Soft silver dews impearl the glittering plain;
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluish mists rise from the smoking floods:
* Haste, Daphnis, haste to fold thy woolly care,
The deepening shades imbrown th' unwholesome air.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame.

There are, who with fond transport praise
The chariot thundering in the race;
Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a god.

The man who courts the people's voice,
And doats on offices and noise;
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous nature yields,
Unmov'd, the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happiness for gold;
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
Envies the quiet of the shades;
But soon relaunches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor.

Some careless waste the mirthful day
With generous wines, and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour,
By spring, or rill, or shade, or bower.

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets, that alarm to war;
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their sons to arms and death.

VARIATION.

* Haste, Lycidas, to fold, &c.

The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies
The chilling blast, and freezing skies:
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft beauty pleads: along the plain
The stag he chases, or beguiles
The furious boar into his toils.

For you the blooming ivy grows,
Proud to adorn your learned brows;
Patron of letters you arise,
Grow to a god, and mount the skies.

Humbly in breezy shades I stray
Where sylvans dance, and satyrs play;
Contented to advance my claim,
Only o'er men without a name;
Transcribing what the muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string.

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the lyric train,
Aloft the towering muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

AN EPISTLE

To my Friend Mr. Elijah Fenton, Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy. 1726.

WHY art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell,
Averse to sing, who know'st to sing so well?
If thy proud muse the tragic buskin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears;
While, regularly bold, she nobly sings
Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings:
If by thy hand th' Homeric lyre be strung,
The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.
The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
And, though reluctant, swell the lofty lay;
Then listening groves once more shall catch the sound,
While Grecian muses sing on British ground.
Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus roves
Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves;
But when, emerging from the azure main,
Coercive bands th' unwilling God constrain,
Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
And his tongue speaks sublime, what heaven inspires.
Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
What ev'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
And critics, bias'd by mistaken rules,
Like Turkish zealots, reverence none but fools.
But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
They rail the happy author into fame:
Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And rises amid monsters into day.
Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
While noble scorn, my friend, such insult sees,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.
Free from the lust of wealth, and glittering snares,
That make th' unhappy great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness and learned ease.
Deny me grandeur, heaven, but goodness grant!
A king is less illustrious than a saint:

Hail, holy virtue! come, thou heavenly gueſt,
Come, fix thy pleaſing empire in my breaſt!
* Thou know'ſt her influence, friend! thy cheerful mien
Proclaims the innocence and peace within;
Such joys as none but ſons of virtue know,
Shine in thy face, and in thy boſom glow.
So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar as a friend with God,
Celeſtial radiance every feature ſhed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.
Sure what th' unthinking great miſtaken call
Their happineſs, is folly, folly all!
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but ſwell with barren pride;
And while low vales in uſeful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked ſummits to the ſky.
In honour, as in place, ye great, tranſcend!
An angel fall'n, degenerates to a fiend:
Th' all-cheering ſun is honour'd with his ſhrines;
Not that he moves aloft, but that he ſhines.
Why flames the ſtar on Walpole's generous breaſt?
Not that he's higheſt, but becauſe he's beſt;
Fond to oblige; in bleſſing others, bleſt.
How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to ſubdue the thirſt of gold!
The ſhining dirt the ſordid wretch enſnares
To buy, with mighty treaſures, mighty cares;
Blindly he courts, miſguided by the will,
A ſpacious good, and meets a real ill:
So when Ulyſſes plough'd the ſurgy main;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treaſures, but out-ruſh'd a wind;
The ſudden hurricane in thunder rears,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the ſhores.
O heaven! by what vain paſſions man is ſway'd,
Proud of his reaſon, by his will betray'd!
Blindly he wanders in purſuit of vice,
And hates confinement, though in paradiſe;
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, inſtead of Eden's bowers,
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers;
Between th' extremes, direct he ſees the way,
Yet wilful ſwerves, perverſely fond to ſtray!
Whilſt niggard ſouls indulge their craving thirſt,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curſt;
The prodigal purſues expenſive vice,
And buys diſhonour at a mighty price;
On beds of ſtate the ſplendid glutton ſleeps,
While ſtarving merit unregarded weeps:
His ill-plac'd bounty, while ſcorn'd virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning ſycophant receives;
And cringing knaves, or haughty ſtrumpets, ſhare
What would make ſorrow ſmile, and cheer deſpair.
Then would'ſt thou ſteer where fortune ſpreads the ſails?
Go, flatter vice! for ſeldom flattery fails:
Soft through the ear the pleaſing bane diſtills:
Delicious poiſon! in perfumes it kills!

VARIATION.

* Thou feel'ſt her power, my friend, &c.

Be all but virtuous: Oh! unwiſe to live
Unfaſhionably good, and hope to thrive!
Trees that aloft with proudeſt honours riſe,
Root hell-ward, and thence flouriſh to the ſkies.
O happier thou, my friend, with eaſe content,
Bleſt with the conſcience of a life well-ſpent!
Nor would'ſt be great; but guide thy gather'd ſails,
Safe by the ſhore nor tempt the rougher gales;
For ſure, of all that feel the wound of fate,
None are completely wretched but the great:
Superior woes, ſuperior ſtations bring;
A peaſant ſleeps, while cares awake a king:
Who reigns, muſt ſuffer! crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and load the royal head:
Change but the ſcene, and kings in duſt decay,
Swept from the earth the pageants of a day;
There no diſtinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves, and rottenneſs in ſtate.
Such now are all that ſhone on earth before;
Cæſar and mighty Marlborough are no more!
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The ſoul of mortals, muſt with Hanmer die:
O Compton, when this breath we once reſign,
My duſt ſhall be as eloquent as thine!
Till that laſt hour which calls me hence away
To pay that great arrear which all muſt pay;
Oh! may I tread the paths which ſaints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before th' all-ſeeing God!
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep.
Come, taſte, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
Look down on royal ſlaves, and pity kings.
More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
With innocence and ſhade like Adam bleſt,
While a new Eden opens in the breaſt!
Such were the ſcenes deſcending angels trod
In guiltleſs days, when man convers'd with God,
Then ſhall my lyre to loftier ſounds be ſtrung,
Inſpir'd by * Homer, or what thou haſt ſung:
My muſe from thine ſhall catch a warmer ray;
As clouds are brighten'd by the God of day.
So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
With ſhoots ennobled of a generous kind,
High o'er the ground with fruits adopted riſe,
And liſt their ſpreading honours to the ſkies.

A DIALOGUE

Between a Lady and her Looking-Claſs, while ſhe had the Green-Sickneſs.

The gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear cryſtal of her glaſs;
The lightning from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roſes dead.

Then thus Ophelia, with a frown:—
Art thou, falſe thing, perfidious grown!
I never could have thought, I ſwear,
To find ſo great a ſlanderer there!

Falſe thing! thy malice I defy!
Beaux vow I'm fair—who never lye.

* *Dr. Broome tranſlated eight books of the Odyſſey.*

More brittle far than brittle thou,
Would every grace of woman grow,
If charms so great so soon decay,
The bright possession of a day!
But this I know, and this declare,
That thou art false, and I am fair.

The glass was vex'd to be bely'd,
And thus with angry tone reply'd:

No more to me of falsehood talk,
But leave your oatmeal and your chalk!
'Tis true, you're meagre, pale, and wan;
The reason is, you're sick for man.—

While yet it spoke, Ophelia frown'd,
And dash'd th' offender to the ground;
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glittering ruin spread;
When lo! the parts pale looks disclose,
Pale looks in every fragment rose;
Around the room instead of one,
An hundred pale Ophelias shone;
Away the frighted virgin flew,
And humbled, from herself withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
With snuff, and nonesense, dance, and song;
Ye men of compliment and lace!
Behold this image in the glass:
The wondrous force of flattery prove,
To cheat fond virgins into love:
Though pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
With the vermilion of the rose:
Praise them—for praise is always true,
Though with both eyes the cheat they view.
From hateful truths the virgin flies;
But the false sex is caught with lies.

A POEM ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

Chiefly with Relation to the Sieges:

WITH THE PRAISE OF PEACE AND RETIREMENT, WRITTEN IN 1710.

"Secessus mei non desidiæ nomen, sed tranquillitatis accipiant."—PLIN.

Happy, thou Flandria, on whose fertile plains,
In wanton pride luxurious plenty reigns;
Happy! had heaven bestow'd one blessing more,
And plac'd thee distant from the Gallic power!
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
They but invite the victor to subdue:
War, horrid war, the sylvan scene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland shades;
Here shatter'd towers, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;
There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestic ruins, awful in decay!
Thy very dust, though unistinguish'd trod,
Compos'd, perhaps, some hero, great and good,
Who nobly for his country lost his blood!

Ev'n with the grave, the haughty spoilers war,
And death's dark mansions wide disclose to air:
O'er kings and saints insulting stalk, nor dread
To spurn the ashes of the glorious dead.
See! the Britannic lions wave in air! [war!
See! mighty Marlborough breathing death and
From Albion's shores, at Anna's high commands,
The dauntless hero pours his martial bands.
As when in wrath stern Mars the thunderer sends
To scourge his foes; in pomp the God descends;
He mounts his iron car; with fury burns;
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns;
Gloomy he grasps his adamantine shield,
And scatters armies o'er th' ensanguin'd field:
With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows,
In vengeance rushing on his country's foes.
See! round the hostile towers embattled stands
His banner'd host, embodied bands by bands!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground;
The surly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful music of the war;
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies;
The heavens above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and shine with death;
In fiery storms descends a murderous shower,
Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar;
As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above;
Through the sing'd air, with unresisted sway,
The forky vengeance rends its flaming way,
And, while the firmament with thunder roars,
From their foundations hurls imperial towers;
So rush the globes with many a fiery round,
Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast mound.
Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
The shape of man half bury'd in the wound:
And lo! while in the shock of war they close,
While swords meet swords, and foes encounter foes,
The treacherous earth, beneath their footsteps cleaves,
Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves;
Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise,
And whirl the torn battalions to the skies.
Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thundering sound,
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die.
See! through th' encumber'd air the ponderous bomb
Bears magazines of death within its womb;
The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
And darts bright horror through th' ethereal plain;
* It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound
Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground:

VARIATION.

* Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay;
Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way,

Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
And mow a thousand lives, a thousand ways;
† Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames arise
From palaces, and domes, and kindle half the skies.
Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole;
'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their hair
Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war.
But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain;
Serene, while engines from the hostile tower
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron shower;
While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
Hews through the deathful breach his desperate way?
Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil;
Or is it Marlborough, or the great Argyll?
Thus, when the Grecians, furious to destroy,
Levell'd the structures of imperial Troy;
Here angry Neptune hurl'd his vengeful mace,
There Jove o'erturn'd it from his inmost base:
Though brave, yet vanquish'd, she confess'd the odds;
Her sons were heroes, but they fought with gods.
Ah! what new horrors rise? In deep array
The squadrons form aloft the standards play!
The captains draw the sword! on every brow
Determin'd valour lowers! the trumpets blow!
See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
Through the hard entrails of the stubborn mound!
And, undismay'd by death, the foe invades
Through dreadful horrors of infernal shades!
In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies,
In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies!
Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
Nor careless dream of subterranean foes,
Like the Cadmæan host, embattled swarms
Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
And, pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
Wrap towers, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death.
So some sam'd torrent dives within the caves
Of opening earth, ingulph'd with all his waves;
High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
His wandering flock, and tunes the sprightly reed:
Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies;
Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.
Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler scenes,
To shadowy bowers, and never-fading greens!
Where the shrill trumpet never sound alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms;
Hail, ye soft seats! ye limpid springs and floods!
Ye flowery meads, ye vales, and woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!
Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!
Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields
From fruit, or herb, the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feast of death:
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving turns to ashes, whence it came;
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.
Ye gloomy grots! ye awful solemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from splendid cares and tiresome state,
That pompous misery of being great!
Happy! if by the wise and learn'd belov'd;
But happiest above all, if self-approv'd!
Content with ease: ambitious to despise
Illustrious vanity, and glorious vice!
Come, thou chaste maid, here ever let me stray,
While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away;
Here court the muses, while the sun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky:
Or while the night's dark wings this globe surround,
And the pale moon begins her solemn round,
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confusion stray
Oblique, direct, along th' aërial way:
Or when Aurora, from her golden bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed,
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past times, and built whole worlds anew;
Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
The sons of fame, who liv'd in ancient days:
And lo! with haughty stalk the warrior treads!
Stern legislators frowning lift their heads!
I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious scars!
Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.
Charm me, ye sacred leaves *, with loftier themes,
With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in flames:
Ye restless passions, while I read, be aw'd:
Hail, ye mysterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant time began,
How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to slumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven.
But nobler yet, far nobler scenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the forests dance?

VARIATIONS.

Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight,
It sinks, it falls, earth groans beneath its weight.
Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire,
The mighty bleed, heaps crush'd on heaps expire.
† The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.

* *The Holy Scriptures.*

Why flaſhes glory from the golden ſpheres?
Rejoice, O earth, a God, a God appears!
A God, a God, deſcending angels ſing,
And mighty ſeraphs ſhout, Behold your King!
Hail, virgin-born! Lift, lift, ye blind, your eyes!
Sing, oh ye dumb! and oh ye dead, ariſe!
Tremble, ye gates of hell! In nobleſt ſtrains
Tell it aloud, ye heavens! the Saviour reigns!
Thus lonely, though'ful, may I run the race
Of tranſient life, in no inuſeful eaſe!
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too ſhort, and yet too long the day;
Of right obſervant, while the ſoul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends.
And thou, fair Peace, from the wild floods of war
Come dovelike, and thy blooming olive bear:
Tell me, ye victors, what ſtrange charms ye find
In conqueſt, that deſtruction of mankind!
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flouriſh but in human woe,
If never earth the wreathe triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood or orphans' tears.
Let Ganges from afar to ſlaughter train
His fable warriors on th' embattled plain;
Let Volga's ſons in iron ſquadrons riſe,
And pour in millions from her frozen ſkies:
Thou, gentle Thames, flow thou in peaceful ſtreams,
Bid thy bold ſons reſtrain their martial flames.
In thy own laurel's ſhade, great Marlborough, ſtay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away:
Guardian of England! born to ſcourge her foes,
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repoſe;
Sink down, ye hills; eternal rocks, ſubſide;
Vaniſh, ye forts; thou, ocean, drain thy tide:
We ſafety boaſt, defended by thy fame,
And armies—in the terror of thy name!
Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade.
War, be thou chain'd! ye ſtreams of blood, be ſtay'd!
Though wild Ambition her juſt vengeance feels,
She wars to ſave, and where ſhe ſtrikes, ſhe heals.
So Pallas with her javelin ſmote the ground,
And peaceful olives flouriſh'd from the wound.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

Baron of Eyre, Warden, Chief Juſtice, and Juſtice in Eyre of all His Majeſty's Foreſts, Chaſes, Parks, and Warrens, on the South Side of Trent.

———δῶρόν τοι τῦτο δίδωμι
Μνήμε———

Odyſſey, Lib. 15.

O THOU whoſe virtues ſanctify thy ſtate!
O great, without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to pleaſe,
To think, to act with elegance and eaſe!*

Say, wilt thou liſten while I tune the ſtring,
And ſing to thee, who gav'ſt me eaſe to ſing?
Unſkill'd in verſe, I haunt the ſilent grove;
Yet lowly ſhepherds ſing to mighty Jove;
And mighty Jove attends the ſhepherd's vows,
And gracious what his ſuppliants aſks beſtows:
So by thy favour may the muſe be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful muſe ſhall in return beſtow
Her ſpreading laurels to adorn thy brow.
Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement ſhower;
And when the fury of the ſtorm is laid,
Repays with ſweets the hoſpitable ſhade.
Severe their lot, who, when they long endure
The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure!
Like ſhips in ſtorms o'er liquid mountains toſt,
Ere they are ſav'd muſt almoſt firſt be loſt;
But you with ſpeed forbid diſtreſs to grieve:
He gives by halves,* who heſitates to give.
Thus, when an angel views mankind diſtreſt,
He feels compaſſion pleading in his breaſt;
Inſtant the heavenly guardian cleaves the ſkies,
And, pleas'd to ſave, on wings of lightning flies†.
Some the vain promiſes of courts betray;
And gaily ſtraying, they are pleas'd to ſtray;
The flattering nothing ſtill deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever diſtant flies:
As perſpectives preſent the object nigh,
Though far remov'd from the miſtaking eye;
Againſt our reaſon fondly we believe,
Aſſiſt the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a falſe light relieve the ambient ſhades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright deluſion play,
But the falſe guide ſhines only to betray:
Swift he purſues, yet ſtill the path miſtakes,
O'er dangerous marſhes, or through thorny brakes;
Yet obſtinate in wrong he toils to ſtray,
With many a weary ſtride, o'er many a painful way.
So man purſues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his diſappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiouſly deſtroy
The power to taſte the long-expected joy,
Then fortune envious ſheds her golden ſhowers,
Malignly ſmiles, and curſes him with ſtores.

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
Loyal, yet free; a ſubject, not a ſlave;
Say, &c.

ADDITION.

† Few know to aſk, or decently receive;
And fewer ſtill with dignity to give:
If earn'd by flattery, gifts of higheſt price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice.
Some wildly laviſh, yet no friend obtain;
Nor are they generous, but abſurd and vain.
Some give with ſurly pride and boiſterous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour luſtre by the grace;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins,
Bleſſing the world, and while he bleſſes ſhines.

* *The Lord Cornwallis, in a moſt obliging manner, recommended the author to the rectory of Pulham.*

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambrofial ointments o'er their aſhes ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The ſpicy odours, and the ſolemn rites,
With fruitleſs pomp they deck the ſenſeleſs tombs,
And waſte profuſely floods of vain perfumes.

THE ROSE-BUD.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Jane Wharton.

Queen of fragrance, lovely roſe,
The beauties of thy leaves diſcloſe!
The winter's paſt, the tempeſts fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the ſky;
The lark ſweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of ſpring:
The ſilver dews, the vernal ſhowers,
Call forth a bloomy waſte of flowers;
The joyous fields, the ſhady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or ſwell with buds;
Then haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely roſe!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome gueſt,
Shalt flouriſh on the fair one's breaſt,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower moſt ſweet, the nymph moſt fair.
Breathe ſoft, ye winds! be calm ye ſkies!
Ariſe, ye flowery race, ariſe!
And haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely roſe!

But thou, fair nymph, thyſelf ſurvey
In this ſweet offſpring of a day:
That miracle of face muſt fail;
Thy charms are ſweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the ſhort-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though ſickneſs yet a while forbears,
Yet time deſtroys what ſickneſs ſpares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name.
Time muſt indent that heavenly brow,
And thou muſt be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely roſe.

BELINDA AT THE BATH.

While in theſe fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Bethſeda's pool an angel flood,
Bade the ſoft waters heal, and bleſt the flood;
But from her eye ſuch bright deſtruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her, the lover dies.

No more let Tagus boaſt, whoſe beds unfold
A ſhining treaſure of all-conquering gold!
No more the * Po! whoſe wandering waters ſtray,
In mazy errors, through the ſtarry way:

Henceforth theſe ſprings ſuperior honours ſhare;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

THE COY;

AN ODE.

Love is a noble rich repaſt,
But ſeldom ſhould the lover taſte;
When the kind fair no more reſtrains,
The glutton ſurfeits and diſdains.

To move the nymph, he tears beſtows,
He vainly ſighs, he falſely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's ſon with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight:
The thoughts of conqueſt charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a proſpect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the diſtant ſight,
Where the tir'd travellers ſurvey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

Ye fair that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind when moſt you love:
Damon purſues, if Celia flies;
But when her love is born, his dies.

Had Danäe the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfin'd as air,
Free from the guards and brazen tower,
She'd ne'er been worth a golden ſhower.

To the Honourable

MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,

AFTERWARDS LADY CORNWALLIS,

ON HER PICTURE AT RAINHAM.

——περὶ ἔσσι γυναικῶν
Εἶδός τ' ἰδὲ φρένας. Odyſſey, Lib. 18.

Ah! cruel hand, that could ſuch power employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to deſtroy!
Singly ſhe charm'd before; but by his ſkill
The living beauty and her likeneſs kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall,
A face in all is ſeen, and charms in all!

Think then, O faireſt of the fairer race,
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
Whoſe very ſhadow can ſuch flames inſpire;
We ſee 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See! with falſe life the lovely image glows,
And every wondrous grace tranſplanted ſhows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her ſhape, and multiplies our pains;
Hence the fond youth, that eaſe by abſence found,
Views the dear form, and bleeds at every wound;
Thus the bright Venus, though to heaven ſhe
ſoar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.

Oh! wond'rous power of mingled light and
ſhades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence perſuades,

* "—Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cœli."
Tull. in Arateis.
"Gurgite ſidereo ſubterluit Oriona." Claud.

Where paſſions are beheld in picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought:
Rare art! on whoſe command all nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates:
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
There the proud ſeas with all their billows riſe:
If life be drawn, reſponſive to the thought
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in ſkies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beaſts in imitated groves:
Ev'n heaven it climbs; and from the forming hands
An angel here, and there a Townſhend ſtands.

Yet, painter, yet, though art with nature ſtrive,
Though ev'n the lovely phantom ſeem alive,
Submit thy vanquiſh'd art! and own the draught,
Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault:
Charms, ſuch as her's, inimitably great,
He only can expreſs, that can create.
Couldſt thou extract the whiteneſs of the ſnow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy ſkill,
Lovely in thee, herſelf more lovely ſtill!

Thus in the limpid fountain we deſcry
The faint reſemblance of the glittering ſky;
Another ſun diſplays his leſſen'd beams,
Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd ſtreams:
But though the ſcene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted ſkies in nobler beauties move;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps diſplay
A deluge of inimitable day.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS. 1726.

Let vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
And ſpeaking marble to record their praiſe;
Or carve with fruitleſs toil, to fame unknown,
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals, ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe;
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt;
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die;
When ſink together in the world's laſt fires
What heaven created, and what heaven inſpires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead;
Shakſpeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines,
Now every ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael, time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades;
A rival hand recals from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtriſe,
While the fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's ſacred lyre,
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by heaven to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares againſt the ſky;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, he meets the god in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flores;
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the towers of heaven; earth rocks her coaſts;
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To every theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play:
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away, and die.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring ſpring
The whizzing arrows vaniſh from the ſtring!
When giants ſtrain, ſome rock's vaſt weight to ſhove,
The ſlow verſe heaves, and the clogg'd words ſcarce move;
But when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
Jumping it thundering whirls, and ruſhes to the ground:
Swift flows the verſe, when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzled view, and flaſh along the ſky:
Thus, like the radiant god who ſheds the day,
The vale you paint, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verſe complies,
Sink without grovelling, without raſhneſs riſe.

Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer, ſtill Ulyſſes ſing!
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Adventrous waken the * Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
Like theirs our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united, for thy friendſhip's ſame.
How long Ulyſſes, by unſkilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the † wand, and all the hero loſt;
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a God he moves.

* *The author tranſlated eight books of the Odyſſey.*
† *See the 16th Odyſſey, ver. 186, and 476.*

This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hovering angels liſten on the wing;
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or, nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend,
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend, [lay,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ILIADS OF HOMER.

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now high advanc'd the night, o'er all the hoſt
Sleep ſhed his ſoſteſt balm; reſtleſs alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.
As when with riſing vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a watery deluge, or in ſtorms
Of hail or ſnow commands the goary jaws
Of war to roar; through all the kindling ſkies,
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play:
So while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after ſighs burſts from his manly breaſt,
And ſhake his inmoſt ſoul: round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thouſand fires blaze dreadful; through his ears
Paſſes the direful ſymphony of war,
Of fife, or pipe, and the loud hum of hoſts
Strikes him diſmay'd: Now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in ſacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.
Thus groans the thoughtful king; at length reſolves
To ſeek the Pylian ſage, in wiſe debate
To ripen high deſigns, and from the ſword
Preſerve his banded legions. Pale and ſad
Uproſe the monarch: inſtant o'er his breaſt
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet
Glitter'd th' embroider'd ſandals: o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's ſpoils,
With hideous grace down to his ankles hung;
Fierce in his hand he graſp'd a glittering ſpear.
With equal care was Menelaus toſs'd:
Sleep from his temples fled, his generous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cauſe
Stemm'd the proud main, and nobly ſtood in arms
Confronting death: A leopard's ſpotted ſpoils
Terrific clad his limbs, a brazen helm
Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a ſpear.
Forth from his tent the royal Spartan ſtrode
To wake the king of men; him wak'd he found
Claſping his poliſh'd arms; with riſing joy
The heroes meet, the Spartan thus begun:
Why thus in arms, my prince? Send'ſt thou ſome ſpy
To view the Trojan hoſt? Alas! I fear
Leſt the moſt dauntleſs ſons of glorious war
Shrink at the bold deſign! This taſk demands
A ſoul reſolv'd, to paſs the gloom of night,
And 'midſt her legions ſearch the powers of Troy.
O prince, he cries, in this diſaſtrous hour
Greece all our counſel claims, now, now demands
Our deepeſt cares! the power omnipotent
Frowns on our arms, but ſmiles with aſpect mild
On Hector's incenſe: Heavens! what ſon of fame,
Renown'd in ſtory, e'er ſuch deeds atchiev'd
In a whole life, as in one glorious day
This favourite of the ſkies? and yet a man!
A mortal! born to die! but ſuch his deeds
As future Grecians ſhall repeat with tears
To children yet unborn.—But haſte, repair
To Ajax and Idomeneus: we wake
Ourſelf the Pylian ſage; to keep the guards
On duty be his care; for o'er the guards
His ſon preſides nocturnal, and in arms
His great compeer, Meriones the bold.
But ſay, rejoins the prince, theſe orders borne,
There ſhall I ſtay, or, meaſuring back the ſhores,
To thee return?——No more return, replies
The king of hoſts, leſt treading different ways
We meet no more; for through the camp the ways
Lie intricate and various: but aloud
Wake every Greek to martial fame and arms;
Teach them to emulate their godlike ſires;
And thou awhile forget thy royal birth,
And ſhare a ſoldier's cares: the proudeſt king
Is but exalted duſt; and when great Jove
Call'd us to life, and gave us royal power,
He gave a ſad pre-eminence of woes
He ſpoke, and to the tent of Neſtor turns
His ſtep majeſtic: on his couch he found
The hoary warrior; all around him lay
His arms, the ſhield, the ſpears, the radiant helm,
And ſcarf of various dye: with theſe array'd,
The reverend father to the field of fame
Led his bold files; for, with a brave diſdain,
Old as he was, he ſcorn'd the eaſe of age.
Sudden the monarch ſtarts, and half uprais'd,
Thus to the king aloud; What art thou, ſay?
Why in the camp alone? while others ſleep,
Why wandereſt thou obſcure the midnight hours?
Seek'ſt thou ſome centinel, or abſent friend?
Speak inſtant!—Silent to advance, is death!
O pride of Greece, the plaintive king returns,
Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'ſt,
A prince, the moſt unhappy of mankind;
Woes I endure, which none but kings can feel,
Which ne'er will ceaſe until forgot in death:
Penſive I wander through the damp of night,
Through the cold damp of night; diſtreſs'd! alone!
And ſleep is grown a ſtranger to my eyes:
The weight of all the war, the load of woes
That preſſes every Greek, united falls
On me——the cares of all the hoſt are mine!
Grief diſcompoſes, and diſtracts my thoughts;
My reſtleſs panting heart, as if it ſtrove
To force its priſon, beats againſt my ſides!
My ſtrength is fail'd, and even my feet refuſe
To bear ſo great a load of wretchedneſs!
But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
Uſeful, the thought unfold: but riſe, my friend,
Viſit with me the watches of the night;
Leſt tir'd they ſleep, while Troy with all her war
Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now
Arms her proud bands. Ariſe, my friend, ariſe!

To whom the Pylian : Think not, mighty king,
Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views ;
A ſudden, ſad reverſe of mighty woes
Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
Dreadful Achilles ſhines. But now thy ſteps
Neſtor attends : Be it our care to wake
Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax : To the ſhips that guard
Outmoſt the camp, ſome other ſpeed his way
To raiſe ſtern Ajax and the Cretan king.
But love, nor reverence to the mighty name
Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O king,
Shall ſtop my free rebuke : Sleep is a crime
When Agamemnon wakes ; on him it lies
To ſhare thy martial toils, to court the peers
To act the men : this hour claims all our cares.
Reſerve, rejoins the king, for future hours
Thy generous anger : Seems the royal youth
Remiſs? 'tis not through indolence of ſoul,
But deference to our power ; for our commands
He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
This night diſdaining reſt, his ſteps he bent
To our pavilion : now the illuſtrious peers,
Rais'd at his call, a choſen ſynod ſtand
Before the gates : haſte, Neſtor, haſte away. [hands
To whom the ſage well pleas'd : In ſuch brave
No Greek will envy power : with loyal joy
Subjects obey, when men of worth command.
He added not, but o'er his manly breaſt
Flung a rich robe : beneath his royal feet
The glittering ſandals ſhone : a ſoft, large veſt,
Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
Graceful adorn'd : tipt with a ſtar of braſs
A ponderous lance he graſp'd, and ſtrode away
To wake ſage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
He rais'd : his voice was heard, and from his tent
Inſtant Ulyſſes ſprung ; and why, he cry'd,
Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night ?
What new diſtreſs invades?—Forgive my cares,
Reply'd the hoary ſage ; for Greece I wake,
Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent :
But haſte, our wakeful peers in council meet ;
This, this one night determines flight or war.
Swift at the word he ſeiz'd his ample ſhield,
And ſtrode along ; and now they bend their way
To wake the brave Tydides : him they found
Stretch'd on the earth, array'd in ſhining arms,
And round, his brave companions of the war :
Their ſhields ſuſtain'd their heads ; erect their ſpears
Shot through th' illumin'd air a ſtreaming ray,
Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the ſkies.
Thus ſlept the chief : beneath him on the ground
A ſavage bull's black hide was roll'd ; his head
A ſplendid carpet bore. The ſlumbering king
The Pylian gently with theſe words awakes :
Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! ill, a whole night's reſt
Suits with the brave ! and ſleep'ſt thou, while proud Troy
Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon joining hill
Prepares her war ? Awake, my friend, awake !
Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave
This ſoft reply : Oh ! cruel to thy age, [ceaſe
Thou good old man ! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou
To burthen age with cares ? Has Greece no youths
To wake the peers? unwearied man, to bear
At once the double load of toils, and years !
'Tis true, he cry'd, my ſubjects and my ſons
Might eaſe a ſire and king : but reſt's a crime
When on the edge of fate our country ſtands :
Ere yet a few hours more have run their courſe,
Important ſpace ! Greece triumphs, or Greece falls !
But, ſince an old man's care thy pity moves,
Haſte, generous youth, with ſpeed to council call
Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax.—Strait the chief obey'd,
Strait o'er his ſhoulders flung the ſhaggy ſpoil
Of a huge tawny lion ; with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung : fierce in his hand
He graſp'd a glittering ſpear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they ſat, a faithful band,
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train,
Then the ſtern lion, furious for his prey,
Ruſhes through craſhing woods, and on the fold
Springs from ſome mountain's brow, while ming-
led cries
Of men and hounds alarm ; to every ſound
Faithful they turn : ſo through the gloom of night
They caſt their view, and caught each noiſe of Troy.
Now met th' illuſtrious ſynod ; down they ſate,
Down on a ſpot of ground unſtain'd with blood
Where vengeful Hector from the ſlaughter ſtay'd
His murderous arm, when the dark veil of night
Sabled the pole : To whom thus Neſtor ſpoke :
Lives there a ſon of fame ſo nobly brave,
That Troy-ward dares to trace the dangerous way,
To ſeize ſome ſtruggling foe ? or learn what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the flood of war
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Lead her proud legions ? Oh ! what fame would
crown
The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth
Above the ſons of men ! And what rewards
Should he receive ! From every grateful peer
A fable ewe, and lamb, of higheſt worth
Memorial ; to a brave, heroic heart
The nobleſt prize! and at the ſocial feaſt
Amongſt the great, be his the ſeat of fame.
Abaſh'd they ſate, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
Not ſo Tydides : unappall'd he roſe,
And nobly ſpoke ! My ſoul ! Oh ! reverend ſage,
Fires at the bold deſign ; through yon black hoſt
Venturous I bend my way ; but, if his aid
Some warrior lend, my courage might ariſe
To nobler heights : the wiſe by mutual aid
Inſtruct the wiſe, and brave men fire the brave.
Fierce at the word upſtarted from the ground
The ſtern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion roſe,
And Thraſymedes, ſons of war : nor ſate
The Royal Spartan, nor great Neſtor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus, his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.——Elate with joy
Atrides ſaw ; and oh ! thou beſt of friends,
Brave Diomed, he cries, of all the peers
Chooſe thou the valianteſt : when merit pleads,
Titles no deference claim ; high birth and ſtate
To valour yield, and worth is more than power.
Thus, fearing for his brother, ſpoke the king,
Not long ! for Diomed diſpels his fears.
Since free my choice, can I forget a friend,

The man, for wiſdom's various arts renown'd;
The man, whoſe dauntleſs ſoul no toils diſmay,
Ulyſſes, lov'd by Pallas! through his aid,
Though thouſand fires oppoſe, a thouſand fires
Oppoſe in vain; his wiſdom points the way.
Nor praiſe, nor blame, the hero ſtrait replies;
You ſpeak to Greeks, and they Ulyſſes know:
But haſte; ſwift roll the hours of night, the morn
Already haſtens to diſplay her beams,
And in the vault of heaven the ſtars decay. [limbs
Swift at the word they ſheathe their manly
Horrid in arms: a two-edg'd ſword and ſhield
Neſtor's bold ſon to ſtern Tydides gave;
A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd,
No cone adorn'd it, and no plumy creſt
Wav'd in the air; a quiver and a bow,
And a huge faulchion, great Ulyſſes bears,
The gift of Merion: on his head an helm
Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows
The ſnowy tuſks of a huge ſavage boar
Grinn'd horrible. Thus arm'd, away they ſtalk
Undaunted: o'er their heads the martial maid
Sends on the right an her'n; the ambient gloom
Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
They hear the clangor of his ſounding wings.
Joyful the proſperous ſign Ulyſſes hail'd,
And thus to Pallas: Offſpring of dread Jove,
Who hurls the burning bolts! O guardian power,
Preſent in all my toils, who view'ſt my way
Where'er I move, now thy celeſtial aid,
Now, goddeſs, lend! may deeds this night adorn,
Deeds that all Troy may weep; may we return
In ſafety by thy guidance, heavenly maid!
Tydides caught the word; and oh! he cries,
Virgin armipotent, now grant thy aid,
As to my ſire! he by the gulfy flood
Of deep Æſopus left th' embattled bands
Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds,
His arm atchiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
Thus guard his offſpring, Oh! ſtern queen of arms;
So ſhall an heifer on thy altars bleed,
Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,
And point her lunar horns with burniſh'd gold.
Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their prayer;
Then, like two lions through the ſhades of night,
Dauntleſs they ſtride along; and hold their way
Through blood, and mangled limbs, o'er arms and
* Nor paſs they far, e'er the ſagacious eye [death.
Of Ithacus diſcerns a diſtant foe
Coaſting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:
See! o'er the plain ſome Trojan bends this way,
Perhaps to ſpoil the ſlain! or to our hoſt
Comes he a ſpy? beyond us o'er the field
'Tis beſt he paſs, then ſudden from behind
Ruſh we precipitant: but if in flight
His active feet prevail, thy ſpear employ
To force him on our lines, leſt hid in ſhades,
Through the duſk air he re-eſcape to Troy. [lay
Then couching to the ground, ambuſh'd they
Behind a hill of ſlain: onward the ſpy
Inceſſant mov'd: he paſs'd, and now aroſe
The fierce purſuers. Dolon heard the ſound
Of trampling feet, and panting, liſtening ſtood;
Now reach'd the chiefs within a javelin's throw,
Stern foes of Dolon! ſwift along the ſhores
He wing'd his flight, and ſwift along the ſhores
They ſtill purſued: as when two ſkillful hounds
Chaſe o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Still from the ſheltering brake the game they turn,
Stretch every nerve, and bear upon the prey!
So ran the chiefs, and from the hoſt of Troy
Turn'd the ſwift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
Now almoſt mingled with the guards; when lo!
The martial goddeſs breath'd heroic flames
Fierce on Tydides' ſoul: the hero fear'd
Leſt ſome bold Greek ſhould interpoſe a wound,
And raviſh half the glories of the night.
Furious he ſhook his lance, and ſtand he cry'd,
Stand, or thou dy'ſt: then ſternly from his arm
Launch'd the wild ſpear; willful the javelin err'd,
But whizzing o'er his ſhoulder, deep in earth
Stood quivering; and he quaking ſtopp'd aghaſt;
His teeth all chatter'd, and his ſlack knees knock'd;
He ſeem'd the bloodleſs image of pale fear.
Panting the ſpy they ſeize; who thus with tears
Abject entreats: Spare me, oh! ſpare, he cries;
My hoary ſire your mercy ſhall repay,
Soon as he hears I draw the vital air, [gold.
With ample wealth, with ſteel, with braſs, with
To whom Ulyſſes artfully: Be bold:
Far hence the thought of death! but inſtant ſay
Why thus alone in the ſtill hours of night
While every eye is cloſ'd? to ſpoil the ſlain
Com'ſt thou rapacious? or ſome nightly ſpy
By Hector ſent? or has thy venturous mind
Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?
By Hector ſent, and by rewards undone,
Returns the ſpy (ſtill as he ſpoke he ſhook),
I come unwilling: the refulgent car
He promis'd, and immortal ſteeds that bear
To fight, the great Achilles: thus betray'd,
Through the dun ſhades of night I bend my way
Unproſperous, to explore the tented hoſt
Of adverſe Greece, and learn if now they ſtand
Wakeful on guard, or vanquiſh'd by our arms
Precipitant deſert the ſhores of Troy.
To whom with ſmiles of ſcorn the ſage returns:
Bold were thy aims, O youth! but thoſe proud ſteeds,
Reſtive, diſdain the uſe of vulgar hands;
Scarce ev'n the goddeſs-born, when the loud din
Of battle roars, ſubdues them to the rein
Reluctant: but this night where Hector ſleeps
Faithful diſcloſe: where ſtand the warrior's ſteeds?
Where lie his arms and implements of war?
What guards are kept nocturnal? ſay, what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the tide of fight
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Transfer the war?—To theſe demands, he cries,
Faithful my tongue ſhall ſpeak: the peers of Troy
Hector in council meets: round Ilus' tomb
Apart from noiſe they ſtand: no guards ſurround
The ſpacious hoſt: where through the gloom yon
fires 7

* *Verſe* 339.

Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy;
Secure th' auxiliars sleep, no tender cares
Of wife or son disturb their calm repose,
Safe sleep their wives and sons on foreign shores.
But say, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,
Replies the sage, or join the powers of Troy?
Along the sea-beat shores, returns the spy,
The Leleges and Carians stretch their files;
Near these the Caucons, and Pelasgian train,
And Pœons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
Extended lie; on the Thymbræan plain
The Lycians and the Mysians in array
Spread their deep ranks: there the Mæonian bands,
And Phrygians, range the fiery steeds of war.
But why this nice inquiry? if your way
Venturous you bend to search the host of Troy,
There in yon outmost lines, a recent aid,
The Thracians lie, by Rhesus led, whose steeds
Outshine the snow, outfly the winged winds,
With glittering silver plates, and radiant gold
His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
Arms that may grace a God!—but to your tents
Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains,
Fast bound with cruel chains, sad on the shores
Here leave me captive, till you safe return,
And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds.
To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies:
Though every syllable be stamp'd with truth,
Dolon, thou dy'st: would'st thou once more return
Darkling a spy, or wage, a nobler foe, [more
New war on Greece? traitor, thou dy'st; nor
New war thou wagest, nor return'st a spy.
He spoke terrific: and as Dolon rais'd
Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
Sheer through his neck descends; the furious blow
Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the head,
And mutters unintelligible sounds.
Strait they despoil the dead: the wolf's gray hide
They seize the helm, the spear, and battle-bow:
These, as they dropp'd with gore, on high in air
Ulysses rais'd, and to the martial maid
Thus lowly consecrates: stern power of war,
Virgin armipotent, receive these arms,
Propitious to my vows, thee, goddess, thee
Chiefly I call: direct our prosperous way
To pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds
Of Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold.
Then fierce o'er broken arms, through streams of blood
They move along: now reach the Thracian bands
All hush'd in sleep profound; their shining arms
Rang'd in three ranks along the plain, around
Illumin'd the dun air: chariot and horse
By every Thracian flood: Rhesus their king
Slept in the centre of the circling bands,
And his prond steeds were rein'd behind his car.
With joy Ulysses through the gloom descry'd
The sleeping king; and lo! he cries, the steeds,
Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
Described by Dolon: now, oh! now, thy strength
Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds;
Or while the steeds I loose, with slaughtering hands
Invade the soldiery: he spoke, and now
The queen of arms inflam'd Tydides' soul
With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
On every side dealt fate; low, hollow groans
Murmur'd around, blood o'er the crimson field
Well'd from the slain: as in his nightly haunts
The surly lion rushes on the fold
Of sheep, or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey;
So he the Thracian bands: twelve by his sword
Lay breathless on the ground: behind him stood
Sage Ithacus, and, as the warrior slew,
Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
Impatient of the dead: now o'er the king
He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores
His heaving chest: he wak'd not; but a dream
By Pallas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts;
A visionary warrior frowning stood
Fast by his head, and his aërial sword
Plung'd through his lab'ring breast: mean while the steeds
The sage unbinds, and instant with his bow
Drives through the sleeping ranks: then to his friend
Gave signals of retreat; but nobler deeds
He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
Or lift it through the threefold ranks, up-borne
High on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
Th' ensanguin'd field; when, lo! the martial maid
Down rushes from the battlements of heaven,
And sudden cries, return, brave chief, return,
Lest from the skies some guardian power of Troy
Wrathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands.
Thus speaks the warrior queen: the heavenly voice
Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery steeds,
Observant of the high command; the bow
Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents
Scourg'd the proud steeds, the steeds flew o'er the plain.

A PASTORAL,

To a Young Lady, upon her leaving, and return to the Country.

Damon.

Say, while each scene so beautiful appears,
Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy tears?
See! from the clouds the spring descends in showers,
The painted vallies laugh with rising flowers:
Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs;
The spring, flowers, floods, conspire to charm our cares.

Florus.

But vain the pleasure which the season yields,
The laughing vallies, or the painted fields.
No more, ye floods, in silver mazes flow;
Smile not, ye flowers; no more soft breezes blow:
Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves,
The cruel, lovely Rosalinda roves.

Damon.

Ah! now I know why late the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;

Why droop'd the lily in her snowy pride;
And why the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd:
For thee, fair Rosalind, the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;
For thee the lily shed her snowy pride;
For thee the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd.

Florus.

See! where yon vine in soft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves;
There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly lay,
Both to the rising and the falling day:
But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains,
Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains;
With sorrow dumb, she disregards her lay,
Nor greets the rising nor the falling day.

Damon.

Say, O ye winds, that range the distant skies,
Now swell'd to tempests by my rising sighs;
Say, while my Rosalind deserts these shores,
How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

Florus.

Ye murmuring fountains, and ye wandering floods,
That visit various lands through various roads;
Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides,
Say, how my tears increase your swelling tides.

Damon.

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains!
Who range the mazy grove, or flowery plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!

Florus.

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love?

Damon.

Return, O virgin! and if proud disdain
Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain;
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
Thick rise, ye sighs; in floods descend, ye tears!

Florus.

Return, O virgin! while in verdant meads
By springs we sport, or dream on flowery beds;
She weary wanders through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lion's prey.

Damon.

Ah! shield her, heaven! your rage, ye beasts, forbear!
Those are not limbs for savages to tear!
Adieu, ye meads! with her through wilds I go
O'er burning sands, or everlasting snow;
With her I wander through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

Florus.

Come, Rosalind, before the wintery clouds
Frown o'er th' aërial vault, and rush in floods;
Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rains.

Damon.

Come, Rosalind, O come! then infant flowers
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours:
By you the lily shall her white compose;
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose;
Each flowery mead, and every tree shall bud,
And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.

Florus.

Yet ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way,
While sultry suns infest the glowing day:
The sultry suns thy beauties may impair!—
Yet haste away! for thou art now too fair.

Damon

Hark! from yon bower what airs soft-warbled play!
My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay:
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

Florus.

See, from the bower a form majestic moves,
And smoothly gliding shines along the groves!
Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears!

Damon.

Shine forth, thou sun, bright ruler of the day;
And where she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
Rejoice, ye groves; my heart, dismiss thy cares!
My goddess comes, my Rosalind appears!

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'Twas sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance ridagoons:
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes.
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.
Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water;
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.
What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients' purses,
As Pharoah's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.
The grave physician who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.
In shady groves the muses stray,
And love in flowery meads to play;
An idle crew! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning:

Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care:
Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge so ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil:
Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain;
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belinda's.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name;
Great recompence! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave soldier in the wars,
Gets empty praise and aching scars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs!
And starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

TO A LADY,
PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

It is a pleasing, direful sight!
At once you charm us and affright!
So heaven destroying angels arms
With terror, dreadful in their charms.

Such, such was Cleopatra's air,
Lovely, but formidably fair,
When the griev'd world impoverish'd lost,
By the dire asp, its noblest boast.

Aw'd by your guardian's dangerous power,
At distance trembling we adore;
At distance, once again behold
A serpent guard the blooming gold.

Well pleas'd and harmless, lo! he lies,
Basks in the sunshine of your eyes;
Now, twists his spires, and now unfurls
The gay confusion of his curls.

Oh! happy on your breast to lie,
As that bright * star that gilds the sky,
Who ceasing in the spheres to shine,
Would for your breast his heaven resign.

Yet, oh! fair virgin, caution take,
Lest some bold cheat assume the snake.
When Jove compress the † Grecian dame,
Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
On radiant spires the lover rode,
And in the snake conceal'd the god.

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

No more let youth in beauty boast,
S——n at thirty reigns a toast;
And like the sun as he declines,
More mildly, but more sweetly shines.

The hand of time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms;
But adds for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time;
This her more habitable clime:
How must she then each heart engage,
Who blooms like youth, is wise like age!

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament and use:
Here opening blossoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

* *The Scorpion.*

† *Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.*

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,
Being three Years old, March 22. 1710-11.

Awake, sweet babe! the sun's emerging ray,
That gave you birth, renews the happy day!
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
And yield not barren ornament, but use!
Ev'n now thy spring a rich increase prepares:
To crown thy riper growth and manly years.

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise,
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
Stretch their swoll'n cells, replete with future trees;
By time evolv'd, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe, what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn!
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!

VARIATIONS.

Why, lovely babe, does slumber seal your eyes?
See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies!
The sun, which gave you birth, in bright array —
Begins his course, and ushers in the day.
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.
Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man, [plain,
How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph com-
For love each nymph, for envy every swain!
What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn,
When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn!
So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
That all to thee with admiration run,
Turn Persians, and adore the rising sun.
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
Their radiant glory and their sweetness join,
To show their fatal power, and all their charms in thine.

With nobler aims inſtruct thy ſoul to glow,
Than thoſe gay trifles, titles, wealth, and ſhow:
May valour, wiſdom, learning, crown thy days!
Thoſe fools admire—theſe heaven and angels praiſe.*

With riches bleſt, to heaven thoſe riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend:
Bid virtuous ſorrow ſmile, ſcorn'd merit cheer,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear.
Some, wildly liberal, ſquander, not beſtow,
And give unprais'd, becauſe they give for ſhow:
To ſanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a bleſſing turn the toy:
Thus offerings from th' unjuſt pollute the ſkies,
The good turn ſmoke into a ſacrifice.

As when an artiſt plans a favourite draught,
The ſtructures riſe reſponſive to the thought;
A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a God a temple ſtands:
Such is thy riſing frame! by heaven deſign'd
A temple, worthy of a godlike mind;
Nobly adorn'd, and finiſh'd to diſplay
A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increaſe, O lovely boy!
Spare them, ye pains, and age alone deſtroy!
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the god might boaſt to look like thee!
When young Iülus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his ſmiles, and ſuch his winning air:
Ev'n Venus might miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon;
Thence all the light'ning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid grac'd with Cytheræa's eyes!

Yet ah! how ſhort a date the powers decree
To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee!
Paſs a few days, and all thoſe beauties fly!
Paſs a few years, and thou, alas! ſhalt die!
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends ſhall ſee
With tears, what now thou art, and they muſt be;
A pale, cold, lifeleſs lump of earth deplore!
Such ſhalt thou be, and kings ſhall be no more!

VARIATIONS.

If fond Narciſſus in the cryſtal ſtood,
A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
Well might the flame the pining youth deſtroy;
Exceſs of beauty juſtified the boy.

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wiſh! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at leaſt but gaudy weeds:
And ſtubborn youth, by culture unſubdued,
Lies wildly barren, or but gayly rude.
Yet as ſome Phidias gives the marble life,
While art with nature holds a dubious ſtrife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged ſtone;
So culture aids the human ſoul to riſe,
To ſcorn the ſordid earth, and mount the ſkies,
Till by degrees the noble gueſt refines,
Claims her high birth-right, and divinely ſhines.

But oh! when ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence!
When pregnant as the womb the teeming earth
Reſigns thee quicken'd to thy ſecond birth,
Riſe cloth'd with beauties that ſhall never die!
A ſaint on earth! an angel in the ſky!

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,

Who Married a Lady of Sixteen.

What woes muſt ſuch unequal union bring,
When hoary winter weds the youthful ſpring!
You like Mezentius* in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

THE

XLIII. CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTICUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

The ſun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the ſky,
Illuſtrious in his courſe, in bright array
Marches along the heavens, and ſcatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through th' ethereal way.
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant boſom of the ground;
But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his ſultry ray,
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;
Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And leſſen'd ſeas contract within their ſhore.
O! Power Supreme! O! high above all height!
Thou gav'ſt the ſun to ſhine, and thou art light:
Whether he falls or riſes in the ſkies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or riſe;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his ſphere,
And meaſures out the day, the month, and year;
He drives the hours along with flower pace,
The minutes ruſh away impetuous in their race:
He wakes the flowers that ſleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,
And native incenſe loads the balmy gales;
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.
By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening ſhades;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the ſolemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconſtant in her varying flame,
She changes ſtill, another, yet the ſame!
Now in decreaſe by ſlow degrees ſhe ſhrouds
Her fading luſtre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increaſe, her gathering beams diſplay
A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
Ten thouſand ſtars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when ſhe falls, and riſe with her again;
And o'er the deſerts of the ſky unfold
Their burning ſpangles of ſidereal gold:

" * The living and the dead at his command,
" Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand."
DRYDEN's Virg. Æn. viii.

Through the wide heavens ſhe moves ſerenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in ſweet confuſion lies,
And with a bright diſorder paints the ſkies.
The Lord of Nature fram'd the ſhowery bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow:
Its radiant circle compaſſes the ſkies,
And ſweetly the rich tinctures faint, and riſe;
It bids the horrors of the ſtorm to ceaſe,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempeſt pleaſe.
He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thunderous ſtorms a ſolemn gloom diſplay,
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,
And opens all the ſluices of the ſky:
High o'er the ſhores the ruſhing ſurge prevails,
Burſts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales;
Daſhing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling through rocks, and toſſes, whirls and foams:
Meantime, from every region of the ſky,
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly;
Dreadfully bright o'er ſeas and earth they glare,
And burſts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' Almighty ſound,
Heaven lours, deſcend the floods, and rocks the ground.
He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the ſky;
In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and daſhes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole foreſts low;
And at the blaſt, eternal mountains bow;
While, tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the deſerts mount the burthen'd ſkies.
He from aërial treaſures downward pours
Sheets of unſully'd ſnow in lucid ſhowers;
Flake after flake, through air thick-wavering flies,
Till one vaſt ſhining waſte all nature lies:
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteneſs ſhed,
A dazzling brightneſs glitters from the mead;
The hoary trees reflect a ſilver ſhow,
And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.
He from looſe vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail, and moulds the harden'd rain:
The ſtony tempeſt, with a ruſhing ſound,
Beats the firm glebe, reſulting from the ground:
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The riſing herb, or breaks the ſpreading blades:
While infant flowers that rais'd their bloomy heads,
Cruſh'd by its fury, ſink into their beds.
When ſtormy winter from the frozen north
Borne on his icy chariot iſſues forth,
The blaſted groves their verdant pride reſign,
And billows harden'd into cryſtal ſhine:
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breaſt-plate binds:
Ev'n the proud ſeas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the northern pole;
There waves on waves in ſolid mountains riſe,
And Alps of ice invade the wondering ſkies;
While gulfs below, and ſlippery vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightneſs pain the eye:
But if warm winds a warmer air reſtore,
And ſofter breezes bring a genial ſhower,
The genial ſhower revives the cheerful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.
When the ſeas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores;
If he in thunder bid the waves ſubſide,
The waves obedient ſink upon the tide,
A ſudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the ſtill waters in ſoft ſilence ſleep.
Then heaven lets down a golden-ſtreaming ray,
And all the broad expanſion flames with day:
In the clear glaſs the mariners deſcry
A ſun inverted, and a downward ſky.
They who adventurous plough the watery way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep ſurvey;
Familiar with their ſtorms, their ſails unbind,
Tempt the rough blaſt, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now ſhoot into a vale,
Now ſmooth their courſe, and ſcud before the gale;
There rolling monſters, arm'd in ſcaly pride,
Flounce in the billows, and daſh round the tide;
There huge leviathan unweildy moves,
And through the waves, a living iſland roves;
In dreadful paſtime terribly he ſports,
And the vaſt ocean ſcarce his weight ſupports;
Where'er he turns, the hoary deeps divide;
He breathes a tempeſt, and he ſpouts a tide.
Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, ſea, and air,
Thy boundleſs wiſdom and thy power declare;
Thou high in glory, and in might ſerene,
See'ſt and mov'ſt all, thyſelf unmov'd, unſeen:
Should men and angels join in ſongs to raiſe
A grateful tribute equal to thy praiſe,
Yet far thy glory would their praiſe outſhine,
Though men and angels in the ſong ſhould join;
For though this earth with ſkill divine is wrought,
Above the gueſs of man, or angel's thought,
Yet in the ſpacious regions of the ſkies
New ſcenes unfold, and worlds on worlds ariſe;
There other orbs, round other ſuns advance,
Float on the air, and run their myſtic dance;
And yet the power of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from every ſand:
And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
Still this is juſt! what is, that ought to be.

THE CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

To Mr. Southern's Laſt Play, called "Money the Miſtreſs."

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
Our author's ſcenes commanded ſmiles or tears;
And though beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet, like the ſun, he ſhines as he deſcends:
Then with applauſe, in honour to his age,
Diſmiſs your veteran ſoldier * off the ſtage;
Crown his laſt exit with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe,
And kindly hide his † baldneſs with the bays.

* *From the ſtage.*

† *Alluding to a vote of the Roman ſenate, by which they decreed Cæſar a crown of laurel to cover his baldneſs.*

THE PARTING,

A SONG,

Set by Dr. Tudway, Professor of Music in Cambridge.

When from the plains Belinda fled,
The sad Amintor sigh'd;
And thus, while streams of tears he shed,
The mournful shepherd cry'd:

"Move slow, ye hours! thou, time, delay!
"Prolong the bright Belinda's stay:
"But you, like her, my prayer deny,
"And cruelly away ye fly.

"Yet though she flies, she leaves behind
"Her lovely image in my mind.
"O! fair Belinda, with me stay,
"Or take thy image too away!

"See! how the fields are gay around,
"How painted flowers adorn the ground!
"As if the fields, as well as I,
"Were proud to please my fair-one's eye.

"But now, ye fields, no more be gay;
"No more, ye flowers, your charms display!
"'Tis desert all, now you are fled,
"And paradise is where you tread."

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares,
To shine at court and play:
To lonely shades the youth repairs,
To weep his life away.

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O! lovely offspring of the May,
Whence flow thy balmy odours, say!
Such odours—not the orient boasts!
Though paradise adorn'd the coasts!
O! sweeter than each flower that blooms,
This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
Thence, thence such sweets are spread abroad,
As might be incense for a God!
When Venus stood conceal'd from view,
Her son, the latent * goddess knew,
Such sweets breath'd round! and thus we knew
Our other Venus here below.
But see! my fairest, see this flower,
This short-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
Such are thy charms!—yet zephyrs bring
The flower to bloom again in spring:
But beauty, when it once declines,
No more to warm the lover shines:
Alas! incessant speeds the day,
When thou shalt be but common clay!
When I, who now adore, may see,
And ev'n with horror start from thee!
But ere, sweet gift, thy grace consumes,
Show thou my fair-one how she blooms!
Put forth thy charms:—and then declare
Thyself less sweet, thyself less fair!

Then sudden, by a swift decay,
Let all thy beauties fade away;
And let her in thy glass descry,
How youth, and how frail beauty die.
Ah! turn, my charmer, turn thy eyes!
See! how at once it fades, it dies!
While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
Unfaded, as before it grew!
Now, from thy bosom doom'd to stray,
'Tis only beauteous in decay:
So the sweet-smelling Indian flowers,
Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
Sicken, and die away in ours.
So flowers, in Eden fond to blow,
In paradise would only grow.
Nor wonder, fairest, to survey
The flower so suddenly decay!
Too cold thy breast! * nor can it grow
Between such little hills of snow.
Now, vain infidel, no more
Deride th' Ægyptian, who adore
The rising herb, and blooming flower;
Now, now their convert I will be,
O lovely flower! to worship thee.
But if thou 'rt one of their sad train
Who dy'd for love, and cold disdain,
Who, chang'd by some kind pitying power,
A † lover once, art now a flower;
O pity me, O weep my care,
A thousand, thousand pains I bear,
I love, I die through deep despair!-

THE STORY OF TALUS,

From the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius. V. 1629.

Ἥμος δ' ἠέλιος μεσέδυ, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀστὴρ
Αὔλιος, &c.

The evening-star now lifts, as day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades;
Stretch'd at his ease, the weary labourer shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares;
At once in silence sink the sleeping gales;
The mast ‡ they drop, and furl the flagging sails;
All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores:
Thence Crete they view, emerging from the main,
The queen of isles; but Crete they view in vain;
There Talus, whirling with resistless sway
Rocks sheer uprent, repels them from the bay:
A giant, sprung from giant-race, who took
Their births from entrails of the stubborn oak;
Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove assistant given
To § legislators, styl'd the sons of heaven:
To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores:

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* *Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem*
Spiravêre. VIRG.

VARIATION.

* ——How could it grow.

† *See Ovid's Metamorph.*
‡ *Argonauts.*
§ *Minos and Rhadamanthus.*

A form of living braſs! one part beneath
Alone he bears, a path to let in death,
Where o'er the ankle ſwells the turgid vein,
Soft to the ſtroke, and ſenſible of pain.
And now her magic ſpells * Medea tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus riſe,
That, ſtarting dreadful from th' infernal ſhade,
Ride heaven in ſtorms, and all that breathes, invade;
Thrice ſhe applies the power of magic prayer,
Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids miſchief fly,
And looks deſtruction as ſhe points her eye:
Then ſpectres, riſing from Tartarean bowers,
Howl round in air, or grin along the ſhores;
While, † tearing up whole hills, the giant throws,
Outrageous, rocks on rocks, to cruſh the foes:
But, frantic as he ſtrides, a ſudden wound
Burſts the life-vein, and blood o'erſpreads the ground:
As from the furnace, in a burning flood,
Pours molten lead, ſo pours in ſtreams his blood;
And now he ſtaggers as the ſpirit flies,
He faints, he ſinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
As ſome huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
Pierc'd by the ſteel, expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate ſway,
Till freſhening breezes through the branches play;
Then, tumbling downward with a thundering ſound,
Falls headlong, and o'erſpreads a breadth of ground:
So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars;
Out-ſtretch'd he lies, and covers half the ſhores.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIADS OF HOMER.

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
Roſe in the orient, to proclaim the day
To gods and men: down to the Grecian tents
Saturnian Jove ſends diſcord red with blood;
War in her hand ſhe graſps, enſigns of war;
On brave Ulyſſes' ſhip ſhe took her ſtand,
The centre of the hoſt, that all might hear
Her dreadful voice: her dreadful voice ſhe rais'd;
Jarring along the rattling ſhores it ran
To the fleet's wide extremes. Achilles heard,
And Ajax heard the ſound: with martial fires
Now every boſom burns; arms, glorious arms,
Fierce they demand; the noble Orthian ſong
Swells every heart; no coward thoughts of flight
Riſe in their ſouls, but blood they breathe and war.
Now by the ‡ trench profound, the charioteers
Range their proud ſteeds; now car by car diſplays
A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
Ruſhes th' embattled foot; noiſe rends the ſkies,
Noiſe unextinguiſh'd: ere the beamy day
Flam'd in the th' aërial vault, ſtretch'd in the van
Stood the bold infantry: the ruſhing cars
Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.
Now from his heavens Jove hurls his burning bolts;
Hoarſe muttering thunders grumble in the ſky;
While from the clouds, inſtead of morning-dews,
Huge drops of blood diſtain the crimſon ground;
Fatal preſage! that in that dreadful day
The great ſhould bleed, imperial heads lie low!
Meantime the bands of Troy in proud array
Stand to their arms, and from a riſing ground
Breathe furious war: Here gathering hoſts attend
The towering Hector: there reſulgent bands
Surround Polydamas, Æneas there
Marſhals his dauntleſs files; nor unemploy'd
Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
And Acamas, whoſe frame the gods endow'd
With more than mortal charms: fierce in the van
Stern Hector ſhines, and ſhakes his blazing ſhield.
As the fierce dog-ſtar with malignant fires
Flames in the front of heaven, then, loſt in clouds,
Veils his pernicious beams; from rank to rank
So Hector ſtrode; now dreadful in the van
Advanc'd his ſun-broad ſhield, now to the rear
Swift ruſhing diſappear'd: His radiant arms
Blaz'd on his limbs, and bright as Jove's dire bolts
Flaſh'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the ſkies.
As toiling reapers in ſome ſpacious field,
Rang'd in two bands, move adverſe, rank on rank
Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
Waves nodding to the breeze; at once they bend,
At once the copious harveſt ſwells the ground:
So ruſh to battle o'er the dreadful field
Hoſt againſt hoſt; they meet, they cloſe, and ranks
Tumble on ranks; no thoughts appear of flight,
None of diſmay: dubious in even ſcales
The battle hangs; not fiercer, ravenous wolves
Diſpute the prey; the deathful ſcene with joy
Diſcord, dire parent of tremendous woes,
Surveys exultant: of th' immortal train
Diſcord alone deſcends, aſſiſts alone
The horrors of the field; in peace the gods
High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
Lament the works of man; but loud complaints
From every god aroſe; Jove favour'd Troy,
At partial Jove they murmur'd: he unmov'd
All heaven in murmurs heard, apart he ſate
Enthron'd in glory: down to earth he turn'd
His ſtedfaſt eye, and from his throne ſurvey'd
The riſing towers of Troy, the tented ſhores,
The blaze of arms, the ſlayer and the ſlain.
While, with his morning wheels, the God of day
Climb'd up the ſteep of heaven, with equal rage
In murderous ſtorms the ſhafts from hoſt to hoſt
Flew adverſe, and in equal numbers fell
Promiſcuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
When the tir'd woodman in the ſhady vale
Spreads his penurious meal, when high the ſun
Flames in the zenith, and his ſinewy arms
Scarce wield the ponderous ax, while hunger keen
Admoniſhes, and nature ſpent with toil
Craves due repaſt—Then Greece the ranks of Troy
With horrid inroad goar'd: fierce from the van
Sprung tht ſtern * king of men; and breathing death
Where, in firm battle, Trojans band by band
Embody'd ſtood, purſued his dreadful way:
His hoſt his ſtep attends: now glows the war;

* *V.* 1665. † *V.* 1679. ‡ *V.* 48.

* *Agamemnon, v.* 148.

Horſe treads on horſe; and man encountering man,
Swells the dire field with death; the plunging ſteeds
Beat the firm glebes; thick duſt in riſing clouds
Darkens the ſky. Indignant o'er the plain
Atrides ſtalks; death every ſtep attends.
As when, in ſome huge foreſt, ſudden flames
Rage dreadful, when rough winds aſſiſt the blaze,
From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
And the vaſt foreſt ſinks with all its groves
Beneath the burning deluge; ſo whole hoſts
Yield to Atrides' arm: car againſt car
Ruſh'd rattling o'er the field, and through the ranks
Unguided broke; while breathleſs on the ground
Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd;
To their chaſte brides ſad ſpectacles of woe,
Now only grateful to the fowls of air.
Meantime, the care of Jove, great Hector ſtood
Secure in ſcenes of death, in ſtorms of darts,
In ſlaughter and alarms, in duſt and blood.
Still Agamemnon ruſhing o'er the field
Leads his bold bands: whole hoſts before him fly;
Now Ilus' tomb they paſs, now urge their way
Cloſe by the fig-tree ſhade: with ſhouts the king
Purſues the foe inceſſant: duſt and blood, [hands.
Blood mix'd with duſt, diſtains his murderous
As when a lion in the gloom of night
Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
Trembling they ſcatter; furious on the prey
The generous ſavage flies, and with fierce joy
Seizes the laſt; his hungry foaming jaws
Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey:
Thus fled the foe; Atrides thus purſued,
And ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew: they from their cars
Fell headlong; for his javelin, wild for blood,
Rag'd terribly: and now proud Troy had fall'n,
But the dread ſire of men and gods deſcends
Terrific from his heavens, his vengeful hand
Ten thouſand thunders graſps; on Ida's heights
He takes his ſtand; it ſhakes with all its groves
Beneath the God; the God ſuſpends the war.

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,

ON HER PICTURE. 1716.

O! wondrous art, that grace to ſhadows gives!
By whoſe command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her ſmiles! the mimic eye inſtills
A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inſpiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.
Hence ſhall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair poſſeſſor ſhine a thouſand years;
By age unmjur'd, future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a ſigh,
Shall grieve ſuch perfect charms could ever die:
How would they grieve, if to ſuch beauties join'd
The paint could ſhow the wonders of thy mind!
O virgin! born th' admiring world to grace!
Tranſmit thy excellence to lateſt days;
Yield to thy lover's vows! and then ſhall riſe
A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes;
Who, reigning in thy charms, from death ſhall ſave
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.
Thus, when through age the roſe-tree's charms decay,
When all her fading beauties die away;
A blooming offſpring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.
But ah! how ſhort a date on earth is given
To the moſt lovely workmanſhip of heaven!
Too ſoon that cheek muſt every charm reſign,
And thoſe love-darting eyes forget to ſhine!
While thouſands weeping round, with ſighs ſurvey
What once was you——now only beauteous clay!
Ev'n from the canvas ſhall thy image fade,
And thou re-periſh in thy periſh'd ſhade:
Then may this verſe to future ages ſhow
One perfect beauty——ſuch as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy ſoul diſplay,
Till this world ſinks, and ſuns themſelves decay;
When with immortal beauty thou ſhalt riſe,
To ſhine the loveliеſt angel in the ſkies.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Fenton's excellent Tragedy, Mariamne.

When breathing ſtatues mouldering waſte away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their truſt, decay;
The muſe rewards the ſuffering good with fame,
Or wakes the proſperous villian into ſhame;
To the ſtern tyrant gives fictitious power
To reign the reſtleſs monarch of an hour.
Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod riſing from a length of years;
A name! enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and ſavage on a throne:
Yet oft a throne is dire miſfortune's ſeat,
A pompous wretchedneſs, and woe in ſtate!
But ſuch the curſe that from ambition ſprings,
For this he ſlaughter'd half a race of kings!
But now, reviving in the Britiſh ſcene,
He looks majeſtic with a milder mien,
His features ſoften'd with the deep diſtreſs
Of love, made greatly wretched by exceſs:
From luſt of power to jealous fury toſt,
We ſee the tyrant in the lover loſt.
O! love, thou ſource of mighty joy or woe!
Thou ſofteſt friend, or man's moſt dangerous foe!
Fantaſtic power! * what rage thy darts inſpire,
When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
Thoſe darts, to jealous rage ſtern Herod drove;
It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
Behold his injur'd Mariamne riſe!
No fancy'd tale! our opening ſcenes diſcloſe
Hiſtoric truth, and ſwell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And ſtrong the eloquence of royal tears;
By woes ennobled, with majeſtic pace,
She meets misfortune, glorious in diſgrace!
Small is the praiſe of beauty, when it flies
Fair honour's laws, at beſt but lovely vice,
Charms it like Venus with celeſtial air?
Ev'n Venus is but ſcandalouſly fair;

VARIATION.

* What pangs, &c.

But when ſtrict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and ſhines.
* Then let her fate your kind attention raiſe,
Whoſe perfect charms were but her ſecond praiſe:
Beauty and virtue your protection claim;
Give tears to beauty, give to virtue fame.

TO MR. A. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

If e'er my humble muſe melodious ſings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her ſtrings;
If e'er ſhe mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings.
You, like the ſun, your glorious beams diſplay,
Deal to the darkeſt orb a friendly ray,
And clothe it with the luſtre of the day.
Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd every ſtroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finiſh'd what the ſaint began;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.
Confus'd it lay, a rough unpoliſh'd maſs;
You gave the royal ſtamp, and made it paſs:
Hence ev'n deformity a beauty grew;
She pleas'd, ſhe charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by you;
Though like Prometheus I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.
Thus when the Nile diffus'd his watery train
In ſtreams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain;
Unſhapen forms, the refuſe of the flood,
Iſſued imperfect from the teeming mud;
But the great ſource and parent of the day
Faſhion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay †.

VARIATION.

* Then let her fate your juſt attention raiſe,
Whoſe perfect graces were but ſecond praiſe.

ADDITION.

† To nobler themes thy muſe triumphant ſoars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and heaven explores.
Say, has ſome ſeraph tun'd thy ſacred lyre,
Or deign'd, to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For ſure ſuch ſounds exalt th' immortal ſtring,
As heaven approves, and raptur'd angels ſing.
Ah! how I liſten, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the ſolar way!
Ah! how I look with ſcorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their ſplendid thrones,
While, thou, my guide, I trace all nature's laws,
By juſt gradations, to the ſovereign cauſe!
Pleas'd I ſurvey how varying ſchemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who ſees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant periſh, then a fly.

Weak of herſelf, my muſe forbears her flight,
Views her own lowneſs, and Parnaſſus' height;
But when you aid her ſong, and deign to nod,
She ſpreads a bolder wing, and feels the preſent god.
So the Cumean propheteſs was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;
But when Apollo in her breaſt abode,
She heav'd, ſhe ſwell'd, ſhe felt the ruſhing god:
Then accents more than mortal from her broke;
And what the god inſpir'd, the prieſteſs ſpoke.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Cornwallis.

While paſt its noon the lamp of life declines,
And age my vital flame invades;
Faint, and more faint, as it deſcends, it ſhines,
And haſtes, alas! to ſet in ſhades.

Then ſome kind power ſhall guide my ghoſt to glades,
Where, feated by Elyſian ſprings,
Fam'd Addiſon attunes to patriot ſhades
His lyre, and Albion's glory ſings.

There round, majeſtic ſhades, and heroes' forms,
Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm through factious ſtorms,
And curbs the murmuring rebel tides.

I tell how Townſhend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathleſs fame,
And dwell at large on ſpotleſs Engliſh faith,
While Walpole is the favourite theme.

How, nobly riſing in their country's cauſe,
The ſtedfaſt arbiters of right
Exalt the juſt and good, to guard her laws,
And call forth merit into light.

A loud applauſe around the echoing coaſt
Of all the pleas'd Elyſium flies.— [ghoſt,
But, friend, what place had you, replies ſome
When merit was the way to riſe?

What deanery, or prebend thine, declare?
Good heavens! unable to reply,
How like a ſtupid ideot I ſhould ſtare!
An anſwer, good my lord, ſupply.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

From peace, and ſocial joy, Meduſa flies,
And loves to hear the ſtorm of anger riſe;
Thus hags and witches hate the ſmiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempeſts play.

ADDITION.

Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder riſe,
Its baſe on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies:
Each wond'rous ſtep by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God,
Be this thy praiſe! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the ſpring, or paint the blooming flower,
Nor dares the muſe attempt the arduous height,
&c.

THE COQUETTE.

Silvia, with unconteſted ſway,
Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns;
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains:
Yet ſtoops, like him, to every prize,
Buſy, to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
Attends each flatterer's vows;
And, like a picture drawn with art,
A look on all that gaze beſtows.
O! may the power who lovers rules,
Grant rather ſcorn, than hope with fools!

Miſtaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into ſhame;
Unguarded beauty is diſgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praiſe, defame.
O! fly ſuch brutes in human ſhapes,
Nor, like th' Ægyptians, worſhip apes.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS.

Being a Letter to the Widow in London.

While Delia ſhines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her ſprightly eye at ſome beau;
Then, cloſe behind her fan retiring,
Sees through the ſticks whole crowds admiring:
You ſip your melancholy co-ffy
And at the name of man, cry, O phy!
Or, when the noiſy rapper thunders,
Say coldly—Sure the fellow blunders!
Unſeen! though peer on peer approaches:
James, I'm abroad!—but learn the coaches.
As ſome young pleader, when his purſe is
Unfill'd, through want of controverſies,
Attends until the chinks are fill'd all,
Th' aſſizes, Weſtminſter, and Guildhall;
While graver lawyers keep their houſe, and
Collect the guineas by the thouſand;
Or as ſome tradeſmen, through ſhow-glaſſes,
Expoſe their wares to each that paſſes;
Toys of no uſe! high-priz'd commodities
Bought to no end! eſtates in oddities!
Others, with like advantage, drive at
Their gain, from ſtore-houſes in private:
Thus Delia ſhines in places general,
Is never miſſing where the men are all;
Goes ev'n to church with godly airs,
To meet good company at prayers;
Where ſhe devoutly plays her fan,
Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man.
You ſit at home; enjoy your * couſin,
While hearts are offer'd by the dozen:
Oh! born above your ſex to riſe,
With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wiſe!
O! Lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
In country fair, or country market,
A beau, whoſe eloquence might charm ye,
Enliſting ſoldiers for the army?

† *Mrs. S——th.*

He flatters every well-built youth,
And tells him every thing but—truth.
He cries, good friend, I'm glad I hap'd in
Your company, you'll make a captain!
He liſts—but finds theſe gaudy ſhows
Soon chang'd to ſurly looks, and blows:
'Tis now, March, raſcal! what, d'ye grumble?
Thwack goes the cane! I'll make you humble.
Such weddings are: and I reſemble 'em,
Almoſt in all points to this emblem.
While courtſhip laſts, 'tis, Dear! 'tis, Madam!
The ſweeteſt creature ſure ſince Adam!
Had I the years of a Methuſalem,
How in my charmer's praiſe I'd uſe all 'em!
Oh! take me to thy arms, my beauty!
I doat, adore the very ſhoe-tie!
They wed—but, fancy grown leſs warming,
Next morn, he thinks the bride leſs charming:
He ſays, nay ſwears, my wife grows old in
One ſingle month; then falls to ſcolding,
What, madam, gadding every day?
Up to your room! there ſtitch, or pray!
Such proves the marriage-ſtate! but for all
Theſe truths, you'll wed, and ſcorn the moral.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

"Calentem
"Debitâ ſparges lacrymâ favillam
"Vatis amici." HOR.

As when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
Sends down ſome brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly gueſt,
Awhile we view him in full glory dreſt;
But he, impatient from his heaven to ſtay,
Soon diſappears, and wings his airy way;
So did'ſt thou vaniſh, eager to appear,
And ſhine triumphant in thy native ſphere.
Yet had'ſt thou all that virtue can beſtow,
All, the good practiſe, and the learned know;
Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
While the ſoul ſeems retiring, or retires;
Such tranſports as thoſe ſaints in viſion ſhare,
Who know not whether they are rapt through air,
Or bring down heaven to meet them in a prayer.
Oh! early loſt! yet ſtedfaſt to ſurvey
Envy, diſeaſe, and death, without diſmay;
Serene, the ſting of * pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions, objects of a ſmile.
So the fam'd patriarch on his couch of ſtone,
Enjoy'd bright viſions from th' eternal throne.
Thus wean'd from earth, where pleaſure ſcarce can pleaſe,
Thy woes but haſten'd thee to heav'n and peace:
As angry winds, when loud the tempeſt roars,
More ſwiftly ſpeed the veſſel to the ſhores.
Oh! may theſe lays a laſting luſtre ſhed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reaſon bore the ſway;
Humble, yet learn'd; though innocent yet gay;

* *The gout.*

So pure of heart, that thou might'ſt ſafely ſhow
Thy inmoſt boſom to thy baſeſt foe:
Careleſs of wealth, thy bliſs a calm retreat,
Far from the inſults of the ſcornful great;
Thence looking with diſdain on proudeſt things,
Thou deem'ſt mean the pageantry of kings;
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribband or a glittering ſtone,
Uſeleſsly bright! 'Twas thine the ſoul to raiſe
To nobler objects, ſuch as angels praiſe!
To live, to mortals' empty fame a foe;
And pity human joy, and human woe!
To view ev'n ſplendid vice with generous hate;
In life unblemiſh'd, and in death ſedate!
Then conſcience, ſhining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er the ſoul, and promis'd endleſs day.
So from the ſetting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the ſky.
Where now, oh! where ſhall I true friendſhip find
Among the treacherous race of baſe mankind?
Whom, whom conſult in all th' uncertain ways
Of various life, ſincère to blame, or praiſe!
O friend! O falling in thy ſtrength of years!
Warm from the melting ſoul receive theſe tears!
O woods! O wilds! O every bowery ſhade!
So often vocal by his muſic made,
Now other ſounds—far other ſounds return,
And o'er his herſe with all your echoes mourn!—
Yet dare we grieve that ſoon the paths he trod
To heaven, and left vain man for ſaints and God?
Thus in the theatre the ſcenes unfold
A thouſand wonders glorious to behold;
And here, or there, as the machine extends,
A hero riſes, or a god deſcends:
But ſoon the momentary pleaſure flies,
Swift vaniſhes the god, or hero dies.
Where were ye, muſes, by what fountain ſide,
What river ſporting, when your favourite dy'd?
He knew by verſe to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;
Nor deign'd but to high *themes to tune the ſtring,
To ſuch as heaven might hear, and angels ſing;
Unlike thoſe bards, who uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flaſhy lay:
Each line diſplay'd united ſtrength and eaſe,
Form'd like his manners to inſtruct and pleaſe.
So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flower and ſalutary juice:
And while each plant a ſmiling grace reveals,
Uſefully gay! at once it charms, and heals.
Tranſcend ev'n after death, ye great, in ſhow;
Lend pomp to aſhes, and be vain in woe;
Hire ſubſtitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here ſincerity of grief appears,
Silence that ſpeaks, and eloquence in tears!
While, tir'd of life, we but conſent to live
To ſhow the world how really we grieve!
As ſome fond ſire, whoſe only ſon lies dead,
All loſt to comfort makes the duſt his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious flowers;
Such heart-felt pangs on thy ſad bier attend;
Companion! brother! all in one—my friend!
Unleſs the ſoul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air; but common water, tears:
The proud, relentleſs, weep in ſtate, and ſhow
Not ſorrow, but magnificence of woe.
Thus in the fountain, from the ſculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image ſtands;
From rocky entrails, through his ſtony eyes,
The mimic tears in ſtreams inceſſant riſe:
Unconſcious! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazers' wonder, and a public ſhow.
Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent viſits tell;
Thou court, where God himſelf delights to dwell;
Thou myſtic table, and thou holy feaſt,
How often have ye ſeen the ſacred gueſt!
How oft his ſoul with heavenly manna fed!
His faith enliven'd, while his ſin lay dead!
While liſtening angels heard ſuch raptures riſe,
As, when they hymn th' Almighty, charm the ſkies!
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heavens, ſubſiſts thy gentle ſhade?
Glides it beyond our groſs imperfect ſky,
Pleas'd high o'er ſtars, from world to world, to fly!
And fearleſs marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and trembling nations gaze?
Or holds deep converſe with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
Where hymning ſeraphs ſound their golden lyres,
Where raptur'd ſaints unfading crowns inwreath,
Triumphant o'er the world, o'er ſin, and death?
O! may the thought his friend's devotion raiſe!
O! may he imitate, as well as praiſe!
Awake, my heavy ſoul! and upward fly,
Speak to the ſaint, and meet him in the ſky,
And aſk the certain way to riſe as high.

*Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral ſubjects.

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I PREFIX your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and ſincere friendſhip I have borne you: I am ſenſible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a teſtimony of my reſpect: You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almoſt as ſoon as I was capable of receiving them: May theſe verſes on death long ſurvive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendſhip and my gratitude, when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὶς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστι κατθανεῖν,
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν; EURIP.

OH! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of death to endleſs day!
A thouſand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread.

See! in the horrors of yon houſe of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend encloſe!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, ſpears, and arrows, and ſepulchral ſtones,
In horrid ſtate ſhe reigns! attendant ills
Beſiege her throne, and when ſhe frowns ſhe kills:
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns.
O'er ſhrowds, and ſable palls, and mouldering urns;
While flowing ſtoles, black plumes, and ſcutcheons ſpread
An idle pomp around the ſilent dead:
Unaw'd by power, in common heap ſhe flings
The ſcrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings:
Here gales of ſighs, inſtead of breezes, blow,
And ſtreams of tears for ever murmuring flow:
The mournful yew with ſolemn horror waves
His baleful branches, ſaddening even the graves:
Around all birds obſcene loud-ſcreaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and ſhriek along the ſky:
The ground perverſe, though bare and barren, breeds
All poiſons, foes to life, and noxious weeds;
But, blaſted frequent by th' unwholeſome ſky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poiſons die.
Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old-age, half vaniſh'd to a ghoſt, deplores:
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.
There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and diſeaſe walk hand in hand:
Theſe, torment, whirling with remorſeleſs ſway
A ſcourge of iron, laſhes on the way.
There frantic anger, prone to wild extremes,
Graſps an enſanguin'd ſword, and heaven blaſphemes.
There heart-ſick agony diſtorted ſtands,
Writhes his convulſive limbs, and wrings his hands.
There ſorrow droops his ever-penſive head,
And care ſtill toſſes on his iron bed:
Or, muſing, faſtens on the ground his eye
With folded arms; with every breath a ſigh.
Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood;
And murder rages, red with human blood,
With fever, famine, and afflictive pain,
Plague, peſtilence, and war, a diſmal train!
Theſe and a thouſand more the fiend ſurround,
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans refound.
O heavens! is this the paſſage to the ſkies
That man muſt tread, when man your favourite dies?
Oh! for Elijah's car to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of death to endleſs day!
Confounded at the ſight my ſpirits fled.
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would ſhun,
And all muſt bear that breathe beneath the ſun.
When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the ſtarry vault through fields of air;
And ſwifter than on wings of lightning driven,
At once ſeems here and there, in earth and heaven!
A dazzling brightneſs in refulgent ſtreams
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with ſunny beams:
His roſeate cheeks the bloom of heaven diſplay,
And from his eyes dart glories more than day:
A robe of light condens'd around him ſhone,
And his loins glitter'd with a ſtarry zone:
And while the liſtening winds lay huſh'd to hear,
Thus ſpoke the viſion, amiably ſevere!
Vain man! wouldſt thou eſcape the common lot,
To live, to ſuffer, die, and be forgot?
Look back on ancient times, primæval years,
All, all are paſt! a mighty void appears!
Heroes and kings, thoſe gods of earth, whoſe fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
The great in arts or arms, the wiſe, the juſt,
Mix with the meaneſt in congenial duſt!
Ev'n ſaints and prophets the ſame paths have trod,
Ambaſſadors of heaven, and friends of God!
And thou, wouldſt thou the general ſentence fly?
Moſes is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end;
Live well the time thou liv'ſt, and death's thy friend:
Then curb each rebel thought againſt the ſky,
And die reſign'd, O man ordain'd to die!
He added not, but ſpread his wings in flight,
And vaniſh'd inſtant in a blaze of light.
Abaſh'd, aſham'd, I cry, Eternal Power,
I yield! I wait reſign'd th' appointed hour!
Man, fooliſh man, no more thy ſoul deceive!
To die, is but the ſureſt way to live:
When age we aſk, we aſk it in our wrong,
And pray our time of ſuffering may be long;
The naufeous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity, and length of pain!
What art thou, life, that we ſhould court thy ſtay?
A breath, one ſingle gaſp muſt puff away!
A ſhort-liv'd flower, that with the day muſt fade!
A fleeting vapour, and an empty ſhade!
A ſtream that ſilently, but ſwiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeaſur'd tides!
A being, loſt alike by pain or joy!
A fly can kill it, or a worm deſtroy!
Impair'd by labour, and by eaſe undone,
Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
Ev'n while I write, the tranſient NOW is paſt,
And death more near this ſentence than the laſt!
As ſome weak iſthmus ſeas from ſeas divides,
Beat by rude waves, and ſapp'd by ruſhing tides,
Torn from its baſe, no more their fury bears,
At once they cloſe, at once it diſappears:
Such, ſuch is life! the mark of miſery plac'd
Between two worlds, the future and the paſt;
To time, to ſickneſs, and to death a prey,
It ſinks, the frail poſſeſſion of a day!
As ſome fond boy in ſport along the ſhore
Builds from the ſands a fabric of an hour;
Proud of his ſpacious walls and ſtately rooms,
He ſtyles the mimic cells imperial domes;
The little monarch ſwells with fancy'd ſway,
Till ſome wind riſing puffs the dome away:
So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe,
The lord of earth and ocean, ſwells in ſhow;
He plants, he builds, aloft the walls ariſe!
The noble plan he finiſhes, and——dies.
Swept from the earth, he ſhares the common fate;
His ſole diſtinction now, to rot in ſtate!
Thus buſy to no end till out of breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and cloſe up all in death.

Then bleſt the man whom gracious Heaven has led
Through life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
Who ſafely landed on the bliſsful ſhore,
Nor human folly feels, nor frailty more!
O death! thou cure of all our idle ſtrife!
End of the gay, or ſerious farce of life!
Wiſh of the juſt, and refuge of th' oppreſt!
Where poverty, and where ev'n kings find reſt!
Safe from the frowns of power! calm thoughtful hate!
And the rude inſults of the ſcornful great!
The grave is ſacred! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead:
But life, thy name is woe! to death we fly
To grow immortal——into life we die!
Then wiſely heaven in ſilence has confin'd
The happier dead, leſt none ſhould ſtay behind.
What though the path be dark that muſt be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his ſcatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes through all th' expanſe of air;
Yet burſting glorious from the ſilent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.
So when the ſun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Extinct his ſplendours in the whelming main,
A tranſient night earth, air, and heaven, invades,
Eclips'd in horrors of ſurrounding ſhades;
But ſoon emerging with a freſher ray,
He ſtarts exultant, and renews the day.

COURAGE IN LOVE.

My eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My boſom heaves with conſtant woe;
Thoſe eyes, which thy unkindneſs ſwells;
That boſom, where thy image dwells!
How could I hope ſo weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchleſs dame,
When none Elyſium muſt behold,
Without a radiant bough of gold?
'Tis hers in ſpheres to ſhine;
At diſtance to admire is mine:
Doom'd like th' enamour'd * youth to groan
For a new goddeſs form'd of ſtone.
While thus I ſpoke, love's gentle power
Deſcended from th' ethereal bower;
A quiver at his ſhoulder hung,
A ſhaft he graſp'd, and bow unſtrung.
All nature own'd the genial god,
And the ſpring flouriſh'd where he trod:
My heart no ſtranger to the gueſt,
Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breaſt;
When with a ſmile that kindles joy
Ey'n in the gods, began the boy:
How vain theſe tears! is man decreed,
By being abject, to ſucceed?
Hop'ſt thou by meagre looks to move?
Are women frighten'd into love?
He moſt prevails who nobly dares;
In love an hero, as in wars:
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars diſputes the field:
Sent from a daring hand, my dart
Strikes deep into the fair-one's heart:
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A ſigh is but a waſte of breath.
What though gay youth, and every grace
That beauty boaſts, adorn her face;
Yet goddeſſes have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed:
And heaven, when gifts of incenſe riſe,
Accepts it, though it cloud their ſkies.
Mark! how this marygold conceals
Her beauty, and her boſom veils;
How from the dull embrace ſhe flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams ariſe:
But when his glory he diſplays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms ſhe opens, and receives
The vigorous god into her leaves.

* *Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful ſtatue.*

THE COMPLAINT.

CAELIA TO DAMON.

I WHO was once the glory of the plain,
The faireſt virgin of the virgin train,
Am now (by thee, O faithleſs man betray'd)
A fall'n, a loſt, a miſerable maid.
Ye winds, that witneſs to my deep deſpair,
Receive my ſighs, and waft them through the air,
And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
Curſt, ever curſt be that unlucky day,
When trembling, ſighing, at my feet he lay,
I trembled, ſigh'd, and look'd my heart away!
Why was he form'd, ye powers, his ſex's pride,
Too falſe to love, too fair to be deny'd?
Ye heedleſs virgins, gaze not on his eyes;
Lovely they are, but ſhe that gazes dies!
Oh! fly his voice, be deaf to all he ſays;
Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
At every word, each motion of his eye,
A thouſand loves are born, a thouſand lovers die.
Say, gentle youths, ye bleſt Arcadian ſwains,
Inhabitants of theſe delightful plains,
Say, by what fountain, in what roſy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!
To you, dear fugitive, where'er you ſtray,
Wild with deſpair, impatient of delay,
Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
Or ſend my ſoul ſtill ſwifter in a ſigh!
I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears;
Fearleſs I'd paſs where deſolation reigns,
Tread the wild waſte, or burning Libyan plains:
Or where the north his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the ſkies!
Should all the monſters in Getulia bred
Oppoſe the paſſage of a tender maid;
Dauntleſs, if Damon calls, his Cælia ſpeeds
Through all the monſters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By love inſpir'd, I'll teach the ſhaft to fly;
For thee I'd conquer, or at leaſt would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucaſus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlaſting ſnow,

Where through the freezing ſkies in ſtorms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with ſhining ſhowers,
Ev'n there with you I could ſecurely reſt,
And dare all cold, but in my Damon's breaſt;
Or ſhould you dwell beneath the ſultry ray,
Where riſing Phœbus uſhers in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou ſun, exert thy fires;
Love, mighty love, a fiercer flame inſpires:
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft meanders flows;
I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft meanders play.
Joy of my ſoul! my every wiſh in one!
Why muſt I love, when loving I'm undone?
Sweet are the whiſpers of the waving trees,
And murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
Sweet are ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bowers
When glowing ſuns inſeſt the ſultry hours:
But not the whiſpers of the waving trees,
Nor murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
Not ſweet ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bowers,
When thou art abſent whom my ſoul adores!
Come, let us ſeek ſome flowery, fragrant bed!
Come, on thy boſom reſt my love-ſick head!
Come, drive thy flocks beneath the ſhady hills,
Or ſoftly ſlumber by the murmuring rills!
Ah no! he flies! that dear enchanting he!
Whoſe beauty ſteals my very ſelf from me!
Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare,
To crown with fragrant wreathes thy Cælia's hair:
When to the lyre ſhe tun'd the vocal lays,
Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes ſpeak praiſe:
And when ſmooth-gliding in the dance ſhe mov'd,
Aſk thy falſe boſom if it never lov'd?
And ſtill her eye ſome little luſtre bears,
If ſwains ſpeak truth!—though dim'd for thee with tears!
But fade each grace! ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe!
But whence theſe ſudden, ſad preſaging fears,
Theſe riſing ſighs, and whence theſe flowing tears?
Ah! leſt the trumpet's terrible alarms
Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
To try the doubtful field, and ſhine in azure arms!
Ah! canſt thou bear the labours of the war,
Bend the tough bough, or dart the pointed ſpear?
Deſiſt, fond youth! let others glory gain,
Seek empty honour o'er the ſurgy main,
Or ſheath'd in horrid arms ruſh dreadful to the plain!
Thee, ſhepherd, thee the pleaſurable woods,
The painted meadows, and the cryſtal floods,
Claim and invite to bleſs their ſweet abodes.
There ſhady bowers and ſylvan ſcenes ariſe,
There fountains murmur, and the ſpring ſupplies
Flowers to delight the ſmell, or charm the eyes:
But mourn, ye ſylvan ſcenes and ſhady bowers;
Weep, all ye fountains; languiſh, all ye flowers!
If in a deſert Damon but appear,
To Cælia's eyes a deſert is more fair
Than all your charms, when Damon is not there!
Gods! what ſoft words, what ſweet deluſive wiles,
He boaſts! and, oh! thoſe dear undoing ſmiles!
Pleas'd with our ruin, to his arms we run:
To be undone by him who would not be undone?
Alas! I rave! ye ſwelling torrents, roll
Your watery tribute o'er my love-ſick ſoul!
To cool my heart, your waves, ye oceans, bear!
Oh! vain are all your waves, for love is there!
But ah! what ſudden thought to frenzy moves
My tortur'd ſoul?—perhaps, my Damon loves!
Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
Detains the lovely traitor from my arms!
Blaſt her, ye ſkies! let inſtant vengeance ſeize
Thoſe guilty charms, whoſe crime it is to pleaſe!
Damon is mine!—fond maid, thy fears ſubdue!
Am I not jealous? and my charmer true?
O, heaven, from jealouſy my boſom ſave!
Cruel as death, inſatiate as the grave!
Ye powers! of all the ills that ever curſt
Our ſex, ſure man, diſſembling man, is worſt!
Like forward boys, awhile in wanton play,
He ſports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
With ſpecious wiles weak woman he aſſails;
He ſwears, weeps, ſmiles, he flatters, and prevails:
Then, in the moment when the maid believes,
The perjur'd traitor triumphs, ſcorns, and leaves,
How oft my Damon ſwore, th' all-ſeeing ſun
Should change his courſe, and rivers backward run,
Ere his fond heart ſhould range, or faithleſs prove
To the bright object of his ſtedfaſt love!
O! inſtant change thy courſe, all-ſeeing ſun!
Damon is falſe! ye rivers, backward run!
But die, O wretched Cælia, die! in vain
Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain!
The tear is fruitleſs, and the tender ſigh,
And life a load!—forſaken Cælia, die!
Fly ſwifter, time! O ſpeed the joyful hour!
Receive me, grave!—then I ſhall love no more!
Ah! wretched maid, ſo fad a cure to prove!
Ah! wretched maid, to fly to death from love!
Yet oh! when this poor frame no more ſhall live,
Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve!
Ah me! I'm vain! my death can not appear
Worth the vaſt price of but a ſingle tear.
Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go;
But they have learn'd new cruelties of you!
Alone, relenting Echo with me mourns,
And faint with grief ſhe ſcarce my ſighs returns!
Then, ſighs, adieu! ye nobler paſſions, riſe!
Be wiſe, fond maid!—but who in love is wiſe?
I rage, I rail, th' extremes of anger prove,
Nay, almoſt hate---then love thee beyond love!
Pity, kind heaven, and right an injur'd maid!
Yet, oh! yet, ſpare the dear deceiver's head!
If from the ſultry ſuns at noon-tide hours
He ſeeks the covert of the breezy bowers,
Awake, O South, and where my charmer lies,
Bid roſes bloom, and beds of fragrance riſe!
Gently, O gently round in whiſpers fly,
Sigh to his ſighs, and fan the glowing ſky!
If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
Be ſtill, ye waves, or round his veſſel play!
And you, ye winds, confine each ruder breath,
Lie huſh'd in ſilence, and be calm as death!
But if he ſtay detain'd by adverſe gales,
My ſighs ſhall drive the ſhip, and fill the flagging ſails.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HESIOD AND APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

" ——Vos exemplaria Græca.
" Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ." HOR.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

From the Theogony of Heſiod; with a Deſcription of Tartarus, &c.

——μάχην δ' ἀμύγητον ἐγείρεν
Πάντες, &c. Θεογ. 666.

Now ſounds the vault of heaven with loud alarms,
And gods by gods embattling ruſh to arms:
Here ſtalk the Titans of portentous ſize,
Burſt from their dungeons, and aſſault the ſkies;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and night,
Auxiliar * giants aid the gods in fight:
An hundred arms each tower-like warrior rears,
And ſtares from fifty heads amid the ſtars;
The dreadful brotherhood ſtern-frowning ſtands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands;
The Titans ruſh'd with fury uncontroul'd;
Gods ſunk on gods, o'er giant giant roll'd;
Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful ſound,
Heaven ſhook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground,
Trembled th' eternal poles at every ſtroke,
And frighted heli from its foundations ſhook:
Noiſe, horrid noiſe, th' aërial region fills,
Rocks daſh on rocks, and hills encounter hills;
Through earth, air, heaven, tumultuous clamours riſe,
And ſhouts of battle thunder in the ſkies.
Then Jove omnipotent diſplay'd the god,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod:
He graſps ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play;
They flaſh, and tend through heaven their flaming way:
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves;
The ſing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves;
The floods, the billows, boiling hiſs with fires,
And bickering flame, and ſmouldering ſmoke aſpires:
A night of clouds blots out the golden day;
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play:
Ev'n chaos burns: again earth groans, heaven roars,
As tumbling downward with its ſhining towers;
Or burſt this earth, torn from her central place,
With dire diſruption from her deepeſt baſe:
Nor ſlept the wind: the wind new horror forms,
Clouds daſh on clouds before th' outrageous ſtorms,
While, tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the deſerts mount th' encumber'd ſkies:
At once the tempeſt bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the ſky:
Stupendous were the deeds of heavenly might;
What leſs, when gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now heaven its foes with horrid inroad gores,
And flow and four recede the giant powers:
Here ſtalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves;
Theſe hurl'd at once againſt the Titan bands
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands:
And overſhadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground;
Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie,
Through ſpace unmeaſur'd, from the ſtarry ſky;
Nine days an anvil of an enormous weight,
Down ruſhing headlong from th' aërial height,
Scarce reaches earth; thence toſt in giddy rounds
Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds:
A wall of iron of ſtupendous height [night:
Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold
High o'er the horrors of th' eternal ſhade
The ſtedfaſt baſe of earth and ſeas is laid;
There in coercive durance Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains.
A ſeat of woe! remote from cheerful day,
Through gulfs impaſſable, a boundleſs way.
Above theſe realms, a brazen ſtructure ſtands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;
Through chaos to the ocean's baſe it ſwells;
There ſtern Ægeon with his giants dwells;
Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains riſe
That waſh the earth, or wander through the ſkies;
That groaning murmur through the realm of woes,
Or feed the channels where the ocean flows;
Collected horrors throng the dire abodes,
Horrid and fell! deteſted ev'n by gods!
Enormous gulf! immenſe the bounds appear,
Waſteful and void, the journey of a year;

* *Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.*

Where beating ſtorms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toſs the pale wanderer, and retoſs through night:
The powers immortal with affright ſurvey
The hideous chaſm, and ſeal it up from day.
Hence through the vault of heaven huge Atlas rears
His giant limbs, and props the golden ſpheres:
Here ſable night, and here the beamy day,
Lodge and diſlodge, alternate in their ſway.
A brazen port the varying powers divides:
When day forth iſſues, here the night reſides;
And when night veils the ſkies, obſequious day,
Re-entering, plunges from the ſtarry way.
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light:
But night, by ſleep attended, rides in ſhades,
Brother of death, and all that breathes invades:
From *her ſoul womb they ſprung, reſiſtleſs powers,
Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bowers,
Remote from day, when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the ſkies, or paints the weſtern hills:
With downy footſteps ſleep in ſilence glides
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the ſpacious tides;
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares;
She makes the mouldering race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal powers deteſt her ſway.
Thus fell the † Titans from the realms above,
Beneath the thunders of Almighty Jove;
Then earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
And ſhook through all her frame with teeming throes:
Hence roſe Typhœus, a gigantic birth,
A monſter ſprung from Tarturus and earth,
A match for gods in might! on high he ſpreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings,
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred ſtings;
Horror, terrific, frowns from every brow,
And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow;
Fires dart from every creſt; and, as he turns,
Keen ſplendours flaſh, and all the giant burns:
Whene'er he ſpeaks, in echoing thunders riſe
An hundred voices, and affright the ſkies,
Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
Frequent they ſhake, and terrify the gods.
Now bellowing like a ſavage bull, they roar,
Or angry lions in the midnight hour;
Now yells like furious whelps, or hiſs like ſnakes;
The rocks rebound, and every mountain ſhakes:
He hurl'd defiance 'gainſt th' immortal powers,
And heaven had ſeiz'd with all its ſhining towers,
But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
Red lightnings flaſh, and raging thunders roll,
Rattling o'er all th' expanſion of the ſkies,
Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
Stern frowns the god amidſt the lightnings blaze,
Olympus ſhakes from his eternal baſe;
Trembles the earth: fierce flames involves the poles,
Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls:
Fires from Typhœus flaſh: with dreadful ſound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground;
Above, below, the conflagration roars,
Ev'n the ſeas kindled burn through all their ſhores,
Deluge of fire! Earth rocks her tottering coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts;
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores:
Then, in full wrath, Jove all the god applies,
And all his thunders burſt at once the ſkies;
And ruſhing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
He blaſts the giant with th' almighty blow;
The giant tumbling ſinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground:
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty ſtay,
Through the ſing'd earth they burſt their burning way;
Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
And hiſſing floats with fierce metallic waves:
As iron fuſile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove ſtern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames;
Thus melted earth, and Jove, from realms on high,
Plung'd the huge giant to the nether ſky.
Then from Typhœus ſprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air:
But from the gods deſcend of milder kind,
The eaſt, the weſt, the ſouth, and Boreal wind;
Theſe in ſoft whiſpers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play through the groves, or ſport upon the ſeas;
They fan the ſultry air with cooling gales,
And waft from realm to realm the flying ſails:
The reſt in ſtorms of ſounding whirlwinds fly,
Toſs the wild waves, and battle in the ſky;
Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.
Then thundering o'er the earth they rend their way,
Graſs, herb, and flower, beneath their rage decay;
While towers and domes, vain boaſts of human truſt,
Torn from their inmoſt baſe, are whelm'd in duſt.
Thus heaven aſſerted its eternal reign
O'er the proud giants, and Titanic train;
And now in peace the gods their Jove obey,
And all the thrones of heaven adore his ſway.

* *Of night.* † 820.

THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA.

From the Third Book, Ver. 743. of Apollonius Rhodius.

Νὺ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγεν κνέφας, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The tranſlator has taken the liberty, in the following verſion of the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the ſtory of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the ſubject; yet hopes that a due connection is not wanting; and that the reader will not be diſpleaſed with theſe ſhort ſketches from a poet who is affirmed to be every where ſublime, by no leſs a critic than Longinus; and from whom many verſes are borrowed by ſo great a poet as Virgil.

Now rising shades a solemn gloom display,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way:
All night the sailor marks the northern team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
A deep repose the weary wanderer shares,
And the faint watchman sleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond mother, while all breathless lies
Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes;
No sound of village-dog, no noise invades
The death-like silence of the midnight shades;
Alone Medea wakes: To love a prey,
Restless she rolls, and groans the night away:
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
She thinks on Jason, and for Jason fears:
In sad review, on horrors horrors rise;
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought she flies;
As from replenish'd urns, with dubious ray,
The sun-beams dancing from the surface play,
Now here, now there, the trembling radiance falls
Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls;
Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her shining eyes descends a flood:
Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
Now sick with love she melts with softer woes:
The tyrant god, of every thought possest,
Beats in each pulse, and stings and racks her breast:
Now she resolves the magic to betray
To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey:
Again, the drugs disdaining to supply,
She lothes the light, and meditates to die:
Anon, repelling with a brave disdain
The coward thought, she nourishes the pain:
Thus tost, retost with furious storms of cares,
On the cold ground she rolls, and thus with tears:
Ah me! where'er I turn, before my eyes
A dreadful view, on sorrows sorrows rise!
Tost in a giddy whirl of strong desire,
I glow, I burn, yet bless the pleasing fire.
O had this spirit from its prison fled,
By Dian sent to wander with the dead,
Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian skies;
Ere Jason, lovely Jason, met those eyes!
Hell gave the shining mischief to our coast,
Medea saw him, and Medea lost——
But why these sorrows? if the powers on high
His death decree, die, wretched Jason, die!
Shall I, elude my sire? my art betray?
Ah me! what words shall purge the guilt away!
But could I yield——O whither must I run
To find the man——whom virtue bids me shun?
Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly?
And yet I must—If Jason bleeds, I die!
Then, shame, farewell! Adieu for ever, fame!
Hail, black disgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
Live! Jason, live! enjoy the vital air!
Live through my aid! and fly where winds can bear!
But when he flies, ye poisons, lend your powers,
That day, Medea treads th' infernal shores!
Then, wretched maid, thy lot is endless shame,
Then the proud dames of Colchos blast thy name:
I hear them cry—"The false Medea's dead,
"Through guilty passions for a stranger's bed;
"Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
"Prefer'd a stranger to a father's name!"
O may I rather yield this vital breath,
Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death!
Thus wail'd the fair, and seiz'd with horrid joy
Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy;
A magazine of death! again she pours
From swoln eye-balls tears in shining showers;
With grief infatiate, and with trembling hands,
All comfortless the cask of death expands:
A sudden fear her labouring soul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades:
She stands deep musing with a faded brow,
Absorb'd in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converse, and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd on her bosom play,
Endearing life, and charm despair away:
Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light arise,
And every object brightens to her eyes:
Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,
Consents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Resolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels:
The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills:
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The shades disperse, and man awakes to cares.
Studious to please, her graceful length of hair,
With art she binds, that wanton'd with the air;
From her soft cheeks she wipes the tear away,
And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours,
Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious showers:
Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the robe infold;
Down from her swelling loins, the rest unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Last with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads.
Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
Blind to the future, to the present blind:
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bower,
Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car the mules: dire rites to pay,
To Hecate's black fane she bends her way;
A juice she bears, whose magic virtue tames
(Through fell Persephone) the rage of flames;
It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the sword: the sword, without a wound,
Leaps as from marble, shiver'd to the ground:
She mounts the car *; nor rode the nymph alone;
On either side two lovely damsels shone:
Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controuls;
Back fly the streets, as swift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
The domes retreat, the sinking towers decay:
Bare to the knee succinct a damsel train
Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
As when her limbs divine Diana laves
In fair Parthenius, or th' Amnesian waves,

* 869.

Sublime in royal ſtate the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows;
Swift to her fane in pomp the goddeſs moves;
The nymphs attend that haunt the ſhady groves,
Th' Amneſian ſount, or ſilver ſtreaming rills;
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills!
The fawning beaſts before the goddeſs play,
Or, trembling, ſavage adoration pay:
Thus on her car ſublime the nymph appears,
The crowd falls back, and as ſhe moves reveres;
Swift to the fane aloft her courſe ſhe bends;
The fane ſhe reaches, and to earth deſcends:
Then to her train—Ah me! I fear we ſtray,
Miſled by folly to this lonely way!
Alas! ſhould Jaſon with his Greeks appear,
Where ſhould we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
Haunt the cool ſhade, or tread in dance the plain:
But ſince alone;—with ſports beguile the hours,
Come chaunt the ſong, or pluck the blooming flowers;
Pluck every ſweet to deck your virgin bowers!
Then warbling ſoft *, ſhe lifts her heavenly voice;
But ſick with mighty love, the ſong is noiſe;
She hears from every note a diſcord riſe,
'Till, pauſing, on her tongue the muſic dies;
She hates each object, every face offends;
In every wiſh her ſoul to Jaſon ſends;
With ſharpen'd eyes the diſtant lawn explores,
To find the object whom her ſoul adores:
At every whiſper of the paſſing air
She ſtarts, ſhe turns, and hopes her Jaſon there:
Again ſhe fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
He comes, her Jaſon ſhines along the plain.
As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He ſhines terrific! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jaſon ſhows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a ſwimming darkneſs ſpread,
Her fluſh'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead;
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd without motion as to earth ſhe grew:
Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
In ſilent wonder, and in ſtill amaze:
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionleſs the ſtately trees
Awhile remain, while ſleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blaſt unbound
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs reſound;
Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
Strongly at length inſpir'd, they ſpeak, they move;
With ſmiles the love-ſick virgin he ſurvey'd,
And fondly thus addreſs'd the blooming maid:
Diſmiſs, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jaſon ſpeaks, no enemy is here!
Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind;
But Jaſon bears no proud inhuman mind,
By gentleſt manners ſofteſt arts refin'd.

Whom wouldſt thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, ſtay!
Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
Speak! and be truth in every accent found!
Dread to deceive! we tread on * hallow'd ground.
By the ſtern power who guards this ſacred place,
By the illuſtrious authors of thy race;
By Jove, to whom the ſtranger's cauſe belongs,
To whom the ſuppliant, and who feels the wrongs;
O guard me, ſave me, in the needful hour!
Without thy aid, thy Jaſon is no more;
To thee a ſuppliant, in diſtreſs I bend,
To thee a ſtranger, and who wants a friend!
Then, when between us ſeas and mountains riſe,
Medea's name ſhall ſound in diſtant ſkies;
All Greece to thee ſhall owe her heroes fates,
And bleſs Medea through her hundred ſtates.
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their ſad eyes faſt-ſtreaming o'er the main,
Shall ſtay their tears; the mother, and the wife,
Shall bleſs thee for a ſon's or huſband's life!
Fair Ariadne, ſprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd the brave Theſeus, and with Theſeus fled,
Forſook her father, and her native plain,
And ſtemm'd the tumults of the furging main;
Yet the ſtern ſire relented, and forgave
The maid, whoſe only crime it was to ſave:
Ev'n the juſt gods forgave: and now on high
A ſtar ſhe ſhines, and beautifies the ſky:
What bleſſings then ſhall righteous heaven decree
For all our heroes ſav'd, and ſav'd by thee!
Heaven gave thee not, to kill, ſo ſoft an air,
And cruelty ſure never look'd ſo fair!
He ceas'd; but left ſo charming on her ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill ſhe ſeem'd to hear:
Her eye to earth ſhe bends with modeſt grace,
And heaven in ſmiles is open'd in her face.
A glance ſhe ſteals; but roſy bluſhes ſpread
O'er her fair cheek, and then ſhe drops her head:
A thouſand words at once to ſpeak ſhe tries;
In vain—but ſpeaks a thouſand with her eyes:
Trembling, the ſhining caſket ſhe expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart—had given her very heart away.

EPISTOLA AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM.

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709.

Eequid abſenti tibi cura Grantæ?
Ecquid antiqui memor es ſodalis!
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Chare, Georgi.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Ut roſâ dulcit, violiſque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyruſque blandis
Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid ceſſas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conſcendas eques † ingementis,
Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris
Detinet Ulnis?

* 947.

* *Temple of Hecate.*

† *Obeſo fuit corpore.*

Digne ſuccendi meliore flammâ!—
Sive * Clariſſam, Juvenumvè curam
Phillidem mavis, placeatvè, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.

Tarde, quid ceſſas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi fruſtrà ad ſpeculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat ſophiſtes,
Dum Johannenſi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

Quin velis ſcribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus ſpoliis onuſtus,
Gallicas ſudit propè † Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalem gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus ſanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
Mollè ſubridens, Venus! huc ſorores
Gratiæ! longùm vale, O! Minerva,
Aſpera Virgo!

Barbaro tandèm ſatiata ludo,
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; caſtam
Virginem dirus gladius, ſeroxque
Dedecet Ægis.

Flagitas noſtræ quid agunt camœnæ?
Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aſpiciens ocello
Torruit pectus!—neque tu furoris
Inſcius blandi! tibi ſævit imis
Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere triſtes
Tu potes curas! * Cerealis hauſtus
Eſt tibi, præſens relevare diro
Pectora luctu.

Corticem aſtrictum pice cum reducis,
Audin, ingenti tonat ut boatu
Fumidus! ſummo ruit ut lagenæ
Spumens ore!

Cernis! ut viro nitet invidendo
Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
Cui jocus, quocum Venus et Cupido
Spicula tingunt.

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
Virginis:—plenum viden!—ah! caveto
Dextra nè quaſſet malè, dum laborat
Pondere dulci!

Euge! ſiccâſti benè, fortiterque!—
Hinc adeſt curæ medicina! ſuaves
Hinc tibi ſomni, et tibi ſuaviora
Somnia ſomnis!

Hos bibens ſuccos, nihil invidebis
Italis, quamvis cyathi Falerno
Dulcè nigreſcant, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ!

Hic Johannenſi latitans ſuili
Grunnio, ſcribens ſitiente labro,
Aut graves hauſtus, inimica muſis
Pocula, duco.

* *Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.*
† *Juxtà Aldenardum.*

• *Anglicè* bottled ale.

SIXTEEN ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE XV.—HAPPY LIFE.

The wealth of Gyges I deſpiſe;
Gems are uſeleſs glittering toys.
Gold I leave, and ſuch vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my hair with unguents flow,
With roſy garlands crown my brow!
The preſent moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next, perhaps, to die!
Then, while the hour ſerenely ſhines,
Toſs the gay die, and quaff thy wines:
But ever, in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Leſt death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taſte no more the cup of joy.

ODE XVI.—THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Some ſing of Thebes, and ſome deſtroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive ſtrains,
My own captivity and chains!
No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horſeman, arm'd to ſlay,
My peace alarm! Far other foes,
Far other hoſts, create my woes:
Strange, dangerous hoſts, that ambuſh'd lie
In every bright love darting eye!
Such as deſtroy, when beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XX.—TO HIS MISTRESS.

The gods o'er mortals prove their ſway,
And ſteal them from themſelves away:
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image ſtands;
And Philomel, up-borne on wings
Through air, her mournful ſtory ſings,

Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wiſh, allow;
The envy'd mirrour I would be,
That thou might'ſt always gaze on me;
And could my naked heart appear,
Thou'dſt ſee thyſelf—for thou art there
O! were I made thy folding veſt,
That thou might'ſt claſp me to thy breaſt!
Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy boſom-cincture I would grow,
To warm thoſe little hills of ſnow;
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant ſtreams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of ſhining pearl—to deck,
And cloſe embrace thy graceful neck:
A very ſandal I would be
To tread on—if trod on by thee!

ODE XXIV.—IMITATED.

Alas! alas! I ſee each day
Steals me from myſelf away;
And every ſtep of life I tread,
I ſpeed to mingle with the dead.
How many years are paſt, my friends,
I know, and there my knowledge ends.
How many years are ſtill in ſtore,
I neither can, nor would explore.
Then, ſince the hours inceſſant fly,
They all ſhall find me crown'd with joy.
To thoſe, my cares I here bequeath,
Who meanly die for fear of death,
And daily with aſſiduous ſtrife
Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.
Then, care, begone! I'd dance and play;
Hence, with thy ſerious face away!
I'll laugh; and whilſt gay wine inflames,
I'll court the laughter-loving dames;
And ſtudy to reſign my breath
In eccſtaſy, and ſmile in death.

ODE XXV.—IMITATED.

Bring me, O bring th' enlivening draught,
Lenient of grief, and anxious thought.
Then care retires, aſham'd to ſhow
His downcaſt eye, and faded brow.
I baniſh buſineſs to the great,
To all that curſe, yet covet ſtate.
Death haſtes amain: then who would run
To meet what moſt he ſtrives to ſhun?
Or antedate the dreadful day
By cares, and aid the fiend to ſlay?
If tears could bribe his dreadful powers,
I'd weep, and bleſs the precious ſhowers;
But let our lot be joy or woe,
Alike he ſpeeds to ſtrike the blow.
Then crown the bowl!—ye ſorrows, fly
To kill ſome wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI.—THE PLEASING FRENZY.

Now bring, by all the powers divine,
Being me a bowl of roſy wine;
A mighty bowl of wine I crave:
When wine inſpires, 'tis ſweet to rave.
In frantic rage Alcmæon drew
His falchion, and his * mother ſlew:
Oreſtes in a furious mood
Raving ſhed his † mother's blood.
Dreadful, ſober mankind, they!—
None, harmleſs drunkard, none I ſlay:
The blood of grapes I only crave;
I quaff it, and 'tis ſweet to rave.
Alcides, frantic, graſp'd his bow;
His quiver rattled, ſtor'd with woe:
Stern Ajax ſhook his glittering blade,
And broad his ſevenfold ſhield diſplay'd:
Dangerous madman! how he drew
His ſword, and hoſts in fancy ſlew!
I, peaceful I, no falchion wield;
I bend no bow, I poiſe no ſhield.
The flowery garland crowns my hairs,
My hand the powerful goblet bears;
The powerful goblet nobly brave,
I drain, and then 'tis ſweet to rave.

ODE XXXVI.

Talk not to me of pedant rules;
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who ſolemnly in form adviſe;
At beſt, impertinently wiſe!
To me more pleaſing precepts give,
And teach the ſcience how to live;
To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that ſpring from too much thought;
To learn ſoft leſſons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I'm old! I ſee my head
With hoary locks by time o'erſpread:
Then inſtant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at leaſt in thought.
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day
When I muſt mix with common clay;
When I muſt tread the diſmal ſhore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVI. THE SPRING.

See, winter's paſt! the ſeaſons bring
Soft breezes with returning ſpring;
At whoſe approach the graces wear
Freſh honours in their flowing hair:
The raging ſeas forget to roar,
And, ſmiling, gently kiſs the ſhore:
The ſportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now riſes into day;
The cranes from freezing ſkies repair,
And ſailing float to warmer air:
Th' enlivening ſuns in glory riſe,
And gaily dance along the ſkies.
The clouds diſperſe; or if in ſhowers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers:
See, verdure clothes the teeming earth!
The olive ſtruggles into birth:
The ſwelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promiſe future wine:

* *Eryphile.* † *Clytemneſtra.*

Bleſt juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII. GAY LIFE.

Give me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the ſound my breaſt inſpire!
But with no troubleſome delight
Of arms and heroes ſlain in fight:
Let it play no conqueſts here,
Or conqueſts only o'er the fair!
Boy, reach that volume—book divine;
The ſtatutes of the god of wine!
He, legiſlator, ſtatutes draws;
And I his judge enforce his laws;
And, faithful to the weighty truſt,
Compel his vot'ries to be juſt:
Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the ſprightly dance we riſe;
We friſk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious ſound;
Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
Rapturous ſongs that breathe of wine.

ODE I. THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE

See! ſee the jolly god appears;
His hand a mighty goblet bears:
With ſparkling wine full-charg'd it flows,
The ſovereign cure of human woes.
Wine gives a kind releaſe from care,
And courage to ſubdue the fair;
Inſtructs the cheerful to advance
Harmonious in the ſprightly dance:
Hail, goblet! rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines.
See! how the mimic cluſters roll,
As ready to re-fill the bowl!
Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our beſt phyſician all the year.
Thus guarded, no diſeaſe we fear,
No troubleſome diſeaſe of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health—new wine.

ODE LII. GRAPES; OR THE VINTAGE.

Io! the vintage now is done!
And black'ned with th' autumnal ſun
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The ſweeteſt product of the year!
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And ſwift the damſels trip away:
The youths alone the wine-preſs tread,
For wine's by ſkilful drunkards made:
Meantime the mirthful ſong they raiſe,
Io! Bacchus, to thy praiſe!
And, eying the bleſt juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.
Gaily, through wine, the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance:
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are gray.

Through wine, the youth completes his loves;
He haunts the ſilence of the groves:
Where, ſtretch'd beneath th' embowering ſhade,
He ſpies ſome love-inſpiring maid:
On beds of roſy ſweets ſhe lies,
Inviting ſleep to cloſe her eyes:
Faſt by her ſide his limbs he throws,
Her hand he preſſes—breathes his vow
And cries, my love, my ſoul comply
This inſtant, or, alas! I die.
In vain the youth perſuaſion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at leaſt denies:
Then ſcorning death through dull deſpair,
He ſtorms th' unwilling willing fair;
Bleſſing the grapes that could diſpenſe
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE LIII. THE ROSE.

Come, lyriſt, tune thy harp, and play
Reſponſive to my vocal lay:
Gently touch it, while I ſing
The roſe, the glory of the ſpring.
To heaven the roſe in fragrance flies,
The ſweeteſt incenſe of the ſkies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waſte of flowers,
The gaily-ſmiling graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair.
Thee Venus queen of beauty loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.
In fabled ſong, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite roſe the muſes praiſe:
To pluck the roſe, the virgin-train
With blood their pretty fingers ſtain,
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten, and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiſs, now ſnuff the fragrant joy!
The roſe the poets ſtrive to praiſe,
And for it would exchange their bays;
O! ever to the ſprightly feaſt
Admitted, welcome, pleaſing gueſt!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And roſy wreaths adorn our brows!
Lovely ſmiling roſe, how ſweet
The object where thy beauties meet!
Aurora with a bluſhing ray,
And roſy fingers, ſpreads the day:
The graces more enchanting ſhow
When roſy bluſhes paint their ſnow;
And every pleas'd beholder ſeeks
The roſe in Cytherea's cheeks.
When pain afflicts, or ſickneſs grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And, after death, its odours ſhed
A pleaſing fragrance o'er the dead;
And when its withering charms decay,
And ſinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, lyriſt, join to ſing the birth
Of this ſweet offſpring of the earth!
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;

When warlike Pallas ſprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above;
To grace the world, the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth,
And 'This,' ſhe cry'd, 'I this ordain
'My favourite, queen of flowers to reign!'
But firſt th' aſſembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich, nectareous dew;
A bramble-ſtem the drop receives,
And ſtrait the roſe adorns the leaves.
The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV.—GROWN YOUNG.

When ſprightly youths my eyes ſurvey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body ſwims,
And ſudden pinions lift my limbs.
Haſte, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant roſe!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am ſtrong,
And dance, a youth among the young.
Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Bleſt juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I ſpring!
How ſtrong, and yet how ſweet, I ſing!
How bleſt am I! who thus excell
In pleaſing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV.—THE MARK.

The ſtately ſteed expreſſive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Aſia's ſons, the Parthian ſhows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too fooliſh, or too wiſe.

ODE LVI.

Alas! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey!
The ſmiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is baniſh'd from my faded face!
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himſelf half-dead before he dies.
For this, and for the grave, I fear,
And pour the never-ceaſing tear!
A dreadful proſpect ſtrikes my eye;
I ſoon muſt ſicken, ſoon muſt die.
For this the mournful groan I ſhed;
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can ſtedfaſtly ſurvey
Death and its dark tremendous way?
For ſoon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all ſenſeleſs in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LXIV.—TO APOLLO.

Once more, not uninſpir'd, the ſtring
I waken, and ſpontaneous ſing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay:
Some god impells, and I obey.
Liſten, ye groves!—The muſe prepares
A ſacred ſong in Phrygian airs;
Such as the ſwan expiring ſings,
Melodious by Cäyſter's ſprings,
While liſtening winds in ſilence hear,
And to the gods the muſic bear.
Celeſtial muſe! attend, and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus ſing:
To Phœbus and the muſe belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic ſong.
Begin, begin the lofty ſtrain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And ſcorn'd a god that offer'd ſhame.
With glorious pride his vows ſhe hears;
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.
Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to claſp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives
His hope—he ſeizes only leaves.
Why fires my raptur'd breaſt? ah! why,
Ah! whither ſtrives my ſoul to fly?
I feel the pleaſing frenzy ſtrong,
Impulſive to ſome nobler ſong:
Let, let the wanton fancy play;
But guide it, leſt it devious ſtray.
But oh! in vain, my muſe denies
Her aid, a ſlave to lovely eyes.
Suffice it to rehearſe the pains
Of bleeding nymphs, and dying ſwains;
Nor dare to wield the ſhafts of love,
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.
I yield! adieu the lofty ſtrain!
I am Anacreon once again:
Again the melting ſong I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay:
See! ſee! how with attentive ears
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
And quaff, in lowery ſhades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHRISTOPHER PITT,

Containing

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY,
EPISTLES,
ODES,

HYMNS,
PARAPHRASES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——— Superior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in ſoaring meditations flow,
In rapt'rous trance, on *Virgil's* genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his ſtrong beauties tell,
And, like *Æneas*, from your couch of ſtate,
In all the pomp of words diſplay the Trojan fate.

Epiſtle to my Brother on his having a Fit of the Gout.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF PITT.

CHRISTOPHER PITT was born at Blandford in Dorſetſhire, in 1699. His father was an eminent phyſician in that place, and related to the family of Pitt of Stratfield-ſea in Hampſhire.

At the age of fifteen, he was received as a ſcholar into Wincheſter College, where he was diſtinguiſhed by exerciſes of uncommon elegance.

In 1719, he was choſen to New College, Oxford; and at his removal, he preſented to the electors two volumes of MS. poems, the product of his private and voluntary ſtudies; one of which conſiſted of miſcellaneous pieces, and the other contained a complete verſion of *Lucan*, which he did not then know to have been tranſlated by Rowe.

The verſion was ſuppreſſed, perhaps from its being the production of early life, or from a conſciouſneſs of its inferiority to the verſion of Rowe, which was executed in the full vigour of his genius.

Such an inſtance, however, of early diligence deſerves well to be recorded; and the ſuppreſſion of ſuch a work, recommended by ſuch uncommon circumſtances, is to be regretted; for examples of early excellence are never ſuperfluous, and from this example, the danger is not great of many imitations.

When he had reſided three years at this College, he was preſented to the rectory of Pimpern near Blandford, in Dorſetſhire, 1722, by his friend and relation George Pitt, Eſq. of Stratfield-ſea in Hampſhire; and reſigning his fellowſhip, continued at Oxford two years longer, till he became Maſter of Arts. While he reſided at the univerſity, he was affectionately beloved by all who knew him, and particularly diſtinguiſhed by Young, who, with an engaging familiarity, uſed to call him his ſon, and to whom he addreſſed an *Epiſtle* in 1722.

He then retired to Pimpern, a place pleaſing by its ſituation, and therefore likely to excite the imagination of a poet, where he paſſed the reſt of his life.

At what time he compoſed his *Miſcellaneous Poems*, publiſhed 1727, is not eaſy to know: thoſe which have dates, appear to have been very early productions, and few of them riſe above mediocrity.

Of the panegyric *on Lord Stanhope*, the conqueror of Minorca, in particular, he was afterwards aſhamed. "I did write an idle thing," ſays he, in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, 1738, "on Lord Stanhope, the work of a day or two, which I have forgot, as I hope every body elſe has done. The lines, I believe, ſome at leaſt, were round and ſtrong; but, upon the whole, I own it was a raſh incorrect thing. I knew indeed very little of the ſubject; but as he was married to a relation [Lucy, daughter of Thomas Pitt, Eſq. of Stratford, Wilts], I fell to ſcribbling, without fear or wit, to ſhow my reſpect."

Probably about this time he publiſhed his tranſlation of *Vida's Art of Poetry*, which Pope's commendation, in his "Eſſay on Criticiſm," and Triſtram's ſplendid edition, had then made popular. This poem is perhaps the moſt perfect of *Vida's* compoſitions, and has the praiſe of being one of the firſt, if not the very firſt pieces of criticiſm that appeared in Italy ſince the revival of learning; for it was finiſhed in the year 1520.

In this tranſlation, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a ſtrict attention to the ſenſe of the original, the utmoſt elegance of verſification, and the ſkilful adaptation of his numbers to the images expreſſed; a beauty which *Vida* has with great ardour enforced and exemplified.

It was immediately on its publication very eagerly received by the readers of poetry. "I believe it was you," he writes Mr. Duncombe, "who gave a public teſtimony to the merit of the tranſlation of *Vida*," (if it has any) in the "Whitehall Evening Poſt;" when it made its firſt appearance in the world, which I ſuppoſe did not a little contribute to its reputation and ſale; for ſix or ſeven hundred were ſoon diſpoſed of."

The ſucceſs of his *Vida* animated him to a higher undertaking; and, in his thirtieth year, he publiſhed a verſion of the firſt book of the *Æneid;* which, being commended by his friends, he ſome time afterwards added three more, with an advertiſement, in which he repreſents himſelf as tranſlating with great indifference, and with a progreſs of which himſelf was hardly conſcious.

" I am glad," he writes Mr. Duncombe, 1736, " that the verſion pleaſed Meſſrs. Spence, Browne [I. Hawkins], Duncombe, Glover, Benſon, and ſome more of the beſt judges in town. If I may be allowed to judge in my own caſe, I think this laſt to be the beſt of my poetical performances; and I believe that you will agree with me, that the three laſt books have fewer grammatical inaccuracies than the firſt book. I cannot tell what to ſay to your compliment, ' that this verſion will be admired as long as the Engliſh language laſts;' but I am highly obliged to you for your partiality to me ever ſince the tranſlation of *Vida*."

He completed the entire tranſlation of the *Æneid*, June 2. 1738, which, without any further contention with his modeſty, or any awe of the name of Dryden, he publiſhed, in two volumes, 4to, 1740. " I propoſe a good deal of pleaſure," he writes Mr. Duncombe, " in correcting this large work, and hope that in time my friends will not be aſhamed of it, though I know; that in many reſpects Mr. Dryden's verſion muſt have the advantage." In another letter, he ſtyles Dryden's " a glorious tranſlation." " I believe," he adds, " in all my verſion, there are not above ſeven or eight borrowed lines. I could not help taking two together from Mr. Dryden in this paragraph, they are ſo very ſweet:

" All, all my life," replies the youth, " ſhall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlaſting fame.
Though fortune only this attempt can bleſs,
Yet ſtill my courage ſhall deſerve ſucceſs;
But one reward I aſk before I go,
The greateſt I can aſk, or you beſtow.
Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the name.
Such was her love, ſhe left her native Troy,
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And ſuch is mine, that I muſt keep unknown
From her the danger of ſo dear a ſon.
To ſpare her anguiſh, lo! I quit the place,
Without one parting kiſs, one laſt embrace!
By night, and that reſpected hand, I ſwear,
Her tender tears are more than I can bear.
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childleſs, and relieve her, poor.
Oh! let her find in you, when I am gone,
A friend, a ſpouſe, a guardian, and a ſon!
With that dear hope emboldened I ſhall go,
Brave every danger, and defy the foe."

He had certainly reaſon to be proud of theſe lines, it being ſcarce poſſible to find any ſuperior to them in any verſion; Dryden's of the ſame paſſage (" ſweet" as are the two lines he has taken), is much inferior in elegance and harmony.

The Engliſh *Æneid* is joined in this collection with his other poems, that the readers of poetry may have an opportunity of comparing the two beſt tranſlations that perhaps ever were produced, by one nation, of the ſame authur.

He did not enjoy the reputation which this great work deſervedly conferred; for he died in 1748, in the forty-eight year of his age; and lies buried under a ſtone at Blandford, on which is this inſcription:

In memory of
CHR. PITT, Clerk, M. A.
Very eminent
for his talents in poetry;
and yet more
for the univerſal candour of
his mind, and the primitive
ſimplicity of his manners.
He lived innocent,
and died beloved,
Apr. 13. 1748.
Aged 48.

His *Original Poems*, diſperſed in the " The Student," and other publications, were collected and publiſhed in the edition of " The Engliſh Poets," 1779.

His verſion of the *Æneid* was re-printed in a complete edition of "Virgil's works tranſlated into Engliſh," in 4 vols, 8vo, 1753. The tranſlation of the "Eclogues" and "Georgics," three eſſays "on paſtoral, didactic, and epic poetry," and "notes on the whole," were contributed by Dr. Warton, the preſent reſpectable maſter of Wincheſter ſchool; with diſſertations "on the VIth book of the *Eneid*," by Warburton; "on the ſhield of Æneas," by W. Whitehead; "on the character of Iapis," by Dr. Atterbury; and ſome new obſervations by Holdſworth, Spence, and others.

The amiable character of Pitt, tranſcribed from the ſtone that marks the place of his duſt, owes nothing to flattery. He was reverenced for his virtue, and beloved for the ſoftneſs of his temper, and the eaſineſs of his manners. Before ſtrangers, he had ſomething of the ſcholar's timidity and diſtruſt; but when he became familiar, he was in a very high degree cheerful and entertaining. His general benevolence procured him general reſpect; and he paſſed a life placid and honourable; neither too great for the kindneſs of the low, nor too low for the notice of the great.

As a poet, his compoſitions are characteriſed by ſplendour and elegance of diction, and the exquiſite poliſh and harmony of the verſification. Moſt of his original pieces are pleaſing and poetical; but his *Vida* and the Engliſh *Æneid*, are the chief foundation of his fame. His verſion of *Vida* is executed with ſo much exactneſs and general elegance, that there is little fear of its being ſupplanted by the verſion of Mr. Hampſon, publiſhed in 1793.

The excellence of his verſion of the *Æneid*, his greateſt work, is generally allowed; but the critics have been divided concerning the juſt proportion of merit which ought to be aſcribed to it, comparatively with that of Dryden. Some have aſſerted, that Pitt has done moſt juſtice to Virgil; that he ſhines in Pitt with a luſtre which Dryden wanted not power, but leiſure to beſtow. Pitt, no doubt, had many advantages above Dryden in this arduous undertaking. As he was later in the attempt, he had conſequently the verſion of Dryden to improve upon. He ſaw the errors of that great poet, and avoided them; he diſcovered his beauties, and improved upon them: and as he was not compelled by neceſſity, he had leiſure to reviſe, correct, and finiſh his excellent work. Yet it may be juſtly doubted whether, upon the whole, the verſion of Dryden is not the moſt vigorous and poetical performance.

A compariſon of the following paſſages may enable the reader to determine for himſelf, to whoſe tranſlation he would give the preference. The firſt is taken from Virgil's deſcription of Elyſium, which "is ſo charming," ſays Dr. Trapp, "that it is almoſt Elyſium to read it."

His demum exactis perfecto munera divæ,
Devenere locos lætos, et amæna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum ſedeſque beatas
Largior hic campos æther et lumine veſtit
Purpureo: ſolemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt
Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris
Contenduut ludo, et fulva luctantur arena;
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina decunt
Nec non Threicus longa cum veſte ſacerdos
Obloquitur numeris ſeptem diſcrimina vocum,
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulſat eburno.——ÆNEID, Lib. VI. 639.

Theſe holy rites performed, they took their way
Where long extended plains of pleaſure lay.
The verdant fields with thoſe of heaven may vie,
With ether veſted, and a purple ſky;
The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below,
Stars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.
Their airy limbs in ſports they exerciſe,
And on the green contend the wreſtler's prize.
Some in heroic verſe divinely ſing,
Others in artful meaſures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, ſurrounded by the reſt,
There ſtands conſpicuous in his flowing veſt.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike ſeven diſtinguiſh'd notes, and ſeven at once they fill.——DRYDEN.

Theſe rites complete, they reach the flowery plains,
The verdant groves, where endleſs pleaſure reigns.
Here glowing ether ſhoots a purple ray,
And o'er the region pours a double day.

From ſky to ſky th' unwearied ſplendour runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter ſuns.
Some wreſtle on the ſands, and ſome in play,
And games heroic, paſs the hours away.
Thoſe raiſe the ſong divine, and theſe advance,
In meaſur'd ſteps, to form the ſolemn dance.
There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
In ſeven diviſions ſtrikes the ſounding lyre.
Acroſs the chords the quivering quill he flings,
Or with his flying fingers ſweeps the ſtrings.——PITT.

In the celebrated deſcription of the ſwiftneſs of Camilla, in the VIIth Æneid, the ſuperiority of Dryden is more conſpicuous than in the foregoing paſſage.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſit ariſtas,
Vel mare per medium fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter; celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

——— the fierce virago fought—
Outſtrip'd the winds in ſpeed upon the plain;
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain.
She ſwept the ſeas; and as ſhe ſkimm'd along,
Her flying feet, unbath'd, on billows hung.——DRYDEN.

She led the rapid race, and left behind
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind;
Lightly ſhe flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender graſs, nor bends the golden grain;
Or o'er the the ſwelling ſurge ſuſpended ſweeps,
And ſmoothly ſkims, unbath'd, along the deeps.——PITT.

It is evident from theſe paſſages, that Pitt's verſification, though more exquiſitely poliſhed, abounds more in ſuperfluous epithets and uneſſential images than that of Dryden, and is beſides leſs diſtinguiſhed by variety of pauſe and cadence. Alliteration is an inferior beauty, which is more remarkable in Pitt than Dryden. Benſon, who in a pamphlet of his writing, has treated Dryden's verſion with great contempt, was yet fond of the alliteration of Pitt, to a degree of enthuſiaſm. He once took occaſion, in converſation with Pitt, to magnify that beauty, and to compliment him upon it. Pitt thought it far leſs conſiderable than Benſon did; but ſays he, "Since you are ſo fond of alliteration, this couplet upon Cardinal Wolſey will not diſpleaſe you:

Begot by butchers, but by biſhops bred,
How high his honour holds his haughty head."

Benſon was no doubt charmed to hear his favourite grace in poetry ſo beautifully exemplified, which it certainly is, without any affectation or ſtiffneſs.

Spence, in his "Polymetis," has convicted Dryden, in ſeveral inſtances, of ignorance or negligence in tranſlating the ancient allegories. "Upon this," ſays Dr. Warton, "I was deſirous to examine Mr. Pitt's tranſlation of the ſame paſſages, and was ſurpriſed to find near fifty inſtances which Mr. Spence has given of Dryden's miſtakes of that kind, when Mr. Pitt had not fallen into above three or four."

To the eſtimate which Dr. Johnſon has given of the comparative merits of the rival verſions, the preſent writer has no great reaſon to object, as he is more diſpoſed to admire the amazing force of Dryden's genius, than induſtriouſly to dwell on his imperfections.

"Pitt engaging as a rival with Dryden, naturally obſerved his failures, and avoided them; and as he wrote after Pope's "Iliad," he had an example of an exact, equable, and ſplendid verſification. With theſe advantages, ſeconded by great diligence, he might ſucceſsfully labour particular paſſages, and eſcape many errors. If the two verſions are compared, perhaps the reſult would be, that Dryden leads the reader forward by his general vigour and ſprightlineſs; and Pitt often ſtops him to contemplate the excellence of a particular couplet: That Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the langour of a cold and liſtleſs peruſal; That Pitt pleaſes the critics, and Dryden the people: That Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read."

DEDICATION.

TO GEORGE PITT, Esq.

OF STRATFIELD SEA, IN HAMPSHIRE.

Sir;

Since you vouchsafe to be a patron to these sheets, as well as to their author, I will not make an ill use of the liberty you give me, to address you in this public manner, by running into the common topics of dedications. Should I venture to engage in such an extensive theme as your character, the world would judge the attempt to be altogether unnecessary, because it had long before been thoroughly acquainted with your virtues; besides I am sensible, that you as earnestly decline all praise and panegyric, as you eminently deserve them.

I hope, Sir, on another occasion, to present you with the product of my severer studies: in the mean time, be pleased to accept of this trifle, as one small acknowledgment of the many great favours you have bestowed on,

(Honoured Sir)

Your obliged humble servant,

Christopher Pitt.

PREFACE.

My translation of Vida's Art of Poetry having been more favourably received than I had reason to expect, has encouraged me to publish this miscellany of poems and select translations. I shall neither embarrass myself nor my reader with apologies concerning this collection; for whether it is a good or a bad one, all excuses are unnecessary in one case, and offered in vain in the other.

An author of a miscellany has a better chance of pleasing the world, than he who writes on a single subject; and I have sometimes known a bad, or (which is still worse) an indifferent poet, meet with tolerable success; which has been owing more to the variety of subjects, than his happiness in treating them.

I am sensible the men of wit and pleasure will be disgusted to find so great a part of this collection consist of sacred poetry; but I assure these gentlemen, whatever they shall be pleased to object, that I shall never be ashamed of employing my talents (such as they are) in the service of my Maker; that it would look indecent in one of my profession, not to spend as much time on the psalms of David, as the hymns of Callimachus; and farther, that if those beautiful pieces of divine poetry had been written by Callimachus, or any heathen author, they might have possibly vouchsafed them a reading even in my translation.

But I will not trespass further on my reader's patience in prose, since I shall have occasion enough for it, as well as for his good nature, in the following verses; concerning which I must acquaint him, that some of them were written several years since, and that I have precisely observed the rule of our great master Horace—Nonumque prematur in annum. But I may say more justly than Mr. Prior said of himself in the like case, that I have observed the letter more than the spirit of the precept.

1727.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

ON HIS POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Forgive th' ambitious fondneſs of a friend,
For ſuch thy worth, 'tis glory to commend;
To thee, from judgment, ſuch applauſe is due,
I praiſe myſelf while I am praiſing you;
As he who bears the lighted torch, receives
Himſelf aſſiſtance from the light he gives.
So much you pleaſe, ſo vaſt is my delight,
Thy, ev'n thy fancy cannot reach its height.
In vain I ſtrive to make the tranſport known,
No language can deſcribe it but thy own.
Could'ſt thou thy genius pour into my heart,
Thy copious fancy, thy engaging heart,
Thy vigorous thoughts, thy manly flow of ſenſe,
Thy ſtrong and glowing paint of eloquence;
Then ſhould'ſt thou well conceive that happineſs,
Which I alone can feel, and you expreſs.
In ſcenes which thy invention ſets to view,
Forgive me, friend, if I loſe ſight of you;
I ſee with how much ſpirit Homer thought,
With how much judgment cooler Virgil wrote;
In every line, in every word you ſpeak,
I read the Roman, and confeſs the Greek;
Forgetting thee, my ſoul with rapture ſwell'd,
Cries out, "How much the ancient bards excell'd!"
But when thy juſt tranſlations introduce
To nearer converſe any Latian muſe,
The ſeveral beauties you ſo well expreſs,
I loſe the Roman in the Britiſh dreſs!
Sweetly deceiv'd, the ancients I contemn,
And with miſtaken zeal to thee exclaim,
(By ſo much nature, ſo much art betray'd)
"What vaſt improvements have our moderns made!"
How vain and unſucceſsful ſeems the toil,
To raiſe ſuch precious fruits in foreign ſoil:
They mourn, tranſplanted to another coaſt,
Their beauties languid, and their flavour loſt!
But ſuch thy art, the ripening colours glow
As pure as thoſe their native ſuns beſtow;
Not an inſipid beauty only yield,
But breathe the odours of Auſonia's field.
Such is the genuine flavour, it belies
Their ſtranger ſoil, and unacquainted ſkies.
Vida no more the long oblivion fears,
Which hid his virtues from a length of years;
Ally'd to thee, he lives again; thy rhymes
Shall friendly hand him down to lateſt times;
Shall do his injur'd reputation right,
While in thy work with ſuch ſucceſs unite
His ſtrength of judgment, and his charms of ſpeech,
That precepts pleaſe, and muſic ſeems to teach.
Leſt unimprov'd I ſeem to read thee o'er,
Th' unhallow'd rapture I indulge no more;
By thee inſtructed, I the taſk forſake,
Nor for chaſte love the luſt of verſe miſtake;
Thy works that rais'd this frenzy in my ſoul,
Shall teach the giddy tumult to controul:
Warm'd as I am with every muſe's charms,
Since the coy virgins fly my eager arms,
* I'll quit the work, throw by my ſtrong deſire,
And from thy praiſe reluctantly retire.

G. Ridley.

DR. COBDEN TO MR. PITT.

On his having a Bay-Leaf ſent him from Virgil's Tomb.

Forgive me, Sir, if I approve
The judgment of your friend,
Who choſe this token of his love
From Virgil's tomb to ſend.
You, who the Mantuan poet dreſs
In pureſt Engliſh lays,
Who all his ſoul and flame expreſs,
May juſtly claim his bays.
Thoſe bays, which water'd by your hand,
From Vida's ſpring ſhall riſe,
And with freſh verdure crown'd, withſtand
The lightning of the ſkies.
Let hence your emulation fir'd
His matchleſs ſtrains purſue,
As from Achilles' tomb inſpir'd,
The youth a rival grew.

* *See Mr. Pitt's tranſlation of Vida.*

POEMS.

AN EPISTLE TO DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

AT EASTBURY IN DORSETSHIRE,

On the Review at Sarum, 1722.

While with your Dodington retir'd you ſit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit;
By turns relieving with the circling draught,
Each pauſe of chat, and interval of thought:
Or through the well-glaz'd tube, from buſineſs freed,
Draw the rich ſpirit of the Indian weed;
Or bid your eyes o'er Vanbrough's models roam,
And trace in miniature the future dome,
(While buſy fancy with imag'd power
Builds up the work of ages in an hour);
Or loſt in thought, contemplative you rove
Through opening viſtas, and the ſhady grove;
Where a new Eden in the wilds is found,
And all the ſeaſons in a ſpot of ground:
There, if you exerciſe your tragic rage,
To bring ſome hero on the Britiſh ſtage;
Whoſe cauſe the audience with applauſe will crown,
And make his triumphs or his tears their own:
Throw by the bold deſign; and paint no more
Imagin'd chiefs, and monarchs of an hour;
From fabled worthies, call thy muſe to ſing
Of real wonders, and Britannia's king. [train
Oh! hadſt thou ſeen him, when the gathering
Fill'd up proud Sarum's wide-extended plain!
Then, when he ſtoop'd from awful majeſty,
Put on the man, and laid the ſovereign by;
When the glad nations ſaw their king appear,
Begirt with armies, and the pride of war;
More pleas'd his people's longing eyes to bleſs,
He look'd, and breath'd benevolence and peace:
When in his hand Britannia's awful lord
Held forth the olive, while he graſp'd the ſword.
So Jove, though arm'd to blaſt the Titan's pride,
With all his burning thunders at his ſide,
Fram'd, while he terrify'd the diſtant foe,
His ſcheme of bleſſings for the world below.
This hadſt thou ſeen, thy willing muſe would raiſe
Her ſtrongeſt wing, to reach her ſovereign's praiſe.
To what bold heights our daring hopes may climb?
The theme ſo great! the poet ſo ſublime!
I ſaw him, Young, and to theſe raviſh'd eyes
Ev'n now his godlike figure ſeems to riſe:
Mild, yet majeſtic, was the monarch's mien,
Lovely, though great, and awful, though ſerene.
(More than a coin or picture can unfold;
Too faint the colours, and too baſe the gold!)
At the bleſt ſight, tranſported and amaz'd
One univerſal ſhout the thouſands rais'd,
And crowds on crowds grew loyal as they gaz'd.
His foes (if any) own'd the monarch's cauſe,
And chang'd their groundleſs clamours to applauſe:
Ev'n giddy faction hail'd the glorious day,
And wondering envy look'd her rage away.
As Ceres o'er the globe her chariot drew,
And harveſts ripen'd where the goddeſs flew;
So, where his gracious footſteps he inclin'd,
Peace flew before, and plenty march'd behind.
Where wild affliction rages, he appears
To wipe the widow's and the orphan's tears:
The ſons of miſery before him bow,
And for their merit only plead their woe.
So well he loves the public liberty,
His mercy ſets the private captive free.
Soon as our royal angel came in view,
The priſons burſt, the ſtarting hinges flew;
The dungeon's open'd, and reſign'd their prey,
To joy, to life, to freedom, and the day:
The chains drop off; the grateful captives rear
Their hands unmanacled in praiſe and prayer.
Had thus victorious Cæſar fought to pleaſe,
And rul'd the vanquiſh'd world with arts like theſe;
The generous Brutus had not ſcorn'd to bend,
But ſunk the rigid patriot in the friend;
Nor to that bold exceſs of virtue ran,
To ſtab the monarch, where he lov'd the man.
And Cato reconcil'd, had ne'er diſdain'd
To live a ſubject where a Brunſwick reign'd.
But I detain your nobler muſe too long
From the great theme that mocks my humble ſong,
A theme that aſks a Virgil or a Young.

ON THE APPROACHING

DELIVERY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

IN THE YEAR 1721.—AN ODE.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.
Deſcend, ye ſpirits of the ſky;
Stand all ye winged guardians by;
Your golden pinions kindly ſpread,
And watch round Carolina's bed:
Here fix your reſidence on earth,
To haſten on the glorious birth;

Her fainting ſpirits to ſupply,
Catch all the zephyrs as they fly.
Oh! ſuccour nature in the ſtrife,
And gently hold her up in life;
Nor let her hence too ſoon remove,
To join your ſacred choirs above:
But live, Britannia to adorn
With kings and princes yet unborn.
Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.
Aſſuage her pains, and Albion's fears,
For Albion's life depends on her's.
Oh then! to ſave her from deſpair,
Lean down, and liſten to her prayer.
Crown all her tortures with delight,
And call th' auſpicious babe to light.
We hope from your propitious care,
All that is brave, or all that's fair.
A youth, to match his ſire in arms;
Or nymph, to match her mother's charms;
A youth, who over kings ſhall reign,
Or nymph, whom kings ſhall court in vain.
From far the royal ſlaves ſhall come,
And wait from him or her their doom;
To each their different ſuits ſhall move,
And pay their homage, or their love.
Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.
When the ſoft powers of ſleep ſubdue
Thoſe eyes, that ſhine as bright as you;
With ſcenes of bliſs, tranſporting themes!
Prompt and inſpire her golden dreams:
Let viſionary bleſſings riſe,
And ſwim before her cloſing eyes.
The ſenſe of torture to ſubdue,
Set Britain's happineſs to view;
That ſight her ſpirits will ſuſtain,
And give her pleaſure from her pain.
Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.
Come, and rejoice; th' important hour
Is paſt, and all our fears are o'er;
See! every trace of anguiſh flies,
While in her lap the infant lies,
Her pain by ſudden joy beguil'd,
She hangs in rapture o'er the child,
Her eyes o'er every feature run,
The father's beauties and her own.
There, pleas'd her image to ſurvey,
She melts in tenderneſs away;
Smiles o'er the babe, nor ſmiles in vain,
The babe returns th' auſpicious ſmile again.
Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.
Turn heaven's eternal volume o'er,
And look for this diſtinguiſh'd hour;
Conſult the page of Britain's ſtate,
Before you cloſe the books of fate:
Then tell us what you there have ſeen,
What æra's from this birth begin.
What years from this bleſt hour muſt run,
As bright and laſting as the ſun.
Far from the ken of mortal ſight,
Theſe ſecrets are involv'd in night:
The bleſſings which this birth purſue,
Are only known to heaven and you.

On the Marriage of the Prince of Orange, and the Princeſs Royal of England *.*

When Naſſau ey'd his native coaſts no more,
And firſt diſcern'd fair Albion's whitening ſhore;
In that bleſt moment, while the friendly gales
Wait on his courſe, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails,
The deeps divide; and, as the waves uncloſe,
The genius of the Britiſh ocean roſe.
Looſe to the wind his ſea-green mantle flow'd,
And in his eyes unuſual pleaſure glow'd.
Awhile he paus'd, to mark on Naſſau's face
The well-known features of the godlike race;
Whoſe ſwords were ſacred to the generous cauſe
Of truth, religion, liberty, and laws:
Then ſpoke; the winds a ſtill attention keep,
And awful ſilence huſh'd the murmuring deep:
"Proceed, great prince, to our lov'd coaſt repair,
Where Anna ſhines the faireſt of the fair:
For thy diſtinguiſh'd bed the fates ordain
The royal maid, whom kings might court in vain;
The royal maid, in whom the graces join'd
Her mother's awful charms, and more than female mind.
The merits of thy race, the vaſt arrear
That Britain owes, ſhall all be paid in her;
In her be paid the debt for laws reſtor'd,
For England ſav'd by William's righteous ſword.
Immortal William!—At thy ſacred name
My heart beats quick, and owns its ancient flame.
Still muſt I call to mind the glorious day, [way,
When through theſe floods the hero plough'd his
To free Britannia from the tyrant's chain,
And bid the proſtrate nations riſe again.
Well-pleas'd I ſaw his fluttering ſtreamers fly,
And the full ſails that hid the diſtant ſky.
High on the gilded ſtern, majeſtic rode
The world's great patriot, like a guardian God.
This trident aw'd the tumults of the ſea,
And bade the winds the hero's nod obey:
Fond of the taſk, with this officious hand
I puſh'd the ſacred veſſel to the land;
The land of liberty, by Rome enſlav'd;
He came, he ſaw, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd.
O may that hero, and thy Anna's fire
To nobleſt deeds thy generous boſom fire,
And with their bright tranſmiſſive virtues grace
The great deſcendants of thy princely race!
Still may they all their great example draw
From her Auguſtus, and thy own Naſſau!
May the fair line each happy realm adorn,
Bleſs future ſtates, and nations yet unborn!"

On the Marriage of Frederic Prince of Wales, and Princeſs Auguſta of Saxe-Gotha †.

When pious frauds and holy pride no more
Could hold that empire which ſo long they bore;

* *Originally printed in the "Epithalamia Oxonienſia, Oxonii, 1734," in the name of Mr. Spence; but now reclaimed as Pitt's on the authority of Biſhop Lowth.*

† *Originally printed in the* "Gratulatio Academiæ "Oxonienſis in Nuptias auſpicatiſſimas illuſtriſſi-

From fair Germania's ſtates the truth began
To gleam, and ſhed her heavenly light on man;
To Frederic † firſt, the Saxon prince, 'twas given,
To nurſe and cheriſh this beſt gift of heaven.
Its growth, whilſt young and tender, was his care,
To guard its bloſſoms from th' inclement air,
And dying, "May'ſt thou flouriſh!" was his prayer.
Again, when fair religion now had ſpread
Her influence round, and rais'd her captiv'd head;
When Charles and Rome their impious forces join'd
To quench its light, and re-enſlave mankind;
Another Frederic ‡ firſt appear'd in arms,
To guard th' endanger'd bleſſing from alarms.
Ye heavens! what virtues with what courage join'd!
But join'd in vain!—See, vanquiſh'd, and confin'd
In the deep gloom, the pious hero lies,
And lifts to heaven his ever-ſtreaming eyes.
There, ſpent with ſorrows, as he funk to reſt
(The public cauſe ſtill labouring in his breaſt),
Behold, in ſlumber, to his view diſplay'd,
Roſe the firſt Frederic's venerable ſhade!
His temples circled with a heavenly flame;
The ſame his flowing robe, his look the ſame.
"And art thou come? (the captive warrior cries)
What realms ſo long detained thee from our eyes?
After ſuch wars, ſuch deaths and honours paſt,
Is our great guardian chief return'd at laſt?
Say, from your heaven, ſo long deſir'd in vain,
Deſcends our hero to our aid again?
Now when proud Rome, her ſtandard wide unfurl'd,
Pours like a deluge o'er the trembling world;
Fierce, her diſputed empire to reſtore,
And ſcourge mankind for ten dark ages more?
Like me, religion wears the tyrant's chain;
Proſtrate like me, ſhe bleeds at every vein:
Oh! muſt we never, never riſe again?"
"Diſmiſs thy fears, (the reverend ſhade replies)
Be firm, be conſtant, and abſolve the ſkies.
Dark are the ways of heaven: let man attend:
Soon will the regular confuſion end.
Soon ſhall thy eyes a brighter ſcene ſurvey
(Lo, the fleet hours already wing their way!)
When, to thy native ſoil in peace reſtor'd,
Once more ſhall Gotha ſee her lawful Lord.
True to religion, each ſucceſſive ſon
Shall aid the cauſe their generous ſires begun.
Even now I look through fate. O glorious ſight!
I ſee thy offſpring as they riſe to light.

What benefits to man! what lights divine!
What heroes, and what ſaints adorn the line!
And oh! to crown the ſcene, my joyful eyes
Behold from far a princely virgin riſe!
This, this is ſhe, the ſmiling fates ordain
To bring the bright primeval times again!
The fair Auguſta!—Grac'd with blooming charms;
Reſerv'd to bleſs a Britiſh prince's arms.
Behold, behold the long-expected day!
Fly ſwift, ye hours, ye minutes, haſte away;
To wed the fair, O favour'd of the ſkies,
Riſe in thy time, thou deſtin'd hero, riſe!
For through this ſcene of opening fate, I ſee
A greater Frederic ſhall ariſe in thee!
Then let thy fears from this bleſt moment ceaſe,
Henceforth ſhall pure religion reign in peace.
Thy royal race ſhall Albion's ſceptre ſway,
And ſon to ſon th' imperial power convey:
All ſhall ſupport, like thee, the noble cauſe
Of truth, religion, liberty, and laws."
This ſaid, the venerable ſhade retir'd:
The wondering hero, at the viſion fir'd,
With generous rapture glows; forgets his pains,
Smiles at his woes, and triumphs in his chains.

" morum Principum Frederici Principis Walliæ
" et Auguſtæ Principiſſæ de Saxo-Gotha. Oxo-
" nii, 1736;' *and now reſtored to Pitt, on the ſame unqueſtionable authority as the preceding poem.*

† *Frederic, Elector of Saxony, the chief Protector of Luther and the Proteſtant religion, died in the year* 1520.

‡ *John Frederic, nephew to the former, taken priſoner by Charles V. and deſpoiled of his electorate by him in* 1547.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS TO JUPITER.

While trembling we approach Jove's awful ſhrine,
With pure libations, and with rites divine;
What theme more proper can we chooſe to ſing,
Then Jove himſelf, the great, eternal king!
Whoſe word gives law to thoſe of heavenly birth;
Whoſe hand ſubdues the rebel ſons of earth.
Since doubts and dark diſputes thy titles move,
Hear'ſt thou, Dictæan and Lycæan Jove?
For here thy birth the tops of Ida claim,
And there Arcadia triumphs in thy name.
But Crete in vain would boaſt a grace ſo high,
Whoſe faithleſs ſons through mere complexion lie:
Immortal as thou art in endleſs bloom,
To prove their claim, they build the thunderer's tomb.
Be then Arcadian, for the towering height
Of ſteep Parrhaſia welcom'd thee to light;
When pregnant Rhæa, wandering through the wood,
Sought out her darkeſt ſhades, and bore the God;
The place thus hallow'd by the birth of Jove,
More than religious horror guards the grove:
The gloom all teeming females ſtill decline,
From the vile worm, to woman, form divine.
Soon as the mother had diſcharg'd her load,
She ſought a ſpring to bathe the recent god;
But ſought in vain: no living ſtream ſhe found,
Though ſince, the waters drench the realms around.
Clear Erymanthus had not learn'd to glide,
Nor mightier Ladon drove his ſwelling tide,
At thy great birth, where now Iäon flows,
Tall towering oaks, and pathleſs foreſts roſe.
The thirſty ſavages were heard to roar,
Where Cario ſoftly murmurs to the ſhore;
Where ſpreading Melas widely floats the coaſt,
The flying chariot rais'd a cloud of duſt,

With drowth o'er Cratis and Menope curſt,
The fainting ſwain, to aggravate his thirſt,
Heard from within the bubbling waters flow,
In cloſe reſtraint, and murmur from below.
Thou too, O earth, (enjoin'd the power divine)
Bring forth; thy pangs are leſs ſevere than mine,
And ſooner paſt; ſhe ſpoke, and as ſhe ſpoke
Rear'd high her ſcepter'd arm, and pierc'd the rock.
Wide to the blow the parting mountain rent,
The waters guſh'd tumultuous at the vent,
Impatient to be freed; amid the flood
She plung'd the recent babe, and bath'd the god.
She wrapp'd thee, mighty king, in purple bands,
Then gave the ſacred charge to Neda's hands,
The babe to nouriſh in the cloſe retreat,
And in the ſafe receſs, of diſtant Crete.
In years and wiſdom, of the nymphs who nurſt
The infant thunderer, Neda was the firſt;
Next Styx and Phyliré; the virgin ſhar'd
For her great truſt diſcharg'd a great reward:
For by her honour'd name the flood ſhe calls,
Which rolls into the ſea by Leprion's walls;
To drink her ſtreams the ſons of Arcas crowd,
And draw for ever from the ancient flood.
Thee, Jove, the careful nymph to Cnoſſus bore,
(To Cnoſſus ſeated on the Cretan ſhore)
With joyful arms the Corybantes heav'd,
And the proud nymphs the glorious charge receiv'd.
Above the reſt in grace Adraſte ſtood,
She rock'd the golden cradle of the god;
On his ambroſial lips the goat diſtill'd
Her milky ſtore, and fed th' immortal child:
With her the duteous bee preſents her ſpoils,
And for the god repeats her flowery toils.
The fierce Curetes too in arms advance,
And tread tumultuouſly their myſtic dance:
And, leſt thy cries ſhould reach old Saturn's ear,
Beat on their brazen ſhields the din of war.
Full ſoon, Almighty King, thy early prime
Advanc'd beyond the bounds of vulgar time.
Ere the ſoft down had cloth'd thy youthful face,
Swift was thy growth in wit and every grace.
Fraught was thy mind in life's beginning ſtage,
With all the wiſdom of experienc'd age:
Thy elder brothers hence their claims reſign,
And leave th' unbounded heavens by merit thine;
For ſure thoſe poets fable, who advance
The bold aſſertion, that capricious chance
By equal lots to Saturn's ſons had given
The triple reign of ocean, hell and heaven.
Above blind chance the vaſt diviſion lies,
And hell holds no proportion to the ſkies.
Things of a leſs, and equal value, turn
On the blind lot of an inverted urn.
Not chance, O Jove, attain'd heaven's high abodes,
But thy own power advanc'd thee o'er the gods,
Thy power that whirls thy rapid chariot on,
Thy power, the great aſſeſſor of thy throne.
Diſmiſt by thee, th' imperial eagle flies [ſkies:
Charg'd with thy ſigns and thunders through the
To me and mine glad omens may ſhe bring,
And to the left extend her golden wing.
Thou to inferior gods haſt well aſſign'd
The various ranks and orders of mankind;
Of theſe the wandering merchants claim the care;
Of thoſe the poets, and the ſons of war:
Kings claim from thee their titles and their reign
O'er all degrees, the ſoldier and the ſwain.
Vulcan preſides o'er all who bear the maſs,
Bend the tough ſteel, and ſhape the tortur'd braſs.
Diana thoſe adore who ſpread the toils;
To Mars the warrior dedicates his ſpoils.
The bard to Phœbus ſtrikes the living ſtrings,
Jove's royal province is the care of kings;
For kings ſubmiſſive hear thy high decree,
And hold their delegated powers from thee.
Thy name the judge and legiſlator awes,
When this enacts, and that directs the laws:
Cities and realms thy great protection prove;
Theſe bend to monarchs, as they bend to Jove.
Though to thy ſceptre'd ſons thy will extends,
The proper means proportion'd to their ends;
All are not favour'd in the ſame degree,
For power ſupreme belongs to Ptolemy;
What no inferior limitary king
Could in a length of years to ripeneſs bring,
Sudden his word performs; his boundleſs power
Completes the work of ages in an hour:
While others labour through a wretched reign,
Their ſchemes are blaſted, and their counſels vain.
Hail Saturn's mighty ſon, to whom we owe
Life, health, and every bleſſing here below!
Who ſhall in worthy ſtrains thy name adorn?
What living bard? what poet yet unborn?
Hail and all hail again; in equal ſhares
Give wealth and virtue, and indulge our prayers.
Hear us, great king, unleſs they meet combin'd,
Each is but half a bleſſing to mankind.
Then grant us both, that blended they may prove
A doubled happineſs, and worthy Jove.

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS TO APOLLO.

Ha! how Apollo's hallow'd laurels wave?
How ſhakes the temple from its inmoſt cave?
Fly, ye profane; for lo! in heavenly ſtate
The power deſcends, and thunders at the gate.
See, how the Delian palms with reverence nod!
Hark! how the tuneful ſwans confeſs the god!
Leap from your hinges, burſt your brazen bars,
Ye ſacred doors; the god, the god appears.
Ye youth, begin the ſong; in choirs advance;
Wake all your lyres, and form the meaſur'd dance.
No impious wretch his holy eyes have view'd,
None but the juſt, the innocent, and good.
To ſee the power confeſt your minds prepare,
Refin'd from guilt, and purify'd by prayer.
So may you mount in youth the nuptial bed,
So grace with ſilver hairs your aged head;
So the proud walls with lofty turrets crown,
And lay foundations for the riſing town.
Apollo's ſong with awful ſilence hear;
Ev'n the wild ſeas the ſacred ſong revere:
Nor wretched Thetis dares to make her moan,
For great Apollo ſlew her darling ſon.
When the loud iö-Pæans ring around,
She checks her ſighs, and trembles at the ſound.

Fix'd in her grief muſt Niobe appear,
Nor through the Phrygian marble drop a tear;
Still, though a rock, ſhe dreads Apollo's bow,
And ſtands her own ſad monument of woe.
Sound the loud lö's, and the temple rend,
With the bleſt gods 'tis impious to contend.
In his audacious rage would brave the ſkies
He, who the power of Ptolemy deſies,
(From whence the mighty bleſſing was beſtow'd),
Or challenge Phœbus, and reſiſt the god.
Beyond the night your hallow'd ſtrains prolong,
Till the day riſes on the unfiniſh'd ſong.
Nor leſs his various attributes require,
So ſhall he honour, and reward the choir;
For honour is his gift, and high above
He ſhines, and graces the right hand of Jove:
With beamy gold his robes divinely glow,
His harp, his quiver, and his Lictian bow;
His feet how fair and glorious to behold!
Shod in rich ſandals of refulgent gold!
Wealth ſtill attends him, and vaſt gifts beſtow'd.
Adorn the Delphic temple of the god.
Eternal charms his youthful cheeks diffuſe;
His treſſes dropping with ambroſial dews,
Pale death before him flies, with dire diſeaſe,
And health and life are wafted in the breeze.
To thee, great Phœbus, various arts belong,
To wing the dart, and guide the poet's ſong:
Th' enlighten'd prophet feels thy flames divine,
And all the dark events of lots are thine.
By Phœbus taught, the ſage prolongs our breath,
And in its flight ſuſpends the dart of death.
To thy great name, O Nomian power, we cry,
Ere ſince the time when, ſtooping from the ſky,
To tend Admetus' herds thy godhead choſe,
On the fair banks where clear Amphryſus flows:
Bleſt are the herds, and bleſt the flocks, that lie
Beneath the influence of Apollo's eye.
The meads re-echo'd to the bleating lambs,
And the kids leap'd, and friſk'd around their dams;
Her weight of milk each ewe dragg'd on with pain,
And dropp'd a double offſpring on the plain.
On great Apollo for his aid we call,
To build th' town and raiſe th' embattled wall:
He, while an infant, fram'd the wondrous plan,
In fair Ortygia, for the uſe of man.
When young Diana urg'd her ſylvan toils,
From Cynthus' tops ſhe brought her ſavage ſpoils;
The heads of mountain-goats, and antlers lay
Spread wide around, the trophies of the day:
Of theſe a ſtructure he compos'd with art,
In order rang'd, and juſt in every part;
And by that model taught us to diſpoſe
The riſing city, and with walls encloſe;
Where the foundations of the pile ſhould lie,
Or towers and battlements ſhould reach the ſky.
Apollo ſent th' auſpicious crow before,
When our great founder touch'd the Lybian ſhore:
Full on the right he flew to call him on,
And guide the people to their deſtin'd town;
Which to a race of kings Apollo vow'd,
And fix'd for ever ſtands the promiſe of the god.
Or hear'ſt thou, while thy honours we proclaim,
Thy Boëdromian, or thy Clarian name?

(For to the power are various names aſſign'd
From cities rais'd, and bleſſings to mankind.)
In thy Carnean title I rejoice,
And join my grateful country's public voice.
Ere to Cyrene's realms our courſe we bore,
Thrice were we led by thee from ſhore to ſhore;
Till our progenitor the region gain'd,
And annual rites and annual feaſts ordain'd.
When at thy prophet Carnus' will, we rais'd
A glorious temple; and the altars blaz'd
With hecatombs of bulls, whoſe reeking blood,
Great king, they ſhed to thee their guardian god.
lö! Carnean Phœbus! awful power!
Whom fair Cyrene's ſuppliant ſons adore!
To deck thy hallow'd temple, ſee! we bring
The choiceſt flowers, and riſe all the ſpring:
The moſt diſtinguiſh'd odours nature yields,
When balmy zephyr breathes along the fields;
Soon as the ſad inverted year retreats,
To thee the crocus dedicates his ſweets.
From thy bright altars hallow'd flames aſpire;
They ſhine inceſſant from the ſacred fire.
What joy, what tranſport, ſwells Apollo's breaſt,
When at his great Carnean annual feaſt,
Clad in their arms our Libyan tribes advance,
Mix'd with our ſwarthy dames, and lead the dance.
Nor yet the Greeks had reach'd Cyrene's floods;
But rov'd through wild Azilis' gloomy woods;
Whom to his nymph Apollo deign'd to ſhow,
High as he ſtood on tall Myrtuſa's brow;
Where the fierce lion by her hands was ſlain,
Who in his fatal rage laid waſte the plain.
Still to Cyrene are his gifts convey'd,
In dear remembrance of the raviſh'd maid;
Nor were her ſons ungrateful, who beſtow'd
Their choiceſt honours on their guardian god.
lö! with holy raptures ſing around;
We owe to Delphos the triumphant ſound.
When thy victorious hands vouchſaf'd to ſhow
The wonders of thy ſhafts and golden bow;
When Python from his den was ſeen to riſe,
Dire, fierce, tremendous of enormous ſize;
By thee with many a fatal arrow ſlain,
The monſter ſunk extended on the plain;
Shaft after ſhaft in ſwift ſucceſſion flew;
As ſwift the people's ſhouts and prayers purſue.
lö, Apollo, launch thy flying dart;
Send it, oh! ſend it to the monſter's heart.
When thy fair mother bore thee, ſhe deſign'd
Her mighty ſon, a bleſſing to mankind.
Envy, that other plague and fiend, drew near,
And gently whiſper'd in Apollo's ear:
No poet I regard but him whoſe lays
Are ſwelling, loud, and boundleſs as the ſeas;
Apollo ſpurn'd the fury, and reply'd,
The vaſt Euphrates rolls a mighty tide;
With rumbling torrents the rough river roars;
But black with mud, diſcolour'd from his ſhores,
Prone down Aſſyria's lands his courſe he keeps,
And with polluted waters ſtains the deeps.
But the Meliſſan nymphs to Ceres bring
The pureſt product of the limpid ſpring;
Small is the ſacred ſtream, but never ſtain'd
With mud, or foul ablutions from the land.

Hail, glorious king! beneath thy matchleſs power
May malice ſink, and envy be no more!

TO SIR JAMES THORNHILL,

On his Excellent Painting, the Rape of Helen, at the Seat of General Erle in Dorſetſhire.

Written in the Year 1718.

Could I with thee, O Thornhill, bear a part,
And join the poet's with the painter's art,
(Though both ſhare mutually each common name,
Their thoughts, their genius and deſign the ſame!)
The muſe, with features neither weak nor faint,
Should draw her ſiſter-art in ſpeaking paint.
But while admiring thine and nature's ſtrife,
I ſee each touch juſt ſtarting into life,
From ſide to ſide with various raptures toſt,
Amid the viſionary ſcenes I'm loſt.
Methinks as thrown upon ſome fairy land,
Amaz'd we know not how, nor where we ſtand;
While tripping phantoms to the ſight advance,
And gay ideas lead the mazy dance:
While wondering we behold in every part
The beauteous ſcenes of thy creating art.
By ſuch degrees thy colours riſe and fall,
And breathing flueh the animated wall;
That the bright objects which our eyes ſurvey,
Raviſh the mind, and ſteal the ſoul away;
Our footſteps by ſome ſecret power are croſt,
And in the painter all the bard is loſt.
Thus in a magic ring we ſtand confin'd
While ſubtle ſpells the fatal circle bind;
In vain we ſtrive and labour to depart,
Fix'd by the charms of that myſterious art;
In vain the paths and avenues we trace,
While ſpirits guard and fortify the place.
How could my ſtretch'd imagination ſwell,
And on each regular proportion dwell!
While thy ſwift art unravels nature's maze,
And imitates her works, and treads her ways,
Nature with wonder ſees herſelf out-done,
And claims the fair creation for her own;
Thy figures in ſuch lively ſtrokes excel,
They give thoſe paſſions which they ſeem to feel.
Each various feature ſome ſtrong impulſe bears,
Wraps us in joy, or melts us all to tears.
Each piece with ſuch tranſcendent art is wrought,
That we could almoſt ſay thy pictures thought;
When we behold thee conquer in the ſtrife,
And ſtrike the kindling figures into life,
Which does from thy creating pencil paſs,
Warm the dull matter, and inſpire the maſs;
As fam'd Prometheus' wand convey'd the ray
Of heavenly fire to animate his clay.
How the juſt ſtrokes in harmony unite!
How ſhades and darkneſs recommend the light!
No lineaments unequally ſurpriſe;
The beauties regularly fall and riſe.
Loſt in each other we in vain purſue
The fleeting lines that cheat our wearied view.
Nor know we how their ſubtle courſes run,
Nor where this ended, nor where that begun.
Nor where the ſhades their utmoſt bounds diſplay,
Or the light fades inſenſibly away;
But all harmoniouſly confus'd we ſee,
While all the ſweet varieties agree.
Thus when the organ's ſolemn airs aſpire,
The blended muſic wings our thoughts with fire;
Here warbling notes in whiſpering breezes ſigh,
But in their birth the tender accents die;
While thence the bolder notes exulting come,
Swell as they fly, and bound along the dome.
With tranſport fir'd, each loſt in each we hear,
And all the ſoul is center'd in the ear.
See firſt the ſenate of the gods above,
Frequent and full amid the courts of Jove:
Behold the radiant conſiſtory ſhine,
With features, airs, and lineaments divine.
Hermes diſpatch'd from the bright council flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the liquid ſkies.
In many a whirl and rapid circle driven,
So ſwift, he ſeems at once in earth and heaven.
Oh! with what energy! what noble force
Of ſtrongeſt colours you deſcribe his courſe?
Till the ſwift god the Phrygian ſhepherd found,
Compos'd for ſleep, and ſtretch'd along the ground.
He brings the blooming gold, the fatal prize,
The bright reward of Cytherea's eyes.
The conſcious earth the awful ſignal takes,
Without a wind the quivering foreſt ſhakes;
Tall Ida bows; th' unwieldy mountains nod;
And all confeſs the preſence of the god.
Like ſhooting meteors, gliding from above,
See the proud conſort of the thundering Jove,
War's glorious goddeſs, and the queen of love;
Arm'd in their naked charms, the Phrygian boy
Regards thoſe charms with mingled fear and joy.
Here Juno ſtands with an imperial mien,
At once confeſt a goddeſs and a queen.
Her cheeks a ſcornful indignation warms,
Blots out her ſmiles, as conſcious of her charms.
But Venus ſhines in milder beauties there,
And every grace adorns the blooming fair.
While, conſcious of her charms, ſhe ſeems to riſe,
Claims, and already graſps in hope the prize;
Beauteous, as when immortal Phidias ſtrove
From Parian rocks to carve the queen of love:
Each grace obey'd the ſummons of his art,
And a new beauty ſprung from every part.
In all the terrors of her beauty bright,
Fair Pallas awes and charms the Trojan's ſight,
And gives ſucceſſive reverence and delight.
Nor thrones, nor victories, his ſoul can move;
Crowns, arms, and triumphs, what are you to love?
Too ſoon reſign'd to Venus, they behold
The glittering ball of vegetable gold.
While Jove's proud conſort thrown from her deſires,
Inflam'd with rage maliciouſly retires;
Already kindles her immortal hate,
Already labours with the Trojan fate.
While a new tranſport flueh'd the blooming boy,
Helen he ſeems already to enjoy,
And feeds the flame that muſt conſume his Troy.
Another ſcene our wondering ſight recalls;
The fair adultereſs leaves her native walls: [joy;
Her cheeks are ſtain'd with mingled ſhame and
Lull'd on the boſom of the Phrygian boy.

To the loud deeps he bears his charming ſpouſe,
Freed from her lord, and from her former vows.
On their ſoft wings the whiſpering zephyrs play,
The breezes ſkim along the dimpled ſea:
The wanton loves direct the gentle gales,
Sport in the ſhrowds, and flutter in the ſails.
While her twin-brothers * with a gracious ray
Point out her courſe along the watery way.
Th' exalted ſtrokes ſo delicately ſhine,
All ſo conſpire to puſh the bold deſign;
That in each ſprightly feature we may find
The great ideas of the maſter's mind,
As the ſtrong colours faithfully unite,
Mellow to ſhade, and ripen into light.
Let others form with care the ruddy maſs,
And torture into life the running braſs,
With potent art the breathing ſtatue mould,
Shape and inſpire the animated gold;
Let others ſenſe to Parian marbles give,
Bid the rocks leap to form, and learn to live;
Still be it thine, O Thornhill, to unite
The pleaſing diſcord of the ſhade and light;
To vanquiſh nature in the generous ſtrife,
And touch the glowing features into life.
But, Thornhill, would thy noble ſoul impart
One laſting inſtance of thy godlike art
To future times; and in thy fame engage
The praiſe of this and every diſtant age;
To ſtretch that art as far as it can go,
Draw the triumphant chief, and vanquiſh'd foe:
In his own dome, amidſt the ſpacious walls,
Draw the deep ſquadrons of the routed Gauls;
Their raviſh'd banners; and their arms reſign'd,
While the brave hero thunders from behind;
Pours on their front, or hangs upon their rear;
Fights, leads, commands, and animates the war.
Let his ſtrong courſer champ his golden chain,
And proudly paw th' imaginary plain.
To Aghrim's bloody wreaths let Creſſi yield,
With the fair laurels of Ramilia's field.
Next, on the ſea the daring hero ſhow;
To cheer his friends, and terrify the foe.
Lo! the great chief to famiſh'd thouſands bears,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars.
The Britons ruſh'd with native virtue fir'd,
And quell'd the foe, or glorioufly expir'd;
Plunging through flames and floods, their valour broke
O'er the rang'd cannon, and a night of ſmoke,
Through the wedg'd legions urg'd their noble toil,
To ſpend their thunder on the towers of Liſle;
While by his deeds their courage he inſpires,
And wakes in every breaſt the ſleeping fires.
Thus the whole ſeries of his labours join,
Stretch'd from the Belgic ocean to the Boyne.
Then glorious in retreat the chief may read
Th' immortal actions of the noble dead;
And in recording colours, with delight,
Review his conqueſts, and enjoy the ſight;
See his own deeds on each ennobled plain;
While fancy acts his triumphs o'er again.
Thus on the Tyrian walls Æneas read,
How ſtern Achilles rag'd, and Hector bled;
But half unſheath'd his ſword, and grip'd his ſhield,
When he amidſt the ſcene himſelf beheld,
Thundering on Simois' banks, or battling in the field.

* *Caſtor and Pollux.*

PART OF THE SECOND BOOK OF STATIUS.

Now Jove's command fulfill'd, the ſon of May
Quits the black ſhades, and ſlowly mounts to day,
For lazy clouds in gloomy barriers riſe,
Obſtruct the god, and intercept the ſkies;
No zephyrs here their airy pinions move,
To ſpeed his progreſs to the realms above.
Scarce can he ſteer his dark laborious flight,
Loſt and encumber'd in the damps of night:
There roaring tides of fire his courſe withſtood,
Here Styx in nine wide circles roll'd his flood.
Behind old Laius trod th' infernal ground,
Trembling with age, and tardy from his wound;
(For all his force his furious ſon apply'd,
And plung'd the guilty faulchion in his ſide.)
Propt and ſupported by the healing rod,
The ſhade purſued the footſteps of the god.
The groves that never bloom; the Stygian coaſts,
The houſe of woe; the manſions of the ghoſts.
Earth too admires to ſee the ground give way,
And gild hell's horrors with the gleams of day.
But not with life repining envy fled,
She ſtill reigns there, and lives among the dead.
One from this crowd exclaim'd (whoſe lawleſs will
Inur'd to crimes, and exercis'd in ill,
Taught his prepoſterous joys from pains to flow,
And never triumph'd, but in ſcenes of woe)
Go to thy province in the realms above,
Call'd by the furies or the will of Jove:
Or drawn by magic force or myſtic ſpell,
Riſe, and purge off the footy gloom of hell.
Go, ſee the ſun, and whiten in his beams,
Or haunt the flowery fields and limpid ſtreams,
With woes redoubled to return again,
When thy paſt pleaſures ſhall enhance thy pain.
Now by the Stygian dog they bent their way;
Stretch'd in his den the dreadful monſter lay;
But lay not long, for, ſtartling at the ſound,
Head above head he riſes from the ground.
From their cloſe folds his ſtarting ſerpents break,
And curl in horrid circles round his neck.
This ſaw the god, and, ſtretching forth his hand,
Lull'd the grim monſter with his potent wand;
Through his vaſt bulk the gliding ſlumbers creep,
And ſeal down all his glaring eyes in ſleep.
There lies a place in Greece well known to fame,
Through all her realms, and Tænarus the name,
Where from the ſea the tops of Malea riſe,
Beyond the ken of mortals, to the ſkies:
Proud in his height he calmly hears below
The diſtant winds in hollow murmurs blow.
Here ſleep the ſtorms when weary'd and oppreſt,
And on his head the drowſy planets reſt:
There in blue miſts his rocky ſides he ſhrouds,
And here the towering mountain props the clouds;
Above his awful brow no bird can fly,
And far beneath the muttering thunders die.

When down the ſteep of heaven the day deſcends,
The ſun ſo wide his floating bound extends,
That o'er the deeps the mountain hangs diſplay'd,
And covers half the ocean with his ſhade:
Where the Tænarian ſhores oppoſe the ſea
The land retreats, and winds into a bay.
Here for repoſe imperial Neptune leads,
Tir'd from th' Ægian floods, his ſmoking ſteeds;
With their broad hoofs they ſcoop the beach away,
Their finny train rolls back, and floats along the ſea,
Here fame reports th' unbody'd ſhades to go
Through this wide paſſage to the realms below.
From hence the peaſants (as th' Arcadians tell)
Hear all the cries, and groans, and din of hell.
Oft, as her ſcourge of ſnakes the fury plies,
The piercing echoes mount the diſtant ſkies;
Scar'd at the porter's triple roar, the ſwains
Have fled aſtoniſh'd, and forſook the plains.
From hence emergent in a mantling cloud
Sprung to his native ſkies the winged god.
Swift from his face before th' ethereal ray,
Flew all the black Tartarian ſtains away,
And the dark Stygian gloom refin'd to day.
O'er towns and realms he held his progreſs on,
Now wing'd the ſkies where bright Arcturus ſhone,
And now the ſilent empire of the moon.
The power of ſleep, who met his radiant flight,
And drove the ſolemn chariot of the night,
Roſe with reſpect, and from th' empyreal road
Turn'd his pale ſteeds, in reverence to the god.
The ſhade beneath purſues his courſe, and ſpies
The well-known planets, and congenial ſkies.
His eyes from far, tall Cyrrha's heights explore,
And Phocian fields polluted with his gore.
At length to Thebes he came, and with a groan
Survey'd the guilty palace once his own;
With awful ſilence ſtalk'd before the gate,
But when he ſaw the trophies of his fate,
High on a column rais'd againſt the door,
And his rich chariot ſtill deform'd with gore,
He ſtarts with horror back; ev'n Jove's command
Could ſcarce controul him, nor the vital wand.
'Twas now the ſolemn day; when Jove, array'd
In all his thunders, graſp'd the Theban maid:
Then took from blaſted Semele her load,
And in himſelf conceiv'd the future god.
For this the Thebans revel'd in delight,
And gave to play and luxury the night;
A national debauch! conſus'd they lie
Stretch'd o'er the fields, their canopy the ſky.
The ſprightly trumpets ſound, the timbrels play,
And wake with ſacred harmony the day.
The matron's breaſt the gracious power inſpires
With milder raptures, and with ſoſter fires.
So the Biſtonian race, a madding train,
Exult and revel on the Thracian plain;
With milk their bloody banquets they allay,
Or from the lion rend his panting prey:
On ſome abandon'd ſavage fiercely fly,
Seize, tear, devour, and think it luxury.
But if the riſing fumes of wine conſpire
To warm their rage, and fan the brutal fire,
Then ſcenes of horror are their dear delight,
They whirl the goblets, and provoke the fight:
Then on the ſlain the revel is renew'd
And all the horrid banquet floats in blood.
And now the winged Hermes from on high
Shot in deep ſilence from the duſky ſky;
Then hover'd o'er the Theban tyrant's head,
As ſtretch'd at eaſe he preſt his gorgeous bed:
Where labour'd tapeſtry from ſide to ſide,
Glow'd with rich figures, and Aſſyrian pride.
Oh! the precarious terms of human ſtate!
How blind is man! how thoughtleſs of his fate!
See! through his limbs the dews of ſlumber creep,
Sunk as he lies, in luxury and ſleep.
The reverend ſhade commiſſion'd from above,
Haſtes to fulfil the high beheſts of Jove:
Like blind Tireſias to the bed he came,
In form, in habit, and in voice the ſame.
Pale, as before, the phantom ſtill appear'd,
Down his wan boſom flow'd a length of beard;
His head an imitated fillet wore,
His hand a wreath of peaceful olive bore:
With this he touch'd the ſleeping monarch's breaſt,
And in his own, the voice of fate expreſt.
Then canſt thou ſleep, to thoughtleſs reſt reſign'd?
And drive thy brother's image from thy mind?
Yon gathering ſtorm demands thy timely care,
See! how it rolls this way the tide of war.
When o'er the ſeas the ſweeping whirlwinds fly,
And roar from every quarter of the ſky;
The pilot, in deſpair the ſhip to ſave,
Gives up the helm, a ſport to every wave:
Such is thy error, and thy fate the ſame
(For know, I ſpeak the common voice of fame),
Proud in his new alliances, from far
Againſt thy realm he meditates the war;
Big with ambitious hopes to reign alone,
And ſwell unrival'd on the Theban throne.
New ſigns and fatal prodigies inſpire
His mad ambition, with his boaſted ſire;
And Argos' ample realms in dower beſtow'd,
And Tydeus reeking from his brother's blood,
League and conſpire to raiſe him to the throne,
And make his tedious baniſhment thy own.
For this, with pity touch'd, almighty Jove,
The ſire of gods, diſpatch'd me from above.
Be ſtill a monarch; let him ſwell in vain
With a gay proſpect of a fancy'd reign:
Still let him hope by fraud, or by the ſword,
To humble Thebes beneath a foreign lord.
Thus the majeſtic ghoſt; but e'er he fled,
He pluck'd the wreaths and fillets from his head.
For now the ſickening ſtars were chas'd away,
And heaven's immortal courſers breath'd the day.
Awful to ſight confeſt the grandſire ſtood.
Bared his wide wound, and all his boſom ſhow'd,
Then daſh'd the ſleeping monarch with his blood.
With a diſtracted air, and ſudden ſpring,
Starts from his broken ſleep the trembling king.
Shakes off amaz'd th' imaginary gore,
While fancy paints the ſcene he ſaw before:
Deep in his ſoul his grandſire's image wrought,
And all his brother roſe in every thought.

So while the toils are ſpread, and from behind
The hunter's ſhouts come thickening in the wind;
The tiger ſtarts from ſleep the war to wage,
Collects his powers, and rouſes all his rage:
Sternly he grinds his fangs, he weighs his might,
And whets his dreadful talents for the fight;
Then to his young he bears his foe away,
His foe at once the chaſer and the prey,
Thus on his brother he in every thought,
Waged future wars, and battles yet unfought.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

With joy, bleſt youth, we ſaw thee reach the goal;
Fair was thy frame, and beautiful thy ſoul;
The graces and the muſes came combin'd,
Theſe to adorn the body, thoſe the mind;
'Twas there we ſaw the ſofteſt manners meet,
Truth, ſweetneſs, judgment, innocence, and wit.
So form'd, he flew his race; 'twas quickly won,
'Twas but a ſtep, and finiſh'd when begun.
Nature herſelf ſurpris'd would add no more,
His life complete in all its parts before;
But his few years with pleaſing wonder told,
By virtues, not by days; and thought him old.
So far beyond his age thoſe virtues ran,
That in a boy ſhe found him more than man.
For years let wretches importune the ſkies,
Till, at the long expence of anguiſh wiſe,
They live, to count their days by miſeries.
Thoſe win the prize, who ſooneſt run the race,
And life burns brighteſt in the ſhorteſt ſpace.
So to the convex glaſs embody'd run,
Drawn to a point the glories of the ſun;
At once the gathering beams intenſely glow,
And through the ſtreighten'd circle fiercely flow:
In one ſtrong flame conſpire the blended rays,
Run to a fire, and crowd into a blaze.

CHRIST'S PASSION,

From a Greek Ode of Mr. Martin's, formerly of New College.

AN ODE.

No more of earthly ſubjects ſing,
To heaven, my muſe, aſpire;
To raiſe the ſong, charge every ſtring,
And ſtrike the living lyre.
Begin; in lofty numbers ſhow
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the ſov'reign God above,
And ſuffers on the croſs below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers ſhall I bring along!
From whence ſhall I begin the ſong?
The mighty myſtery I'll ſing inſpir'd
Beyond the reach of human wiſdom wrought,
Beyond the compaſs of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
I'll make the trackleſs depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son;
I'll raiſe my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conqueſt o'er his doom,
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To ſeal more ſure the ravenous tomb.
Three days th' infernal empire to ſubdue,
He paſs'd triumphant through the coaſts of woe;
With his own dart the tyrant death he ſlew,
And led hell captive through her realms below.

A mingled ſound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumults thicken on my ear,
The ſhouts of murderers that inſult the ſlain,
The voice of torment and the ſhrieks of pain.
I caſt my eyes with horror up
To the curſt mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midſt I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I ſee him high above his foes,
And gently bending to the wood
His head in pity down to thoſe,
Whoſe guilt conſpires to ſhed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I ſee,
Transfix'd with nails, and faſten'd to the tree.

Man! ſenſeleſs man! canſt thou look on?
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own.
The rage of all thy pain exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breaſt, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe;
Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of ſighs, and weep a flood of tears.

Behold thy King with purple cover'd round,
Not in the Tyrian tincture dy'd,
Nor dipt in poiſon of Sidonian pride,
But in his own rich blood that ſtreams from every wound.
Doſt thou not ſee the thorny circle red?
The guilty wreathe that bluſhes round his head?
And with what rage the bloody ſcourge apply'd,
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his ſide?

At ſuch a ſight let all thy anguiſh riſe,
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in guſhing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a looſe to woe.
Weep from thy ſoul, till earth be drown'd,
Weep, till thy ſorrows drench the ground.
Canſt thou, ungrateful man! his torment ſee,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for thee?

ON THE KING'S RETURN,

IN THE YEAR 1720.

Return, auſpicious prince, again,
Nor let Britannia mourn in vain;
Too long, too long, has ſhe deplor'd
Her abſent father and her lord.

To bend her gracious monarch's mind,
She ſends her ſighs in every wind:
Can Britain's prayer be thrown aſide?
And that the firſt he e'er deny'd!

Yet, mighty prince, vouchſafe to ſmile,
Return and bleſs our longing iſle;

Though fond Germania begs thy ſtay,
And courts thee from our eyes away.

Though Belgia would our king detain,
We know ſhe begs and pleads in vain;
We know our gracious king prefers
Britannia's happineſs to her's.

And lo! to ſave us from deſpair,
At length he liſtens to our prayer.
Dejected Albion's vows he hears,
And haſtes to dry her falling tears.

He hears his anxious people pray,
And loudly call their king away,
Once more their longing eyes to bleſs,
And guard their freedom and their peace.

They know, while Brunſwick fills the throne,
The ſeaſons glide with pleaſure on;
The Britiſh ſuns improve their rays,
Adorn, and beautify the days.

But ſee the royal veſſel flies,
Leſſening to Belgia's weeping eyes:
She proudly ſails for Albion's ſhores,
Guard her, ye gods, with all your powers.

O ſea, bid every wave ſubſide,
And teach allegiance to thy tide;
Thy billows in ſubjection keep,
And own the the monarch of deep.

Old Thames can ſcarce his joy ſuſtain,
But runs down headlong to the main,
His mighty maſter to deſcry,
And leaves his ſpacious channel dry.

Auguſta's ſons from either hand
Pour forth, and darken all the ſtrand;
Their eyes purſue the royal barge,
Which now reſigns her ſacred charge,

Th' unruly tranſport ſhakes the ſhore,
And drowns the feeble cannon's roar;
The nations in the ſight rejoice,
And ſend their ſouls in every voice.

But now amidſt the loud applauſe,
With ſhame the conſcious muſe withdraws,
Nor can her voice be heard amidſt the throng,
The theme ſo lofty, and ſo low the ſong.

ON THE MASQUERADES.

" Si Natura negant, facit indignatio verſum."

Well—we have reach'd the precipice at laſt;
The preſent age of vice obſcures the paſt.
Our dull foreſathers were content to ſtay,
Nor ſinn'd, till nature pointed out the way:
No arts they practis'd to foreſtal delight,
But ſtopp'd to wait the calls of appetite.
Their top-debauches were at beſt preciſe,
An unimprov'd ſimplicity of vice.
But this bleſt age has found a fairer road,
And left the paths their anceſtors had trod.
Nay, we could wear (our taſte ſo very nice is)
Their old caſt-faſhions fooner than their vices.
Whoring till now a common trade has been,
But maſquerades refine upon the ſin:
An higher taſte to wickedneſs impart,
And ſecond nature with the helps of art.
New ways and means to pleaſures we deviſe,
Since pleaſure looks the lovelier in diſguiſe.
The ſtealth and frolic give a ſmarter guſt,
Add wit to vice, and eloquence to luſt.
In vain the modiſh evil to redreſs,
At once conſpire the pulpit and the preſs:
Our prieſts and poets preach and write in vain;
All ſatyr's loſt both ſacred and profane.
So many various changes to impart,
Would tire an Ovid or a Proteus' art;
Where loſt in one promiſcuous whim we ſee,
Sex, age, condition, quality, degree.
Where the facetious crowd themſelves lay down,
And take up every perſon but their own.
Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, ſops, Indian queens,
Belles in tie-wigs, and lords in harlequins;
Troops of right honourable porters come,
And garter'd ſmall-coal-merchants crowd the room:
Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
Lacqueys of ſtate, and footmen with a ſtar:
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimney-ſweepers drive their coach and ſix.
Stateſmen ſo us'd at court the maſk to wear,
With leſs diſguiſe aſſume the vizor here.
Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes,
For his own perſon is his beſt diſguiſe:
And half the reigning toaſts of equal grace,
Truſt to the natural vizor of the face.
Ideots turn conjurers; and courtiers clowns;
And ſultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.
Starch'd quakers glare in furbelows and ſilk;
Beaux deal in ſprats, and ducheſſes cry milk.
But guard thy fancy, muſe, nor ſtain thy pen
With the lewd joys of this fantaſtic ſcene;
Where ſexes blend in one confus'd intrigue,
Where the girls raviſh, and the men grow big:
Nor credit what the idle world has ſaid,
Of lawyers forc'd, and judges brought to bed:
Or that to belles their brothers breathe their vows,
Or huſbands through miſtake gallant a ſpouſe.
Such dire diſaſters, and a numerous throng
Of like enormities, require the ſong:
But the chaſte muſe, with bluſhes cover'd o'er,
Retires confus'd, and will reveal no more.

ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

How are deluded humankind
By empty ſhows betray'd?
In all their hopes and ſchemes they find
A nothing or a ſhade.

The proſpects of a truncheon caſt
A ſoldier on the wars;
Diſmiſs'd with ſhatter'd limbs at laſt,
Brats, poverty, and ſcars.

The fond philoſopher for gain
Will leave unturn'd no ſtone;
But though they toil with endleſs pain,
They never find their own.

By the ſame rock the chemiſts drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready ſpecie down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes elate and ſwelling,
He builds his caſtles in the air,
Yet wants an houſe to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitleſs toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a ſmile.

How to philoſophers will ſound
So ſtrange a truth diſplay'd?
"There's not a ſubſtance to be found,
"But every where a ſhade."

TO CÆLIA PLAYING ON A LUTE.

ODE.

While Cælia's hands fly ſwiftly o'er,
And ſtrike this ſoft machine,
Her touch awakes the ſprings, and life
Of harmony within.

Sweetly they ſink into the ſtrings,
The quivering ſtrings rebound,
Each ſtroke obſequiouſly obey,
And tremble into ſound.

Oh! had you bleſt the years of old;
His lute had Ovid ſtrung,
And dwelt on your's, the charming theme
Of his immortal ſong.

Yours, with Arion's wondrous harp,
The bard had hung on high;
And on the new-born ſtar beſtow'd
The honours of the ſky.

The radiant ſpheres had ceas'd their tunes,
And danc'd in ſilence on,
Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
More heavenly than their own.

Of old to raiſe one ſhade from hell,
To Orpheus was it given:
But every tune of your's calls down
An angel from his heaven.

TO THE UNKOWN AUTHOR OF THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

The theme in other works, for every part,
Supplies materials to the builder's art:
To build from matter, is ſublimely great,
But gods and poets only can create;
And ſuch are you; their privilege you claim,
To ſhow your wonders, but conceal your name.
Like ſome eſtabliſh'd king, without controul,
You take a general progreſs through the ſoul;
Survey each part, examine every ſide,
Where ſhe's ſecure, and where unfortify'd.
In faithful lines her hiſtory declare,
And trace the cauſes of her civil war;
Your pen no partial prejudices ſway,
But truth decides, and virtue wins the day.
Through what gay fields and flowery ſcenes we paſs,
Where fancy ſports, and fiction leads the chaſe?
Where life, as through her various acts ſhe tends,
Like other comedies, in marriage ends.
What muſe but yours ſo juſtly could diſplay
Th' embattled paſſions marſhali'd in array?
Bid the rang'd appetites in order move,
Give luſt a figure, and a ſhape to love?
To airy notions ſolid forms diſpenſe,
And make our thoughts the images of ſenſe?
Diſcover all the rational machine, [within?
And ſhow the movements, ſprings, and wheels
But Hymen waves his torch, all diſcords ceaſe;
All parley, drop their arms, and ſue for peace.
Soon as the ſignal flames, they quit the fight,
For all at firſt but differ'd to unite.
From every part the lines in order move,
And ſweetly centre in the point of love.
Let blockheads to the muſty ſchools repair,
And poach for morals and the paſſions there,
Where virtue, like a dwarf in giant's arms,
Cumber'd with words, and manacled in terms,
Serves to amuſe the philoſophic fool,
By method dry, and regularly dull.
Who ſees thy lines ſo viſibly expreſs
The ſoul herſelf in ſuch a pleaſing dreſs;
May from thy labours be convinc'd and taught,
How Spenſer would have ſung, and Plato thought.

THE TWELFTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE, TRANSLATED.

What man, what hero will you raiſe,
By the ſhrill pipe, or deeper lyre?
What God, O Clio, will you praiſe,
And teach the echoes to admire?

Amidſt the ſhades of Helicon,
Cold Hæmus' tops, or Pindus' head,
Whence the glad foreſts haſten'd down,
And danc'd as tuneful Orpheus play'd.

Taught by the muſe, he ſtop'd the fall
Of rapid floods, and charm'd the wind;
The liſtening oaks obey'd the call,
And left their wondering hills behind.

Whom ſhould I firſt record, but Jove,
Whoſe ſway extends o'er ſea and land,
The king of men and gods above,
Who holds the ſeaſons in command?

To rival Jove, ſhall none aſpire,
None ſhall to equal glory riſe;
But Pallas claims beneath her ſire,
The ſecond honours of the ſkies.

To thee, O Bacchus, great in war,
To Dian will I ſtrike the ſtring,
Of Phœbus wounding from afar,
In numbers like his own I'll ſing.

The muſe Alcides ſhall reſound;
The twins of Leda ſhall ſucceed;
This for the ſtanding fight renown'd,
And that for managing the ſteed.

Whose star shines innocently still;
The clouds disperse, the tempests cease,
The waves obedient to their will,
Sink down, and hush their rage to peace.

Next shall I Numa's pious reign,
Or thine, O Romulus, relate:
Or Rome by Brutus free'd again,
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate?

Or dwell on noble Paulus' fame?
Too lavish of the patriot's blood?
Or Regulus' immortal name,
Too obstinately just and good?

These with Camillus brave and bold,
And other chiefs of matchless might,
Rome's virtuous poverty of old,
Severely season'd to the fight.

Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows,
With an insensible advance;
The Julian star, like Cynthia, glows,
Who leads the planetary dance.

The fates, O sire of human race,
Intrust great Cæsar to thy care,
Give him to hold thy second place,
And reign thy sole vicegerent here.

And whether India he shall tame,
Or to his chains the Seres doom;
Or mighty Parthia dreads his name,
And bows her haughty neck to Rome.

While on our groves thy bolts are hurl'd,
And thy loud car shakes heaven above,
He shall with justice awe the world,
To none inferior but to Jove.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

The man unsully'd with a crime,
Disdains the pangs of fear,
He scorns to dip the poison'd shaft,
Or poise the glittering spear.

Nor with the loaded quiver goes
To take the dreadful field:
His solid virtue is his helm,
And innocence his shield.

In vain the fam'd Hydaspes' tides,
Obstruct and bar the road.
He smiles on danger, and enjoys
The roarings of the flood.

All climes are native, and forgets
Th' extremes of heats and frosts,
The Scythian Caucasus grows warm,
And cool the Libyan coasts.

For while I wander'd through the woods,
And rang'd the lonely grove,
Lost and bewilder'd in the songs
And pleasing cares of love;

A wolf beheld me from afar,
Of monstrous bulk and might;
But, naked as I was, he fled
And trembled at the sight.

A beast so huge, nor Daunia's grove,
Nor Afric ever view'd;
Though nurst by her, the lion reigns
The monarch of the wood.

Expose me in those horrid climes,
Where not a gentle breeze
Revives the vegetable race,
Or cheers the drooping trees.

Where on the world's remotest verge
Th' unactive seasons lie,
And not one genial ray unbinds
The rigour of the sky.

On that uninhabitable shore,
Expose me all alone,
Where I may view without a shade,
The culminating sun.

Beneath th' equator, or the pole,
In safety could I rove;
And in a thousand different climes
Could live for her I love.

A PROLOGUE FOR THE STROLLERS.

Genteels, of old pert prologues led the way,
To guide, defend, and usher in the play,
As powder'd footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my lord's approach.
But though they speak your entertainment near,
Most prologues speed like other bills of fare;
Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
And oftener pall, than raise the appetite.
As for the play—'tis hardly worth our care,
The prologue craves your mercy for the player;
That is, your money—for by Jove I swear,
White gloves and lodging are confounded dear.
Since here are none but friends, the truth to own,
Hasp'd in a coach our company came down,
But I most shrewdly fear we shall depart,
Ev'n in our old original, a cart.
With pride inverted, and fantastic power,
We strut the fancy'd monarchs of an hour;
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And * Cleomenes starves in earnest here:
The mightiest kings and queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteen-pence a day.
Great Cyrus for a dram has pawn'd his coat,
And all our Cæsars can't command a groat;
Our Scipios, Hannibals, and Pompeys break,
And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.
To aggravate the case, we have not one,
Of all the new refinements of the town:
No moving statues, no lewd harlequins,
No pasteboard players, no heroes in machines;
No rosin to flash lightning—'twould exhaust us,
To buy a devil and a Doctor Faustus.
No windmills, dragons, millers, conjurers,
To exercise your eyes, and spare your ears;
No paper seas, no thunder from the skies,
No witches to descend, no stage to rise;
Scarce one for us the actors—we can set
Nothing before you but mere sense and wit.

* *The Spartan Hero, a tragedy, by Mr. Dryden.*

A bare downright old-fashion'd English feast,
Such as true Britons only can digest;
Such as your homely fathers us'd to love,
Who only came to hear and to improve:
Humbly content and pleas'd with what was dreſt,
When Otway, Lee, and Shakſpeare rang'd the feaſt.

PSALM VIII. TRANSLATED.

O King eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the ſtars thy glories ſhine,
Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the ſun can roll,
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue ſhall ſpeak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never ſpoke before,
Shall labour in thy cauſe.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon ſtretching waſte of azure ſkies,
With ſtars and planets crown'd;

Who in their dance attend the moon,
The empreſs of the night,
And pour around her ſilver throne,
Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man? that he
Thy kind regard ſhould ſhare?
What is his ſon, who claims from thee
And challenges thy care?

Next to the bleſt angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world aſſign'd,
To dignify his ſpan.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign,
The flocks that through the valley ſtray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger ſpeeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his ſuperior might,
The lions ceaſe to roar.

Whatever horrid monſters tread
The paths beneath the ſea,
Their king at awful diſtance dread,
And ſullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!
Where'er the ſun can roll,
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim;
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PSALM XXIV. PARAPHRASED.

Far as the world can ſtretch its bounds,
The Lord is king of all,
His wondrous power extends around
The circuit of the ball,

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations caſt,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waſte.

Who ſhall aſcend his Sion's hill,
And ſee Jehovah there?
Who from his ſacred ſhrine ſhall breathe
The ſacrifice of prayer?

He only whoſe unſully'd ſoul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him ſhall his indulgent Lord
Diffuſive bounties ſhed,
From God his Saviour ſhall deſcend
All bleſſings on his head.

Of thoſe who ſeek his righteous ways,
Is this the choſen race,
Who baſk in all his bounteous ſmiles,
And flouriſh in his grace.

Lift up your ſtately heads, ye doors,
With haſty reverence riſe;
Ye everlaſting doors, who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burſt the gates of day.

For ſee! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds ſhall bear
The triumph of your God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the Lord, whoſe might
Decides the conqueſt, and ſuſpends
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your ſtately heads, ye doors,
With haſty reverence riſe;
Ye everlaſting doors, who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burſt the gates of day.

For ſee! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds ſhall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the God, whoſe care
Leads on his Iſrael to the field,
Whoſe power controuls the war.

PSALM XXIX.

Ye mighty princes, your oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful King;
His boundleſs power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his ſhrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark! his voice with unreſiſted ſway
Rules and controuls the raging of the ſea;

Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful ſound.
The blaſted cedars low in duſt are laid
And Lebanon is left without a ſhade.
See! when he ſpeaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
And fly for ſhelter from the thundering God:
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild meaſures lead th' unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blaſt the ſhrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah ſpeaks,
With all his ſavages the deſert ſhakes.
At the dread ſound the hinds with fear are ſtung,
And in the lonely foreſt drop their young.
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours, and adore his name.
High o'er the foaming ſurges of the ſea
He ſits, and bids the liſtening deeps obey:
He reigns o'er all; for ever laſts his power
Till nature ſinks, and time ſhall be no more.
With ſtrength the ſons of Iſrael ſhall he bleſs,
And crown our tribes with happineſs and peace.

PSALM XLVI. PARAPHRASED.

On God we build our ſure defence,
In God our hope repoſe:
His hand protects us in the fight,
And guards us from our woes.

Then be the earth's unwieldy frame
From its foundation hurl'd,
We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
The ruins of the world.

What though the ſolid rocks be rent,
In tempeſts whirl'd away?
What though the hills ſhould burſt their roots,
And roll into the ſea?

Thou ſea, with dreadful tumults ſwell,
And bid thy waters riſe
In furious ſurges, till they daſh
The flood-gates of the ſkies.

Our minds ſhall be ſerene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
Whoſe ſoft and ſilver ſtreams refreſh
The city of our God.

Within the proud delighted waves
Their wanton turrets play;
The ſtreams lead down their humid train
Reluctant to the ſea.

Amid the ſcene the temple floats,
With its reflected towers,
Gilds all the ſurface of the flood,
And dances to the ſhores.

With wonder ſee what mighty power
Our ſacred Sion cheers;
Lo! there amidſt her ſtately walls
Her God, her God appears.

Fix'd on her baſis ſhe ſhall ſtand,
And, innocently proud,
Smile on the tumults of the world,
Beneath the wings of God.

See! how, their weakneſs to proclaim,
The heathen tribes engage!
See! how with fruitleſs wrath they burn,
And impotence of rage!

But God has ſpoke; and, lo! the world,
His terrors to diſplay,
With all the melting globe of earth,
Drops ſilently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts
Securely we reſort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

Hither, ye numerous nations, crowd,
In ſilent rapture ſtand,
And ſee o'er all the earth diſplay'd
The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be ſtill,
And all its tumults ceaſe;
He bids the guiltleſs trumpet ſound
The harmony of peace.

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
He burſts the brazen ſpear,
And in the crackling fire his hand
Conſumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
"Be ſtill and know the Lord;
"By all the heathen I'll be fear'd,
"By all the earth ador'd."

Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts
Securely we reſort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

PSALM XC. PARAPHRASED.

Thy hand, O Lord, through rolling years
Has ſav'd us from deſpair,
From period down to period ſtretch'd
The proſpects of thy care.

Before the world was firſt conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant earth
Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
Who ſtruggled to their birth;

Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the firſt race of ſtarting time
Was meaſur'd by the ſun.

We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again;
Riſe at the ſummons, and reſtore
The periſh'd race of man.

Before thy comprehenſive ſight
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing
Fly ſwifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longeſt æra is a night,
A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,

Rous'd from the flattering dream of life,
To sleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments pass,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the grass.

In the first morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head,
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face
Our secret sins survey,
And see how gloomy those appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death, as our appointed goal,
Thy anger drives us on,
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged speed to stated bounds
And limits we must fly,
While seventy rolling suns complete
Their circles in the sky.

Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and strife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the last dregs of life.

But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and severe?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their constant race,
To measure what we want in time
By wisdom and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choicest graces shed,
And shower from thy celestial throne
Thy blessings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
And come without delay;
Then our whole course of life will seem
One glad triumphant day.

Now the blest years of joy restore
For those of grief and strife,
And with one pleasant drop allay
This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world display,
Thy servants to adorn,
That may delight their future sons,
And children yet unborn.

Thy beams of majesty diffuse,
With them thy great commands,
And bid prosperity attend
The labours of our hands.

PSALM CXXXIX. PARAPHRASED.

IN MILTONIC VERSE.

O dread Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of dust: Thy stretching sight
Surveys th' harmonious principles that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask and animated mass of clay.
Nor are the prospects of thy wondrous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labours with th' ideal birth.
Where'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen thy sovereign presence guards my sleep
Wasts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Soothes all my soul, and softens my repose.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound;
Before imagination stands display'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But such exalted knowledge leaves below
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.
In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th' unfathomable depth; his bark
O'ersets, and founders in the vast abyss.
Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence? which alone
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord,
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy spirit, and out-fly [spread,
Its influence, which, with brooding wings out-
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound.
If, mounted on my towering thoughts, I climb
Into the heaven of heavens, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majesty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine,
Throng'd with the prostrate seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the scenes
Of complicated wrath: I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.
If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Upborne, with indefatigable course,
I seek the glowing borders of the east,
Where the bright sun, emergent from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there thy hand
Shall through the watery desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,
And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes,
As fond as false, the darkness I expect

To hide, and wrap me in its mantling ſhade,
Vain were the thought: for thy unbounded ken
Darts through the thickening gloom, and pries through all
The palpable obſcure. Before thy eyes,
The vanquiſh'd night throws off her duſky ſhrowd,
And kindles into day: the ſhade and light,
To man ſtill various, but the ſame to thee.
On thee is all the ſtructure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the ſilent womb,
Sleeping I lay, and ripening to my birth;
Yet, Lord, thy out-ſtretch'd arm preſerv'd me there;
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours: for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of exiſtence. Hence, I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view,
With terror and delight; and, wrapt in both,
I ſtartle at myſelf. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viſcuous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated maſs,
Thy eye diſtinctly view'd; and while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The firſt faint dawn of life, with eaſe ſurvey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active ſeeds,
Juſt kindling to exiſtence; and beheld
My ſubſtance ſcarce material. In thy book,
Was the fair model of this ſtructure drawn,
Where every part, in juſt connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim ſpeck of being learn'd to ſtretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler ſpace.
How dear, how rooted in my inmoſt ſoul,
Are all thy counſels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! The ſum
So boundleſs and immenſe, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers; and out-flies
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd,
Leſs numerous are the ſands that crowd the ſhores,
The barriers of the ocean. When I riſe
From my ſoft bed, and ſofter joys of ſleep,
I riſe to thee. Yet lo! the impious ſlight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the ſons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy lingering thunder, which withholds
Its forky terrors, from their guilty heads!
Thou great tremenduous God!—Avaunt, and fly,
All ye who thirſt for blood.—For, ſwoln with pride,
Each haughty wretch blaſphemes thy ſacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majeſty. Thy foes I hate
Worſe than my own, O Lord! Explore my ſoul,
See if a flaw or ſtain of ſin infects
My guilty thoughts. Then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

PSALM CXLIV. PARAPHRASED.

My ſoul in raptures riſe to bleſs the Lord,
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal ſword;
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the firſt ranks of death and front of war.
He taught me firſt the pointed ſpear to wield,
And mow the glorious harveſt of the field.
By him inſpir'd, from ſtrength to ſtrength I paſt,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle waſte.
In him my hopes I centre and repoſe,
He guards my life, and ſhields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And ſcreen'd me trembling in the mighty ſhade:
Againſt all hoſtile violence and power,
He was my ſword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my ſway,
And teach my willing ſubjects to obey.
Lord! what is man? of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with this kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he ſhould thus thy ſecret counſels ſhare,
Or what his ſon, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his meaſure but a ſpan;
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a ſhade.
Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harneſs'd tempeſt give the rein;
Yon ſtarry arch ſhall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and ſo great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding ſkies ſhall tremble to the poles:
Heaven's gaudy axle with the world ſhall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.
Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills expire
Thick clouds of ſmoke, and deluges of fire;
On the tall groves the red deſtroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy ſky.
Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens thy bright abode,
And ſhield me from my foes, whoſe towering pride
Lowers like a ſtorm, and gathers like a tide:
Againſt ſtrange children vindicate my cauſe,
Who curſe thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blaſpheme, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane,
They plead their boaſted innocence in vain.
Thy name ſhall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the ſacred numbers of my ſong;
To thee my muſe ſhall conſecrate her lays,
And every note ſhall labour in thy praiſe;
The hallow'd theme ſhall teach me how to ſing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the ſtring.
Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;
And ſnatch'd thy ſervant in the laſt deſpair
From all the riſing tumult of the war.
Againſt ſtrange children vindicate my cauſe,
Who curſe thy name, and trample on thy laws;
That our fair ſons may ſmile in early bloom,
Our ſons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by ſoftering ſhowers ariſe,
And lift their ſpreading honours to the ſkies.
That our chaſte daughters may their charms diſplay,
Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Poliſh'd, and tall, and ſmooth, and fair as they.

Piled up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burſt with all the ſeaſons of the year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every ſtreet.
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd ſummer home.
Oh! may no ſighs, no ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
To ſtain our triumphs with the tears of woe,
Bleſs'd is the nation, how ſincerely bleſs'd!
Of ſuch unbounded happineſs poſſeſs'd,
To whom Jehovah's ſacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Iſrael for their own.

JOB, CHAP. III.

Job curs'd his birth, and bade his curſes flow
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe;
Loſt be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and ſtruggling from the womb;
Whoſe beams with ſuch malignant luſtre ſhone,
Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
Loſt be that night in undetermin'd ſpace,
And veil with deeper ſhades her gloomy face,
Which crowded up with woes this ſlender ſpan,
While the dull maſs roſe quickening into man.
O'er that curs'd day let ſable darkneſs riſe,
Shrowd the blue vault, and blacken all the ſkies;
May God o'erlook it from his heavenly throne,
Nor rouſe from ſleep the ſedentary ſun.
O'er its dark face to ſhed his genial ray,
And warm to joy the melancholy day.
May the clouds frown, and livid poiſons breathe,
And ſtain heaven's azure with the ſhade of death.
May ten-fold darkneſs from that dreadful night
Seize and arreſt the ſtraggling gleams of light;
To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
Still be it baniſh'd from the train of time;
Nor in the radiant liſt of months appear,
To ſtain the ſhining circle of the year:
There through her duſky range may ſilence roam,
There may no ray, no glimpſe of gladneſs come,
No voice to cheer the ſolitary gloom.
May every ſtar his gaudy light with-hold,
Nor through the vapour ſhoot his beamy gold:
Nor let the dawn with radiant ſkirts come on,
Tipp'd with the glories of the riſing ſun;
Becauſe that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
Nor ſeal'd the dark receſſes of the womb.
To that original my ills I owe,
Heir of affliction, and the ſon of woe.
Oh! had I dy'd unexercis'd in pain,
And wak'd to life, to ſleep in death again!
Why did not fate attend me at my birth,
And give me back to my congenial earth?
Why was I, when an infant, ſooth'd to reſt,
Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breaſt?
For now the grave would all my cares compoſe,
Conceal my ſorrows, and inter my woes:
There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
Safe had I ſlumber'd in the arms of peace;
There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
In clouds of incenſe, and in beds of gold:
There with the princes, who in grandeur ſhone,
And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne;
Afflicted Job an equal reſt might have,
And ſhare the dark retirement of the grave;
Or as a ſhapeleſs embryo ſeek the tomb,
Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
Ere motion's early principle began,
Or the dim ſubſtance kindled into man.
There from their monſtrous crimes the wicked ceaſe,
There labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
There blended ſleep the coward and the brave,
Stretch'd with his lord, the undiſtinguiſh'd ſlave
Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.
An equal lot the mighty victor ſhares,
And lies amidſt the captives of his wars;
With his, thoſe captives mingle their remains,
The ſame in death, nor leſſen'd by their chains,
Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
Why curſt to bear the painful light of day?
Oh! with what joy the wretches yield their breath?
And pant in bitterneſs of ſoul for death?
As a rich prize, the diſtant bliſs they crave,
And find the glorious treaſure in the grave.
Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief,
To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
And drawn the line of miſeries around?
When nature calls for aid, my ſighs intrude,
My tears prevent my neceſſary food:
Like a full ſtream o'ercharg'd, my ſorrows flow,
In burſts of anguiſh, and a tide of woe;
For now the dire affliction which I fled,
Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
My terrors ſtill the phantom view'd, and wrought
The dreadful image into every thought:
At length pluck'd down, the fatal ſtroke I feel,
And loſe the fancy'd in the real ill.

JOB, CHAP. XXV. PARAPHRASED.

Then will vain man complain and murmur ſtill?
And ſtand on terms with his Creator's will?
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall duſt arraign the providence of heaven?
With reaſon's line the boundleſs diſtance ſcan;
Oppoſe heaven's awful majeſty to man.
To what a length his vaſt dominions run?
How far beyond the journeys of the ſun?
He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid ſky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain ſpace,
Fix'd and ſuſtain'd the elemental peace.
Unnumber'd as thoſe worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains, the myriads riſe,
And pour their flaming ranks along the ſkies:
From their bright arms inceſſant ſplendours ſtream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.
To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulfs of undulating air:
For man he taught the glorious ſun to roll,
From his bright barrier to his weſtern goal.
How then ſhall man, thus inſolently proud,
Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come,
Unſtain'd from ſin, untinctur'd from the womb?
The Lord from his ſublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe, regards the ſilver moon.

Thoſe ſtars, that grace the wide celeſtial plain,
Are but the humbleſt ſweepings of his train;
Dim are the brighteſt ſplendours of the ſky;
And the ſun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not ſin diffuſe a fouler ſtain,
And thicker darkneſs cloud the ſoul of man?
Shall he the depths of endleſs wiſdom know?
The ſhort-liv'd ſovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boaſt, [duſt.
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the

THE SONG OF MOSES,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER OF EXODUS, PARAPHRASED.

THEN to the Lord, the vaſt triumphant throng
Of Iſrael's ſons, with Moſes, rais'd the ſong.
To God our grateful accents will we raiſe,
And every tongue ſhall celebrate his praiſe:
Behold diſplay'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory crac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waſte!
How did his power the ſteeds and riders ſweep
Ingulf'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep?
Whom ſhould we fear, while he, heav'n's awful Lord,
Unſheaths for Iſrael his avenging ſword?
His outſtretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and ſav'd us in the laſt deſpair:
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our ſhackles and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our fathers God, I'll rear
A ſacred temple, and adore him there,
With vows and incenſe, ſacrifice and prayer.
The Lord commands in war; his matchleſs might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to ſtorm.
His name, O Iſrael, Heaven's Eternal Lord,
For ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.
When to the fight from Egypt's fruitful ſoil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the ſons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courſer and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the ſea:
The chiefs, and ſteeds, and warriors whirl'd around,
Lay midſt the roarings of the ſurges drown'd.
Who ſhall thy power, thou mighty God, withſtand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror roſe,
To cruſh that day thy proud Egyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping ſquadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
Soon as thy anger, charg'd with vengeance, came,
They ſunk like ſtubble crackling in the flame.
At thy dread voice the ſummon'd billows crowd,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the cryſtal ridges ſtrike the ſkies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and ſeas o'er ſeas ariſe.
Around in heaps the liſtening ſurges hand,
Mute and obſervant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rous'd from the ſecret chambers of the main.
With ſavage joy the ſons of Egypt cry'd,
(Vaſt were their hopes, and boundleſs was their pride)
Let us purſue thoſe fugitives of Nile,
This ſervile nation, and divide the ſpoil:
And ſpread ſo wide the ſlaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a ſtronger red the bluſhing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hoſts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring ſword!
As thus the yawning gulf the boaſters paſs'd,
At thy command ruſh'd forth the rapid blaſt.
Then, at the ſignal given, with dreadful ſway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring ſea;
And now the diſintangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled ſurges to the war;
Till her proud ſons aſtoniſh'd Egypt found,
Cover'd with billows, and in tempeſts drown'd.
What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppoſe his miracles to thine!
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confeſs their fear and ſhame.
The world attends thy abſolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the ſwelling ſea,
The conſcious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the ſurges ſweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our ſervile toil,
And each inſulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Egypt's realms to Canaan's ſacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To ſmoothe the way, and clear the dreadful road.
The diſtant kingdoms ſhall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philiſtines ſhall confeſs their fear;
Thy fame ſhall over Edom's princes ſpread,
And Moab's kings, the univerſal dread;
While the vaſt ſcenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the braveſt heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan ſhall ſhrink, and tremble for his ſons.
Till thou haſt Jacob from his bondage brought,
At ſuch a vaſt expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and bleſt abodes,
Led through the dark receſſes of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes ſhall proud Moriah riſe,
And rear his ſummit nearer to the ſkies.
Through ages, Lord, ſhall ſtretch thy boundleſs power,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand when time ſhall be no more:
For Pharaoh's ſteeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the ſandy plain.
While in the dreadful road, and deſert way,
The ſhining crowds of gaſping fiſhes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beſet,
The Lord ſwept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his ſecret chain,
And on each hand diſcharg'd the thundering main.

The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the solid billows stood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the blest race to promis'd Canaan past
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE, PARAPHRASED.

Let the brave youth be train'd, the stings
Of poverty to bear,
And in the school of want be taught
The exercise of war.

Let him be practis'd in his bloom,
To listen to alarms,
And learn proud Parthia to subdue
With unresisted arms.

The hostile tyrant's beauteous bride,
Distracted with despair,
Beholds him pouring to the fight,
And thundering through the war.

As from the battlement she views
The slaughter of his sword,
Thus shall the fair express her grief,
And terrors for her Lord:

Look down, ye gracious powers, from heaven,
Nor let my consort go,
Rude in the arts of war, to fight
This formidable foe.

Oh! not with half that dreadful rage
The royal savage flies,
When, at the slightest touch, he springs,
And darts upon his prize.

How fair, how comely are our wounds,
In our dear country's cause!
What fame attends the glorious fate,
That props our dying laws!

For death's cold hand arrests the fears
That haunt the coward's mind;
Swift she pursues the flying wretch,
And wounds him from behind.

Bravely regardless of disgrace,
Bold virtue stands alone,
With pure unsully'd glory shines,
And honours still her own.

From the dark grave, and silent dust,
She bids her sons arise,
And to the radiant train unfolds
The portals of the skies.

Now, with triumphant wings, she soars,
Above the realms of day,
Spurns the dull earth, and groveling crowd,
And towers th' ethereal way.

With her has silence a reward,
Within the bless'd abodes,
That holy silence which conceals
The secrets of the gods.

But with a wretch I would not live,
By sacrilege profan'd,
Nor lodge beneath one roof, nor launch
One vessel from the land:

For, blended with the bad, the good
The common stroke have felt,
And heaven's dire vengeance struck alike
At innocence and guilt.

The wrath divine pursues the wretch,
At present, lame and slow,
But yet, though tardy to advance,
She gives the surer blow.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE, PARAPHRASED.

Whom first, Melpomene, thy eye
With friendly aspect views,
Shall from his cradle rise renown'd,
And sacred to the muse.

Nor to the Isthmian games his fame
And deathless triumphs owe;
Nor shall he wear the verdant wreathe,
That shades the champion's brow.

Nor in the wide Elæan plains
Fatigue the courser's speed;
Nor through the glorious cloud of dust,
Provoke the bounding steed.

Nor, as an haughty victor, mount
The Capitolian heights,
And proudly dedicate to Jove
The trophies of his fights.

Because his thundering hand in war
Has check'd the swelling tide
Of the stern tyrant's power, and broke
The measures of his pride.

But by sweet Tyburn's groves and streams
His glorious theme pursues,
And scorns the laurels of the war,
For those that crown the muse.

There in the most retir'd retreats,
He sets his charming song,
To the sweet harp which Sappho touch'd,
Or bold Alcæus strung.

Rank'd by thy sons, Imperial Rome,
Among the poet's quire,
Above the reach of envy's hand
I safely may aspire.

Thou sacred muse, whose artful hand
Can teach the bard to sing;
Can animate the golden lyre,
And wake the living string:

Thou, by whose mighty power, may sing,
In unaccustom'd strains,
The silent fishes in the floods,
As on their banks the swans.

To thee I owe my spreading fame,
That thousands, as they gaze,
Make me their wonder's common theme,
And object of their praise.

If firſt I ſtruck the Leſbian lyre,
No fame belongs to me;
I owe my honours, when I pleaſe,
(If e'er I pleaſe) to thee.

ON THE

APPROACHING CONGRESS OF CAMBRAY.

WRITTEN IN 1721.

Ye patriots of the world, whoſe cares combin'd
Conſult the public welfare of mankind,
One moment let the crowding kingdoms wait,
And Europe in ſuſpenſe attend her fate,
Which turns in your great concils; nor refuſe
To hear the ſtrains of the prophetic muſe;
Who ſees thoſe councils with a generous care
Heal the wide wounds, and calm the rage of war;
She ſees new verdure all the plain o'erſpread,
Where the fight burn'd, and where the battle bled.
The fields of death a ſofter ſcene diſcloſe,
And Ceres ſmiles where iron harveſts roſe.
The bleating flocks along the baſtion paſs,
And from the awful ruins crop the graſs.
Freed from his fears, each unmoleſted ſwain,
In peaceful furrows cuts the fatal plain;
Turns the high bulwark and aſpiring mound,
And ſees the camp with all the ſeaſons crown'd.
Beneath each clod, bright burniſh'd arms appear;
Each furrow glitters with the pride of war;
The fields reſound and tinkle as they break,
And the keen faulchion rings againſt the rake;
At reſt beneath the hanging ramparts laid,
He ſings ſecurely in the dreadful ſhade.
Hark!——o'er the ſeas, the Britiſh lions roar
Their monarch's fame to every diſtant ſhore:
Swift on their canvas wings his navies go,
Wherever tides can roll, or winds can blow;
Their ſails within the arctic circle riſe,
Led by the ſtars that gild the northern ſkies;
Tempt frozen ſeas, nor fear the driving blaſt,
But ſwell exulting o'er the hoary waſte;
O'er the wide ocean hold ſupreme command,
And active commerce ſpread through every land;
Or with full pride to ſouthern regions run,
To diſtant worlds, on t' other ſide the ſun;
And plough the tides, where odoriferous gales
Perfume the ſmiling waves, and ſtretch the bellying ſails.
See! the proud merchant ſeek the precious ſhore,
And trace the winding veins of glittering ore;
Low in the earth his wondering eyes behold
Th' imperfect metal ripening into gold.
The mountains tremble with alternate rays,
And caſt at once a ſhadow and a blaze:
Streak'd o'er with gold, the pebbles flame around,
Gleam o'er the ſoil, and gild the tinkling ground;
Charg'd with the glorious prize, his veſſels come,
And in proud triumph bring an India home.
Fair concord, hail; thy wings o'er Brunſwick ſpread,
And with thy olives crown his laurel'd head.
Come; in thy moſt diſtinguiſh'd charms appear;
Oh! come, and bolt the iron gates of war.
The fight ſtands ſtill when Brunſwick bids it ceaſe,
The monarch ſpeaks, and gives the world a peace;
Like awful juſtice, ſits ſuperior lord,
To poiſe the balance, or to draw the ſword;
In due ſuſpenſe the jarring realms to keep,
And huſh the tumults of the world to ſleep.
Now with a brighter face, and nobler ray,
Shine forth, thou ſource of light, and god of day;
Say, didſt thou ever in thy bright career
Light up before a more diſtinguiſh'd year?
Through all thy journeys paſt, thou canſt not ſee
A perfect image of what this ſhall be:
Scarce the Platonic year ſhall this renew,
Or keep the bright original in view.

THE FABLE

OF THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS CAT.

A hapless youth, whom fates averſe had drove
To a ſtrange paſſion, and prepoſterous love,
Long'd to poſſeſs his puſs's ſpotted charms,
And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
To what odd whimſies love inveigles men?
Sure if the boy was ever blind, 'twas then.
Rack'd with his paſſion, and in deep deſpair,
The youth to Venus thus addreſt his prayer.
O queen of beauty! ſince thy Cupid's dart
Has fir'd my ſoul, and rankles in my heart;
Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame,
From thee at leaſt a remedy I claim;
If once, to bleſs Pigmalion's longing arms,
The marble ſoften'd into living charms;
And warm with life the purple current ran
In circling ſtreams through every flinty vein;
If, with his own creating hands diſplay'd,
He hugg'd the ſtatue, and embrac'd a maid;
And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
The pride of nature, and the boaſt of art:
Hear my requeſt, and crown my wond'rous flame,
The ſame its nature, be thy gift the ſame;
Give me the like unuſual joys to prove,
And though irregular, indulge my love.
Delighted Venus heard the moving prayer,
And ſoon reſolv'd to eaſe the lover's care,
To ſet Miſs Tabby off with every grace,
To dreſs, and fit her for the youth's embrace.
Now ſhe by gradual change her form forſook,
Firſt her round face an oval figure took;
The roguiſh dimples next his heart beguile,
And each grave whiſker ſoften'd to a ſmile;
Unuſual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
Her ſolemn purring dwindled to a ſigh:
Sudden, a huge hoop-petticoat diſplay'd,
A wide circumference! intrench'd the maid,
And for the tail in waving circles play'd.
Her fur, as deſtin'd ſtill her charms to deck,
Made for her hands a muff, a tippet for her neck.
In the fine lady now her ſhape was loſt,
And by ſuch ſtrange degrees ſhe grew a toaſt;
Was all for ombre now; and who but ſhe,
To talk of modes and ſcandal o'er her tea;
To ſettle every faſhion of the ſex,
And run through all the female polities;
To ſpend her time at toilet and baſſet,
To play, to flaunt, to flutter, and coquet:
From a grave thinking mouſer, ſhe was grown
The gayeſt flirt that coach'd it round the town.

But see how often some intruding woe
Nips all our blooming prospects at a blow!
For as the youth his lovely consort led
To the dear pleasures of the nuptial bed,
Just on that instant from an inner house,
Into the chamber popt a heedless mouse.
Miss Tabby saw, and brooking no delay, [prey.
Sprung from the sheets, and seiz'd the trembling
Nor did the bride, in that ill-fated hour,
Reflect that all her mousing-days were o'er.
The youth, astonish'd, felt a new despair,
Ixion-like he grasp'd, and grasp'd but air;
He saw his vows and prayers in vain bestow'd,
And lost the jilting goddess in a cloud.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'Tis true; what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd:
We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of godlike Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a British Poet she inspires.
To you, O Pope, the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and naturaliz'd the bard;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee with a public voice.
See! too the poet, a majestic shade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbes and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living bard before.
While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are shown, [own;
Though worlds contend, we claim him for our
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme;
Start, and enjoy a fight in every dream.
By turns the chief and bard their souls inflame,
And every little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From him to conquer, or to write from thee.
In every hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of every tongue.
Parties in state poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds; and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries interests than their own.
Our busiest politicians have forgot [fought;
How Somer's counsel'd, and how Marlborough
But o'er their settling coffee gravely tell,
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest beaux and coxcombs you inspire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before:
Nay, ev'n our belles, inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern wit.
Let the mad critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return;
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace.
Live, and enjoy their spight, and share that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.
And lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils succeed Achilles' war.
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.
Then, as thy fame shall see a length of days,
Some future bards shall thus record thy praise:
" In those blest times when smiling heaven and fate
" Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,
" When wide around, she saw the world submit,
" And own her sons supreme in arts and wit;
" Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home
" The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome;
" To the great task each bold translator came,
" With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's flame; [soar,
" Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to
" Where scarce the Roman eagles tower'd before:
" And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
" Though her seven rival cities claim'd his birth;
" On her seven cities he look'd down with scorn,
" And own'd with pride he was in Britain born."

SPECIMEN

OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY *.

The nurse all wild with transport seem'd to swim;
Joy wing'd her feet, and lighten'd ev'ry limb;
Then, to the room with speed impatient borne,
Flew with glad tidings of her lord's return
There bending o'er the sleeping queen, she cries,
Rise, my Penelope, my daughter, rise
To see Ulysses thy long absent spouse,
Thy soul's desire and lord of all thy vows:
Though late, he comes, and in his rage has slain,
For all their wrongs, the haughty suitor train,
Ah! Euryclea, she replies, you rave;
The gods resume that reason which they gave;
For Heaven deep wisdom to the fool supplies,
But oft infatuates and confounds the wise.
And wisdom once was thine! but now I find
The gods have ruin'd thy distemper'd mind.
How could you hope your fiction to impose?
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
How could you break a sleep with talk so vain,
That held my sorrows in so soft a chain?

* *Dr. Ridley was one of Mr. Spence's executors. Mr. Steevens assisted him in looking over the papers of the deceased; and transcribed this letter, &c. from the original.*

A sleep so sweet I never could enjoy
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Curst Troy—oh! why did I thy name disclose?
Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
But fly—some other had provok'd my *rage* *,
And you but owe your pardon to your *age*.
No artful tales, no studied lies, I frame,
Ulysses lives (rejoins the reverend dame)
In that dishonour'd stranger's close disguise,
Long has he pass'd all unsuspecting eyes,
All but thy son's—and long has he suppress
The well-concerted secret *in his breast*;
Till his brave father should his foes defeat,
And the close scheme of his revenge complete.
Swift as the word *the queen transported sprung*,
And *round the* dame in strict embraces *hung*;
Then, as the big round *tears* began to *roll*.
Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her soul.
If my victorious hero safe arrives,
If my dear lord, Ulysses, still survives,
Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone:
How were such multitudes destroy'd by one?
Nought I beheld, but heard their cries, she said,
When death flew raging, and the suitors bled:
Immur'd we listen'd, as we sat around,
To each deep groan and agonizing sound.
Call'd by thy son to view the scene I fled,
And saw Ulysses striding o'er the dead!
Amidst the rising heaps the hero stood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.

*** "This is enough in conscience for this time: besides, I am desired, by Mr Popè or Mr. Lintot, I don't know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain affair."

ON HIS MAJESTY'S PLAYING WITH A TIGER,

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

"Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camœnâ."

Amidst the den, the lions prey,
Seal'd up for death the prophet lay;
But couch'd the hungry monsters sit,
And fawning lick his sacred feet;
Swift shot an angel from above,
And chang'd their fury into love.
As swift did Britain's genius fly,
And for her charge stand trembling by;
When Brunswick, pious, brave, and wise,
Like him the favourite of the skies,
Play'd with the monster's dreadful teeth,
And sported with the fangs of death.
Genius of Britain, spare thy fears,
For know, within, our sovereign wears
The surest guard; the best defence;
A firm untainted innocence.
So sweet an innocence disarms
The fiercest rage with powerful charms,
So far rebellion it beguiles,
That faction bends: that envy smiles;
That furious savages submit,
And pay due homage at his feet.

* *The words in Italic are copied by Pope.*

Britain! by this example prove
The duty, loyalty, and love.
See! the fierce brutes thy king caress,
And court him with a mute address;
Well may'st thou own his gentle sway,
If tigers bend, and savages obey.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS SERVANT.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VII.

To enter into the beauties of this Satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the Feasts of Saturn, wore their masters Habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

Servant.

Sir,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.
P. What knave is that? my rascal!
S. Sir, 'tis I,
No knave nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.
P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year. [ever,
S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some for
And some, like Wharton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his shirt;
Roar with the rakes of state a month; and come
To starve another in his hole at home.
So roy'd wild Buckingham the public jest,
Now some inholder's, now a monarch's guest;
His life and politics of every shape,
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
The gout in every limb from every vice,
Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
Some wench for ever; and their sins on those,
By custom, sit as easy as their clothes.
Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
And in that point are madder than the devil:
For they——
P. To what will these wild maxims tend?
And where, sweet sir, will your reflections end?
S. In you.
P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.
S. You praise low-living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
But, without business, you're again in town.
If none invite you, sir, abroad to roam,
Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home:
And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
From "Encome, John comes thundering at the door,
With "Sir, my master begs you to come o'er,
"To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,
"Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites."
Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,
This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,
"And where, you rascal, are the spurs," you cry;
"And O! what blockhead laid the buskins by?"

* *The seat of John Pitt, Esq. in Dorsetshire.*

On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
(No matter whether on four legs or none)
Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath;
All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death;
Wildly through Wareham streets you scamper on,
Raise all the dogs and voters in the town;
Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
That Corse and Kingston gentry think you mad.
And all this furious riding is to prove
Your high respect, it seems, and eager love:
And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
Banks, Shaftesbury, Doddington, may send in vain.
Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
And bless the moment that you turn your back:
As for myself, I own it to your face,
I love good eating, and I take my glass:
But sure 'tis strange, dear Sir, that this should be
In you amusement, but a fault in me.
All this is bare refining on a name,
To make a difference where the fault's the same.
My father sold me to your service here,
For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
A livery you should wear as well as I,
And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,
Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your desires,
A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who at this rate of talking, can be free?

S. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he:
All else are slaves alike, the world around,
Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground:
He, Sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And (greater still) is master of himself:
Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
But loose to all the interests of the world:
And while that world turns round, entire and whole,
He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul;
In every turn of fortune still the same,
As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
Collected in himself, with godlike pride,
He sees the darts of envy glance aside;
And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempest blow,
Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
One such you know, a layman, to your shame,
And yet the honour of your blood and name,
If you can such a character maintain,
You too are free, and I'm your slave again.
But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,
More than yourself, to see two drunkards fight;
" Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead," or such names are mine:
Your's are, " a connoisseur," or " deep divine."
I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
The sacred prize of learning, worth, and wit:
And yet some sell their lands these bits to buy;
Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury?
I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no plate,
I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.
Besides, high living, Sir, must wear you out
With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
By some new pleasures are you still engross'd,
And when you save an hour, you think it lost.
To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,
And like all company, except your own.
You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme;
Why?—but to banish thought, and murder time:
And yet that thought, which you discharge in vain,
Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone,—

S. For what?

P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun:
I'll shoot the dog.

S. Lord! who would be a wit?
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork;
For once I'll set your lazy bones to work:
Fly, or I'll send your back, without a groat,
To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

Advising him to build a Banquetting-house on a Hill that overlooks the Sea.

From this tall promontory's brow
You look majestic down,
And see extended wide below
Th' horizon all your own.

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills;
There the vast sky and sea profound
Th' increasing prospect fills.

O bid, my friend, a structure rise,
And this huge round command;
Then shall this little point comprise
The ocean and the land.

Then you, like Æolus, on high,
From your aerial tower,
Shall see secure the billows fly,
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You, with a smile, their rage despise,
Till some sad wreck appears,
And calls, from your relenting eyes,
The sympathizing tears.

Thus may you view, with proud delight,
While winds the deep reform,
(Till human woes your grief excite)
All nature in a storm.

Majestic, awful scene! when, hurl'd
On surges, surges rise,
And all the heaving watery world
Tumultuous mounts the skies.

The seas and thunder roar by turns,
By turns the peals expire;
The billows flash, and ether burns
With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempests cease,
The mighty rage subsides;
Old ocean hush'd, in solemn peace,
Has still'd the murmuring tides.

Spread wide abroad, the glassy plain,
In various colours gay,
Reflects the glorious sun again,
And doubly gilds the day.

Th' horizon glows from ſide to ſide,
And flames with glancing rays;
The floating, trembling, ſilver tide,
Is one continual blaze.

Your eyes the proſpect now command,
All uncontroul'd and free,
Fly like a thought from land to land,
And dart from ſea to ſea.

Thus, while above the clouds we ſit,
And innocently gay,
Paſs in amuſements, wine, or wit,
The ſultry hours away;

Sometimes, with pity, or diſdain,
In thought a glance we throw
Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
In yonder world below.

We ſee, from this exalted ſeat,
(How ſhrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
The little perſon of the great,
As little as his mind.

See there—amidſt the crowds our view
Some ſcatter'd virtues ſtrike;
But thoſe ſo throng'd, and theſe ſo few,
The world looks all alike.

Yet, through this cloud of human-kind,
The Talbots we ſurvey,
The Pitts, the Yorkes, the Seckers find,
Who ſhine in open day.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

O'ER curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio's plants improve
With nobler of your own;

O bid a ſtructure o'er the floods
From this high mountain riſe,
Where we may ſit enthron'd like gods,
And revel in the ſkies.

Th' aſcending breeze, at each repaſt,
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightneſs to the taſte,
New ſpirit to the wine.

Or theſe low pleaſures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page,
Our towering thoughts ſhall raiſe,
Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amuſive thoughts the ſea
Shall entertain the mind,
While we the rolling ſcene ſurvey,
An emblem of mankind.

Where, like ſworn foes, ſucceſſive all,
The furious ſurges run,
To urge their predeceſſor's fall,
Though follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns ſo profound,
Engag'd in dark diſpute,
The ſkuttles caſt their ink around
To puzzle the diſpute.

Where ſharks, like ſhrewd directors, thrive,
Like lawyers, rob at will;
Where flying-fiſh, like trimmers live;
Like ſoldiers, ſword-fiſh kill.

Where on the leſs the greater feed,
The tyrants of an hour,
Till the huge royal whale ſucceed,
And all at once devour.

Thus in the mortal world we now
Too truly underſtand,
Each monſter of the ſea below
Is match'd by one at land.

ON MRS. WALKER'S POEMS.

PARTICULARLY THAT ON THE AUTHOR.

BLUSH, Wilmot, bluſh; a female muſe,
Without one guilty line,
The tender theme of love purſues
In ſofter ſtrains than thine.

'Tis thine the paſſion to blaſpheme,
'Tis her's with wit and eaſe
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyſelf to pleaſe.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
Whoſe merit has prevail'd;
For what male poet can ſucceed,
If Rocheſter has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit,
In his high wiſdom, to impoſe
A ſalique law on wit;

Since of your thoughts he takes no care,
Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays;
'Tis hard!—but let the women wear
The breeches and the bays.

VERSES

ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

Worked by the Young Ladies at Kingſton.

WHEN Pallas ſaw the piece her pupils wrought,
She ſtood long wondering at the lovely draught:
"And, Flora, now (ſhe cried) no more diſplay
Thy flowers, the triſling beauties of a day:
For ſee! how theſe with life immortal bloom,
And ſpread and flouriſh for an age to come!
In what unguarded hour did I impart
To theſe fair virgins all my darling art?
In all my wit I ſaw theſe rivals ſhine,
But this one art I thought was always mine:
Yet lo! I yield; their miſtreſs now no more,
But proud to learn from theſe I taught before.
For look, what vegetable ſenſe is here!
How warm with life theſe bluſhing leaves appear!
What temper'd ſplendours o'er the piece are laid!
Shade ſteals on light, and light dies into ſhade.
Through heaven's gay bow leſs various beauties
run,
And far leſs bright, though painted by the ſun,

See in each blooming flower what ſpirit glows!
What vivid colours fluſh the opening roſe!
In ſome few hours thy lily diſappears;
But this ſhall flouriſh through a length of years,
See unfelt winters paſs ſucceſſive by,
And ſcorn a mean dependence on the ſky.
And oh! may Britain, by my counſels ſway'd,
But live and flouriſh, till theſe flowers ſhall fade!
Then go, fond Flora, go, the palm reſign
To works more fair and durable than thine;
For I, ev'n I, in juſtice yield the crown
To works ſo far ſuperior to my own."

VERSES

ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

On this fair ground, with raviſh'd eyes,
We ſee a ſecond Eden riſe,
As gay and glorious as the firſt,
Before th' offending world was curſt.
While theſe bright nymphs the needle guide,
To paint the roſe in all her pride,
Nature, like her, may bluſh to own
Herſelf ſo far by art out-done.
Theſe flowers ſhe rais'd with all her care,
So blooming, ſo divinely fair!
The glorious children of the ſun,
That David's regal heir outſhone,
Where ſcarce like one of theſe array'd;
They died, but theſe ſhall never fade.

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

In imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

" —— Pedent opera interrupta.——"

Should ſome fam'd hand, in this fantaſtic age,
Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the ſtage,
With all his poſtures in one motley plan,
The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man,
Here o'er his head high brandiſhing a leg,
And there juſt hatch'd, and breaking from his egg; [piece,
While monſter crowds on monſter through the
Who could help laughing at a ſight like this?
Or, as a drunkard's dream together brings
" A court of coblers, or a mob of kings *;"
Such is a ſermon, where, confus'dly dark,
Join Sharp †, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and Clarke;
So eggs of different pariſhes will run
To batter, when you beat ſix yolks to one;
So ſix bright chemic liquors when you mix,
In one dark ſhadow vaniſh all the fix.
Full licence prieſts and painters ever had
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
For theſe can't reconcile God's grace to ſin,
Nor thoſe paint tigers in an aſs's ſkin.
No common dauber in one piece would join
The fox and gooſe—unleſs upon a ſign.

* *Dryden.*

† *Another copy reads,*

" Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke."

Some ſteal a page of ſenſe from Tillotſon,
And then conclude divinely with their own.
Like oil on water, mounts the prelate up;
His Grace is always ſure to be at top:
That vein of mercury its beams will ſpread,
And ſhine more ſtrongly through a mine of lead.
With ſuch low arts your audience never bilk;
For who can bear a fuſtian lin'd with ſilk?
Sooner than preach ſuch ſtuff, I'd walk the town,
Without my ſcarf, in Whiſton's draggled gown;
Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
For pence, and bury for a groat a-head.
Some eaſy ſubject chooſe, within your power,
Or you can never hold out half an hour.
One rule obſerve: this Sunday ſplit your text;
Preach one part now, and t'other half the next.
Speak, look, and move, with dignity and eaſe,
Like mitred Secker, you'll be ſure to pleaſe.
But, if you whine like boys at country ſchools,
Can you be ſaid to ſtudy Cambray's rules?
Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing ſtumbling ſtyle,
" Whoever with a piercing eye can ſee
" Through the paſt records of futurity—"
All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator
Talks much, and ſays juſt nothing for an hour.
Truth and the text he labours to diſplay,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal dames inſipid water pour,
Till green, bohea, and coffee, are no more.
His arguments in ſilly circles run
Still round and round, and end where they began:
So the poor turn-ſpit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loſes ground.
Surpris'd with ſolitary ſelf-applauſe,
He ſees the motley mingled ſcene he draws:
Dutch painters thus at their own figures ſtart,
Drawn with their utmoſt uncreating art.
Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;
Nay though ſhe licks her cubs, her tender cares
At beſt can bring the bruins but to bears.
Still to your hearers all your ſermons ſort;
Who'd preach againſt corruption at the court?
Againſt church-power at viſitations bawl,
Or talk about damnation at Whitehall?
Harangue the horſe-guards on a cure of ſouls,
Condemn the quirks of chancery at the rolls,
Or rail at hoods and organ's at St. Paul's?
Or be, like David Jones, ſo indiſcreet,
To rave at uſurers in Lombard-ſtreet?
Ye country-vicars, when you preach in town,
A turn at Paul's to pay your journey down,
If you would ſhun the ſneer of every prig,
Lay by the little band and ruſty wig;
But yet be ſure your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the ſound of bow;
Speak not the phraſe that Drury-lane affords,
Nor from 'Change-alley ſteal a cant of words:
Coachmen will criticiſe your ſtyle; nay, further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murther:
The dregs of the Canaille will look aſkew,
To hear the language of the town from you;

Nay, my Lord-mayor, with merriment poſſeſt,
Will break his nap, and laugh among the reſt,
And jog the aldermen to hear the jeſt.

* * * * * *

INVITATION TO MR. DODINGTON*.

In Alluſion to Horace, Book I. Ep. V.

If Dodington will condeſcend
To viſit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain diſhes here;
No coſtly welcome, but a kind
He and his friends will always find;
A plain, but clean and ſpacious room,
The maſter and his heart at home,
A cellar open as his face,
A dinner ſhorter than his grace;
Your mutton comes from Pimpern-down,
Your fiſh (if any) from the town;
Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'eraw'd,
By human laws, not thoſe of God,
No veniſon ſteal, or none they bring,
Or ſend it all to maſter King†;
And yet, perhaps, ſome venturous ſpark
May bring it, now the nights are dark.
Punch I have ſtore, and beer beſide,
And port that's good, though Frenchified.
Then, if you come, I'm ſure to get
From Eaſtbery ‡—a deſert—of wit.
One line, good Sir, to name the day,
And your petitioner will pray, &c.

MR. R. PITT, TO HIS BROTHER. C. PITT.

On his having a Fit of the Gout.

Among the well-bred natives of our iſle,
"I kiſs your hand, Sir," is the modiſh ſtyle;
In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiſs your venerable toe,
Not old infallibilities can have
Profounder reverence from its meaneſt ſlave.
What dignity attends the ſolemn gout!
What conſcious greatneſs if the heart be ſtout!
Methinks I ſee you o'er the houſe preſide,
In painful majeſty and decent pride,
With leg toſt high, on ſtately ſofa ſit,
More like a ſultan than a modern wit:
Quick at your call the trembling ſlaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though (or authors fail)
At times the anti-ſalic laws prevail.
Now, Lord have mercy on poor Dick! ſay I;
"Where's the lac'd ſhoe—who laid the flannel
" by?"
Within, 'tis hurry, the houſe ſeems poſſeſt;
Without, the horſes wonder at their reſt.
What terrible diſmay, what ſcenes of care!
Why is the ſooty Mintrem's hopeful heir §
Before the morning-dawn compell'd to riſe,
And give attendance with his half-ſhut eyes?
What makes that girl with hideous viſage ſtare?
What fiends prevent Ead's * journey to the fair†?
Why all this noiſe, this buſtle and this rout?
"Oh, nothing—but poor maſter has the gout."
Meantime, ſuperior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in ſoaring meditations flow,
In rapturous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his ſtrong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of ſtate,
In all the pomp of words diſplay the Trojan fate.
Can nothing your aſpiring thoughts reſtrain?
Or does the muſe ſuſpend the rage of pain?
Awhile give o'er your rage; in ſickneſs prove
Like other mortals, if you'd pity move:
Think not your friends compaſſionate can be,
When ſuch the product of diſeaſe they ſee;
Your ſharpeſt pangs but add to our delight,
We'll wiſh you ſtill the gout, if ſtill you write.

* *Created Lord Melcombe in* 1761.
† *The Blandford carrier.*
‡ *Mr. Dodington's ſeat at that time.*
§ *Pitt's ſervant, the ſon of a blackſmith.*

WRITTEN IN THE FOLDS OF A PIN-PAPER.

Of old, a hundred Cyclops ſtrove
To forge the thunder-bolt for Jove;
I too employ a hundred hands,
And travel through as many lands.
A head I have, though very ſmall,
But then I have no brains at all.
The miſer locks me up with care,
Cloſe as his money all the year.
When John and Joan are both at ſtrife,
'Tis I find money for the wife.
At court I make the ladies ſhine,
I grace ev'n gracious Caroline:
And, though I often take my way
Through town and country, land and ſea,
I'm neither fiſh, fleſh, nor herring,
And now I live with goody Verring‡.

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

AUTORE LUDOVICO DUNCOMBE.

Exigua creſcit de glande altiſſima quercus,
Et tandem patulis ſurgit in aſtra comis:
Dumque anni pergunt, creſcit latiſſima moles;
Mox ſecat æquoreas bellica navis aquas.
Angliacis hinc fama, ſalus hinc naſcitur oris,
Et glans eſt noſtri præſidium imperii.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING, BY MR. PITT.

From a ſmall acorn, ſee! the oak ariſe,
Supremely tall, and towering in the ſkies!
Queen of the groves! her ſtately head ſhe rears,
Her bulk increaſing with increaſing years:
Now moves in pomp, majeſtic, o'er the deep,
While in her womb ten thouſand thunders ſleep.

* *Another ſervant of Pitt.*
† *Blandford fair; two miles from Pimpern, Pitt's rectory.*
‡ *A ſeller of pins at Blandford.*

Hence Britain boasts her far-extended reign,
And by th' expanded acorn rules the main,

AN EPITAPH,

*Inscribed on a Stone that covers his Father, Mother, and Brother**.

Ye sacred spirits! while your friends distress'd
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd;
O let the pensive muse inscribe that stone,
And with the general sorrows mix her own:
The pensive muse!—who, from this mournful hour,
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive;
'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

A POEM

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE EARL STANHOPE.

Humbly Inscribed to the Countess of Stanhope.

"At length, grim fate, thy dreadful triumphs cease:
"Lock up the tomb, and seal the grave in peace."

Now from thy riot of destruction breathe,
Call in thy raging plagues, thou tyrant death:
Too mean's the conquest which thy arms bestow,
Too mean to sweep a nation at a blow.
No, thy unbounded triumphs higher run,
And seem to strike at all mankind in one;
Since Stanhope is thy prey, the great, the brave,
A nobler prey was never paid the grave.
We seem to feel from this thy daring crime,
A blank in nature, and a pause in time.
He stood so high in reason's towering sphere,
As high as man unglorify'd could bear.
In arms, and eloquence, like Cæsar, shone
So bright, that each Minerva was his own.
How could so vast a fund of learning lie
Shut up in such a short mortality?
One world of science nobly travell'd o'er,
Like Philip's glorious son, he wept for more.
And now resign'd to tears, th' angelic choirs,
With drooping heads unstring their golden lyres,
Wrapt in a cloud of grief, they sigh to view
Their sacred image laid by death so low:
And deep in anguish sunk, on Stanhope's fate,
Begin to doubt their own immortal state.
But hold, my muse, thy mournful transport errs,
Hold here, and listen to Lucinda's tears,
While thy vain sorrows echo to his tomb,
Behold a sight that strikes all sorrow dumb:
Behold the partner of his cares and life,
Bright in her tears, and beautiful in grief.
Shall then in vain those streams of sorrow flow,
Drest up in all the elegance of woe?
And shall the kind officious muse forbear
To answer sigh for sigh, and tell out tear for tear?
Oh! no; at such a melancholy scene,
The poet echoes back her woes again.
Each weeping muse should minister relief,
From all the moving eloquence of grief.

Each, like a Niobe, his fate bemoan,
Melt into tears, or harden into stone.
From dark obscurity his virtues save,
And, like pale spectres, hover round his grave.
With them the marble should due measures keep,
Relent at every sigh, at every accent weep.
Britannia mourn thy hero, nor refuse
To vent the sighs and sorrows with the muse:
Oh! let thy rising groans load every wind,
Nor let one sluggish accent lag behind.
Thy heavy fate with justice to deplore,
Convey a gale of sighs from shore to shore.
And thou, her guardian angel, widely spread
Thy golden wings, and shield the mighty dead.
Brood o'er his ashes, and illustrious dust,
And soothe with care the venerable ghost.
To guard the nobler relics, leave a while
The kind protection of thy favourite isle:
Around his silent tomb, thy station keep,
And, with thy sister-angel, learn to weep.
Ye sons of Albion, o'er your patriot mourn,
And cool with streams of tears his sacred urn.
His wondrous virtues, stretch'd to distant shores,
Demand all Europe's tears, as well as yours.
Nature can't bring in every period forth,
A finish'd hero, of exalted worth,
Whose godlike genius, towering and sublime,
Must long lie ripening in the womb of time:
Before a Stanhope enters on the stage,
The birth of years, and labour of an age.
In field, and council, born the palm to share,
His voice a senate, as his sword a war:
And each illustrious action of his life,
Conspire to form the patriot, and the chief:
On either side, unite their blended rays,
And kindly mingle in a friendly blaze.
Stand out, and witness this, unhappy Spain,
Lift up to view the mountains of thy slain:
Tell how thy heroes yielded to their fear,
When Stanhope rous'd the thunder of the war:
With what fierce tumults of severe delight
Th' impetuous hero plung'd into the fight.
How he the dreadful front of death defac'd,
Pour'd on the foe, and laid the battle waste.
Did not his arm the ranks of war deform,
And point the hovering tumult where to storm?
Did not his sword through legions cleave his way,
Break their dark squadrons, and let in the day?
Did not he lead the terrible attack,
Push conquest on, and bring her bleeding back?
Throw wide the scenes of horror and despair,
The tide of conflict, and the stream of war?
Bid yellow Tagus, who in triumph roll'd,
Till then his turbid tides of foaming gold,
Boast his rich channels to the world no more,
Since all his glittering streams, and liquid ore,
Lie undistinguish'd in a flood of gore
Bid his charg'd waves, and loaded billows sweep,
Thy slaughter'd thousands to the frighted deep.
Confess, fair Albion, how the listening throng
Dwelt on the moving accents of his tongue.
In the sage council seat him, and confess
Thy arm in war, thy oracle in peace:
How here triumphant too, his nervous sense
Bore off the palm of manly eloquence:

* *Robert Pitt, A. M. his eldest brother.*

The healing balm to Albion's wounds apply'd,
And charm'd united factions to his side:
Fix'd on his sovereign's head the nodding crown,
And propp'd the tottering basis of the throne,
Supported bravely all the nation's weight,
And stood the public Atlas of the state.
Sound the loud trumpet, let the solemn knell
Bid with due horror his great soul farewell.
Tune every martial instrument with care,
At once wake all the harmony of war.
Let each sad hero in procession go,
And swell the vast solemnity of woe.
Neglect the yew, the mournful cypress leave,
And with fresh laurels strew the warrior's grave.
There they shall rise, in honour of his name,
Grow green with victory, and bloom with fame.
Lo! from his azure throne, old father Thames
Sighs through his floods, and groans from all his streams:
O'er his full urn he droops his reverend head,
And sinks down deeper in his oozy bed,
As the sad pomp proceeds along his sides,
O'ercharg'd with sorrow, pant his heaving tides.
Low in his humid palace laid to mourn,
With streams of tears, the god supplies his urn.
Within his channels he forgets to flow,
And pours o'er all his bounds the deluge of his woe.
But see, my muse, if yet thy ravish'd sight
Can bear that blaze, that rushing stream of light;
Where the great hero's disincumber'd soul,
Springs from the earth, to reach her native pole.
Boldly she quits th' aband n'd cask of clay,
Freed from her chains, and towers th' ethereal way:
Soars o'er th' eternal sunds of hail and snow,
And leaves heaven's stormy magazines below.
Thence through the vast profound of heaven she flies,
And measures all the concave of the skies:
Sees where the planetary worlds advance,
Orb above orb, and lead the starry dance.
Nor rests she there, but, with a bolder flight,
Explores the undiscover'd realms of light,
Where the fix'd orbs, to deck the spangled pole,
In state around their gaudy axles roll.
Thence his aspiring course in triumph steers,
Beyond the golden circles of the spheres;
Into the heaven of heavens, the seat divine,
Where nature never drew her mighty line.
A region that excludes all time and place,
And shuts creation from th' unbounded space:
Where the full tides of light in oceans flow,
And see the sun ten thousand worlds below.
So far from our inferior orbs disjoin'd,
The tir'd imagination pants behind.
Then cease thy painful flight, nor venture more,
Where never muse has stretch'd her wing before.
Thy pinions tempt immortal heights in vain,
That throw thee fluttering back to earth again.
On earth a while, blest shade, thy thoughts employ,
And steal one moment from eternal joy.
While there, in heaven, immortal songs inspire
Thy golden strings, and tremble on the lyre,
Which raise to nobler strains th' angelic choir.
Look down with pity on a mortal's lays,
Who strives, in vain, to reach thy boundless praise:
Who with low verse profanes thy sacred name,
Lost in the spreading circle of thy fame.
Thy fame, which, like thyself, is mounted high,
Wide as thy heaven, and lofty as thy sky.
And thou, his pious consort, here below,
Lavish of grief, and prodigal of woe:
Oh! choke thy griefs, thy rising sighs suppress,
Nor let thy sorrows violate his peace.
This rage of anguish, that disdains relief,
Dims his bright joys, with some allay of grief.
Look on his dearest pledge, he left behind,
And see how nature, bountiful and kind,
Stamps the paternal image on his mind,
Oh! may th' hereditary virtues run
In fair succession, to adorn the son;
The last best hopes of Albion's realms to grace,
And form the hero worthy of his race:
Some means at last by Britain may be found,
To dry her tears, and close her bleeding wound.
And if the muse through future times can see,
Fair youth, thy father shall revive in thee:
Thou shalt the wondering nation's hopes engage,
To rise the Stanhope of the future age.

EPITAPH ON DR. KEIL.

THE LATE FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

Beneath this stone the world's just wonder lies,
Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious skies;
Around the stars his active soul had flown,
And seen their courses finish'd ere his own:
Now he enjoys those realms he could explore,
And finds that heaven he knew so well before.
He through more worlds his victory pursued
Than the brave Greek could wish to have subdued;
In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
Then stopp'd,—for nature could afford no more.
With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride
He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and died.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. XIX. IMITATED.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ROBERT LOWTH*.

'Tis said, dear Sir, no poets please the town,
Who drink mere water, though from Helicon:
For in cold blood they seldom boldly think;
Their rhymes are more insipid than their drink.
Not great Apollo could the train inspire,
Till generous Bacchus help'd to fan the fire.
Warm'd by two gods at once, they drink and write,
Rhyme all the day, and fuddle all the night.
Homer, says Horace, nods in many a place,
But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the glass.
Inspir'd with wine old Ennius sung and thought
With the same spirit, that his heroes fought:
And we from Johnson's tavern-laws divine,
That bard was no great enemy to wine.
'Twas from the bottle King deriv'd his wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
Let no coif'd serjeant touch the sacred juice,
But leave it to the bards for better use:

* *Late Bishop of London.*

Let the grave judges too the glaſs forbear,
Who never ſing and dance but once a year.
This truth once known, our poets take the hint,
Get drunk or mad, and then get into print:
To raiſe their flames indulge the mellow fit,
And loſe their ſenſes in the ſearch of wit:
And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
Swear they can write, becauſe they drink like Ben.
Such mimic Swift or Prior to their coſt,
For in the raſh attempt the fools are loſt.
When once a genius breaks through common rules,
He leads an herd of imitating fools.
If Pope, the prince of poets, ſick a-bed,
O'er ſteaming coffee bends his aching head,
The fools in public o'er the fragrant draught
Incline thoſe heads, that never ach'd or thought.
This muſt provoke his mirth or his diſdain,
Cure his complaint,—or make him ſick again.
I too, like them, the poet's path purſue,
And keep great Flaccus ever in my view;
But in a diſtant view—yet what I write,
In theſe looſe ſheets, muſt never ſee the light;
Epiſtles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
Things that are born and die in half an hour.
What! you muſt dedicate, ſays ſneering Spence,
This year ſome new performance to the prince:
Though money is your ſcorn, no doubt in time
You hope to gain ſome vacant ſtall by rhyme;
Like other poets, were the truth but known,
You too admire whatever is your own.
Theſe wiſe remarks my modeſty confound,
While the laugh riſes, and the mirth goes round;
Vext at the jeſt, yet glad to ſhun a fray,
I whiſk into my coach, and drive away.

TO MR. SPENCE.

PREFIXED TO THE ESSAY ON POPE'S ODYSSEY.

'Tis done—Reſtor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again;
Once more that great, that injur'd name we ſee
Shine forth alike in Addiſon and thee.
Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feaſt,
And feed on ſcraps refus'd by every gueſt;
From the old Thracian * dog they learn'd the way
To ſnarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey.
As though they grudg'd themſelves the joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd againſt their will.
Such their inverted taſte, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect;
So the fell ſnake rejects the fragrant flowers,
But every poiſon of the field devours.
Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his, your generous raptures ſtill aſpire;
The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
But when ſome lame, ſome limping line demands
The friendly ſuccour of your healing hands;
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays, and tickles, while it cures the wound.
While Pope's immortal labour we ſurvey,
We ſtand all dazzled with exceſs of day,
Blind with the glorious blaze;—to vulgar ſight
'Twas one bright maſs of undiſtinguiſh'd light;
But, like the towering eagle, you alone
Diſcern'd the ſpots and ſplendours of the ſun.
To point out faults, yet never to offend;
To play the critic, yet preſerve the friend;
A life well ſpent, that never loſt a day;
An eaſy ſpirit, innocently gay;
A ſtrict integrity, devoid of art;
The ſweeteſt manners, and ſincereſt heart;
A ſoul where depth of ſenſe and fancy meet;
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit,
Were ever yours;—be what you were before,
Be ſtill yourſelf; the world can aſk no more.

* *Zoilus, ſo called by the ancients.*

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

A well-known vaſe of ſovereign uſe I ſing,
Pleaſing to young and old, and Jordan hight,
The lovely queen, and eke the haughty king
Snatch up this veſſel in the murky night:
Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy wight,
But uſes it in mantle brown or green;
Sometimes it ſtands array'd in gloſſy white;
And eft in mighty dortours may be ſeen
Of China's fragile earth, with azure flowrets ſheen.

The virgin, comely as the dewy roſe,
Here gently ſheds the ſoftly-whiſpering rill;
The frannion, who ne ſhame ne bluſhing knows,
At once the potter's gloſſy vaſe does fill;
It whizzes like the waters from a mill.
Here frouzy houſewives clear their loaded reins;
The beef-fed juſtice, who fat ale doth ſwill,
Graſps the round-handled jar, and tries, and ſtrains,
While ſlowly dribbling down the ſcanty water drains.

The dame of Fraunce ſhall without ſhame convey
This ready needment to its proper place;
Yet ſhall the daughters of the lond of Fay
Learn better amenaunce and decent grace;
Warm bluſhes lend a beauty to their face,
For virtue's comely tints their cheeks adorn;
Thus o'er the diſtant hillocks you may trace
The purple beamings of the infant morn:
Sweet are our blooming maids—the ſweeteſt creatures born.

None but their huſbands or their lovers true
They truſt with management of their affairs;
Nor even theſe their privacy may view,
When the ſoft beavys ſeek the bower by pairs:
Then from the ſight accoy'd, like timorous hares,
From mate or bellamour alike they fly;
Think not, good ſwain, that theſe are ſcornful airs,
Think not for hate they ſhun thine amorous eye,
Soon ſhall the fair return, nor done thee, youth, to dye.

While Belgic frows acroſs a charcoal ſtove
(Repleniſh'd like the Veſtal's laſting fire) love,
Bren for whole years, and ſcorch the parts of
No longer parts that can delight inſpire,
Erſt cave of bliſs, now monumental pyre;
O Britiſh maid, for ever clean and neat,
For whom I aye will make my ſimple lyre,

With double care preſerve that dun retreat,
Fair Venus' myſtic bower, Dan Cupid's feather'd ſeat.

So may your hours ſoft fliding ſteal away,
Unknown to gnarring ſlander and to bale,
O'er ſeas of bliſs peace guide her gondelay,
Ne bitter dole impeſt the paſſing gale.
O! ſweeter than the lilies of the dale,
In your ſoft breaſts the fruits of joyance grow.
Ne fell deſpair be here with viſage pale,
Brave be the youth from whom your boſoms glow,
Ne other joy but you the faithful ſtriplings know.

EPISTLE TO J. PITT, Esq.

In Imitation of Horace, Epiſt. IV. Book I.

Dear Sir,
To all my trifles you attend,
But drop the critic to indulge the friend,
And with moſt Chriſtian patience loſe your time,
To hear me preach, or peſter you with rhyme.
Here with my books or friend I ſpend the day,
But how at Kingſton paſs your hours away?
Say, ſhall we ſee ſome plan with raviſh'd eyes,
Some future pile in miniature ariſe?
(A model to excel in every part
Judicious Jones, or great Palladio's art)
Or ſome new bill, that, when the houſe is met,
Shall claim their thanks, and pay the nation's debt?
Or have you ſtudy'd in the ſilent wood
The ſacred duties of the wife and good?
Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the whole
With a ſtrong body, and as firm a ſoul:
The praiſe is yours to finiſh every part
With all th' embelliſhments of taſte and art.
Some ſee in canker'd heaps their riches roll'd,
Your bounty gives new luſtre to your gold.
Could your dead father hope a greater bliſs,
Or your ſurviving parent more than this?
Than ſuch a ſon——a lover of the laws,
And ever true to honour's glorious cauſe:
Who ſcorns all parties, though by parties fought:
Who greatly thinks, and truly ſpeaks his thought:
With all the chaſte ſeverity of ſenſe,
Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence.
So in his youth great Cato was rever'd,
By Pompey courted, and by Cæſar fear'd:
Both he diſdain'd alike with godlike pride,
For Rome and Liberty he liv'd——and dy'd.
In each perfection as you riſe ſo faſt,
Well may you think each day may be your laſt.
Uncommon worth is ſtill with fate at ſtrife,
Still inconſiſtent with a length of life.
The future time is ever in your power,
Then 'tis clear gain to ſeize the preſent hour;
Break from the ſerious thought, and laugh away
In Pimpern walls one idle eaſy day.
You'll find your rhyming kinſman well in caſe,
For ever fix'd to the delicious place.
Though not like L——with corpulence o'ergrown
For he has twenty cures, and I but one.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE.

In Imitation of Horace, Epiſt. X. Book I.

Health from the hard who loves the rural ſport,
To the more noble bard that haunts the court:
In every other point of life we chime,
Like two ſoft lines when coupled into rhyme.
I praiſe a ſpacious villa to the ſky,
You a cloſe garret full five ſtories high;
I revel here in nature's varied ſweets,
You in the nobler ſcents of London ſtreets.
I left the court, and here at eaſe reclin'd,
Am happier than the king who ſtaid behind:
Twelve ſtifling diſhes I could ſcarce live o'er,
At home I dine with luxury on four.
Where would a man of judgment chooſe a ſeat,
But in a wholeſome, rural, ſoft retreat?
Where hills adorn the manſion they defend?
Where could he better anſwer nature's end?
Here from the ſea the melting breezes riſe,
Unbind the ſnow, and warm the wintery ſkies:
Here gentle gales the dog-ſtar's heat allay,
And ſoftly breathing cool the ſultry day.
How free from cares, from dangers and affright,
In pleaſing dreams I paſs the ſilent night!
Does not the variegated marble yield
To the gay colours of the flowery field?
Can the New-river's artificial ſtreams,
Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
In many a winding ruſty pipe convey'd,
Or daſh'd and broken down a deed caſcade,
With our clear ſylvan ſtreams in ſweetneſs vie,
That in eternal rills run bubbling by;
In dimples o'er the poliſh'd pebbles paſs,
Glide o'er the ſands, or glitter through the graſs?
And yet in town the country proſpects pleaſe,
Where ſtately colonades are flank'd with trees:
On a whole country looks the maſter down
With pride, where ſcarce five acres are his own.
Yet nature, though repell'd, maintains her part,
And in her turn ſhe triumphs over art;
The handmaid now may prejudice our taſte,
But the fair miſtreſs will prevail at laſt.
That man muſt ſmart at laſt whoſe puzzled ſight
Miſtakes in life falſe colours for the right;
As the poor dupe is ſure his loſs to rue,
Who takes a pinchbeck guinea for a true.
The wretch, whoſe frantic pride kind fortune crowns,
Grows twice as abject when the goddeſs frowns;
As he, who riſes when his head turns round,
Muſt tumble twice as heavy to the ground.
Then love, not grandeur, 'tis a ſplendid curſe;
The more the love, the harder the divorce.
We live far happier by theſe gurgling ſprings,
Than ſtateſmen, courtiers, counſellors, or kings.
The ſtag expell'd the courſer from the plain;
What can he do?—he begs the aid of man;
He takes the bit and proudly bears away
His new ally; he fights and wins the day;
But, ruin'd by ſucceſs, he ſtrives in vain
To quit his maſter and the curb again.
So from the fear of want moſt wretches fly,
But loſe their nobleſt wealth, their liberty;

To their imperious paſſions they ſubmit,
Who mount, ride, ſpur, but never draw the bit.
'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your ſhoe,
A large may wrench, a ſmall one wring your toe.
Then bear your fortune in the golden mean,
Not every man is born to be a dean.
I'll bear your jeers, if ever I am known
To ſeek two cures, when ſcarce I merit one.
Riches, 'tis true, ſome ſervice may afford,
But oftner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
Money I ſcorn, but keep a little ſtill,
To pay my doctor's, or my lawyer's bill.
From Encombe's ſoft romantic ſcenes I write,
Deep ſunk in eaſe, in pleaſure and delight;
Yet, though her gen'rous lord himſelf is here,
'Twould be one pleaſure more, could you appear.

INVITATION TO A FRIEND AT COURT.

If you can leave for books the crowded court,
And generous Bourdeaux for a glaſs of Port,
To theſe ſweet ſolitudes without delay
Break from the world's impertinence away.
Soon as the ſun the face of nature gilds,
For health and pleaſure will we range the fields;
O'er her gay ſcenes and opening beauties run,
While all the vaſt creation is our own.
But when his golden globe with faded light
Yields to the ſolemn empire of the night;
And in her ſober majeſty the moon
With milder glories mounts her ſilver throne;
Amidſt ten thouſand orbs with ſplendour crown'd,
That pour their tributary beams around; [ſight
Through the long levell'd tube our ſtrengthen'd
Shall mark diſtinct the ſpangles of the night;
From world to world ſhall dart the boundleſs eye,
And ſtretch from ſtar to ſtar, from ſky to ſky.
The buzzing inſect families appear,
When ſuns unbind the rigour of the year;
Quick glance the myriads round the evening bower,
Hoſts of a day, or nations of an hour.
Aſtoniſh'd we ſhall ſee th' unfolding race,
Stretch'd out in bulk, within the poliſh'd glaſs;
Through whoſe ſmall convex a new world we ſpy,
Ne'er ſeen before, but by a ſeraph's eye!
So long in darkneſs ſhut from human kind
Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
But in one peopled drop we now ſurvey
In pride of power ſome little monſter play;
O'er tribes inviſible he reigns alone,
And ſtruts a tyrant of a world his own.
Now will we ſtudy Homer's awful page,
Now warm our ſouls with Pindar's noble rage:
To Engliſh lays ſhall Flaccus' lyre be ſtrung,
And lofty Virgil ſpeak the Britiſh tongue.
Immortal Virgil! at thy ſacred name
I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
With eager hopes this moment I aſpire
To catch or emulate thy glorious fire;
The next purſue the raſh attempt no more,
But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore;
By thy ſtrong genius overcome and aw'd!
That fire from heaven! that ſpirit of a God!
Pleas'd and tranſported with thy name I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
And from my firſt deſign by rapture led,
Neglect the living poet for the dead.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE,

When Tutor to Lord Middleſex.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST XVIII.

Spence, with a friend you paſs the hours away
In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay:
You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
Than a chaſte lady from a flaunting whore.
'Tis true you rallied every fault you found,
But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound:
Unlike the paultry poets of the town,
Rogues who expoſe themſelves for half a crown:
And ſtill impoſe on every ſoul they meet
Rudeneſs for ſenſe, and ribaldry for wit:
Who, though half-ſtarv'd, in ſpite of time and place,
Repeat their rhymes, though dinner ſtays for grace:
And as their poverty their dreſſes fit,
They think of courſe a ſloven is a wit;
But ſenſe (a truth theſe coxcombs ne'er ſuſpect)
Lies juſt 'twixt affectation and neglect.
One ſtep ſtill lower, if you can, deſcend,
To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend;
That moving ſhade, that pendant at his ear,
That two-legg'd dog, ſtill pawing on the peer.
Studying his looks, and watching at the board,
He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord;
And, tickled to the ſoul at every joke,
Like a preſs'd watch, repeats what t'other ſpoke:
Echo to nonſenſe! ſuch a ſcene to hear!
'Tis juſt like Punch and his interpreter.
On trifles ſome are earneſtly abſurd,
You'll think the world depends on ev'ry word.
What, is not every mortal free to ſpeak?
I'll give my reaſons, though I break my neck.
And what's the queſtion?—if it ſhines or rains,
Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.
The wretch reduc'd to rags by every vice,
Pride, projects, races, miſtreſſes, and dice,
The rich rogue ſhuns, though full as bad as he,
And knows a quarrel is good huſbandry.
'Tis ſtrange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf,
I'm ſure I thought you wiſer than myſelf;
Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late,
Retrench, or rather mortgage your eſtate,
I can advance the ſum,—'tis beſt for both;
But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.
A miniſter, in mere revenge and ſport,
Shall give his foe a paltry place at court.
The dupe for every royal birth-day buys
New horſes, coaches, clothes, and liveries;
Plies at the levee, and diſtinguiſh'd there
Lives on the royal whiſper for a year;
His wenches ſhine in Bruſſels and Brocade!
And now the wretch, ridiculouſly mad,
Draws on his banker, mortgages and ſails,
Then to the country runs away from jails:
There ruin'd by the court he ſells a vote
To the next burgeſs, as of old he bought;

Rubs down the ſteeds which once his chariot bore,
Or ſweeps the town, which once he ſerv'd before.
But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.
Then take advice; I preach not out of time,
When good lord Middleſex is bent on rhyme.
Their humour check'd, or inclination croſs'd,
Sometimes the friendſhip of the great is loſt.
Unleſs call'd out to wench, be ſure comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the fathers by:
For your reward you gain his love, and dine
On the beſt veniſon and the beſt French wine,
Nor to Lord ****** make the obſervation,
How the twelve peers have anſwer'd their creation,
Nor in your wine or wrath betray your truſt,
Be ſilent ſtill, and obſtinately juſt:
Explore no ſecrets, draw no characters,
For echo will repeat, and walls have ears:
Nor let a buſy fool a ſecret know,
A ſecret gripes him till he lets it go:
Words are like bullets, and we wiſh in vain,
When once diſcharg'd, to call them back again.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Defend, dear Spence, the honeſt and the civil,
But to cry up a raſcal—that's the devil.
Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
At the ſame time protects and guards his own.
For as with houſes' tis with people's names,
A ſhed may ſet a palace all on flames;
The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
But mounts at laſt into a general blaze.

'Tis a fine thing, ſome think, a lord to know;
I wiſh his tradeſmen could but think ſo too.
He gives his word—then all your hopes are gone:
He gives his honour—then your quite undone.
His and ſome women's love the ſame are found;
You rathly board a fire-ſhip, and are drown'd.
Moſt folks ſo partial to themſelves are grown,
They hate a temper differing from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the ſad,
And formaliſts pronounce the witty mad:
The ſot, who drinks ſix bottles in a place,
Swears at the flinchers who refuſe their glaſs.
Would you not paſs for an ill-natur'd man,
Comply with every humour that you can.
Pope will inſtruct you how to paſs away
Your time like him, and never loſe a day;
From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
To all mankind as to yourſelf a friend,
And, ſacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
To lead a life with mortals like his own.
When to delicious Pimperne I retire,
What greater bliſs, my Spence, can I deſire?
Contented there my eaſy hours I ſpend
With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.
There can I live upon my income ſtill,
E'en though the houſe ſhould paſs the Quakers bill:
Yet to my ſhare ſhould ſome good prebend fall,
I think myſelf of ſize to fill a ſtall.
For life or wealth let Heaven my lot aſſign,
A firm and even ſoul ſhall ſtill be mine.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

To the Right Honourable

PHILIP, EARL STANHOPE, VISCOUNT MAHON, AND BARON ELVASTON,

THIS TRANSLATION IS DEDICATED, BY HIS LORDSHIP'S HUMBLE SERVANT AND CHAPLAIN,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

BOOK I.

GIVE me, ye ſacred muſes, to impart
The hidden ſecrets of your tuneful art;
Give me your awful myſteries to ſing,
Unlock, and open wide, your ſacred ſpring;
While from his infancy the bard I lead,
And ſet him on your mountain's lofty head;
Direct his courſe, and point him out the road
To ſing in epic ſtrains an hero or a god. [praiſe,
What youth, whoſe generous boſom pants for
Will dare with me to beat thoſe arduous ways?
O'er high Parnaſſus' painful ſteeps to go,
And leave the groveling multitude below:
Where the glad muſes ſing, and form the choir,
While bright Apollo ſtrikes the ſilver lyre,
Approach thou firſt, great Francis, nor refuſe
To pay due honours to the ſacred muſe;
While Gallia waits for thy auſpicious reign,
Till age completes the monarch in the man;
Mean time the muſe may bring ſome ſmall relief,
To charm thy anguiſh, and ſuſpend thy grief;
While guilty fortune's ſtern decrees detain
Thee and thy brother in the realms of Spain;
Far, far tranſported from your native place,
Your country's, father's, and your friend's embrace!
Such are the terms the cruel fates impoſe
On your great father, ſtruggling with his woes,
Such are their hard conditions:—they require
The ſons to purchaſe, and redeem the ſire. [ſtain,
But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears ab-
Fate may relent, and heaven grow mild again;
At laſt perhaps the glorious day may come,
The day that brings our royal exile home;

When, to thy native realms in peace reſtor'd,
The raviſh'd crowds ſhall hail their paſſing lord;
When each tranſported city ſhall rejoice,
And nations bleſs thee with a public voice;
To the throng'd fanes the matrons ſhall repair;
Abſolve their vows, and breathe their ſouls in prayer.
Till then, let every muſe engage thy love,
With me at large o'er high Parnaſſus rove,
Range every bower, and ſport in every grove.
Firſt then obſerve, that verſe is ne'er confin'd
To one fix'd meaſure, or determin'd kind;
Though at its birth it ſung the gods alone,
And then religion claim'd it for her own;
In ſacred ſtrains addreſs'd the Deity,
And ſpoke a language worthy of the ſky;
New themes ſucceeding bards began to chooſe,
And in a wider field engag'd the muſe;
The common bulk of ſubjects to rehearſe
In all the rich varieties of verſe.
Yet none of all with equal honours ſhine
(But thoſe which celebrate the power divine)
To thoſe exalted meaſures, which declare
The deeds of heroes, and the ſons of war.
From hence poſterity the name beſtow'd
On this rich preſent of the Delphic god;
Fame ſays, Phæmonoe in this meaſure gave
Apollo's anſwers from the Pythian cave.
But ere you write, conſult your ſtrength and chooſe
A theme proportion'd juſtly to your muſe.
For though in chief theſe precepts are beſtow'd
On him who ſings an hero or a god;
To other themes their general uſe extend
And ſerves in different views to different ends.
Whether the lofty muſe with tragic rage
Would proudly ſtalk in buſkins on the ſtage;
Or in ſoft elegies our pity move,
And ſhow the youth in all the flames of love;
Or ſing the ſhepherd's woes in humble ſtrains,
And the low humours of contending ſwains:
Theſe faithful rules ſhall guide the bard along
In every meaſure, argument, and ſong.
Be ſure (whatever you propoſe to write)
Let the chief motive be your own delight,
And well-weigh'd choice;—a taſk enjoin'd refuſe,
Unleſs a monarch ſhould command your muſe.
(If we may hope thoſe golden times to ſee,
When bards become the care of majeſty!)
Free and ſpontaneous the ſmooth numbers glide,
Where choice determines, and our wills preſide;
But, at command, we toil with fruitleſs pain,
And drag th' involuntary load in vain.
Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm deſire,
On the firſt glimmering of the ſacred fire;
Defer the mighty taſk; and weigh your power
And every part in every view explore;
And let the theme in different proſpects roll
Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the ſoul.
But ere with ſails unfurl'd you fly away,
And cleave the boſom of the boundleſs ſea;
A fund of words and images prepare,
And lay the bright materials up with care,
Which at due time, occaſion may produce,
All rang'd in order for the poet's uſe.
Some happy objects by mere chance are brought
From hidden cauſes to the wandering thought;
Which if once loſt, you labour long in vain
To catch th' ideal fugitives again.
Nor muſt I fail their conduct to extol,
Who, when they lay the baſis of the whole,
Explore the ancients with a watchful eye,
Lay all their charms and elegancies by,
Then to their uſe the precious ſpoils apply.
At firſt without the leaſt reſtraint compoſe,
And mould the future poem into proſe;
A full and proper ſeries to maintain,
And draw the juſt connection in a chain;
By ſtated bounds your progreſs to controul,
To join the parts, and regulate the whole.
And now 'tis time to ſpread the opening ſails
Wide to the wanton winds and flattering gales;
'Tis time we now preſcribe the genuine laws
To raiſe the beauteous fabric with applauſe;
But firſt ſome method requiſite appears
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.
In vain the bard the ſacred wreath purſues,
Unleſs train'd up and ſeaſon'd to the muſe.
Soon as the prattling innocent ſhall reach
To the firſt uſe and rudiments of ſpeech,
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,
Ev'n then the tuneful nine ſhould win his love
By juſt degrees.—But make his guide your choice
For his chaſte phraſe and elegance of voice;
That he at firſt ſucceſsfully may teach
The methods, laws, and diſcipline of ſpeech;
Leſt the young charge, miſtaking right and wrong,
With vicious habits prejudice his tongue.
Habits, whoſe ſubtle ſeeds may mock your art,
And ſpread their roots and poiſon through his heart.
Whence none ſhall move me to approve the wretch,
Who wildly borne above the vulgar reach,
And big with vain pretences to impart
Vaſt ſhows of learning, and a depth of art,
For ſenſe th' impertinence of terms affords;
An idle cant of formidable words;
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools;
The vile diſgrace, and lumber of the ſchools:
In vain the circling youths, a blooming throng,
Dwell on th' eternal jargon of his tongue.
Deluded fools!—the ſame is their miſtake,
Who at the limpid ſtream their thirſt may ſlake,
Yet chooſe the tainted waters of the lake.
Let no ſuch peſt approach the blooming care,
Deprave his ſtyle, and violate his ear;
But far, oh far, to ſome remoter place.
Drive the vile wretch to teach a barbarous race.
Now to the muſe's ſtream the pupil bring,
To drink large draughts of the Pierian ſpring;
And from his birth the ſacred bard adore,
Nurſt by the nine, on Mincio's flowery ſhore;
And aſk the gods his numbers to inſpire,
With like invention, majeſty, and fire.
He reads Aſcanius' deeds with equal flame,
And longs with him to run at nobler game.
For youths of ages paſt he makes his moan,
And learns to pity years ſo like his own;
Which with too ſwift, and too ſevere a doom,
The fate of war had hurried to the tomb.

His eyes, for Pallas, and for Laufus, flow,
Mourn with their fires, and weep another's woe.
But when Uryalus, in all his charms,
Is fnatch'd by fate from his dear mother's arms,
And as he rolls in death, the purple flood
Streams out, and ftains his fnowy limbs with blood,
His foul the pangs of generous forrow pierce,
And a new tear fteals out at every verfe.
Meantime with bolder fteps the youth proceeds,
And the Greek poets in fucceffion reads;
Seafons to either tongue his tender ears;
Compares the heroes glorious characters;
Sees, how Æneas is himfelf alone,
The draught of Peleus' and Laertes' fon;
How, by the poet's art, in one, confpire
Ulyffes' conduct, and Achilles' fire.
But now, young bard, with ftrict attention hear,
And drink my precepts in at either ear;
Since mighty crowds of poets you may find,
Crowds of the Grecian and Auſonian kind,
Learn hence what bards to quit or to purfue,
To fhun the falfe, and to embrace the true;
Nor is it hard to cull each noble piece,
And point out every glorious fon of Greece;
Above whofe numbers Homer fits on high,
And fhines fupreme in diftant majefty;
Whom with a reverend eye the reft regard,
And owe their raptures to the fovereign bard;
Through him the god their panting fouls inſpires,
Swells every breaft, and warms with all his fires,
Bleft were the poets with the hollow'd rage,
Train'd up in that and the fucceeding age:
As to his time each poet nearer drew,
His fpreading fame in juft proportion grew,
By like degrees the next degenerate race
Sunk from the height of honour to difgrace.
And now the fame of Greece extinguifh'd lies,
Her ancient language with her glory dies.
Her baniſh'd princes mourn their raviſh'd crowns,
Driven from their old hereditary thrones;
Her drooping natives rove o'er worlds unknown,
And weep their woes in regions not their own;
She feels through all her ftates the dreadful blow,
And mourns the fury of a barbarous foe.
But when our bards brought o'er th' Aonian maids
From their own Helicon to Tyber's fhades;
When firft they fettled on Hefperia's plains,
Their numbers ran in rough unpoliſh'd ſtrains.
Void of the Grecian art their meafures flow'd;
Pleas'd the wild fatyrs, and the fylvan crowd.
Low fhrubs and lofty foreſts whilom rung,
With uncouth verfe, and antiquated fong;
Nor yet old Ennius fung in artlefs ſtrains,
Fights, arms, and hofts embattel'd on the plains,
Who firft aſpir'd to pluck the verdant crown
From Grecian heads and fix it on his own.
New wonders the fucceeding bards explore,
Which ſtept conceal'd in nature's womb before;
Her awful ſecrets the bold poet ſings,
And fets to view the principles of things;
Each part was fair, and beautiful the whole,
And every line was nectar to the ſoul.
By ſuch degrees the verſe, as ages roll'd,
Was ſtamp'd to form, and took the beauteous mould.
Auſonia's bards drew off from every part
The barbarous dregs, and civiliz'd the art.
Till, like the day, all ſhining and ſerene,
That drives the clouds, and clears the gloomy ſcene,
Refines the air, and brightens up the ſkies,
See the majeſtic head of Virgil riſe;
Phœbus' undoubted ſon!—who clears the ruſt
Of the rough ancients, and ſhakes off their duſt.
He on each line a nobler grace beſtow'd;
He thought, and ſpoke in every word a god.
To grace this mighty bard, ye muſes, bring
Your choiceſt flowers, and rifle all the ſpring;
See! how the Grecian bards, at diſtance thrown,
With reverence bow to this diſtinguiſh'd ſon;
Immortal ſounds his golden lines impart,
And nought can match his genius but his art.
Ev'n Greece turns pale, and trembles at his fame,
Which ſhades the luſtre of her Homer's name.
'Twas then Auſonia ſaw her language riſe
In all its ſtrength and glory to the ſkies;
Such glory never could ſhe boaſt before,
Nor could ſucceeding poets make it more.
From that bleſt period the poetic ſtate
Ran down the precipice of time and fate;
Degenerate ſouls ſucceed, a wretched train,
And her old fame at once drew back again.
One, to his genius truſts, in every part,
And ſcorns the rules and diſcipline of art.
While this, an empty tide of ſound affords,
And roars and thunders in a ſtorm of words.
Some, muſically dull, all methods try
To win the ear with ſweet ſtupidity;
Unruffled ſtrains for ſolid wit diſpenſe,
And give us numbers, when we call for ſenſe.
Till from th' Heſperian plains and Tyber chas'd,
From Rome the baniſh'd ſiſters fled at laſt;
Driven by the barbarous nations, who from far
Burſt into Latium with a tide of war.
Hence a vaſt change of their old manners ſprung;
The ſlaves were forc'd to ſpeak their maſters tongue;
No honours now were paid the ſacred muſe,
But all were bent on mercenary views;
Till Latium ſaw with joy th' Aonian train
By the great Medici reſtor'd again;
Th' illuſtrious Medici, of Tuſcan race,
Were born to cheriſh learning in diſgrace,
New life on every ſcience to beſtow,
And lull the cries of Europe in her woe.
With pity they beheld thoſe turns of fate,
And propp'd the ruins of the Grecian ſtate;
For leſt her wit ſhould periſh with her fame,
Their care ſupported ſtill the Argive name;
They call'd the aſpiring youths from diſtant parts,
To plant Auſonia with the Grecian arts;
To baſe in eaſe, and ſcience to diffuſe,
And to reſtore the empire of the muſe;
They ſent to ravag'd provinces with care,
And cities waſted by the rage of war,
To buy the ancients works of deathleſs fame,
And ſnatch th' immortal labours from the flame;
To which the foes had doom'd each glorious piece,
Who reign and lord it in the realms of Greece.
But we, ye gods, would raiſe a foreign lord,
As yet untaught to ſheath the civil ſword!)

Through many a period this has been the fate,
And this the liſt of the poetic ſtate.
Hence ſacred Virgil from thy ſoul adore
Above the reſt, and to thy utmoſt power
Purſue the glorious paths he ſtruck before.
If he ſupplies not all your wants, peruſe
Th' immortal ſtrains of each Auguſtan muſe.
There ſtop—nor raſhly ſeek to know the reſt,
But drive the dire ambition from thy breaſt,
Till riper years and judgment form thy thoughts
To mark their beauties, and avoid their faults.
Meantime, ye parents, with attention hear,
And thus adviſ'd exert your utmoſt care;
The blameleſs tutor from a thouſand chooſe,
One from his ſoul devoted to the muſe;
Who, pleas'd the tender pupil to improve,
Regards and loves him with a father's love.
Youth, of itſelf to numerous ills betray'd,
Requires a prop, and wants a foreign aid;
Unleſs a maſter's rules his mind incline
To love and cultivate the ſacred nine,
His thoughts a thouſand objects will employ,
And from Parnaſſus lead the wandering boy.
So truſts the ſwain the ſaplings to the earth;
So hopes in time to ſee the ſprouting birth;
Againſt the winds defenſive props he forms,
To ſhield the future foreſt from the ſtorms,
That each embolden'd plant at length may riſe
In verdant pride, and ſhoot into the ſkies.

But let the guide, if e'er he would improve
His charge, avoid his hate, and win his love;
Leſt in his rage wrong meaſures he may take,
And lothe the muſes for the teacher's ſake.
His ſoul then ſlacken'd from her native force,
Flags at the barrier, and forgets the courſe.
Nor by your anger be the youth o'er-aw'd,
But ſcorn th' ungenerous province of the rod;
Th' offended muſes never can ſuſtain
To hear the ſhriekings of the tender train,
But ſtung with grief and anguiſh hang behind;
Damp'd is the ſprightly vigour of the mind.
The boy no daring images inſpire,
No bright ideas ſet his thoughts on fire:
He drags on heavily th' ungrateful load,
Grown obſtinately dull, and ſeaſon'd to the rod.

I know a pedant, who to penance brought
His trembling pupils for the lighteſt fault;
His ſoul tranſported with a ſtorm of ire,
And all the rage that malice could inſpire:
By turns the torturing ſcourges we might hear,
By turns the ſhrieks of wretches ſtunn'd the ear.
Still to my mind the dire ideas riſe,
When rage unuſual ſparkled in his eyes;
When with the dreadful ſcourge inſulting loud,
The tyrant terrify'd the blooming crowd;
A boy the faireſt of the frighted train,
Who yet ſcarce gave the promiſe of a man,
Ah! diſmal object! idly paſt the day
In all the thoughtleſs innocence of play;
When lo! th' imperious wretch inflam'd with rage,
Fierce, and regardleſs of his tender age,
With fury ſtorms: the fault his clamours urge:
His hand high-waving brandiſhes the ſcourge.
Tears, vows, and prayers, the tyrant's ears aſſail;
In vain;—nor tears, nor vows, nor prayers prevail.
The trembling innocent from deep deſpair
Sicken'd, and breath'd his little ſoul in air.
For him, beneath his poplar, mourns the Po;
For him the tears of hoary Serius flow;
For him their tears the watery ſiſters ſhed,
Who lov'd him living, and deplor'd him dead.
The furious pedant, to reſtrain his rage,
Should mark th' example of a former age;
How fierce Alcides, warm'd with youthful ire,
Daſh'd on his maſter's front his vocal lyre.
But yet, ye youths, confeſs your maſters ſway,
And their commands implicitly obey.

Whoever then this arduous taſk purſues,
To form the bard, and cultivate the muſe,
Let him by ſofter means, and milder ways,
Warm his ambition with the love of praiſe;
Soon as his precepts ſhall engage his heart,
And fan the riſing fire in every part,
Light is the taſk;—for then the eager boy
Purſues the voluntary toil with joy;
Diſdains th' inglorious indolence of reſt,
And feeds th' immortal ardour in his breaſt.

And here the common practice of the ſchools
By known experience juſtifies my rules,
The youths in ſocial ſtudies to engage;
For then the rivals burn with generous rage,
Each ſoul the ſtings of emulation raiſe,
And every little boſom beats for praiſe.
But gifts propos'd will urge them beſt to riſe;
Fir'd at the glorious proſpect of a prize,
With noble jealouſy the blooming bard
Reads, labours, glows, and ſtrains for the reward;
Fears leſt his happy rival win the race,
And raiſe a triumph on his own diſgrace.

But when once ſeaſon'd to the rage divine,
He loves and courts the raptures of the nine;
The ſenſe of glory, and the love of fame,
Serve but as ſecond motives to the flame;
The thrilling pleaſure all the bard ſubdues,
Lock'd in the ſtrict embraces of the muſe.
See! when harſh parents force the youth to quit
For meaner arts the dear delights of wit,
If e'er the wonted warmth his thoughts inſpire,
And with paſt pleaſures ſet his mind on fire,
How from his ſoul he longs, but longs in vain,
To haunt the groves and purling ſtreams again!
No ſtern commands of parents can controul,
No force can check the fallies of his ſoul.
So burns the courſer ſeaſon'd to the rein,
That ſpies his females on a diſtant plain,
And longs to act his pleaſures o'er again.
Fir'd with remembrance of his joys, he bounds,
He foams and ſtrives to reach the well-known grounds;
The goring ſpurs his furious flames improve,
And rouſe within him all the rage of love;
Ply'd with the ſcourge he ſtill neglects his haſte,
And moves reluctant when he moves at laſt;
Reverts his eye, regrets the diſtant mare,
And neighs impatient for the dappled fair.

How oft the youth would long to change his fate,
Who, high advanc'd to all the pomp of ſtate,
With grief his gaudy load of grandeur views,
Loſt at too high a diſtance from the muſe!

How oft he ſighs by warbling ſtreams to rove,
And quit the palace for the ſhady grove!
How oft in Tybur's cold retreats to lye,
And gladly ſtoop to cheerful poverty,
Beneath the rigour of the wintery ſky!
But yet how many curſe their fruitleſs toil,
Who turn and cultivate a barren ſoil?
This, ere too late, the maſter may divine
By a ſure omen and a certain ſign;
The hopeful youth, determin'd by his choice,
Works without precept, and prevents advice,
Conſults his teacher, plies his taſk with joy,
And a quick ſenſe of glory fires the boy.
He challenges the crowd;—the conqueſt o'er,
He ſtruts away the victor of an hour.
Then vanquiſh'd in his turn; o'erwhelm'd with care,
He weeps, he pines, he ſickens with deſpair;
Nor looks his little rivals in the face,
But flies for ſhelter to ſome lonely place,
To mourn his ſhame, and cover his diſgrace.
His maſter's frowns impatient to ſuſtain,
Streight he returns, and wins the day again.
This is the boy his better fates deſign
To riſe the future darling of the nine;
For him the muſes weave the ſacred crown,
And bright Apollo claims him for his own.
Not the leaſt hope th' unactive youth can raiſe,
Dead to the proſpect and the ſenſe of praiſe;
Who your juſt rules with dull attention hears,
Nor lends his underſtanding, but his ears,
Reſolv'd his parts in indolence to keep,
He lulls his drowſy faculties aſleep;
The wretch your beſt endeavours will betray,
And the ſuperfluous care is thrown away.

I fear for him who ripens ere his prime;
For all productions there's a proper time.
Oh! may no apples in the ſpring appear,
Out-grow the ſeaſons, and prevent the year,
Nor mellow yet till autumn ſtains the vine,
And the full preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Torn from the parent-tree too ſoon, they lie
Trod down by every ſwain who paſſes by.

Nor ſhould the youth too ſtrictly be confin'd,
'Tis ſometimes proper to unbend his mind;
When tir'd with ſtudy, let him ſeek the plains,
And mark the homely humours of the ſwains;
Or pleas'd the toils to ſpread, or horns to wind,
Hunt the fleet mountain-goat or foreſt-hind.
Meantime the youth, impatient that the day
Should paſs in pleaſures unimprov'd away,
Steals from the ſhouting crowd, and quits the plains,
To ſing the ſylvan gods in rural ſtrains;
Or calls the muſes to Albunea's ſhades,
Courts and enjoys the viſionary maids.
So labour'd fields, with crops alternate bleſt,
By turns lie fallow, and indulge their reſt;
The ſwain contented bids the hungry ſoil
Enjoy a ſweet viciſſitude from toil,
Till earth renews her genial powers to bear,
And pays his prudence with a bounteous year.

On a ſtrict view your ſolid judgment frame,
Nor think that genius is in all the ſame:
How oft the youth, who wants the ſacred fire,
Fondly miſtakes for genius his deſire!
Courts the coy muſes, though rejected ſtill,
Nor nature ſeconds his miſguided will:
He ſtrives, he toils with unavailing care;
Nor heaven relents, nor Phœbus hears his prayer.
He with ſucceſs perhaps may plead a cauſe,
Shine at the bar, and flouriſh by the laws;
Perhaps diſcover Nature's ſecret ſprings,
And bring to light th' originals of things.
But ſometimes precept will ſuch force impart,
That nature bends beneath the power of art.

Beſides, 'tis no light province to remove
From the raſh boy the fiery pangs of love;
Till, ripe in years, and more confirm'd in age,
He learns to bear the flames of Cupid's rage;
Oft hidden fires on all his vitals prey,
Devour the youth, and melt his ſoul away.
By ſlow degrees;——blot out his golden dreams,
The tuneful poets, and Caſtalian ſtreams;
Struck with a ſecret wound, he weeps and ſighs;
In every thought the darling phantoms riſe;
The fancy'd charmer ſwims before his ſight,
His theme all day, his viſion all the night:
The wandering object takes up all his care,
Nor can he quit th' imaginary fair.
Meantime his fire, unconſcious of his pain,
Applies the temper'd medicines in vain;
The plague, ſo deeply rooted in his heart,
Mocks every ſlight attempt of Pæan's art;
The flames of Cupid all his breaſt inſpire,
And in the lover's quench the poet's fire.

When in his riper years, without controul,
The nine have took poſſeſſion of his ſoul;
When, ſacred to their god, the crown he wears,
To other authors let him bend his cares;
Conſult their ſtyles, examine every part,
And a new tincture take from every art.
Firſt ſtudy Tully's language and his ſenſe,
And range that boundleſs field of eloquence.
Tully, Rome's other glory, ſtill affords
The beſt expreſſions and the richeſt words;
As high o'er all in eloquence he ſtood,
As Rome o'er all the nations ſhe ſubdu'd.
Let him read men and manners, and explore
The ſite and diſtances from ſhore to ſhore;
Then let him travel, or to maps repair,
And ſee imagin'd cities riſing there;
Range with his eyes the earth's fictitious ball,
And paſs o'er figur'd worlds that grace the wall:
Some in the bloody ſhock of arms appear,
To paint the native horrors of the war;
Through charging hoſts they ruſh before they write,
And plunge in all the tumult of the fight.
But ſince our lives, contracted in their date
By ſcanty bounds and circumſcrib'd by fate,
Can never launch through all the depths of arts,
Ye youths, touch only the material parts;
There ſtop your labour, there your ſearch controul,
And draw from thence a notion of the whole.
From diſtant climes when the rich merchants come,
To bring the wealth of foreign regions home;
Content the friendly harbours to explore,
They only touch upon the winding ſhore;
Nor with vain labour wander up and down
To view the land, and viſit every town;

That would but call them from their former road,
To ſpend an age in baniſhment abroad;
Too late returning from the dangerous main,
To ſee their countries and their friends again.
Still be the ſacred poets your delight;
Read them by day, conſult them in the night;
From thoſe clear fountains all your raptures bring,
And draw for ever from the muſes' ſpring.
But let your ſubject in your boſom roll,
Claim every thought, and draw in all the ſoul.
That conſtant object to your mind diſplay,
Your toil all night, your labour all the day.
I need not all the rules of verſe diſcloſe,
Nor how their various meaſures to diſpoſe;
The tutor here with eaſe his charge may guide
To join the parts and numbers, or divide.
Now let him words to ſtated laws ſubmit,
Or yoke to meaſures, or reduce to feet;
Now let him ſoftly to himſelf rehearſe
His firſt attempts and rudiments of verſe;
Fix on thoſe rich expreſſions his regard,
To uſe made ſacred by ſome ancient bard;
Toſt by a different guſt of hopes and fears,
He begs of heaven an hundred eyes and ears.
Now here, now there, coy nature he purſues,
And takes one image in a thouſand views.
He waits the happy moment that affords
The nobleſt thoughts, and moſt expreſſive words;
He brooks no dull delay; admits no reſt;
A tide of paſſion ſtruggles in his breaſt;
Round his dark ſoul no clear ideas play,
The moſt familiar objects glide away.
All fix'd in thought, aſtoniſh'd he appears,
His ſoul examines, and conſults his ears;
And racks his faithleſs memory, to find
Some traces faintly ſketch'd upon his mind.
There he unlocks the glorious magazine,
And opens every faculty within;
Brings out with pride their intellectual ſpoils,
And with the noble treaſure crowns his toils;
And oft mere chance ſhall images diſplay,
That ſtrike his mind engag'd a different way.
Still he perſiſts; regrets no toil or pain,
And ſtill the taſk, he tried before in vain,
Plies with unweary'd diligence again.
For oft unmanageable thoughts appear,
That mock his labour, and elude his care;
Th' impatient bard, with all his nerves apply'd,
Tries all the avenues on every ſide;
Reſolv'd and bent the precipice to gain;
Though yet he labours at the rock in vain;
By his own ſtrength and heaven, with conqueſt grac'd,
He wins th' important victory at laſt;
Stretch'd by his hands the vanquiſh'd monſter lies,
And the proud triumph lifts him to the ſkies.
But when ev'n chance and all his efforts fail,
Nor toils, nor vigilance, nor cares prevail;
His paſt attempts in vain the boy renews,
And waits the ſofter ſeaſons of the muſe;
He quits his work; throws by his fond deſires:
And from his taſk reluctantly retires.
Thus o'er the fields the ſwain purſues his road,
Till ſtopt at length by ſome impervious flood,
That from a mountain's brow, o'erchargd with rains,
Burſts in a thundering tide, and foams along the plains;
With horror chili'd, he traverſes the ſhore,
Sees the waves riſe, and hears the torrent roar;
Then griev'd returns; or waits with vain delay,
Till the tumultuous deluge rolls away.
But in no Iliad let the youth engage
His tender years, and unexperienc'd age:
Let him by juſt degrees and ſteps proceed,
Sing with the ſwains, and tune the tender reed:
He with ſucceſs an humbler theme may ply,
And, Virgil-like, immortalize a fly:
Or ſing the mice, their battles and attacks,
Againſt the croaking natives of the lakes:
Or with what art her toils the ſpider ſets,
And ſpins her filmy entrails into nets.
And here embrace, ye teachers, this advice;
Not to be too inquiſitively nice,
But, till the ſoul enlarg'd in ſtrength appears,
Indulge the boy, and ſpare his tender years;
Till, to ripe judgment and experience brought,
Himſelf diſcerns and bluſhes at a fault;
For if the critic's eyes too ſtrictly pierce,
To point each blemiſh out in every verſe,
Void of all hope the ſtripling may depart,
And turn his ſtudies to another art.
But if reſolv'd his darling faults to ſee,
A youth of genius ſhould apply to me,
And court my elder judgment to peruſe
Th' imperfect labours of his infant muſe;
I ſhould not ſcruple, with a candid eye,
To read and praiſe his poem to the ſky;
With ſeeming rapture on each line to pauſe,
And dwell on each expreſſion with applauſe.
But when my praiſes had inflam'd his mind,
If ſome lame verſe limp'd ſlowly up behind;
One, that himſelf, unconſcious, had not found,
By numbers charm'd, and led away by ſound,
I ſhould not fear to miniſter a prop,
And give him ſtronger feet to keep it up;
Teach it to run along more firm and ſure;
Nor would I ſhow the wound before the cure.
For what remains; the poet I enjoin
To form no glorious ſcheme, no great deſign,
Till free from buſineſs he retires alone,
And flies the giddy tumult of the town;
Seeks rural pleaſures, and enjoys the glades,
And courts the thoughtful ſilence of the ſhades,
Where the fair Dryads haunt their native woods,
With all the orders of the ſylvan gods.
Here in their ſoft retreats the poets lie,
Serene, and bleſt with cheerful poverty;
No guilty ſchemes of wealth their ſouls moleſt,
No cares, no proſpects, diſcompoſe their reſt;
No ſchemes of grandeur glitter in their view;
Here they the joys of innocence purſue,
And taſte the pleaſures of the happy few.
From a rock's entrails the barbarian ſprung,
Who dares to violate the ſacred throng
By deeds or words—The wretch by fury driven,
Affaults the darling colony of heaven! [eyes
Some have look'd down, we know, with ſcornful
On the bright muſe who taught them how to riſe,

And paid, when rais'd to grandeur, no regard
From that high ſtation to the ſacred bard.
Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lie,
Or dread th' impending vengeance of the ſky;
The gods ſtill liſten'd to their conſtant prayer,
And made the poets their peculiar care.
They, with contempt, on fortune's gift look down,
And laugh at kings who wear an envy'd crown.
Rais'd and tranſported by their ſoaring mind,
From their proud eminence they view mankind
Loſt in a cloud; they ſee them toil below,
All buſy to promote their common woe;
Of guilt unconſcious, with a ſteady ſoul,
They ſee the lightnings flaſh, and hear the thunders roll.
When, girt with terrors, heaven's Almighty Sire
Launches his triple bolts and forky fire,
When o'er high towers the red deſtroyer plays,
And ſtrikes the mountains with the pointed blaze;
Safe in their innocence, like gods, they riſe,
And lift their ſouls ſerenely to the ſkies.
Fly, ye profane;—the ſacred nine were given
To bleſs theſe lower worlds by bounteous heaven:
Of old, Prometheus, from the realms above,
Brought down theſe daughters of all-mighty Jove,
When to his native earth the robber came,
Charg'd with the plunder of ethereal flame.
As due compaſſion touch'd his generous mind,
To ſee the ſavage ſtate of human kind;
When, led to range at large the bright abodes,
And ſhare th' ambroſial banquets of the gods;
In many a whirl he ſaw Olympus driven,
And heard th' eternal harmony of heaven. [ears
Turn'd round and round the concert charm'd his
With all the muſic of the dancing ſpheres;
The ſacred nine his wondering eyes behold,
As each her orb in juſt diviſions roll'd;
The thief beholds them with ambitious eyes,
And, bent on fraud, he meditates the prize;
A prize! the nobleſt gift he could beſtow
(Next to the fire) on human race below;
At length th' immortals reconcil'd reſign'd
The fair celeſtial ſiſters to mankind;
Though bound to Caucaſus with ſolid chains,
Th' aſpiring robber groan'd in endleſs pains;
By which deterr'd, for ages lay ſupine
The race of mortals, nor invok'd the nine:
Till heaven in verſe ſhow'd man his future ſtate,
And open'd every diſtant ſcene of fate.
Firſt, the great father of the gods above
Sung in Dedona and the Libyan grove;
Next, to th' inquiring nations Themis gave,
Her ſacred anſwers from the Phocian cave;
Then Phœbus warn'd them from the Delphic dome
Of future time, and ages yet to come;
And reverend Faunus utter'd truths divine
To the firſt founders of the Latian line.
Next the great race of hallow'd prophets came,
With them the Sibylls of immortal fame,
Inſpir'd with all the god; who rapt on high
With more than mortal rage unbounded fly,
And range the dark receſſes of the ſky.
Next, at their feaſts, the people ſung their lays
(The ſame their prophets ſung in former days);
Their theme an hero, and his deathleſs praiſe.

What has to man of nobler worth been given,
Than this the heſt and greateſt boon of heaven?
Whatever power the glorious gift beſtow'd,
We trace the certain footſteps of a God;
By thee inſpir'd, the daring poet flies,
His ſoul mounts up, and towers above the ſkies;
Thou art the ſource of pleaſure, and we ſee
No joy, no tranſport, when debarr'd of thee;
Thy tuneful deity the feather'd throng
Confeſs in all the meaſures of their ſong.
Thy great commands the ſavages obey,
And every ſilent native of the ſea:
Led by thy voice, the ſtarting rocks advance,
And liſtening foreſts mingle in the dance.
On thy ſweet notes the damn'd rejoice to dwell,
Thy ſtrains ſuſpended all the din of hell;
Lull'd by thy ſound, the furies rag'd no more,
And hell's infernal porter ceas'd to roar.
Thy powers exalt us to the realms above,
To feaſt with gods, and ſit the gueſts of Jove:
Thy preſence ſoftens anguiſh, woe, and ſtrife,
And reconciles us to the load of life;
Hail, thou bright comfort of theſe low abodes,
Thou joy of men, and darling of the gods.
As prieſt and poet, in theſe humble lays,
I boldly labour to reſound thy praiſe;
To hang thy ſhrines, this gift I bring along,
And to thy altars guide the tender throng.

BOOK II.

Proceed, ye Nine, deſcended from above,
Ye tuneful daughters of almighty Jove;
To teach the future age, I haſten on,
And open every ſource of Helicon.
Your prieſt and bard with rage divine inſpire,
While to your ſhrine I lead the blooming choir.
Hard was the way, and dubious, which we trod,
Now ſhow, ye goddeſſes, a ſurer road;
Point out thoſe paths, which you can find alone,
To all the world but to yourſelves unknown;
Lo! all th' Heſperian youths with me implore
Your ſofter influence, and propitious power,
Who, rang'd beneath my banners, boldly tread
Thoſe arduous tracks to reach your mountain's head.
New rules 'tis now my province to impart;
Firſt to invent, and then diſpoſe with art;
Each a laborious taſk: but they who ſhare
Heaven's kinder bounty, and peculiar care,
A glorious train of images may find,
Preventing hope, and crowding on the mind.
The other taſk, to ſettle every part,
Depends on judgment, and the powers of art;
From whence in chief the poet hopes to raiſe
His future glory, and immortal praiſe.
This as a rule the nobleſt bards eſteem,
To touch at firſt in general on the theme;
To hint at all the ſubject in a line;
And draw in miniature the whole deſign.
Nor in themſelves confide; but next implore
The timely aid of ſome celeſtial power;
To guide your labours, and point out your road,
Chooſe, as you pleaſe, your tutelary god;
But ſtill invoke ſome guardian deity,
Some power, to look auſpicious from the ſky:

To nothing great ſhould mortals bend their care,
Till Jove be ſolemnly addreſt in prayer.
'Tis not enough to call for aid divine,
And court but once the favour of the Nine;
When objects riſe, that mock your toil and pain,
Above the labour and the reach of man;
Then you may ſupplicate the bleſt abodes,
And aſk the friendly ſuccour of the gods.
Shock not your reader, nor begin too fierce,
Nor ſwell and bluſter in a pomp of verſe;
At firſt all needleſs ornament remove,
To ſhun his prejudice, and win his love.
At firſt, you find moſt favour and ſucceſs
In plain expreſſion, and a modeſt dreſs.
For if too arrogant you vaunt your might,
You fall with greater ſcandal in the fight,
When on the niceſt point your fortune ſtands,
And all your courage all your ſtrength demands.
With gradual flights ſurpriſe us as we read;
And let more glorious images ſucceed
To wake our ſouls; to kindle our deſire
Still to read on, and fan the riſing fire.
But ne'er the ſubject of your work proclaim
In its own colours, and its genuine name;
Let it by diſtant tokens be convey'd,
And wrapt in other words, and cover'd in their ſhade.
At laſt the ſubject from the friendly ſhrowd
Burſts out, and ſhines the brighter from the cloud;
Then the diſſolving darkneſs breaks away,
And every object glares in open day.
Thus great * Ulyſſes' toils were I to chooſe,
For the main theme that ſhould employ my muſe;
By his long labours of immortal fame,
Should ſhine my hero, but conceal his name;
As one, who loſt at ſea, had nations ſeen, [men,
And mark'd their towns, their manners, and their
Since Troy was levell'd to the duſt by Greece;
Till a few lines epitomiz'd the piece.
But ſtudy now what order to maintain,
To link the work in one continued chain,
That, when the muſe diſplays her artful ſcheme,
And at the proper time unfolds the theme;
Each part may find its own determin'd place,
Laid out with method, and diſpos'd with grace;
That to the deſtin'd ſcope the piece may tend,
And keep one conſtant tenor to the end.
Firſt to ſurpriſing novelties inclin'd,
The bards ſome unexpected objects find,
To wake attention, and ſuſpend the mind.
A cold, dull order bravely they forſake;
Fix'd and reſolv'd the winding way to take,
They nobly deviate from the beaten track.
The poet marks th' occaſion, as he ſings,
To launch out boldly from the midſt of things,
Where ſome diſtinguiſh'd incident he views,
Some ſhining action that deſerves a muſe.
Thence by degrees the wondering reader brings
To trace the ſubject backward to its ſprings,
Leſt at his entrance he ſhould idly ſtay,
Shock'd at his toil, and dubious of his way;
For when ſet down ſo near the promis'd goal,
The flattering proſpect tempts and fires his ſoul;

Already paſt the treacherous bounds appear,
Then moſt at diſtance, when they ſeem ſo near;
Far from his graſp the fleeting harbour flies,
Courts his purſuit, but mocks his dazzled eyes;
The promis'd region he with joy had ſpy'd,
Vaſt tracts of oceans from his reach divide;
Still muſt he backward ſteer his lengthen'd way,
And plough a wide interminable ſea.
No ſkilful poet would his muſe employ,
From Paris' vote to trace the fall of Troy,
Nor every deed of Hector to relate,
While his ſtrong arm ſuſpended Ilion's fate;
Work for ſome annaliſt! ſome heavy fool,
Correctly dry, and regularly dull.
Beſt near the † end thoſe dreadful ſcenes appear;
Wake then, and rouſe the furies of the war.
But for his raviſh'd fair at firſt engage
Peleides' ſoul in unrelenting rage.
Be this the cauſe that every Phrygian flood
Swells with red waves, and rolls a tide of blood;
That Xanthus' urns a purple deluge pour,
And the deep trenches float with human gore.
Nor former deeds in ſilence muſt we loſe,
The league at Aulis, and the mutual vows,
The Spartan raging for his raviſh'd ſpouſe;
The thouſand ſhips; the woes which Ilion bore
From Greece, for nine revolving years before.
This ‡ rule with judgment ſhould the bard maintain,
Who brings Laërtes' wandering ſon again,
From burning Ilion to his native reign.
Let him not launch from Ida's ſtrand his ſhips,
With his attendant friends into the deeps;
Nor ſtay to vanquiſh the Ciconian hoſt;
But let him firſt appear (his comrades loſt)
With fair Calypſo on th' Ogygian coaſt.
From thence, a world of toils and dangers paſt,
Waft him to rich Phæacia's realms at laſt,
There at the feaſt his wanderings to relate,
His friends dire change; his own relentleſs fate.
But if the bard of former actions ſings,
He wiſely draws from thoſe remoter ſprings
The preſent order, and the courſe of things.
As yet unfold th' event on no pretence,
'Tis your chief taſk to keep us in ſuſpenſe.
Nor tell what § preſents Atreus' ſon prepares,
To reconcile Achilles to the wars;
Or ‖ by what god's auſpicious conduct led,
From Polyphemus' den Ulyſſes fled.
Pleas'd with the toil, and on the proſpect bent,
Our ſouls leap forward to the wiſh'd event.
No call of nature can our ſearch reſtrain,
And ſleep, and thirſt, and hunger, plead in vain.
Glad we purſue the labour we embrac'd,
And leave reluctant, when we leave at laſt.
See! how the bard triumphant in his art,
Sports with our paſſions, and commands the heart;
Now here, now there, he turns the varying ſong;
And draws at will the captive ſoul along;

* *Vid. Hom. Odyſſ. Lib. I.*

† *See Homer's Iliad.*
‡ *See the Odyſſey.*
§ *See the Iliad. Lib. XIX.*
‖ *Odyſſ. IX.*

Rack'd with uncertain hints, in every ſenſe
We feel the lengthen'd anguiſh of ſuſpenſe.
When * Homer once has promis'd to rehearſe
Bold Paris' fight, in many a ſounding verſe,
He ſoon perceives his reader's warm deſire
Wrapt in the event, and all his ſoul on fire;
The poet then contrives ſome ſpecious ſtay,
Before he tells the fortune of the day.
Till Helen to the king and elders ſhow,
From ſome tall tower, the leaders of the foe,
And name the heroes in the fields below.
† When chaſte Penelope, to gain her end,
Invites her ſuitors the tough bow to bend;
(Her nuptial bed the victor's promis'd prize)
With what addreſs her various arts ſhe plies!
Skill'd in delays, and politically ſlow
To ſearch her treaſures for her hero's bow.
None lead the reader in the dark along,
To the laſt goal that terminates the ſong;
Sometimes th' event muſt glance upon the ſight,
Not glare in day, nor wholly ſink in night.
'Tis thus Anchiſes to his ſon relates
The various ſeries of his future fates;
For this the ‡ prophets ſee, on Tyber's ſhore,
Wars, horrid wars, and Latium red with gore,
A new Achilles riſing to deſtroy
With boundleſs rage the poor remains of Troy;
But raiſe his mind with proſpects of ſucceſs,
And give the promiſe of a laſting peace.
This knew the hero when he ſought the plains,
Sprung § from his ſhips, and charg'd the embattled ſwains,
Hew'd down the Latian troops with matchleſs might,
(The firſt, auſpicious omen of the fight)
And at one blow gigantic Theron kill'd,
Bold, but in vain, and foremoſt of the field;
Thus too ‖ Patroclus with his lateſt breath
Foretold his unregarding victor's death:
His parting ſoul anticipates the blow,
That waits brave Hector from a greater foe.
Thou too, poor Turnus, juſt before thy doom,
Could'ſt read thy end, and antedate a tomb,
When o'er thy head the baleful fury flew,
And in dire omens ſet thy fate to view:
A bird obſcene, ſhe flutter'd o'er the field,
And ſcream'd thy death, and beat thy ſounding ſhield.
For lo! the time, the fatal time is come,
Charg'd with thy death, and heavy with thy doom,
When Turnus, though in vain, ſhall rue the day;
Shall curſe the golden belt he bore away;
Shall wiſh too late young Pallas' ſpoils unſought,
And mourn the conqueſt he ſo dearly bought.
Th' event ſhould glimmer through its gloomy ſhrowd,
Though yet confus'd, and ſtruggling in the cloud.
So, to the traveller, as he journies on
To reach the walls of ſome far diſtant town,
If, high in air, the dubious turrets riſe,
Peep o'er the hills, and dance before his eyes;

Pleas'd the refreſhing proſpect to ſurvey,
Each ſtride he lengthens, and beguiles the way.
More pleas'd (the tempting ſcene in view) to go,
Than penſively to walk the gloomy vales below.
Unleſs the theme within your boſom roll,
Work in each thought, and run through all the ſoul;
Unleſs you alter with inceſſant pain,
Pull down, and build the fabric o'er again;
In vain, when rival-wits your wonder raiſe,
You'll ſtrive to match thoſe beauties which you praiſe.
To one juſt ſcope with fixt deſign go on!
Let ſovereign reaſon dictate from her throne,
By what determin'd methods to advance,
But never truſt to arbitrary chance.
Where chance preſides, all objects wildly join'd,
Crowd on the reader, and diſtract his mind;
From theme to theme unwilling is he toſt,
And in the dark variety is loſt.
You ſee ſome bards, who bold excurſions make
In long digreſſions from the beaten track;
And paint a wild unneceſſary throng
Of things and objects foreign to the ſong;
For new deſcriptions from the road depart,
Devoid of order, diſcipline, and art.
So, many an anxious toil and danger paſt,
Some wretch returns from baniſhment at laſt;
With fond delay to range the ſhady wood,
Now here, now there, he wanders from the road,
From field to field, from ſtream to ſtream he roves,
And courts the cooling ſhelter of the groves.
For why ſhould Homer * deck the gorgeous car,
When our rais'd ſouls are eager for the war:
Or dwell on every wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the hoſts to arms?
When with his heroes we ſome daſtard † find,
Of a vile aſpect, and malignant mind;
His awkward figure is not worth our care;
His monſtrous length of head, or want of hair,
Not, though he goes with mountain ſhoulders by,
Short of a foot, or blinking in an eye.
Such trivial objects call us off too long
From the main drift and tenor of the ſong.
Drances ‡ appears a juſter character,
In council bold, but cautious in the war;
Factious and loud the liſtening throng he draws,
And ſwells with wealth and popular applauſe;
But, what in our's would never find a place,
The bold Greek language may admit with grace.
Why ſhould I here the ſtratagems recite,
And the low tricks of every little wit?
Some out of time their ſtock of knowledge boaſt,
Till in the pedant all the bard is loſt.
Such without care their uſeleſs lumber place;
One black, confus'd, and undigeſted maſs,
With a wild heap encumbers every part,
Nor rang'd with grace, nor methodis'd with art.
But then in chief, when things abſtruſe they teach,
Themes too abſtracted for the vulgar reach;

* *See Hom Iliad III.* † *Odyſſ. XXI.*
‡ *See Virg Æneid, Lib. VI.* v. 890.
§ *Ibid. Lib. III.* v. 458. ‖ *Ibid. Lib. V.* v. 531.

* *Vid. Hom. Iliad, Lib. V. v.* 722.
† *Ibid. Lib. II. v.* 212.
‡ *Virgi Æneid Lib. XI. v.* 33

The hidden nature of the deities;
The secret laws and motions of the skies;
Or from what dark original began
The fiery soul, and kindled up the man;
Oft they in odious instances engage,
And for examples ransack every age,
With every realm; no hero will they pass,
But act against the rules of time and place.
Avoid, ye youths, these practices; nor raise
Your swelling souls to such a thirst of praise.
Some bards of eminence there are, we own,
Who sing sometimes the journies of the sun,
The rising stars, and labours of the moon:
What impulse bids the ocean rise and fall;
What motions shake and rock the trembling ball.
Though foreign subjects had engag'd their care,
The rage, the din and thunder of the war,
Through the loud field; the genius of the earth;
Or rules to raise the vegetable birth:
Yet 'tis but seldom, and when time and place
Require the thing, and reconcile to grace.
Those foreign objects necessary seem,
And flow, to all appearance, from the theme;
With so much art so well conceal'd they please,
When wrought with skill, and introduc'd with ease.
Should not * Anchises, such occasion shown,
Resolve the questions of his godlike son?
If souls depriv'd of heaven's fair light repair
Once more to day, and breathe the vital air?
Or if from high Olympus first they came,
Inspir'd with portions of ethereal flame,
Though here encumber'd with the mortal frame?
Tire not too long one subject when you write,
For 'tis variety that gives delight;
But when to that variety inclin'd,
You seek new objects to relieve the mind,
Be sure let nothing forc'd or labour'd seem,
But watch your time, and steal from off your theme.
Conceal with care your longing to depart,
For art's chief pride is still to cover art.
So † Mulciber, in future ages skill'd,
Engrav'd Rome's glories on Æneas' shield,
On the bright orb her future fame enroll'd,
And with her triumphs charg'd the rising gold;
Here figur'd fights the blazing round adorn,
There his long line of heroes yet unborn.
But if a ‡ poet of Ausonian birth
Describes the various kingdoms of the earth,
Wide interspers't; the Medes, or swarthy Moors;
The different natures of their soils explores,
And paints the trees that bloom on India's shores:
On his own land he looks with partial eyes,
And lifts the fair Hesperia to the skies;
To all the fair Hesperia he prefers,
And makes the woods of Bactria yield to her's,
With proud Panchaia; though her groves she boasts,
And breathes a cloud of incense from her coasts.

* *Vid. Virg. Æneid, Lib. VI.*
† *Ibid. Lib. VIII. v.* 626.
‡ *Georgic. Lib. II. v.* 136.

Hear then, ye generous youths, on this regard
I should not blame the conduct of the bard,
Who in soft numbers, and a flowing strain,
Relieves and reconciles our ears again.
When I the various implements had sung
That to the fields, and rural trade belong,
In sweet harmonious measures would I tell
How * nature mourn'd when the great Cæsar fell.
When Bacchus' curling vines had grac'd my lays,
The rural pleasures † next should share my praise.
The labour ended, and complete the whole,
Some bards with pleasure wander round the goal,
The flights and sallies of the muse prolong,
And add new beauties to the finish'd song;
Pleas'd with th' excursion of the charming strain,
We strive to quit the work, but strive in vain.
Thus, were the bees the subject of my muse,
Their laws, their natures, and celestial dews;
Poor ‡ Aristæus should his fate disclose,
His mother's counsel should assuage his woes;
Old Proteus here should struggle in his chain,
There in soft verse the Thracian bard complain
As Philomela on a popular bough
Bewails her young, melodious in her woe).
Pangæan steeps his sorrows should return,
And vocal Thrace with Rhodope should mourn;
Hebrus should roll low-murmuring to the deep,
And barbarous nations wonder why they weep.
Thus too the poets, who the names declare
Of kings and nations gathering to the war,
Sometimes diversify the strain, and sing
The wondrous change of the § Ligurian king.
While for his Phaëton his sorrows flow,
And his harmonious strains beguile his woe,
O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies.
Thus too ‖ Hippolitus, by Dian's care
And Pæan's art, returns to upper air.
The bards now paint the arms their heroes wield,
And each bold figure on the glittering shield.
Great ¶ Aventinus, great Alcides' son,
Wore the proud trophy which his father won;
An hundred serpents o'er the buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiss'd from all her heads in gold.
Now blooming Tempe's cool retreats they sing,
And now with flowery beauties paint the spring.
Now with a sylvan scene the floods they hide;
Or teach the fam'd Eridanus to glide,
Or sport on fabled Achelous' side.
Or hoary Nereus' numerous race display,
The hundred azure sisters of the sea.
With them the nymphs that haunt their native woods,
And the long orders of the Sylvan gods.
With gay descriptions sprinkle here and there
Some grave instructive sentences with care,
That touch on life, some moral good pursue,
And give us virtue in a transient view;

* *Virg. Georg. Lib. I. v.* 466.
† *Ibid. Lib. II. v.* 458.
‡ *Ibid. Lib. XI. v.* 317.
§ *Æneid, Lib. X. v.* 185.
‖ *Ibid. Lib. VII. v.* 756.
¶ *Ibid. v.* 656.

Rules, which the future ſire may make his own,
And point the golden precepts to his ſon.
Sometimes on little images to fall,
And thus illuſtrate mighty things by ſmall;
With due ſucceſs the licens'd poet dares,
When to the * ants the Phrygians he compares,
Who leaving Carthage, gather to the ſeas;
Or the laborious Tyrians to the † bees.
But ſwarming ‡ flies, offenſive animals,
That buz inceſſant o'er the ſmoking pails,
Are images too low, to paint the hoſts
That roll and blacken o'er Auſonia's coaſts.
The loſty muſe who ſung the Latian war,
Would think ſuch trivial things beneath her care.
How from his majeſty would Virgil fall,
If Turnus ſcarce repell'd from Ilion's wall,
Retiring grimly with a tardy pace,
Had e'er been figur'd by the patient § aſs!
Whom unregarded troops of boys ſurround,
While o'er his ſides their rattling ſtrokes reſound;
Slow he gives way, and crops the ſpringing grain,
Turns on each ſide, and ſtops to graze again.
In every point the thing is juſt, we know,
But then the image is itſelf too low:
For Turnus, ſprung from ſuch a glorious ſtrain,
The vile reſemblance would with ſcorn diſdain.
With better grace the ‖ lion may appear,
Who, ſingly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel or ſtand their whole embody'd war,
Looks grimly back, and rolls his glaring eye,
Deſpairs to conquer, and diſdains to fly.
Since fictions are allow'd, be ſure, ye youths,
Your fictions wear at leaſt the air of truths.
When ¶ Glaucus meets Tydides on the plain,
Inflam'd with rage, and reeking from the ſlain;
Some think they could not paſs the time away,
In ſuch long narratives, and cool delay,
Amidſt the raging tumult of the day.
But yet we hear fierce Diomed relate
The crime of bold Lycurgus, and his fate;
And Glaucus talks of brave Bellerophon,
Doom'd for a lawleſs paſſion not his own;
Sets forth the hero's great exploits to view,
How the bold chief the dire Chimæra ſlew,
The Solymæan hoſt, and Amazonian crew.
For thoſe ſurpriſing fictions are deſign'd
With their ſweet falſhoods to delight the mind;
The bards expect no credit ſhould be given
To the bare lie, though authoriz'd by heaven,
Which oft with confidence they vent abroad,
Beneath the needful ſanction of a god.
'Twas thus the ** roaſted heifers of the ſun
Spoke o'er the fire with accents not their own;
'Twas thus †† Achilles' ſteed his ſilence broke,
And ‡‡ Trojan ſhips in human voices ſpoke;

As wrought by heaven theſe wonders they relate,
All airy viſions of the ivory gate!
Speak things but once, if order be your care,
For more the cloy'd attention will not bear,
And tedious repetitions tire the ear.
In this we differ from the Grecian train,
Who tell * Atrides' viſions o'er again.
'Tis not enough with them we know the cauſe
Why great Achilles from the war withdraws,
Unleſs the † weeping hero, on the ſhore,
Tells his blue mother all we heard before.
So much on punctual niceties they ſtand,
That, when their kings diſpatch ſome high command,
All word for word, th' embaſſadors ‡ rehearſe
In the ſame tenor of unvaried verſe.
Not ſo did § Venulus from Arpi bring
The final anſwer of th' Ætolian king.
Let others labour on a vaſt deſign,
A leſs, but poliſh'd with due care, be thine.
To change its ſtructure, be your laſt delight;
Thus ſpend the day, and exerciſe the night,
Inceſſant in your toil. But if you chooſe
A larger field and ſubject for your muſe;
If ſcanty limits ſhould the theme confine,
Learn with juſt art to lengthen the deſign
Beyond its native bounds; the roving mind
A thouſand methods to this end may find;
Unnumber'd fictions may with truths be join'd.
Nature ſupplies a fund of matter ſtill;
Then cull th' rich variety at will.
See! how the bard calls down th' embattled gods,
All rang'd in factions, from their bright abodes;
Who, fir'd with mutual hate, their arms employ,
And in the field declare for Greece or Troy;
Till Jove convenes a council to aſſwage
Their riſing fury, and ſuſpend their rage;
Though the bleſt gods, remov'd from human eyes,
Live in immortal eaſe within the diſtant ſkies.
And now th' infernal realm his theme he makes,
The reign of Pluto, the Tartarean lakes,
The furies dreadful with their curling ſnakes.
He gathers omens from each bird that flies,
And ſigns from every wing that beats the ſkies.
He now deſcribes a banquet, where the gueſt
Prolongs with narratives the royal feaſt.
Or at the glorious hero's tomb we read
Of games ordain'd in honour of the dead.
And oft for mercies in old times diſplay'd,
To their own gods their annual rites are paid.
For monſtrous Python ſlain, their praiſes riſe,
And lift the fame of Phœbus to the ſkies.
In hymns Alcides' labours they reſound.
While Cacus lies extended on the ground,
Alternate ſing the labours of his hands,
Enjoin'd by fierce Euryſtheus' ſtern commands;
The den of Cacus crowns the grateful ſtrain,
Where the grim monſter breathes his flames in vain.

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* *Virg. Æneid. Lib. IX. v.* 402.
† *Ibid. Lib. I. v.* 434.
‡ *Hom. Iliad, Lib. II. v.* 469.
§ *Ibid. Lib. XI. v.* 557.
‖ *Virg. Æneid, Lib. IX. v.* 792.
¶ *Homer's Iliad, Lib. VI. v.* 119.
** *Homer. Odyſſ. Lib. XII. v.* 395.
†† *Iliad. Lib. XVII. v.* 426.
‡‡ *Virgil. Æneid. Lib. X. v.* 228.

* *Vid. Hom. Iliad. Lib. II.*
† *Ibid. Lib. I. v.* 370.
‡ *Ibid. Lib. IX. v.* 264.
§ *Virg. Æneid. Lib. XI. v.* 243.
‖ *All theſe particulars, to the end of this paragraph, are taken from Homer and Virgil.*

Mark how ſometimes the bard without control
Exerts his fire, and pours forth all his ſoul;
His lines ſo daring, and his words ſo ſtrong;
We ſee the ſubject figur'd in the ſong:
When with the winds old * Ocean he deforms,
Or paints the rage and horrors of the ſtorms;
Or drives on pointed rocks the burſting ſhips,
Toſt on the Euxine, or Sicilian deeps.
Or ſings the † plagues that blaſt the livid ſky,
When beaſts by herds, and men by nations die;
Or the fierce flames ‡ that Ætna's jaws expire,
Her melted rocks, and deluges of fire,
When from her mouth the burſting vapour flies,
And, charg'd with ruin, thunders to the ſkies;
While driſts of ſmoke in ſooty whirlwinds play,
And clouds of cinders ſtain the golden day.
See! as the poet ſounds the dire alarms,
Calls on the war, and ſets the hoſts in arms;
Squadrons on ſquadrons driven, confus'dly die;
Grim Mars in all his terrors ſtrikes the eye;
More than deſcription riſing to the ſight,
Preſents the real horrors of the fight;
A new creation ſeems our praiſe to claim;
(Hence Greece derives the ſacred § poet's name;)
The dreadful clang of claſhing arms we hear;
The agonizing groan, the fruitleſs prayer,
And ſhrieks of ſuppliants thicken on the ear.
Who, when he reads a ‖ city ſtorm'd, forbears
To feel her woes, and ſympathize in tears?
When o'er the palaces the flames aſpire
From wall to wall, and wrap the domes in fire?
The fire, with years and hoſtile rage oppreſt!
The ſtarting infant, clinging to the breaſt!
The tender mother runs, with piercing cries,
Through friends and foes, and ſhrieking rends the ſkies.
Dragg'd from the altar, the diſtracted fair
Beats her white breaſt, and tears her golden hair.
Here in thick crowds the vanquiſh'd fly away,
There the proud victors heap the wealthy prey;
With rage relentleſs ravage their abodes,
Nor ſpare the ſacred temples of the gods.
O'er the whole town they run with wild affright,
Tumultuous haſte, and violence of flight.
Why ſhould I mention how our ſouls aſpire,
Loſt in the raptures of the ſacred fire?
For ev'n the ſoul not always holds the ſame,
But knows at different times a different frame.
Whether with rolling ſeaſons ſhe complies,
Turns with the ſun, or changes with the ſkies;
Or through long toil, remiſſive of her fires,
Droops with the mortal frame her force inſpires;
Or that our minds alternately appear
Now bright with joy, and now o'ercaſt with care.
No!—but the gods, th' immortal gods, ſupply
The glorious fires; they ſpeak the deity.
Then bleſt is he who waits th' auſpicious nod,
The warmth divine, and preſence of the god;
Who his ſuſpended labours can reſtrain,
Till heaven's ſerene indulgence ſmiles again.
But ſtrive, on no pretence, againſt your power,
Till time brings back the voluntary hour.

Sometimes their verdant honours leave the woods,
And their dry urns defraud the thirſty floods;
Nor ſtill the rivers a full channel yield,
Nor ſpring with flowery beauties paints the field:
The bards no leſs ſuch fickle changes find,
Dampt is the noble ardour of the mind;
Their wonted toil her wearied powers refuſe;
Their ſouls grow ſlack and languid to the muſe,
Deaf to their call; their efforts are withſtood;
Round their cold hearts congeals the freezing blood.
You'd think the muſes fled; the god no more
Would fire the boſom where he dwelt before,
No more return!—how often, though in vain,
The poet would renew the wonted ſtrain!
Nor ſees the gods who thwart his fruitleſs care,
Nor angry heaven relentleſs to his prayer.
Some read the ancient bards, of deathleſs fame,
And from their raptures catch the noble flame
By juſt degrees; they feed the glowing vein,
And all th' immortal ardour burns again
In its full light and heat; the ſun's bright ray
Thus (when the clouds diſperſe) reſtores the day:
Whence ſhoot this ſudden flaſh that gilds the pole?
The god, the god comes ruſhing on his ſoul;
Fires with ethereal vigour every part,
Through every trembling limb he ſeems to dart,
Works in each vein, and ſwells his riſing heart.
Deep in his breaſt the heavenly tumult plays,
And ſets his mounting ſpirits on a blaze.
Nor can the raging flames themſelves contain,
For the whole god deſcends into the man.
He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,
But ſings inſpir'd in more than human ſounds.
Nor from his breaſt can ſhake th' immortal load,
But pants and raves, impatient of the god;
And rapt beyond himſelf, admires the force
That drives him on reluctant to the courſe.
He calls on Phœbus, by the god oppreſt,
Who breathes exceſſive ſpirit in his breaſt;
No force of thirſt or hunger can controul
The fierce, the ruling tranſport of his ſoul.
Oft in their ſleep, inſpir'd with rage divine,
Some bards enjoy the viſions of the Nine:
Viſions! themſelves with due applauſe may crown;
Viſions! that Phœbus or that Jove may own.
To ſuch an height the god exalts the flame,
And ſo unbounded is their thirſt of fame.
But here, ye youths, exert your timely care,
Nor truſt th' ungovernable rage too far;
Uſe not your fortune, nor unfurl your ſails,
Though ſoftly courted by the flattering gales,
Refuſe them ſtill, and call your judgment in,
While the fierce god exults and reigns within;
To reaſon's ſtandard be your thoughts confin'd,
Let judgment calm the tempeſt of the mind.
Indulge your heat with conduct, and reſtrain;
Learn when to draw, and when to give the rein.
But always wait till the warm raptures ceaſe,
And lull the tumults of the ſoul to peace;
Then, nor till then, examine ſtrictly o'er
What your wild ſallies might ſuggeſt before.
Be ſure, from nature never to depart;
To copy nature is the taſk of art.
The nobleſt poets own her ſovereign ſway,
And ever follow where ſhe leads the way.

* *Æneid. Lib. I.* † *Ibid. Lib. III. v.* 137.
‡ *Ibid. Lib. III. v.* 571. § Ἀπὸ τοῦ ποιεῖν.
‖ *Vid. Æneid. Lib. II.*

From her the different characters they trace,
That mark the human, or the savage race,
Each various and distinct; in every stage
They paint mankind; their humours, sex, and age;
They show what manners the slow sage become,
What the brisk youth in all his sprightly bloom.
In every word and sentiment explain,
How the proud monarch differs from the swain.
I nauseate all confounded characters,
Where young Telemachus too grave appears,
Or reverend Nestor acts beneath his years.
The poet suits his speeches, when he sings,
To proper persons, and the state of things;
On each their just distinctions are bestow'd,
To mark a male, a female, or a god.
Thus when in * heaven seditious tumults rise,
Amongst the radiant senate of the skies,
The sire of gods, and sovereign of mankind,
In a few words unfolds his sacred mind.
Not so fair Venus; who at large replies,
And pities Troy, and counts her miseries,
Woes undeserv'd: but with contention fir'd,
And with the spirit of revenge inspir'd,
Fierce Juno storms amidst the blest abodes,
And stuns with loud complaints the listening gods.
When youthful † Turnus the stern combat claims,
His rising heart is fill'd with martial flames;
Impell'd by rage, and bent to prove his might,
His soul springs forward, and prevents the fight;
Rous'd to revenge, his kindling spirits glow,
Confirm his challenge, and provoke the foe,
The fugitive of Troy.—But while his rage
And youthful courage prompts him to engage,
On Latium's king incumbent it appears,
Grown old in prudence, piety, and years,
To weigh events, and youthful heat assuage,
With the cold caution and the fears of age.
In Dido's various character is seen,
The furious lover and the gracious queen:
When Troy's fam'd chief, commanded from above,
Prepares to quit her kingdom, and her love;
She raves, she storms with unavailing care,
Grown wild with grief, and frantic with despair.
Through every street she flies, with anguish stung,
And broken accents flutter on her tongue;
Her words confus'd and interrupted flow,
Speak and expres the hurry of her woe.
How in this Dido is that Dido lost,
Who late receiv'd the Trojans on her coast,
And bade them banish grief, and share her throne,
Dismiss their fears, and think her realms their own.
Next the great orators consult, and thence
Draw all the moving turns of eloquence;
That ‡ Sinon may his Phrygian foes betray,
And lead the crowd, as fraud directs the way;
That wise †† Ulysses may the Greeks detain,
While Troy yet stood, from measuring back the main.
Need I name § Nestor, who could talk to peace,
With melting words, the factious kings of Greece?

Whose soft address their fury could controul,
Mould every passion, and subdue the soul!
These soothing arts to * Venus sure were known,
To beg immortal arms to grace her son;
Her injur'd spouse each thrilling word inspires,
With every pang of love to second her desires.
With nicest art the fair adultress draws
Her fond addresses from a distant cause;
And all her guileful accents are design'd
To catch his passions, and ensnare his mind.
'Tis hence the poet learns in every part
To bend the soul, and give with wondrous art
A thousand different motions to the heart.
Hence, as his subject gay or sad appears,
He claims our joy, or triumphs in our tears.
Who, when he sees how † Orpheus' sorrows flow,
Weeps not his tears, and answers woe for woe?
When he his dear Eurydice deplores
To the deaf rocks, and solitary shores;
With the soft harp the bard relieves his pain,
For thee, when morning dawns, prolongs the strain,
For thee, when Phœbus seeks the seas again.
Or when the young ‡ Euryalus is kill'd,
And rolls in death along the bloody field;
Like some fair flower beneath the share he lies,
His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies;
The reader's soul is touch'd with generous woe,
He longs to rush with Nisus on the foe;
He burns with friendly pity to the dead,
To raise the youth, and prop his sinking head;
And strives in vain to stop the gushing blood,
That stains his bosom with a purple flood.
But if the bard such images pursues,
That raise the blushes of the virgin-muse;
Let them be slightly touch'd, and ne'er expreſt,
Give but an hint, and let us guess the rest.
If Jove commands the gathering storms to rise,
And with deep thunders rends the vaulted skies,
To the same cave together may repair
To the Trojan § hero and the Tyrian fair.
The poet's modesty must add no more;
Enough, that earth had given the sign before;
The conscious æther was with flames o'erspread,
The nymphs ran shrieking round the mountain's head.
Nor let young Troilus, unhappy boy,
Meet fierce Achilles in the plains of Troy;
But show th' unequal youth's untimely fall,
To great Æneas on the Tyrian wall;
Supine and hanging from his empty car,
Dragg'd by his panting courſers through the war.
This, from our bright examples you may trace,
To write with judgment, decency, and grace;
From others learn invention to increase,
And search in chief the glorious sons of Greece;
For her bright treasures Argos' realms explore,
Bring home triumphant all her gather'd store,
And with her spoils enrich the Latian shore.
Nor is the glory of translation less,
To give the Grecian bards a Roman dress.

* *Vid. Æneid, Lib. X.*
† *Ibid. Lib. XII. v. 9.*
‡ *Ibid. Lib. II.* †† *Hom. Iliad. Lib. II.*
§ *Æneid. Lib. VIII. v. 370.*

* *Iliad. Lib. I. v. 246.*
† *Virgil. Georgic. Lib. IV. v. 464.*
‡ *Æneid, Lib. IX. v. 433.*
§ *Ibid. Lib. IV. v. 165.*

If Phœbus' gracious ſmiles the labour crown,
Than if ſome new invention were your own.
Mincio's and Manto's glorious ſon behold,
Th' immortal Virgil, ſheath'd in foreign gold,
Shines out unſham'd, and towers above the reſt,
In the rich ſpoils of godlike Homer dreſt.
Let Greece in triumph boaſt that ſhe imparts
To Latium's conquering realms her glorious arts:
While Latium's ſons improve her beſt deſigns,
Till by degrees each poliſh'd labour ſhines,
While Rome advances now in arts, as far
Above all cities, as of old in war.
Ye gods of Rome, ye guardian deities,
Who lift our nation's glory to the ſkies;
And thou, Apollo, the great ſource of Troy,
Let Rome at leaſt this ſingle palm enjoy,
To ſhine in arts ſupreme, as once in power,
And teach the nations ſhe ſubdued before;
Since diſcord all Auſonia's kings alarms,
And clouds the ancient glories of her arms.
In our own breaſts we ſheath the civil ſword,
Our country naked to a foreign lord;
Which lately, proſtrate, ſtarted from deſpair, [war;
Burn'd with new hopes, and arm'd her hands for
But arm'd in vain;—th' inexorable hate
Of envious fortune call'd her to her fate,
Inſatiate in her rage; her frowns oppoſe
The Latian fame, and woes are heap'd on woes.
Our dread alarms each foreign monarch took,
Through all their tribes the diſtant nations ſhook;
To earth's laſt bounds the fame of Leo runs,
Nile heard, and Indus trembled for his ſons.
Arabia heard the Medicean line,
The firſt of men, and ſprung from race divine.
The ſovereign prieſt, and mitred king, appears
With his lov'd Julius join'd, who kindly ſhares
The reins of empire, and the public cares.
To break their country's chains, the generous pair
Concert their ſchemes, and meditate the war.
On Leo Europe's monarchs turn their eyes,
On him alone the weſtern world relies;
And each bold chief attends his dread alarms,
While the proud creſcent fades before his arms.
High on his ſplendid car, immortal Rome,
Thine eyes had ſeen the holy warrior come,
Lord of the vanquiſh'd world, in triumph home.
Thy ſtreams, old Tyber, ſwell'd with conſcious pride,
Had borne thy kindred warrior down thy tide;
While, crowded up in heaps, thy waves admire
The captive nations, and their ſtrange attire;
Behind his wheels ſhould march a numerous train
Of ſcepter'd ſlaves, reluctant to the chain,
Forget their haughty threats, and boaſt in vain.
Though the proud foe, of Jury's realm poſſeſt,
Has ſpread his wide dominion through the eaſt;
Sees his dread ſtandard there at large unfurl'd,
And graſps in thought the empire of the world;
And now (ye gods) increas'd in barbarous power,
His armies hover o'er th' Heſperian ſhore.
To ſee the paſſing pomp, the raviſh'd throng
Through every ſtreet ſhould flow in tides along;
The ſacred father, as the numbers roll'd,
Should his dear citizens again behold,
High o'er the ſhouting crowds enthron'd in gold;
Should ſhow the trophies of his glorious toils,
And hang the ſhrines with conſecrated ſpoils.
Piles of barbaric gold ſhould glitter there,
The wealth of kingdoms, and the pomp of war:
But, by your crime, ye gods, our hopes are croſt,
And thoſe imaginary triumphs loſt;
Interr'd with Leo, in one fatal hour,
Our proſpects periſh'd, as they liv'd before.

BOOK III.

What ſtyle, what language, ſuits the poet's lays,
To claim Apollo's and the muſes' praiſe,
I now unfold; to this laſt bound I tend,
And ſee my promis'd labours at an end.
Firſt then with care a juſt expreſſion chooſe,
Led by the kind indulgence of the muſe,
To dreſs up every ſubject when you write,
And ſet all objects in a proper light.
But leſt the diſtant proſpect of the goal
Should damp your vigour, and your ſtrength controul,
Rouſe every power, and call forth all the ſoul.
See! how the nine the panting youth invite,
With one loud voice to reach Parnaſſus' height;
See! how they hold aloft th' immortal crown,
To urge the courſe, and call the victor on;
See! from the clouds each laviſh goddeſs pours
Full o'er thy head a ſudden ſpring of flowers,
And roſes fall in odoriferous ſhowers;
Celeſtial ſcents in balmy breezes fly,
And ſhed ambroſial ſpirits from the ſky.
In chief avoid obſcurity, nor ſhroud
Your thoughts and dark conceptions in a cloud;
For * ſome, we know, affect to ſhun the light,
Loſt in forc'd figures, and involv'd in night,
Studious and bent to leave the common way,
They ſkulk in darkneſs, and abhor the day.
Oh! may the ſacred nine inſpire my lays
To ſhine with pride in their own native rays;
For this we need not importune the ſkies,
In our own power and will the bleſſing lies.
Expreſſion, boundleſs in extent, diſplays
A thouſand forms, a thouſand ſeveral ways;
In different garbs from different quarters brought,
It makes unnumber'd dreſſes for a thought;
Such vaſt varieties of hues we find
To paint conception, and unfold the mind!
If e'er you toil, but toil without ſucceſs,
To give your images a ſhining dreſs,
Quit your purſuit, and chooſe a different way,
Till, breaking forth, the voluntary ray
Cuts the thick darkneſs, and lets down the day.
Since then a thouſand forms you may purſue,
A thouſand figures riſing to the view,
Unleſs confin'd and ſtrengthen'd in your ſcheme,
With the ſhort limits of a ſcanty theme,
From theſe to thoſe with boundleſs freedom paſs,
And to each image give a different face.
The readers hence a wond'rous pleaſure find,
That charms the ear, and captivates the mind;
In this the laws of nature we obey,
And act as her example points the way,

* *Perſius and Lycophron.*

Which has on every different ſpecies thrown
A ſhape diſtinct and figure of its own;
Man differs from the beaſt that haunts the woods,
The bird from every native of the floods.
See how the poet baniſhes with grace
A native term to give a * ſtranger place!
From different images with juſt ſucceſs
He clothes his matter in the borrow'd dreſs:
The borrow'd dreſs the things themſelves admire,
And wonder whence they drew the ſtrange attire;
Proud of their raviſh'd ſpoils, they now diſclaim
Their former colour, and their genuine name,
And, in another garb more beauteous grown,
Preſer the foreign habit to their own.
Oft, as he paints a battle on the plain,
The battle's imag'd by the roaring main;
Now he the fight a fiery deluge names,
That pours along the fields a flood of flames;
In airy conflict now the winds appear,
Alarm the deeps, and wage the ſtormy war;
To the fierce ſhock th' embattl'd tempeſts pour,
Waves charge on waves, th' encountering billows roar.
Thus in a vary'd dreſs the ſubject ſhines,
By turns the objects ſhift their proper ſigns;
From ſhape to ſhape alternately they run,
To borrow others charms, and lend their own;
Pleas'd with the borrow'd charms, the readers find
A crowd of different images combin'd,
Riſe from a ſingle object to the mind.
So the pleas'd traveller, from a mountain's brow,
Views the calm ſurface of the ſeas below;
Though wide beneath the floating ocean lies
The firſt immediate object of his eyes,
He ſees the foreſts tremble from within,
And gliding meadows paint the deeps with green;
While to his eyes the fair deluſions paſs
In gay ſucceſſion through the watery glaſs.
'Tis thus the bard diverſifies his ſong,
Now here, now there, he calls the ſoul along.
The rich variety he ſets to ſight,
Cloys not the mind, but adds to our delight.
Now with a frugal choice the bard affords
The ſtrongeſt light and energy of words;
While humble ſubjects he contrives to raiſe
With borrow'd ſplendours, and a foreign blaze.
This, if on old tradition we rely,
Was once the current language of the ſky;
Which firſt the muſes brought to theſe abodes,
Who taught mankind the ſecrets of the gods.
For in the court of Jove their choirs advance,
And ſing alternate, as they lead the dance,
Mix'd with the gods; they hear Apollo's lyre,
And from high heaven the panting bard inſpire.
Nor bards alone, but other writers, reach
This bold, this daring privilege of ſpeech;
In chief the orators, to raiſe their ſenſe,
In this ſtrong figure dreſs their eloquence,
When with perſuaſive ſtrokes they plead a cauſe,
And bridle vice, and vindicate the laws;
Or on the dreadful verge of death defend,
And ſnatch from fate a poor devoted friend.

* *The Metaphor.*

Ev'n the rough hinds delight in ſuch a ſtrain,
When the glad harveſt waves with golden grain,
And thirſty meadows drink the pearly rain;
On the proud vine her purple gems appear;
The ſmiling fields rejoice, and hail the pregnant year.
Firſt from neceſſity the figure ſprung
For things, that would not ſuit our ſcanty tongue,
When no true names were offer'd to the view,
Thoſe they transferr'd that border'd on the true;
Thence by degrees the noble licence grew.
The bards thoſe daring liberties embrac'd,
Through want at firſt, through luxury at laſt:
They now to alien things, at will, confirm
The borrow'd honours of a foreign term.
So man, at firſt, the rattling ſtorm to fly,
And the bleak horrors of the wintery ſky,
Rais'd up a roof of oſiers o'er his head,
And clos'd with homely clay the ſlender ſhed:
Now regal palaces, of wond'rous ſize,
With brazen beams on Parian columns riſe,
That heave the pompous fabric to the ſkies.
But other writers ſprinkle here and there
Theſe bolder beauties with a frugal care;
So vaſt a freedom is allow'd to none,
But ſuits the labours of the bard alone,
Who in the laws of verſe himſelf reſtrains,
Ty'd up to time in voluntary chains.
Others, by no reſtraint or ſtop withheld,
May range the compaſs of a wider field;
The ſacred poets, who their labours fill
With pleaſing fictions, or with truths at will,
Their thoughts in bolder liberties expreſs,
Which look more beauteous in a foreign dreſs.
To all unuſual colours they impart,
Nor bluſh, if e'er detected in their art.
* Sometimes beyond the bounds of truth they fly,
And boldly lift their ſubject to the ſky;
When with tumultuous ſhouts the heavens rebound,
And all Olympus trembles with the ſound;
Or with repeated accents they relate
The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate;
† Oh fire! oh country, once with glory crown'd!
Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!
Oh Jove! ſee Ilion ſmoking on the ground!
They now name Ceres for the golden grain,
Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main:
Or from the father's name point out the ſon;
Or for her people introduce a town:
So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,
Pale Afric ſhakes, and trembles through her ſtates:
And ſome, by Achelous' ſtreams alone,
Compriſe the floods of all the world in one.
‡ Lo! now they ſtart aſide, and change the ſtrain,
To fancy'd converſe with an abſent ſwain;
To grots and caverns all their cares diſcloſe,
Or tell the ſolitary rocks their woes;
To ſcenes inanimate proclaim their love,
Talk with an hill, or whiſper to a grove.

* *The Hyperbole.*
† *Hæc verba ex incerti nominis Poetâ citat Cicero.*
‡ *The Apoſtrophe.*

On you they call, ye unattentive woods,
And wait an anſwer from your bordering floods.
† Sometimes they ſpeak one thing, but leave behind
Another ſecret meaning in the mind:
A fair expreſſion artfully diſpenſe,
But uſe a word that claſhes with the ſenſe.
‡ Thus pious Helen ſtole the faithful ſword,
While Troy was flaming, from her ſleeping lord.
§ So glorious Drances tower'd amid the plain,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the ſlain;
Immortal trophies rais'd from ſquadrons kill'd,
And with vaſt ſpoils ennobled all the field.
‖ But now to mention farther I forbear,
With what ſtrong charms they captivate the ear;
When the ſame terms they happily repeat,
The ſame repeated ſeem more ſoft and ſweet.
This, ** were Arcadia judge, if Pan withſtood,
Pan's judge, Arcadia, would condemn her god.
But though our fond indulgence grants the muſe
A thouſand liberties in different views,
Whene'er you chooſe an image to expreſs
In foreign terms, and ſcorn the native dreſs;
Yet be diſcreet, nor ſtrain the point too far,
Let the tranſition ſtill unforc'd appear,
Nor e'er diſcover an exceſs of care:
For ſome, we know, with awkward violence
Diſtort the ſubject, and disjoint the ſenſe;
Quite change the genuine figure, and deface
The native ſhape with every living grace;
And force unwilling objects to put on
An alien face, and features not their own.
A low conceit in diſproportion'd terms,
Looks like a boy dreſs'd up in giants arms;
Blind to the truth, all reaſon they exceed,
†† Who name a ſtall the palace of the ſteed,
Or graſs the treſſes of great Rhæa's head.
'Tis beſt ſometimes an image to expreſs
In its own colours, and its native dreſs;
The genuine words with happy care to uſe,
If nicely cull'd, and worthy of the muſe.
Some things alternately compar'd are ſhown,
Both names ſtill true, and mutually their own;
But here the leaſt redundance you muſt ſhun;
Tell us, in ſhort, from whence the hint you drew,
And ſet the whole compariſon to view;
Leſt, mindleſs of your firſt deſign, you ſeem
To lead the mind away, and rove from theme to theme.
But now purſue the method, that affords
The fitteſt terms, and wiſeſt choice of words.
Not all deſerve alike the ſame regard,
Nor ſuit the godlike labours of the bard;
For words as much may differ in degree,
As the moſt various kinds of poetry.
Though many a common term and word we find
Diſpers'd promiſcuouſly through every kind,
Thoſe that will never ſuit th' heroic rage,
Might grace the buſkin, and become the ſtage.

† *The Irony.*
‡ *See Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.* § *Ibid. Lib. XI.*
‖ *The Anaphora.* ** *See Virg. Ecl. IV.*
†† *The Catachreſis.*

Their large, their vaſt variety explore
With piercing eyes, and range the mighty ſtore.
From their deep fund the richeſt words unfold,
With niceſt care be rich expreſſion cull'd,
To deck your numbers in the pureſt gold,
The vile, the dark degenerate crowd refuſe,
And ſcorn a dreſs that would diſgrace the muſe:
Then, to ſucceed your ſearch, purſue the road,
And beat the track the glorious ancients trod.
To thoſe eternal monuments repair,
There read, and meditate for ever there.
If o'er the reſt ſome mighty genius ſhines,
Mark the ſweet charms and vigour of his lines.
As far as Phœbus and the heavenly powers
Smile on your labours, make his diction your's:
Your ſtyle by his authentic ſtandard frame,
Your voice, your habit, and addreſs, the ſame.
With him proceed to cull the reſt; for there
A full reward will juſtify your care.
Examine all; and bring from all away
Their various treaſures as a lawful prey.
Nor would I ſcruple, with a due regard,
To read ſometimes a rude unpoliſh'd bard;
Among whoſe labours I may find a line,
Which from unſightly ruſt I may refine,
And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.
How often may we ſee a troubled flood
Stain'd with unſettled ooze and riſing mud!
Which (if a well the bordering natives ſink)
Supplies the thirſty multitude with drink.
The trickling ſtream by juſt degrees refines,
Till in its courſe the limpid current ſhines;
And taught through ſecret labyrinths to flow,
Works itſelf clear among the ſands below.
For nothing looks ſo gloomy, but will ſhine
From proper care, and timely diſcipline;
If, with due vigilance and conduct, wrought
Deep in the ſoul, it labours in the thought.
Hence on the ancients we muſt reſt alone,
And make their golden ſentences our own.
To cull their beſt expreſſions claims our cares,
To form our notions, and our ſtyles on their's.
See! how we bear away their precious ſpoils,
And with the glorious dreſs enrich our ſtyles;
Their bright inventions for our uſe convey,
Bring all the ſpirit of their words away,
And make their words themſelves our lawful prey!
Unaſham'd in other colours to be ſhown,
We ſpeak our thoughts in accents not our own.
But your deſign with modeſt caution weigh,
Steal with due care, and meditate the prey.
Invert the order of the words with art,
And change their former ſite in every part.
Thus win your readers, thus deceive with grace,
And let th' expreſſion wear a different face;
Yourſelf at laſt, the glorious labour done,
Will ſcarce diſcern his diction from your own.
Some, to appear of diffidence bereſt,
Steal in broad day, and glory in the theft;
When with juſt art, deſign and confidence,
On the ſame words they graft a different ſenſe;
Preſerve th' unvary'd terms and order too,
But change their former ſpirit for a new:
Or, with the ſenſe of emulation bold,
With ancient bards a glorious conteſt hold;

Their richeſt ſpoils triumphant they explore,
Which, rang'd with better grace, they varniſh o'er,
And give them charms they never knew before.
So trees, that change their ſoils, more proudly riſe,
And liſt their ſpreading honours to the ſkies;
And, when tranſplanted, nobler fruits produce,
Exalt their nature, and ferment their juice.
So Troy's fam'd chief the Aſian empire bore,
With better omens, to the Latian ſhore;
Though from thy realm, O Dido, to the ſea
Call'd by the gods reluctantly away;
Nor the firſt nuptial pleaſures could controul
The fix'd, the ſtubborn purpoſe of his ſoul.
Unhappy queen! thy woes ſuppreſt thy breath;
Thy cares purſue thee, and ſurviv'd in death.
Had not the Dardan fleet thy kingdom ſought,
Thy life had ſhone unſully'd with a fault.

Come then, ye youths, and urge your generous toils;
Come ſtrip the ancients, and divide the ſpoils
Your hands have won—but ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who with fond raſhneſs truſt themſelves too much.
For ſome we know, who, by their pride betray'd,
With vain contempt reject a foreign aid;
Who ſcorn thoſe great examples to obey,
Nor follow where the ancients point the way.
While from the theft their cautious hands refrain,
Vain are their fears, their ſuperſtition vain.
Nor Phœbus' ſmiles th' unhappy poet crown;
The fate of all his works prevents his own.
Himſelf his mouldering monument ſurvives,
And ſees his labours periſh while he lives:
His fame is more contracted than his ſpan,
And the frail author dies before the man.
How would he wiſh the labour to forbear,
And follow other arts with more ſucceſsful care.

I like a fair alluſion nicely wrought;
When the ſame words expreſs a different thought.
And ſuch a theft true critics dare not blame,
Which late poſterity ſhall crown with fame.
Void of all fear, of every doubt bereft,
I would not bluſh, but triumph in the theft.
Nor on the ancients for the whole rely,
The whole is more than all their works ſupply;
Some things your own invention muſt explore,
Some virgin images untouch'd before.

New terms no laws forbid us to induce,
To coin a word, and ſanctify to uſe;
But yet admit no words into the ſong,
Unleſs they prove the ſtock from whence they ſprung;
Point out their family, their kindred trace,
And ſet to view the ſeries of their race.
But where you find your native tongue too poor
Tranſport the riches of the Grecian ſtore;
Inform the lump, and work it into grace,
And with new life inſpire th' unwieldy maſs;
Till, chang'd by diſcipline, the word puts on
A foreign nature, and forgets its own.
So Latium's language found a rich increaſe,
And grew and flouriſh'd from the wealth of Greece;
Till uſe, in time, had rifled Argos' ſtores,
And brought all Athens to th' Heſperian ſhores.

How many words from rich Mycenæ come,
Of Greek extraction, in the dreſs of Rome?
That live with ours, our rights and freedom claim,
Their nature different, but their looks the ſame;
Through Latium's realms, in Latium's garb they go,
At once her ſtrangers, and her natives too.
Long has her poverty been fled, and long
With native riches has ſhe grac'd her tongue.
Nor ſearch the poets only, but explore
Immortal Tully's inexhauſted ſtore;
And other authors, born in happier days,
Shall anſwer all your wants, and beautify your lays.

Oft, in old bards, a verſe above the reſt
Shines, in barbaric ſpoils and trophies dreſt;
Thus Gaul, her victor's triumph to complete,
Supplies thoſe words that paint her own defeat;
And vanquiſh'd Macedon, to tell her doom,
Gives up her language with her arms to Rome.
Then can we fear with groundleſs diffidence
A want of words that ſhall expreſs our ſenſe?

But, if compell'd by want, you may produce
And bring an antiquated word in uſe;
A word erſt well receiv'd in days of yore,
A word our old forefathers us'd before:
Well-pleas'd the reader's wonder to engage,
He brings our grandſire's habit on the ſtage,
And garbs that whilom grac'd an uncouth age.
Yet muſt not ſuch appear in every place;
When rang'd too thick, the poem they diſgrace.
Since of new words ſuch numbers you command,
Deal out the old ones with a ſparing hand.
* Whene'er your images can lay no claim
To a fix'd term, and want a certain name;
To paint one thing, the licens'd bard affords
A pompous circle, and a crowd of words.

Two plighted words in one with grace appear;
When they with eaſe glide ſmoothly o'er the ear.
Two may embrace at once, but ſeldom more,
Nor verſe can bear the mingled ſhape of four;
No triple monſters dwell on Latium's ſhore.
When mix'd with ſmooth, theſe harſher ſtrains are found,
We ſtart with horror at the frightful ſound;
The Grecian Bards, in whom ſuch freedoms pleaſe,
May match with more ſucceſs ſuch words as theſe;
Heap hills on hills, and bid the ſtructure riſe,
Till the vaſt pile of mountains prop the ſkies.
What words ſoever of vaſt bulk we view,
One of leſs ſize may ſometimes ſplit in two;
Sometimes we ſeparate from the whole a part,
And prune the more luxuriant limbs with art.
Thus when the names of heroes we declare,
Names whoſe unpoliſh'd ſounds offend the ear;
We add, or lop ſome branches which abound,
Till the harſh accents are with ſmoothneſs crown'd.
That mellows every word, and ſoftens every ſound.
By ſuch an happy change, Sicharbas came,
To ſink his roughneſs in Sichæus' name.
Hence would I rather chooſe thoſe dire alarms
Of vaſt Enecladus, and heaven in arms.

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* *The Periphraſis.*

And the bold Titan's battles to rehearſe,
Harmonious names, that glide into the verſe;
Than count the rough, the barbarous nations o'er,
Which Rome ſubdued of old from ſhore to ſhore.
Let things ſubmit to words on no pretence,
But make your words ſubſervient to your ſenſe;
Nor for their ſake admit a ſingle line,
But what contributes to the main deſign.
Through every part moſt diligently pierce,
And weigh the ſound and ſenſe of every verſe.
Unleſs your ſtricteſt caution you diſplay,
Some words may lead the heedleſs bard away;
Steal from their duty, and defert their poſt,
And ſculk in darkneſs, indolently loſt;
Or, while their proper parts their fellows ply,
Contribute nought but ſound and harmony.
This to prevent, conſult your words; and know
How far their ſtrength, extent, and nature go.
To all their charges, and their labours fit;
To all, their ſeveral provinces of wit.
Without this care, the poem will abound
With empty noiſe, and impotence of ſound;
Unmeaning terms will crowd in every part,
Play round the ears, but never reach the heart.
Yet would I ſometimes venture to diſperſe
Some words, whoſe ſplendor ſhould adorn my verſe;
(Words, that to wit and thought have no pretence,
And rather vehicles of ſound than ſenſe;)
Till in the gorgeous dreſs the lines appear,
And court with gentle harmony the ear.
Nor with too fond a care ſuch words purſue,
They meet your ſight, and riſe in every view.
Oft, from its chains the ſhackled verſe unlooſe,
And give it liberty to walk in proſe;
Then be the work renew'd with endleſs pain,
And join with care the ſhatter'd parts again;
The lurking faults and errors you may ſee,
When the words run unmanacled and free.
Attend, young bard, and liſten while I ſing;
Lo! I unlock the muſes' ſacred ſpring;
Lo! Phœbus calls thee to his inmoſt ſhrine;
Hark! in one common voice, the tuneful nine
Invite and court thee to the rites divine.
When firſt to man the privilege was given,
To hold by verſe an intercourſe with heaven,
Unwilling that th' immortal art ſhould lie
Cheap and expos'd to every vulgar eye,
Great Jove, to drive away the groveling crowd,
To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,
Which more exalted ſpirits may purſue,
And left it open to the ſacred few.
For many a painful taſk, in every part,
Claims all the poet's vigilance and art.
'Tis not enough his verſes to complete,
In meaſure, numbers, or determin'd feet;
Or render things, by clear expreſſion bright,
And ſet each object in a proper light:
To all, proportion'd terms he muſt diſpenſe,
And make the ſound a picture of the ſenſe;
The correſpondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien the ſame.
His thoughts the bard muſt ſuitably expreſs,
Each in a different face, and different dreſs;
Left in unvary'd looks the crowd be ſhown,
And the whole multitude appear as one.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This ſwiftly flies, and ſmoothly ſkims away:
That, vaſt of ſize, his limbs huge, broad, and ſtrong,
Moves ponderous, and ſcarce drags his bulk along.
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
And Venus breathes on every limb a grace:
That, of rude form, his uncouth numbers ſhows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows,
His monſtrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vaſt, curls up behind:
At once the image and the lines appear
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
Nor are thoſe figures given without a cauſe,
But fixt and ſettled by determin'd laws;
All claim and wear, as their deſerts are known,
A voice, a face, and habit of their own.
* Lo! when the ſailors ſteer the ponderous ſhips,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around;
Beneath their labouring oars the waves reſound,
The prows wide-echoing through the dark profound:
To the loud call each diſtant rock replies,
Toſt by the ſtorm the frothy ſurges riſe;
While the hoarſe ocean beats the ſounding ſhore,
Daſh'd from the ſtrand, the flying waters roar,
Flaſh at the ſhock, and gathering in an heap,
The liquid mountains riſe, and overhang the deep.
See through her ſhores Trinacria's realms rebound,
Starting and trembling at the bellowing ſound;
High-towering o'er the waves the mountains ride,
And claſh with floating mountains on the tide.
But when blue Neptune from his car ſurveys,
And calms at one regard the raging ſeas;
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep ſubſides,
And o'er the level light the galley glides.
The poet's art and conduct we admire,
When angry Vulcan rolls a flood of fire;
When on the groves and fields the deluge preys,
And wraps the crackling ſtubble in the blaze.
Nor leſs our pleaſure, when the flame divides,
And climbs aſpiring round the cauldron's ſides;
From the dark bottom work the waters up,
Swell, boil, and hiſs, and bubble to the top.
Thus in ſmooth lines, ſmooth ſubjects we rehearſe;
But the † rough rock roars in as rough a verſe.
If gay the ſubject, gay muſt be the ſong;
And the briſk numbers quickly glide along:
When the fields flouriſh; or the ſkies unfold
Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold.
If ſad the theme, then each grave line moves ſlow,
The mournful numbers languiſhingly flow,
And drag, and labour, with a weight of woe:
If e'er the boding bird of night, who mourns
O'er ruins, deſolation, graves, and urns,
With piercing ſcreams the darkneſs ſhould invade,
And break the ſilence of the diſmal ſhade.
When things are ſmall, the terms ſhould ſtill be ſo:
For low words pleaſe us, when the theme is low,
But when ſome giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vaſt in every limb,

* *Moſt of theſe examples are drawn word for word from Virgil.*

† ——"Sonat hæc de nare caninâ
Littera." Vid. Perſium.

Stalks towering on; the swelling words must rise
In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
The verse too labours; the throng'd words scarce move
When each stiff clod beneath the ponderous plough,
Crumbles and breaks; th' encumber'd lines march slow.
Nor less; when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd sails.
But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away.
And when the viper issues from the brake;
Be quick; with stones, and brands, and fire, attack
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.
When night descends: or, stunn'd by numerous strokes,
And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
And hush their roarings and their rage to peace;
So oft we see the interrupted strain
Stopp'd in the midst,—and with the silent main,
Pause for a space—at last it glides again.
When Priam strains his aged arm, to throw
His unavailing javelin at the foe;
(His blood congeal'd, and every nerve unstrung,)
Then with the theme compiles the artful song;
Like him the solitary numbers flow
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.
Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his course;
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls;
Provokes his flying courser to his speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed;
He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain.
In this the poet's justest conduct lies,
When with the various subjects he complies,
To sink with judgment, and with judgment rise.
We see him now, remissive of his force,
Glide with a low, and inoffensive course;
Stript of the gaudy dress of words he goes,
And scarcely lifts the poem up from prose:
And now he brings with loosen'd reins along
All in a full career the boundless song;
In wide array luxuriantly he pours
A crowd of words, and opens all his stores.
The lavish eloquence redundant flows,
Thick as the fleeces of the winter-snows,
When Jove invests the naked Alps, and sheds
The silent tempest on their hoary heads.
Sometimes the godlike fury he restrains,
Checks his impetuous speed, and draws the reins;
Balanc'd and pois'd, he neither sinks nor soars,
Ploughs the mid space, and steers between the shores,
And shaves the confines;—till all dangers past,
He shoots with joy into the port at last.
For what remains unsung; I now declare
What claims the poet's last and strictest care.
When all adventures past, his labours tend
In one continued order to their end;
When the proud victor on his conquest smiles,
And safe enjoys the triumph of his toils;
Let him by timely diffidence be aw'd,
Nor trust too soon th' unpolish'd piece abroad.
Oh! may his rash ambition ne'er enflame
His breast, with such a dangerous thirst of fame!
But let the terror of disgrace controul
The warm, the partial fondness of his soul;
And force the bard to throw his passion by,
Nor view his offspring with a parent's eye:
Till his affections are by justice crost,
And all the father in the judge is lost.
He seeks his friends, nor trusts himself alone,
But asks their judgment, and resigns his own;
Begs them, with urgent prayers, to be sincere,
Just and exact, and rigidly severe;
Due verdict to pronounce on every thought,
Nor spare the slightest shadow of a fault;
But, bent against himself, and strictly nice;
He thanks each critic that detects a vice;
Though charg'd with what his judgment can defend,
He joins the partial sentence of his friend.
The piece thrown by; the careful bard reviews
The long-forgotten labours of his muse:
Lo! on all sides far different objects rise,
And a new prospect strikes his wondering eyes,
Warm from the brain, the lines his love engrost;
Now in themselves their former selves are lost.
Now his own labours he begins to blame,
And blushing reads them with regret and shame.
He lothes the piece; condemns it; nor can find
The genuine stamp, and image of his mind.
This thought and that, indignant he rejects;
When most secure, some danger he suspects;
Anxious he adds, and trembling he corrects.
With kind severities, and timely art,
Lops the luxuriant growth of every part;
Prunes the superfluous boughs, that wildly stray,
And cuts the rank redundancies away.
Thus arm'd with proper discipline he stands,
By day, by night, applies his healing hands,
From every line to wipe out every blot,
Till the whole piece is guiltless of a fault.
Hard is the task, but needful, if your aim
Tends to the prospect of immortal fame.
If some unfinish'd numbers limp behind,
When the warm'd poet rages unconfin'd,
Then when his swift invention scorns to stay,
By a full tide of genius whirl'd away;
He brings the sovereign cure their failings claim,
Confirms the sickly, and supports the lame.
Oft as the seasons roll, renew thy pain,
And bring the poem to the test again.
In different lights th' expression must be rang'd,
The garb and colours of the words be chang'd.
With endless care thy watchful eyes must pierce,
And mark the parts distinct of every verse.
In this persist; for oft one day denies
The kind assistance which the next supplies;
As oft, without your vigilance and care,
Some faults detected by themselves appear.
And now a thousand errors you explore,
That lay involv'd in mantling clouds before.
Oft, to improve his muse, the bard should try,
By turns, the temper of a different sky.

For thus his genius takes a different face
From every different genius of a place.
The ſoul too changes, and the bard may find
A thouſand various motions in his mind.
New gleams of light will every moment riſe,
While from each part the ſcattering darkneſs flies.
And, as he alters what appears amiſs,
He adds new flowers to beautify the piece.
But here, ev'n here, avoid th' extreme of ſuch,
Who with exceſs of care correct too much:
Whoſe barbarous hands no calls of pity bound,
While with th' infected parts they cut the ſound,
And make the cure more dangerous than the wound.
Till, all the blood and ſpirits drain'd away,
The body ſickens, and the parts decay;
The native beauties die, the limbs appear
Rough and deform'd with one continued ſcar.
No fix'd determin'd number I enjoin,
But when ſome years ſhall perfect the deſign;
Reflect on life; and, mindful of thy ſpan,
Whoſe ſcanty limit bounds the days of man,
Wide o'er the ſpacious world, without delay,
Permit the finiſh'd piece to take its way;
Till all mankind admires the heavenly ſong,
The theme of every hand and every tongue.
See! thy pleas'd friends thy ſpreading glory draws,
Each with his voice to ſwell the vaſt applauſe;
The vaſt applauſe ſhall reach the ſtarry frame,
No years, no ages, ſhall obſcure thy fame,
And earth's laſt ends ſhall hear thy darling name.
Shall we then doubt to ſcorn all worldly views,
And not prefer the raptures of the muſe?
Thrice happy bards! who taught by heaven, obey
Theſe rules, and follow where they lead the way;
And hear the faithful precepts I beſtow'd,
Inſpir'd with rage divine, and labouring with the god.
But art alone, and human means muſt fail,
Nor theſe inſtructive precepts will prevail,
Unleſs the gods their preſent aid ſupply,
And look with kind indulgence from the ſky.
I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to ſteep Parnaſſus' head;
And ſhow'd the tuneful muſes from afar,
Mix'd in a ſolemn choir, and dancing there.
Thither forbidden by the fates to go,
I ſink and grovel in the world below.
Deterr'd by them, in vain I labour up,
And ſtretch theſe hands to graſp the diſtant top.
Enough for me, at diſtance if I view
Some bard, ſome happier bard, the path purſue;
Who, taught by me to reach Parnaſſus' crown,
Mounts up, and calls his flow companions on.
But yet theſe rules, perhaps, theſe humble lays,
May claim a title to a ſhare of praiſe;
When, in a crowd the gathering youths ſhall hear
My voice and precepts with a willing ear;
Cloſe in a ring ſhall preſs the liſtening throng,
And learn from me to regulate their ſong.
Then, if the pitying fates prolong my breath,
And from my youth avert the dart of death;
Whene'er I ſink in life's declining ſtage,
Trembling and fainting on the verge of age,
To help their wearied maſter ſhall they run,
And lend their friendly hands to guide him on;
Through blooming groves his tardy progreſs wait,
And ſet him gently down at Phœbus' gate,
The while he ſings, before the hallow'd ſhrine,
The ſacred poets, and the tuneful nine.
Here then in Roman numbers will we riſe,
And lift the fame of Virgil to the ſkies;
Auſonia's pride and boaſt; who brings along
Strength to my lines, and ſpirit to my ſong:
Firſt how the mighty bard tranſported o'er
The ſacred muſes from th' Aonian ſhore;
Led the fair ſiſters to th' Heſperian plains,
And ſung in Roman towns the Grecian ſtrains;
How in his youth to woods and groves he fled,
And ſweetly tun'd the ſoft Sicilian reed;
Next, how, in pity to th' Auſonian ſwains,
He rais'd to heaven the honours of the plains;
Rapt in Triptolemus's car on high,
He ſcatter'd peace and plenty from the ſky;
Fir'd with his country's fame, with loud alarms,
At laſt he rous'd all Latium up to arms;
In juſt array the Phrygian troops beſtow'd,
And ſpoke the voice and language of a god.
Father of verſe! from whom our honours ſpring;
See! from all parts, our bards attend their king;
Beneath thy banners rang'd, thy fame increaſe,
And rear proud trophies from the ſpoils of Greece.
Low, in Elyſian vales, her tuneful throng
Bow to thy laurels, and adore thy ſong:
On thee alone thy country turns her eyes;
On thee her poets future fame relies.
See! how in crowds they court thy aid divine
(For all their honours but depend on thine);
Taught from the womb thy numbers to rehearſe,
And ſip the balmy ſweets of every verſe.
Unrival'd bard! all ages ſhall decree
The firſt unenvy'd palm of fame to thee;
Thrice happy bard! thy boundleſs glory flies,
Where never mortal muſt attempt to riſe;
Such heavenly numbers in thy ſong we hear,
And more than human accents charm the ear!
To thee, his darling, Phœbus' hands impart
His ſoul, his genius, and immortal art.
What help or merit in theſe rules are ſhown,
The youth muſt owe to thy ſupport alone.
The youth, whoſe wandering feet with care I led
Aloft, o'er ſteep Parnaſſus' ſacred head;
Taught from thy great example to explore
Thoſe arduous paths which thou haſt trod before.
Hail, pride of Italy! thy country's grace!
Hail, glorious light of all the tuneful race!
For whom we weave the crown, and altars raiſe;
And with rich incenſe bid the temples blaze;
Our ſolemn hymns ſhall ſtill refound thy praiſe.
Hail, holy bard, and boundleſs in renown!
Thy fame, dependent on thyſelf alone,
Requires no ſong, no numbers but thy own.
Look down propitious, and my thoughts inſpire;
Warm my chaſte boſom with thy ſacred fire!
Let all thy flames with all their raptures roll,
Deep in my breaſt, and kindle all my ſoul!

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BLAIR,

Containing

THE GRAVE,

and

A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF MR. LAW.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——————The task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *Tomb*.

GRAVE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF BLAIR.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Blair, few particulars are known; and thoſe few are ſuch as give little ſcope for amplification and embelliſhment.

The life of a country clergyman, conſtantly engaged in the duties of his profeſſion, the practice of the domeſtic virtues, and the occupations of literature, however reſpectable ſuch a character may be, can afford but ſlender materials for biography.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, were communicated to the compiler of this collection, in converſation with his ſon, Robert Blair, Eſq., Solicitor General to his Majeſty for Scotland, and his couſin, the learned and amiable Dr. Blair, one of the miniſters of the High Church, and Profeſſor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, in the Univerſity of Edinburgh.

Theſe authorities are produced by the preſent writer with much pleaſure; as it gives him, at once, an opportunity of reflecting on the hereditary love of literature and diſtinguiſhed politeneſs of Mr. Solicitor General; and of recording his obligations to the venerable director of his youthful ſtudies; whoſe well-eſtabliſhed reputation can ſuffer no diminution from the teſtimony of a grateful pupil, to the merit of his "Academical prelections," which conſtitute an æra in the hiſtory of Scottiſh literature; nor eaſily receive addition from the higheſt praiſe he can beſtow on his "productions for the pulpit," which diſplay the powers of a wiſe, and the acquiſitions of a cultivated mind, in recommending the ſpirit of a pure and enlightened religion to every order of mankind; and exhibit to the literary world, a model of ſound and elegant inſtruction, and of ſimple and perſuaſive eloquence, unprecedented in the hiſtory of that ſpecies of compoſition in our country.

Robert Blair was the eldeſt ſon of the Rev. David Blair, one of the miniſters of Edinburgh, and Chaplain to the King. His mother was ——— Niſbet, daughter of ——— Niſbet, Eſq, of Carſin. His grandfather was the Rev. Robert Blair, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Scottiſh clergyman in the time of the civil wars; a deſcendent of the ancient and reſpectable family of Blair of Blair in Ayrſhire.

He was born about the beginning of this century; had the moſt liberal education in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, and afterwards was ſent abroad by his father for his improvement, and ſpent ſome time on the continent. After undergoing the uſual trials appointed by the church, he was ordained miniſter of Athelſtaneford, in the county of Eaſt Lothian, Jan. 5, 1731, where he paſt the remainder of his life.

As his fortune was eaſy, he lived very much in the ſtyle of a gentleman, and was greatly reſpected by Sir Francis Kinloch, Baronet, of Gilmerton, patron of the pariſh, and by all the gentlemen in that neighbourhood. He was a man both of learning, and of elegant taſte and manners. He was a botaniſt and floriſt, which he ſhowed in the cultivation of his garden; and was alſo converſant in optical and microſcopical knowledge, on which ſubjects he carried on correſpondence with ſome learned men in England. He was a man of ſincere piety, and very aſſiduous in diſcharging the duties of his clerical function. As a preacher, he was ſerious and warm, and diſcovered the imagination of a poet.

He married Iſabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingſton, and ſiſter to the preſent ſheriff-depute of Eaſt-Lothian, a lady of uncommon beauty and amiable manners. With her father, who had been profeſſor of moral philoſophy, in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, who was his relation, and had been left one of his tutors, he had been long and intimately connected; and, upon occaſion of

his death, which happened several years before his marriage with his daughter, he wrote and printed a funeral *Poem to his Memory*, which is thought worthy of being preserved; and is accordingly inserted in this collection.

By his lady, who survived him several years, he had five sons and one daughter; of these sons, Robert Blair, Esq., of Avington, Solicitor General to his Majesty for Scotland, is the fourth. His brother, Mr. Archibald Blair, was also a clergyman, and was settled in a parish near him in East Lothian. One of his sons, nephew to the poet, Robert Blair, M. D., is one of the Commissioners of the Sick and Wounded in London, and well known for his skill in optics and astronomy.

He died of a fever, on the 4th of February, 1746, in the 47th year of his age; and was succeeded in his living at Athelstaneford, by another poet, Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of "Douglas."

This is all that is known of Blair; an accomplished scholar, and an elegant poet, whose genius and virtue, though celebrated by some of the most eminent of his poetical contemporaries, have suffered such unmerited neglect, that his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography.

Had the interesting correspondence of Watts been given to the world by his friend and biographer Dr. Jennings, it would probably have furnished many particulars relating to Blair, which might have gratified curiosity; though they could hardly have added to the honour which his talents and virtues have received from the esteem of a man, who has left behind him such purity of character, and such monuments of laborious piety.

The friends of Blair were the friends of science and of virtue; his love of poetry and polite literature, procured him the friendship of Watts, a polite scholar, and devout poet; no less remarkable for his genius and learning, than the mildness and fervency of his piety: And his passion for natural history, obtained him the correspondence of the famous naturalist, Henry Baker, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Society, an intelligent, upright, and benevolent man, who was particularly attentive to all the improvements which were made in natural science, and very solicitous for the prosecution of useful discoveries. Besides the papers written by himself in the "Philosophical Transactions," he was the means, by his extensive correspondence, of conveying to the Society, the intelligence and observations of other inquisitive and philosophical men. Like Blair, he was both a poet and a naturalist; and printed a volume of "Original Poems, serious and humorous," 8vo, 1725. He was the author likewise of "The Universe, a poem," which has been several times reprinted. But his principal publications are, "The Microscope made easy," 1742; and "Employment for the Microscope," which have gone through many editions, and are generally known. Having led a very useful and honourable life, he died Nov. 25, 1774, being then above seventy years of age. By his wife Sophia, youngest daughter of the celebrated De Foe, he had a son, David Erskine Baker, Esq., author of the "Muse of Ossian;" a dramatic poem, of three acts, performed at Edinburgh, 1763; and "The Companion to the Play House, 2 vols., 12mo, 1764, a work that has since been considerably improved by Mr. Reed, under the title of the "Biographica Dramatica," 2 vols. 8vo, 1781. His letters to Blair, are in the possession of Mr. Solicitor General.

With Dr. Doddridge, a man whose learning was respected by Warburton and Newton, and whose piety was venerated by Lyttleton and West, he also cultivated a correspondence; probably through the kindness of Watts, or the good offices of their common friend, Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain at the battle of Prestonpans, Sept. 21, 1745.; and affectionately commemorated by Dr. Doddridge, in "Some remarkable passages in his life," published in 1747.

The following letter, dated Athelstaneford, Feb. 25, 1741-2, and inserted in the "Epistolary Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge," published by the Rev. Mr. Stedman of Shrewsbury, 1790, exhibits an advantageous specimen of his temper and disposition, and contains some interesting information relating to the composition and publication of *The Grave*.

"You will be justly surprised with a letter from one whose name is not so much as known to you: nor shall I offer to make an apology. Though I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no stranger to your merit as an author; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel Gardiner, and Lady Frances. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the

favour to tranſmit to me ſome manuſcript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wiſh I could, on my part, contribute in any meaſure to your entertainment, as you have ſometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that I may ſhow how willing I am to do ſo, I have deſired Dr. Watts to tranſmit to you a manuſcript poem of mine, intituled *The Grave*, written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profeſſion as a miniſter of the goſpel, though the greateſt part of it was compoſed ſeveral years before I was clothed with ſo ſacred a character. I was urged by ſome friends here, to whom I ſhowed it, to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the higheſt regard. Yeſterday I had a letter from the Doctor, ſignifying his approbation of the piece in a manner moſt obliging. A great deal leſs from him would have done me no ſmall honour. But at the ſame time he mentions to me that he had offered it to two bookſellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the riſk of publiſhing it. They can ſcarce think (conſidering how critical an age we live in, with reſpect to ſuch kind of writings) that a perſon living three hundred miles from London, could write ſo as to be acceptable to the faſhionable and polite. Perhaps it may be ſo; though, at the ſame time I muſt ſay, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged ſometimes to go croſs to my own inclination, well knowing, that whatever poem is written upon a ſerious argument, muſt, upon that very account, be under peculiar diſadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts muſt be uſed to make ſuch a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of thoſe things. I beg pardon for breaking in upon moments precious as yours, and hope you will be ſo kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

The difficulties ſtated by Watts in the above letter, probably prevented the publication of *The Grave* during its author's lifetime. The earlieſt edition of it, which the preſent writer has ſeen, is that printed at Edinburgh, in 8vo, 1747. At the end is a tranſlation of a pious ode of Voluſenus; but of no value. The ſubſequent editions are too numerous to be ſpecified. To the edition in 8vo, 1786, is added Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," with "notes moral, critical and explanatory." The notes are in general trifling and inſipid. It is now, with the *Poem to the memory of Mr. Law*, received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The variations from the common editions, are printed from the original MS., 1741-2, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Solicitor General, communicated for the uſe of this edition. The reading in the printed copies has in general ſo much the appearance of improvement, and ſo conſonant to the ſtyle of the poem, that it is probable it might be the reſult of a reviſion, ſubſequent to the date of the MS. Some verbal tranſpoſitions, of little importance, are not copied.

If Blair had written nothing elſe but this ſingle poem, it is alone ſufficient to entitle him to a claſſical diſtinction among the poets of our country. But the *poem to the memory of Mr. Law*, inſerted in this collection by the favour of Dr. Blair, is no inconſiderable addition to his fame. It is evidently a juvenile performance, the tribute of affection and eſteem to the merits of a friend; and juſtly chargeable, in ſome inſtances, with incorrectneſs of language, and incongruity of imagery: but the ſtyle is ſimple and beautiful; and the ſentiments, though ſometimes trite, are expreſſed with a tenderneſs and energy not unworthy of the author of *The Grave*. The apoſtrophe to Mrs. Law, in particular, is pathetic and pleaſing; and the abrupt tranſition to the final conflagration of the univerſe, approaches to ſublimity.

The Grave, his greateſt work, amply eſtabliſhes his fame. It is a production of real genius, and poſſeſſes a merit ſuperior to many pieces of the very firſt celebrity. It is compoſed of a ſucceſſion of unconnected deſcriptions, and of reflections that ſeem independent of one another, interwoven with ſtriking alluſions, and digreſſive ſallies of imagination. It is a ſeries of pathetic repreſentations, without unity of deſign, variegated with imagery and alluſion; which exhibit a wide diſplay of original poetry. The poet's eye is awake on the objects of creation, and on the ſcenes of human miſery; and he is alive to every feeling of compaſſion and benevolence. Through a ſhade of melancholy, which peculiar impreſſions of religion throw over the ſcenes he deſcribes, we always perceive an amiable and generous principle ſtruggling to overcome the degeneracy which it deplores. Whatever ſubject is either diſcuſſed or aimed at, he always endeavours to melt the heart, and alarm the conſcience, by pathetic deſcription and ſerious remonſtrances; and his ſentiments are always

delivered in a novel and energetic manner, that impreſſes them ſtrongly on the mind. He is always moral, yet never dull; and though he often expands an image, yet he never weakens its force. If the ſame thought occurs, he gives it a new form; and is copious without being tireſome. He writes under the ſtrong impreſſion of Chriſtian and moral truths. Conviction gives force to imagination; and he dips his pen in the ſtream that religion has opened in his own boſom.

His imagination, excurſive and vigorous, ſometimes exceeds the bounds that criticiſm preſcribes. Poſſeſſing ſtrong powers of ridicule as well as fancy, he paſſes too ſuddenly from grave and ſerious deſcription, to irony and ſatire. Inſtances of this improper aſſociation too frequently occur, and the grave and ludicrous deſtroy one another.

But the defects of *The Grave* bear a very ſmall proportion to its beauties; and its beauties are of no common account. They are happily conceived and forcibly expreſſed. His language is the natural and unforced reſult of his conceptions. Anxious only to give each image its due prominence and relief, he has waſted no unneceſſary attention on grace or embelliſhment; the diction, therefore, though ſeldom ſplendid, is always vigorous and animated, and carries the thought home to the heart with inexpreſſible energy. His verſification is almoſt as ſingular as the materials upon which it is employed; ſometimes careleſs and proſaic, and ſometimes ſtrikingly elegant and harmonious; reſembling ſometimes the beſt manner of Shakſpeare and Rowe, and ſometimes that of Milton and Young; but without any marks of ſervile imitation. Amidſt ſuch a profuſion of beautiful and ſtriking paſſages that are to be found in this ſingular poem, it is difficult to confirm theſe general remarks by particular quotations.

After a ſolemn introduction, the following ſtriking paſſage appears.

> The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
> Till now I never heard a ſound ſo dreary:
> Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
> Rook'd in the ſpire, ſcreams loud: the gloomy aiſles
> Black plaſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of 'ſcutcheons
> And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound
> Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
> The manſions of the dead.—Rous'd from their ſlumbers,
> In grim array the griſly ſpectres riſe,
> Grin horrible, and obſtinately ſullen,
> Paſs and repaſs, huſh'd as the foot of night.
> Again the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks: ungracious ſound!
> I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

The following picture is very fine and natural:

> Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen,
> By glimpſe of moon-ſhine chequering through the trees,
> The ſchool-boy with his ſatchel in his hand,
> Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
> And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones,
> (With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown,)
> That tell in homely phraſe who lie below.
> Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or thinks he hears
> The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels;
> Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind him,
> Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
> Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
> Of horrid apparition, tall and ghaſtly,
> That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
> O'er ſome new open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell!)
> Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.

This pleaſing picture is finely contraſted by the affecting one, which immediately follows it:

> The new-made widow———————
> Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead,
> Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
> While burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,

Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy meddling memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf;
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.

In the above deſcription there are many minute ſtrokes, *her now untaſted cheek—buſy meddling memory*, &c., which mark the ſuperior poet.

From the apoſtrophe to *Friendſhip*, which immediately follows, the heart catches ſympathetic feelings; and the amiable poet leaves on it the impreſſion of all that is tender, generous, and endearing. There is beautiful deſcription, and much poetical enthuſiaſm in the following lines.

——— Oh! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid ſtream has ſlid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the ſhrill-tongu'd thruſh
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd every note:
The eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dreſs.——Oh! then, the longeſt ſummer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haſte: ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt.———

The following paſſage ſtrongly reminds us of Shakſpeare, and is equal to any of the moſt admired moral parts of that wonderful dramatiſt.

Dull grave! thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madneſs.
Where are the jeſters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleaſant? Where the droll,
Whoſe ev'ry look and geſture was a joke
To clapping theatres and ſhouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd muſing melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

The deſcription of a funeral, beginning, *But ſee the well-plum'd herſe*, &c. has the beauties and defects of the ſame admirable writer. The apoſtrophe to *Beauty* is a maſterly paſſage; as are thoſe on the death of the *Strong Man*, the *Philoſopher*, and the *Phyſician*. This expreſſion in the laſt reminds us of Milton.

———From ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wringſt their ſhy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire———

The *Sexton* will be readily recogniſed as a relation of the grave-digger in Hamlet.

——— hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand

Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.——Scarce a ſkull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.———

The following compariſon, applied to time, is happily imagined.

Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight thief,
Who ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize———

The hand of Shakſpeare could not poſſibly have gone higher, or have touched a ſituation with greater nicety.

Few ſimiles can exceed the following for elegant ſimplicity. Among the various tenants of the grave, he enumerates

———The long-demurring maid,
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd, like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Another ſimile, near the end of the poem, where he mentions the averſion even of the good to death, beginning, *So have I ſeen upon a ſummer's eve*, is natural and ſtriking.

In Blair, it is difficult to diſcover any material traces of imitation, or even to conjecture who were his favourites among the poets of his country. His ſtyle of compoſition is his own, and his verſification peculiar to himſelf. He undoubtedly, however, poſſeſſed a taſte for our elder poets, the *ancient wells of Engliſh undefiled*, from whom he probably learned the energy, character, and truth of compoſition, and the genuine language of verſe; particularly the frequent uſe of compound epithets, which are the life of a language, and in which our own is far from being deficient.

Blair, deſcribing the death of a good man, ſays:

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away,
Yet like the ſun ſeems larger at his ſetting.

The laſt line is evidently borrowed from Quarles; a writer of true poetical genius, and of exemplary virtue, unjuſtly neglected.

Brave minds oppreſt, ſhould (in diſpight of fate)
Looke greateſt (like the ſunne) in loweſt ſtate.——Job. Milt.

The teſtimonies to the merits of Blair are few, when compared with his deſerts. *The Grave*, though it is written in a ſtyle that might well delight the learned, and deſerve the attention of the writers of verſe, yet has never been mentioned, till very lately, in any critical work, nor imitated in any poetical compoſition. "The Taſk" of Cowper, an ingenious and truly original performance, reſembles it only in the ſingular combination of pathetic deſcription, comic humour, and ſerious remonſtrance. Its popularity, however, muſt be allowed as an unqueſtionable authority in its favour; for by the judgment of the common, unprejudiced, unpedantic reader, the merit of every poetical compoſition muſt be ultimately decided.

Mr. Pinkerton, the learned and ingenious editor of the "Ancient Scottiſh Poems, &c." was the firſt who celebrated the merits of Blair, and ſubjected *The Grave* to the examination of criticiſm; which, though ſomewhat too general and indiſcriminate, merits attention.

"I know not, ſays Mr. Pinkerton," that he wrote any thing elſe; but *The Grave* is worth a thouſand common poems. The language is ſuch as Shakſpeare would have uſed; yet he no where imitates Shakſpeare, or uſes any expreſſion of his. It is frugal and chaſte; yet, upon occaſion, highly poetical, without any appearance of reſearch. It is unqueſtionably the beſt piece of blank verſe we have, ſave thoſe of Milton."

POEMS.

THE GRAVE.

The House appointed for all Living.——Job.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.——Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.——The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.——Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.——The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant; that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs, and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary: [bird,
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.——Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)
Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes 'spy'd,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now unrasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 22. Methinks I know thee, &c.
30. Of those that liv'd some hundred years ago;
Where lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up, &c.

VARIATIONS.

69. Of horrid apparition, strait and tall.
86. Invidious grave! thou separat'st chief friends
That love has bound, &c.

Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress.——Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
Oh cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
In the high-way, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state.

But see! the well-plum'd herse comes nodding
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people [ments
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the case-
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste,
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible?——Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir.——'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man.
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short,
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight:
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing time: her cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, give up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
That haunts and doggs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable.——Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,

VARIATIONS.

179. Why hide the punished, for sake of which,
196. Dodder'd with age, &c.

Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And gripp'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery;
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.——For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swoll'n heart in vain
Works hard to put a'gloss on its distress.
Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard?—deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.——What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his last.—See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still—What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd
And cannot tell his ails to passers by.
Great man of language,—whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.——Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing-art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate—Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand;—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their sky-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not.—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift),
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay

VARIATIONS.

240. *Not in MS.*

To his own carcaſe; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed,
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh curſed luſt of gold; when for thy ſake,
The fool throws up his int'reſt in both worlds: 349
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O death!
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions;
Who counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help,
But ſhrieks in vain!—How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer, 360
Oh! might ſhe ſtay, to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage.——Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.——But the foe,
Like a ſtaunch murd'rer, ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe through every lane of life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
Till forc'd at laſt to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.
Sure 'tis a ſerious thing to die! my ſoul, 370
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repaſs'd
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And every life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt: body and ſoul muſt part;
Fond couple; link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its almighty ſource,
The witneſs of its actions, now its judge; 380
That drops into the dark and noiſome grave,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.
If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence firſt they ſprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh [wretch
At the poor bugbear death:—Then might the
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life, 392
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,
By ſtealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or ſteel;
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open.—Who could force
The ill pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himſelf as timely as he can,
When able.——But if there's an hereafter;
And that there is, conſcience, uninfluenc'd 400
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man;
Then muſt it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our iſland's ſhame,
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring ſtates.
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate
Self-preſervation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it heaven.—Let not, upon diſguſt
The ſhameleſs hand be fully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage 411
To ruſh into the preſence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how ſhort, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons, 420
Nor dare to ſtir till Heaven ſhall give permiſſion:
Like centries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the brave that keep their ground;
And keep it to the laſt. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves,
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this. 431
Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
Oh! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.
I've heard, that ſouls departed, have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarm.—But what means
This ſtinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? do the ſtrict laws 441
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking
Upon a point ſo nice?—I'll aſk no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as cloſe.
Death's ſhafts fly thick:—Here falls the village-ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who ſo artful as to put it by! 450
'Tis long ſince death had the majority;

VARIATIONS.

342. ——————now he lodgeth cheap.
350. Quite ſtarv'd in this, and damn'd, &c.

VARIATIONS.

405. That makes her hooted at: ſhall the foul hand,
Acting the traitor's part, be crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord? Forbid it, heaven!
Shall nature, ſwerving from her firſt command,
Be her own butcher? ſhall we on diſguſt
Preſume to ſet ourſelves at liberty
Without once aſking leave? Dreadful attempt, &c.

Yet ſtrange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.——Scarce a ſkull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.——Thus hand in hand
The ſot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.---Poor wretch! he minds not,
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.
On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantaſtic ſchemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could ſcarce have leiſure for.——Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourſelves
At the ſame time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.---Oh! more than ſottiſh,
For creatures of a day in gameſome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehenſive; when, for ought we know,
The very firſt ſwol'n ſurge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a reſiſtleſs unremitting ſtream;
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize.——What is this world?
What? but a ſpacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's ſpoils, the ſpoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live muſt lend our carcaſes
To cover our own offſpring: In their turns
They too muſt cover theirs.——'Tis here all meet,
The ſhiv'ring Icelander, and ſunburn'd Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Chriſtian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His ſov'reign's keeper, and the people's ſcourge,
Are huddled out of ſight.——Here lie abaſh'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated maſters of the balance,
Deep read in ſtratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-ſkill:——Death ſcorns to treat;
Here the o'erloaded ſlave flings down his burden
From his gall'd ſhoulders;—and when the ſtern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm,—and quick as thought eſcapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary reſt.

VARIATIONS.

494. And of all creeds, Jew, Turk, and Chriſtian.
500. Deep read in ſtratagem, and ſtateſmen's wiles.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling ſtream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of love,)
Faſt by his gentle miſtreſs lays him down,
Unblaſted by foul tongue.——Here friends and foes
Lie cloſe; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain preſbyter,
E'er while that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like ſiſter ſtreams
That ſome rude interpoſing rock has ſplit.
Here is the large-limb'd peaſant:—Here the child
Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs'd the nipple, ſtrangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her ſons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude, ſevere, and gay coquette,
The ſober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a roſe before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſclos'd. Strange medly here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe ev'ry-day was made of melody, [ſhrew,
Hears not the voice of mirth.——The ſhrill-tongu'd
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the generous, and the brave;
The juſt, the good, the worthleſs, and profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean,
The ſupple ſtateſman, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of nations, and the ſpoils of time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.
Poor man!—how happy once in thy firſt ſtate!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his laſt fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the ſoul ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their ſeveral parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cauſe they ſhould;
For all was pure within: no fell remorſe,
Nor anxious caſtings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful boſom.—Summer ſeas
Show not more ſmooth, when kiſs'd by ſouthern winds
Juſt ready to expire—ſcarce importun'd,
The generous ſoil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing moſt perfect in its kind.
Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed days!—But ah! how ſhort!
Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like thoſe, and quickly gone.

VARIATIONS.

511. Faſt by his miſtreſs' ſide now lies him down.
520. Nor preſs'd the nipple, founder'd in life's porch.
521. Here is the joyful mother of ſons and daughters.
526. Here are the prude, and frolicſome coquette.
550. to 554. *Not in MS.*
555. Whilſt the rich gen'rous ſoil, ſcarce importun'd,
Offer'd its various produce, &c.

Oh! slipp'ry state of things.—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!——To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire:—Not long h' enjoy'd
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when strait he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.——And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?——Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.——But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.——A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success)
Alas! too well he sped:—the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions!—But for thee
Sorrow had never been.—All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than those! sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain and loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.

Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sickn'esses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine.—See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.
But hold, I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind.---O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not fated yet!
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: Thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.
But know, that thou must render up the dead,
And with high int'rest too.—They are not thine
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——
Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge.—We know
Th' illustrious deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power
Thou could'st not hold:—self-vigorous he rose,
And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasment from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting

VARIATIONS.

588. Stalk'd like a discontented ghost away.
677. At once dispatching wholesale at a blow.

VARIATIONS.

624. Of thy intrinsic filth! Big-bellied ill!
649. But ah! 'tis otherwise; thou gap'st for more,
Like one that is defrauded of his meals.
642. And gives the keenest edge unto his cravings.
663. Those spoils that were but thine by his tame yielding.

Had not a ſcruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the ſevering clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chaſe, ſoon drops its hold;
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends ſhut out: As a great prince
Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train.——It was his royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his followers be.
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But nor untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will ſoon go off.——Beſides, there's no bye-road
To bliſs.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at tranſient hardſhips in the way
That leads to purer air, and ſofter ſkies,
And a ne'er-ſetting ſun?—Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be, where ſweets unwith'ring bloom;
But ſtrait our wiſh revoke, and will not go.
So have I ſeen, upon a ſummer's ev'n,
Faſt by the riv'let's brink, a youngſter play:
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide!
This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd:
At laſt he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late.—Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful bleeding ſtep
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long-wiſh'd-for ſhore.—Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a bleſſing!—Death, diſarm'd,
Loſes its fellneſs quite.——All thanks to him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out.——Sure the laſt end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well-ſpent, whoſe early care it was
His riper years ſhould not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting.
(High in his faith and hopes), look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away:
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the laſt-coming harveſt.—Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—The glad ſoul
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag fleſh
Reſts too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to ſunder more.
Nor ſhall it hope in vain:——The time draws on
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the ſpacious ſea,
But muſt give back its long-committed duſt
Inviolate:—and faithfully ſhall theſe
Make up the full account; not the leaſt atom
Embezzl'd, or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each ſoul ſhall have a body ready furniſh'd;
And each ſhall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!
Aſk not, how this can be?—Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: And what he can, he will:
His faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done.
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring duſt,
Not unattentive to the call), ſhall wake:
And ev'ry joint poſſeſs its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its firſt ſtate.——Nor ſhall the conſcious ſoul
Miſtake its partner, but amidſt the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been abſent,
With haſte runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to ſee the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, ſhall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonleſs night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the ſhut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

VARIATIONS.

680. ——————— and with great ſteps
Stride o'er the pillar'd clouds. But, &c.
684. Heaven's gates are ſtrait unbarr'd to let him in.
686. Not only for himſelf procures admiſſion,
But for his train; ſo he. It was his will, &c.
705. ——————— unmindful more
Of all the daiſies on the further bank,
Of late that ſmil'd ſo ſweet. Thrice welcome death! &c.
721. ——————— ſeems larger as he ſets.
725. Whilſt the glad gates of ſight are ſtretched wide.
767. On window-ſole, or ſoot-ſtain'd chimney top.

A POEM,

Dedicated to the Memory of the late Learned and Eminent
MR. WILLIAM LAW,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

In ſilence to ſuppreſs my griefs I've try'd,
And keep within its banks the ſwelling tide;
But all in vain: unbidden numbers flow;
Spite of myſelf, my ſorrows vocal grow.
This be my plea—Nor thou, dear ſhade, refuſe
The well-meant tribute of the willing muſe,
Who trembles at the greatneſs of its theme,
And fain would ſay what ſuits ſo high a name.

Which, from the crowded journal of thy fame,
Which of thy many titles shall I name?
For, like a gallant prince, that wins a crown,
By undisputed right before his own,
Variety thou hast: our only care
Is what to single out, and what forbear.
Though scrupulously just, yet not severe;
Though cautious, open; courteous, yet sincere;
Though rev'rend, yet not magisterial;
Though intimate with few, yet lov'd by all;
Though deeply read, yet absolutely free
From all the stiffnesses of pedantry:
Though circumspectly good, yet never sour;
Pleasant with innocence, and never more.
Religion worn by thee, attractive show'd,
And with its own unborrow'd beauty glow'd:
Unlike the bigot, from whose watery eyes
Ne'er sunshine broke, nor smile was seen to rise;
Whose sickly goodness lives upon grimace,
And pleads a merit from a blubber'd face.
Thou kept thy raiment for the needy poor,
And taught the fatherless to know thy door;
From griping hunger set the needy free;
That they were needy was enough to thee.
Thy fame to please, whilst others restless be,
Fame laid her shyness by, and courted thee;
And though thou bade the flatt'ring thing give o'er,
Yet, in return, she only woo'd thee more.
How sweet thy accents! and how mild thy look!
What smiling mirth was heard in all thou spoke!
Manhood and grizzled age were fond of thee,
And youth itself sought thy society.
The ag'd thou taught, descended to the young,
Clear'd up th' irresolute, confirm'd the strong;
To the perplex'd thy friendly counsel lent,
And gently lifted up the diffident;
Sigh'd with the sorrowful, and bore a part
In all the anguish of a bleeding heart:
Reclaim'd the headstrong, and with sacred skill,
Committed hallow'd rapes upon the will;
Sooth'd our affections, and, with their delight,
To gain our actions, brib'd our appetite.
Now who shall, with a greatness like thy own,
Thy pulpit dignify, and grace thy gown?
Who with pathetic energy like thine,
The head enlighten, and the heart refine!
Learn'd were thy lectures, noble the design,
The language *Roman*, and the action fine;
The heads well rang'd, the inferences clear,
And strong and solid thy deductions were: [wrong,
Thou mark'd the bound'ries out 'twixt right and
And show'd the land-marks as thou went along.
Plain were thy reasonings, or if perplext
Thy life was the best comment on thy text;
For if in darker points we were deceiv'd,
'Twas only but observing how thou liv'd.
Bewilder'd in the greatness of thy fame,
What shall the muse, what next in order name?
Which of thy social qualities commend?
Whether of husband, father, or of friend!
A husband soft, beneficent and kind,
As ever virgin wish'd, or wife could find;
A father indefatigably true
To both a father's trust and tutor's too.
A friend affectionate and staunch to those
Thou wisely singled out; for few thou chose;
Few, did I say, that word we must recal,
A friend, a willing friend thou wast to all.
Those properties were thine, nor could we know
Which rose the uppermost, so all was thou.
So have I seen the many-colour'd mead,
Brush'd by the vernal breeze, its fragrance shed:
Though various sweets the various field exhal'd,
Yet could we not determine which prevail'd,
Nor this part *rose*, that *honey-suckle*, call,
But a rich bloomy aggregate of all.
And, thou, the once glad partner of his bed,
But now by sorrow's weeds distinguished,
Whose busy memory thy grief supplies,
And calls up all thy husband to thine eyes;
Thou must not be forgot. How alter'd now!
How thick thy tears! How fast thy sorrows flow!
The well known voice that cheer'd thee heretofore,
These soothing accents, thou must hear no more.
Untold by all the tender sighs thou drew,
When on thy cheek he fetch'd a long adieu.
Untold be all thy faithful agonies,
At the last anguish of his closing eyes:
For thou, and only such as thou, can tell
The killing anguish of a last farewell.
This earth, yon sun, and these blue-tinctur'd skies,
Through which it rolls, must have their obsequies:
Pluck'd from their orbits, shall the planets fall,
And smoke and conflagration cover all:
What then is man? The creature of a day,
By moments spent, and minutes borne away.
Time, like a raging torrent, hurries on;
Scarce can we say *it is*, but that 'tis gone.
Whether, fair shade! with social spirits, tell
(Whose properties thou once describ'd so well),
Familiar now thou heareſt them relate
The rites and methods of their happy state.
Or if, with forms more fleet, thou roams abroad,
And views the great magnificence of God,
Points out the courses of the orbs on high,
And counts the silver wonders of the sky;
Or if, with glowing seraphim, thou greets
Heav'n's King, and shouteſt through the golden streets,
That crowds of white-rob'd choristers display,
Marching in triumph through the pearly way?
Now art thou rais'd beyond this world of cares,
This weary wilderness, this vale of tears,
Forgetting all thy toils and labours past,
No gloom of sorrow stains thy peaceful breast.
Now 'midst seraphic splendours shalt thou dwell,
And be what only these pure forms can tell.
How cloudless now, and cheerful is thy day!
What joys, what raptures, in thy bosom play!
How bright the sunshine, and how pure the air!
There's no difficulty of breathing there.
With willing steps, a pilgrim at thy shrine,
To dew it with my tears the task be mine;
In lonely dirge, to murmur o'er thy urn,
And with new gather'd flowers thy turf adorn:
Nor shall thy image from my bosom part,
No force shall rip thee from this bleeding heart;
Oft shall I think o'er all I've left in thee,
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But grateful love its energy expres
(The father's gone) now to the fatherless.

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